TOGETHERNESS

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INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Slivers of light creak through crummy venetian blinds as ALEX PAPPAS (37), a balding chubbying Greek-American snores heavily. Above his bed are posters of Tom Hanks in *Castaway* and Robert De Niro in *Raging Bull*.

The faint sound of drilling accompanies his snoring, as well as unintelligible voices whispering, all of which seem to be coming from inside the apartment.

Alex's eyes slowly open. Did he hear something? Probably not. His sleepy eyes roll back into his head, and Alex slips back into never-never-land. This dude knows how to sleep.

The sound of a LAMP BREAKING.

Alex's eyes pop wide open this time. It's real. Someone is inside his apartment. He bolts upright, listening intently, and sees that his bedroom door is unlocked.

Alex darts over and presses the lock button down, but it keeps popping back out, refusing to lock. He hears shuffling of feet on the other side.

Alex scans his bedroom, sees a crumpled pair of jeans, checks the pockets and finds nothing.

ALEX
(under his breath)
Where's my fucking phone!

Alex tip-toes to the window, slides back the crummy blinds and sees a three story drop into a concrete alley.

Alex opens his closet, unsheathes a putter from a golf bag, and hears and sees his bedroom door knob start to turn.

Alex jumps into the closet and closes the doors. The bedroom door creaks open, and a man says something loudly to his partner in a foreign language. The intruders sound comfortable now that no one seems to be home.

Alex waits in the darkness of his closet, terrified. He carefully raises the golf putter above his head. He catches a glimpse of the intruder through a sliver in the folding closet doors.

The putter barely connects with the hanger rod, making a distinct DINGING sound. The intruder turns around, and we see the face of a terrified 75 year old Korean grandmother, who sees Alex's eyeball illuminated by a sliver of light in the closet.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!

MRS. PARK
Eeeeeeeeeeehhhhhhh!

ALEX
Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh...

MRS. PARK
Eeeeeeeeehhhhhhhhh...

Alex swings the putter and smashes his hands against the doors, writhing now in a spasmodic fit. The grandmother falls back onto Alex's bed. Alex finally slides the closet doors open.

ALEX
Mrs. Park, what are you doing in here?!

Mrs. Park has fallen onto Alex's bed and is catching her breath. Mr. Park (Korean grandpa) charges into the room.

MRS. PARK
Why you here?

ALEX
Because I live here.

MR. PARK
Your car not here for three days! You not come in or out!

ALEX
I've been depressed. Jesus! You guys have been watching me?

MR. PARK
What about your car?

ALEX
It was re-possessed! Why are you guys in my apartment?

MRS. PARK
You leave now. No pay the rent.

ALEX
Am I being evicted?

Through his bedroom door, Alex sees two young strapping thuggish Korean teenagers enter the apartment and carry his couch towards the front door exit. Alex realizes there is no furniture whatsoever in his living room.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Alex rushes in.

ALEX
Hey guys, put the couch down, or else!

The Koreans kids ignore him. They are more concerned with the physics of angling the couch through the front door. It jams. Alex just watches helplessly.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Careful with that.

Alex grabs his phone off the kitchen counter and calls "Brett." As it's ringing, Alex moves to the balcony and sees all of his furniture, including many boxes, spread out on the lawn, dangerously close to the street.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Holy shit.
(into the phone)
Brett, dude, I need some serious back up - I'm getting evicted literally right now. Hold on a sec...

A few Mexican guys jump out of a pickup truck and start sifting through Alex's belongings.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey! That's my stuff. That's not... Alto!

They scatter and the pickup truck speeds off.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Get a Uhaul over here as soon as you can, okay? Sorry to call so early. Love you, dude.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

A woman's sleep t-shirt is hiked up her back ever so slightly, revealing an inkling of "side boob." This is the side boob of MICHELLE PIERSON (36), a sweet-natured hardworking full time mom who is sound asleep.

The person staring creepily at this side boob is her husband BRETT PIERSON (37), who's tall, skinny and picky. Brett is wide awake, trying to figure out what to do about this side boob. He checks his watch. It's really early.

Brett slowly reaches his arm over Michelle's body, placing it near (but not directly on) the side boob. Michelle shakes Brett's hand off with a wiggle of her body.

Brett exhales in disappointment. He cocks his head, re-strategizing. He carefully moves into a tight spoon position. The level of focus and intensity makes him look like he's trying to crack a safe.

We see Michelle's soft sweet face for the first time now. She's so peaceful, enjoying some deep level of REM sleep. But her face starts to move a little as Brett is apparently dry humping her.

Michelle mumbles in sleepy resistance, and Brett stops on a dime. His head appears over Michelle's shoulder and sees that her eyes are still closed. After a beat, he resumes humping, super subtle now.

MICHELLE
(eyes still closed)
What are you doing?

The motion stops. Brett is frozen still. He tries to breathe deeply, simulating heavy sleep.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Brett, what are you doing?

BRETT
(sleepy)
Huh?

MICHELLE
You woke me up, and I really need sleep. Okay?

BRETT
(sleepy slurring)
Wha're you talkin' bout?

Michelle turns over and looks at Brett's face... the dead fish mouth fake sleeper that he is.

MICHELLE
Stop humping me, okay? I'm not kidding.

Brett licks his lips, maintaining his pathetic charade.

JUMP CUT

Michelle is asleep again. Brett lifts the covers and sees Michelle's butt, super cute though shrouded in Mom-style panties. Brett stares at it for a beat, having a moment with the butt. He decides he can work with this image and reaches down between his own legs.

The bed starts shimmying ever so slightly, and immediately, Michelle backhands Brett in the face with a pillow.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Come on, man! Take it outside, will you?

BRETT
(beaten)
Sorry.

MICHELLE
And take the baby monitor with you. Geez...

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Brett enters the kitchen and sees four missed calls from Alex on his phone.

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex lies on his couch on the front lawn, eating from a large bag of powdered donuts.

Brett pulls up in a Uhaul truck. They stare at each other, brothers in arms.

BRETT
Nice digs.

ALEX
It's an indoor-outdoor furniture thing.

BRETT
Did they give you a warning? If they don't give a warning and a grace period, they can't just kick you out like this.

ALEX
Yeah... I don't have a lease, and I haven't been paying rent, so I'm actually the asshole here.

BRETT
You should have told me. I could have helped you out.

ALEX
Thanks, but you've done enough.

BRETT
Come on, let's load up. I gotta get back to "family day."

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Uhaul door closes shut.

INT. UHAUL - DAY

Brett drives. Alex digs into the bag of donuts.

BRETT
Don't...
(pause)
Don't do it.

ALEX
Look dude, don't fuck with me right now. I don't need a vegan lecture, and I don't want to hear about a food documentary. This little powdered ring of magic is all I have left, and I'd like to enjoy it in peace.

BRETT
I'm just saying, if you want your day to keep going like it has, go ahead and eat a whole bag of donuts. But if you want to turn it around, just wait a few 'til we get to my house, and I'll make you a green smoothie.

ALEX
I don't want a smoothie, or anything that looks like it came from your fish tank.

BRETT
Yeah, and you also don't want to be overweight, and you don't want to feel like shit, and you want to get leading man roles. Dudes who get leading roles don't eat whole bags of donuts.

ALEX
This is not making me feel better.

BRETT
Just hand 'em over.

Alex stares Brett in the face and pops a whole donut into his mouth.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You just did that right to my face?

Alex locks eyes with Brett, dead serious, and starts chewing.

Brett violently swerves the Uhaul, tipping Alex over towards Brett. Brett grabs the donut bag, but Alex doesn't let go.

The donut bag rips open and white powder goes everywhere. Alex is stunned while Brett ruthlessly chucks the remaining donuts out the window.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Sorry. That was for your own good.

Alex sits helpless, covered in white powder.

ALEX
It's over.

BRETT
What's over?

ALEX
I'm going home.

BRETT
Why cuz you got evicted?

ALEX
No dude, because my life is shit. It's been shit for three years.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
Maybe twenty. Pretty much since I've been here. The acting thing is not happening. It's just. It's fucked. I'm fat. I'm getting bald. I can't take the rejection anymore...

BRETT
It's a setback, man. That's all. You've had 'em before, and you always triumph.

ALEX
No, I just keep lowering my standards. I have no place to live, my car is gone, I haven't landed a role in six months, and I'm just sick of it.

BRETT
Okay, so you've hit rock bottom. But you gotta hit rock bottom before you can make your way back up again, right?

ALEX
What are you talking about?

Brett is struggling to keep this pep talk going.

BRETT
Like... in high school, when you were in Godspell and there was that part before the resurrection. Maybe that's what this is. The moment when you die before you come alive again...

ALEX
Dude, I had a lot of hair back then. I was skinny and hot and confident. And that's... that was a play, man! Fuck, you're not hearing me... just stop trying to "turn it around." Please! I am homeless right now. Do you understand that? I need you to feel where I'm at and stop trying to put a positive spin on it.

BRETT
Okay.

ALEX
Thank you.

EXT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

The Uhaul pulls up and parks. Brett brushes off some donut powder.

BRETT
Why don't you stay with us until you figure it out? Come on, I'll make you a smoothie.

Brett gets out. Alex slides into the driver's seat.

ALEX
Can I have the keys, please?

BRETT
You're going to drive back to Detroit right now? That's it?

ALEX
There's nothing here for me. All my shit's packed up in a Uhaul. What more of a sign do I need?

Brett leans in with a serious look. It's personal now.

BRETT
What about me? I'm here.

ALEX
What? You're doing great. You're a successful sound mixer, you have an awesome wife and two amazing kids. I'm just bringing you down.

BRETT
Michelle and I haven't had sex in probably three months. My job is pissing me off. My kids are driving me crazy. I need you, man.

Alex shakes his head.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Look, just give me one day. Spend "family day" with us, get some time in with the kids, get some good food in you and a good night's sleep.
(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)
If you still want to leave in the morning, I'll buy you a full tank of gas and send you off with my blessing.

Michelle comes out the front door, struggling with their one-year-old baby FRANK and their daughter SOPHIE (4). From Michelle's perspective, it looks like Alex and Brett are having a casual buddy conversation.

SOPHIE
Hi Daddy!

BRETT
Hi Baby!

MICHELLE
Hi guys. Don't let me interrupt... Brett, can I get you a beer? Maybe a foot rub?

BRETT
I... We just pulled up...

ALEX
(under his breath)
See what I mean. I'm just fucking your shit up, again.

MICHELLE
(genuine)
Hey Alex. Sorry to hear about the apartment. You okay?

ALEX
Thanks, I'm okay. Sorry I stole your husband again. Hi Soph!

MICHELLE
Brett, can you grab the cooler?

Brett eyes Alex intensely and mouths the word "please." He's desperate to keep his friend.

Alex squints, then gets out of the Uhaul. Brett smiles.

BRETT
(to Michelle)
Where's your sister?

MICHELLE
Don't ask.

EXT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE - DAY

A modern house with a perfectly restored “International Scout” truck parked in the driveway. The lawn is annoyingly perfect.

INT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE - DAY

TINA MORRIS (39), an energetic hotty with a Texas accent, finishes putting on her high heels in Craig Weets’ immaculately clean and sparse bedroom. She’s wearing hoochie clothes most definitely from the night before.

TINA
What exactly is a Scarab boat, anyways?

CRAIG WEETS (45) is getting dressed, revealing his perfectly ripped torso. He dons a polo shirt, court casual type shorts, and a nifty cap, all branded with the “Scarab” logo. The way he dresses himself is also meticulous and annoying.

CRAIG
Remember in the first season of Miami Vice they were using a fairly cool boat?

TINA
(clueless)
Uh huh.

CRAIG
(more clueless)
That was a Chris Craft Stinger 390. But then they got serious in the second season with a Wellcraft Scarab boat.

TINA
Oh, wow.

CRAIG
You should come out sometime... on another day when we’re not racing, of course.

TINA
I would love that. We don’t have anything like that in Houston. We’ve got some lakes I guess. But there’s so much stuff to do out here, and the weather’s perfect.
(pause)
(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)
I've actually been thinking about it a lot...
(pause)
Making the old move out West...

Furtive glance from Craig - what did she just say?

TINA (CONT'D)
I'm at a point in my business where I really need to expand.

CRAIG
What do you do again?

TINA
I wholesale bounce houses.
(pause)
That would be fun, right? I mean, no pressure or anything. I was just thinking it'd be really fun to see my niece and nephew more. And you, of course...

CRAIG
Yeah, totally.

Craig seems casual about it. He opens the front door.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
So are you just going to wait here for your sister?

TINA
Yeah, she'll be here any minute.

CRAIG
Okay. It's just that I have to lock the door...

TINA
Oh, okay. Of course.

CRAIG
You want to maybe wait on the porch?

TINA
Yeah. Sure.

EXT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE - DAY

Tina stands on the porch, watching Craig get into his truck like they would on *Miami Vice*. He starts up the unnecessarily loud engine.

TINA
(loud)
So what time you coming to get me tonight?

Craig is confused.

TINA (CONT'D)
For dinner? Remember we talked about dinner and then you were going to drop me off at the airport after?

CRAIG
Oh yeah, totally. I'll text you. Cool?

TINA
Okay...

Tina regains her confidence, saunters up to his window and initiates an overly sexy tongue kiss.

HONK HONK!

The Pierson minivan has just pulled up. Michelle is driving.

MICHELLE
Let's go, Tee Tee!

TINA
Don't call me that! Tee Tee is urine.
(to Craig)
She's upset because I'm having fun.
(to Michelle)
I'm not urine!

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Tina flings the sliding door open, and Alex's eyes bug out upon seeing her cleavage and high heels headed his way.

MICHELLE
I brought you a bathing suit since you probably forgot.

TINA
Hi Alex! Remember me from the wedding? I was the drunk one, probably. How've you been?

The van drives off as Tina joins Alex in the way back seat. Alex is eating seaweed sheets and looks miserable.

ALEX
I'm beyond fantastic. You?

TINA
You were great in that Lifetime movie - "White Stallions," was it?

ALEX
Yes, thanks for reminding me.

TINA
Somebody steal your cookie?

ALEX
As a matter of fact, Brett stole all my cookies and is making me eat seaweed instead.

SOPHIE
That's not very nice, Daddy!

BRETT
I didn't steal his cookies, Sophie! Alex is making a joke.

TINA
How's the acting business?

ALEX
Apparently it's doing really well without me.

TINA
Cheer up, buddy. I'm sure it's not that bad. It's a beautiful day. We're in California. We're going to the beach... I love it here!

ALEX
Brett, can we put some music on or something?

TINA
What'd I say?

BRETT
Alex is having a particularly rough day.

ALEX
Decade.

TINA
Sorry, bud.

Tina rustles Alex's hair, which only annoys Alex further.

TINA (CONT'D)
Whew... you got some serious juju.

ALEX
Oh God...

Tina gets a text and checks her phone. It's from someone named Vanessa. Tina registers disappointment.

BRETT
As soon as we hit the waves he'll come back to life. I swear this dude is half man, half dolphin.

MICHELLE
(to Brett only)
You know, I was thinking maybe we could take Frank in the ocean for the first time together... a little half baby, half dolphin action?

BRETT
(unexcited)
Okay, sure.

MICHELLE
Or not. Whatever. You and Alex can take him if you prefer.

BRETT
(diverting/lying)
No. I was just confused 'cuz you said you weren't wearing your swim suit.

MICHELLE
Yeah, no swim suit - I hate my boobs right now. But I can still go in the shallow part with you and Frank.

BRETT
Oh perfect. That'd be awesome.

Brett doesn't really find it awesome, and Michelle knows it.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

MONTAGE

- The Go Go's "Vacation" plays as we jump cut the painstaking steps of bringing young children to the beach: unloading all the baby gear out of the car, hauling it on hot sand, carrying two children, setting up an umbrella in the wind, sand blowing into your face. This is a blast, right?

- Alex and Brett body surf a lot, high five and celebrate. Michelle pretends to read *50 Shades of Grey*, but secretly watches them, jealous of their relationship.

- Two muscle dudes stand over Tina, and she luxuriates in their presence. Alex watches from the ocean and is knocked over by a wave from behind.

- Alex bounds out of the water, picks up Frank and whisks him away towards the water. Michelle (buried in the sand by Sophie) is stranded. Brett surfs in to meet Alex and Frank, and nervously waves Michelle over to join them. Michelle gets up, but Sophie grabs her arm and pleads with her to stay. Alex and Brett share Frank's first experience in the ocean, while Michelle watches.

- Under the shade of the umbrella, Brett plays with Sophie, and Michelle changes Frank's diaper. Michelle gets up and searches for a trash can, holding a nasty diaper as far from her body as she can.

- Alex awkwardly rubs suntan oil on Tina's back. Tina takes a drag on her cigarette and checks her phone - no new messages.

- The family watches Alex dance shirtless in the middle of a hippie drum circle. It's funny and Tina laughs the hardest. Alex takes note. But where is Michelle? She is alone on a beach towel reading *50 Shades of Grey*.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Back in the minivan, the kids are asleep. Michelle drives.

BRETT
(guilty)
Sorry about the Frank thing. Alex didn't realize...

MICHELLE
It's fine.

BRETT
Are you upset?

Michelle takes the high road.

MICHELLE
I'm just tired. Long day. Super sleep deprived.

BRETT
Thank you for holding down the fort while we did the drum circle.

MICHELLE
Of course.

BRETT
And thanks for covering this morning.

In the backseat, Alex watches Tina lay out her underwear (from the previous night) on the seat in between them. She takes her phone out, snaps a photo of the panties, types a few words and starts giggling.

ALEX
Okay, what?

Tina leans in and shows Alex her text to Craig Weets - a photo of her underwear and the words "I'm not wearing these."

ALEX (CONT'D)
Wow.

TINA
I know, right? He should totally have a boner right now.

ALEX
I know I do.

TINA
(laughs)
Wouldn't you want a girlfriend who sends you a text like this?

ALEX
How long you guys been going out?

TINA
Well, I met him in Houston a few months back. We spent the weekend, texted a lot, and then spent this whole week together. But, it feels like we've known each other forever, you know?

ALEX
What's he like?

TINA
Well, he's really smart. Very good looking. Very... neat.

ALEX
Is he nice?

TINA
Of course. Why would you ask that?

ALEX
I don't know. Seems like he's leaving you hanging. He hasn't texted you yet?

TINA
He's on a Scarab boat.

ALEX
Huh?

TINA
The boat goes so fast, he probably doesn't have reception.

ALEX
(sarcastic)
Oh, right. Of course.

Tina gives Alex a nasty look and returns to her phone.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Brett enters carrying Sophie, who's asleep. Michelle follows carrying the sleeping baby.

Each parent carefully kisses and tucks a child into bed. Peaceful sleeping angelic faces offer a glimpse of the magic of parenthood.

Tina is already in the bathroom getting ready for her date. She's popping a zit.

TINA
Ow. Dang!

Michelle exits the baby room and shuts Tina's door. Brett exits Sophie's room and they whisper in close quarters.

MICHELLE
I'm going to take a nap.

BRETT
Okay. I was hoping to get a workout in at some point...

Michelle stares back, stiff-arming his selfish request.

BRETT (CONT'D)
It's cool. I can do some push-ups and sit-ups in the house.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Alex digs through the refrigerator and sees only vegetables. Brett blazes through, scouring the house for something.

BRETT
Have you seen the baby monitor?

ALEX
You guys literally have nothing to eat in here.

BRETT
It's got to be in our bedroom.

Brett exits.

Tina enters wearing a knockout dress. She looks fantastic, not slutty at all.

TINA
How do I look?

Alex pulls out a big hunk of limp tofu, and looks at Tina.

ALEX
Wow.

TINA
(re the tofu)
Nice dick.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Brett carefully opens his bedroom door, but Michelle is not asleep.

She doesn't see him at first because she's reading *50 Shades of Gray* and masturbating under the covers. The unmistakable sound of a buzzing vibrator fills the room.

BRETT
(whispering)
What the fuck?!

MICHELLE
Ho! Shit! Oh, woah!

Michelle scrambles to turn the vibrator off.

BRETT
(whispering)
Keep your voice down! What the fuck are you doing, Michelle?

Brett is acting like he found her with another man. A whisper fight ensues.

MICHELLE
Babe, it's not what you think.

BRETT
I can't fucking believe this. All this time you've been saying "it's not you it's me," and here you are, having a fuck fest all by yourself!

MICHELLE
I'm so sorry, Brett. I just needed to relieve some tension.

Michelle reaches for her breasts under the covers and seems to be doing something suspicious under there.

BRETT
What's that?

MICHELLE
What?

BRETT
That? What are you doing to your boobs right now?

Michelle reveals two clothespins. Brett recoils.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Oh my God! So this is what you've been doing every day at nap time?

MICHELLE
No, not *every* day...

BRETT
To think that I've been depriving myself of the internet to be ready whenever you are.

MICHELLE
Oh please, you don't deprive yourself. The cache is always cleared.

BRETT
It is not always cleared!

TINA (O.S.)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!

Brett's and Michelle's faces register panic. They rush out, bracing themselves for a parent's worst nightmare.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Tina throws her phone on the bathroom floor. She's physically fine, but hyperventilating.

TINA
Oh my God, oh my God!!

BRETT
(whispering at the top of his lungs)
What the fuck, Tina?

MICHELLE
Don't talk to her like that.

TINA
He broke up with me! Over text!

MICHELLE
Shhhhhhhhhh!!

The baby cries out, and Brett disappears into the baby room.

Michelle swiftly guides Tina's shaking body through the hallway and out the front door.

EXT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

Michelle and Tina stand on the front porch.

TINA
Don't shush me, Michelle. You know I hate that!

MICHELLE
I'm sorry. It's just, when you're in a house with children... I thought something horrible happened to one of my kids...

TINA
Something horrible did happen! He broke up with me. Did you not hear me?

Michelle is biting her tongue, trying to keep cool.

MICHELLE
I guess I didn't know you guys were going out.

TINA
Well we were. What do you think we were doing?

MICHELLE
I don't know. Hanging out and having sex?

TINA
Believe it or not, I actually really liked this guy. But of course you would never consider that cuz you don't take me seriously. It's like you don't believe in me or support me in anything that I do!

MICHELLE
Woah. Wait a second. You've been here a whole week, and I've been trying to hang out with you, and you don't even answer your phone when I call. I would love to support you, but you totally ignore me whenever there's a guy in the picture.

TINA
Do you have any idea how hard it is to be in the dating game at my age? Have you ever thought of that? It sucks to be me right now. I'm sorry I didn't spend the whole week in your perfect little family nest, but I'm kinda busy trying not to end up old and weird and alone like Aunt Edie!

Tina starts crying. Michelle rushes over and hugs her.

TINA (CONT'D)
How can you live here? The people are so mean.

MICHELLE
The weather's fantastic.

Tina laughs a little bit and notices something.

TINA
Why are you all sweaty?

MICHELLE
(deflecting)
Come out with us tonight. We have a baby-sitter lined up, and we can do whatever you want.

TINA
I don't want to mess up your date night. Sounds like y'all need it.

MICHELLE
That's literally the last thing we need right now. Plus you look amazing, and I'm not letting that go to waste.

EXT. LA POUBELLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Michelle, Brett, Tina and Alex sit silently at an outdoor table with drinks and no food. There are two empty drinks in front of Tina.

TINA
(dead pan)
I feel so much better. This is a blast.

ALEX
Me too. You should move here, Tina. Everybody's so nice. There's no pressure, no rejection, no desperation. Everything always just "works out," you know?

Tina laughs a little, then stops abruptly. She sees something.

Craig Weets approaches holding hands with a gorgeous younger woman.

MICHELLE
Uh oh.

Tina bolts upright, knocking the table and spilling a few drinks in her haste.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Tina, no!

Tina flings herself onto the sidewalk just in time to scare the living shit out of Craig Weets, swiping his "Scarab" cap off his head.

CRAIG
Aaaaahhhhhh!

TINA
Who the fuck do you think you are?

CRAIG
Jesus Christ. Give me back my hat, please.

The entire restaurant is staring now. Michelle, Brett and Alex are frozen in disbelief. Tina is holding the hat behind her back like a third grader.

MICHELLE
Oh God...

TINA
You're not supposed to break up with somebody over text, asshole. Who the fuck does that, huh? Huh?

CRAIG
It's not a break-up if I'm not your boyfriend, which I never was. Give me my hat...

Key in on Alex. He sees something in Tina here. He feels the pain and rejection.

TINA
(to the girl)
When did Miami Vice ask you out?

CRAIG
Don't answer that.

TINA
When?! It was today, wasn't it?!

The girl looks scared to answer. She doesn't know what the right answer is.

CRAIG
This is why I didn't respond to your one thousand calls or texts today. Because you're fucking crazy.

Alex appears out of nowhere, weirdly and overtly positive and peppy.

ALEX
Tina?

Everyone turns around.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Tina Morris? Oh my God, it's you!

Everyone is confused. Is this real?

ALEX (CONT'D)
I thought you were still back in the Congo!

TINA
Huh?

ALEX
You don't recognize me? It's Alex! From the Jane Goodall Institute! We took care of Priscilla together. Everybody there was obsessed with you!

Tina stands frozen. She doesn't know what to do.

Alex pulls his shirt off over his head.

RESTAURANT PATRON
Wow!

ALEX
What about now? Recognize me?

Alex beats his chest like a gorilla. Everyone in the vicinity is frozen in shock.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hoo. Hoo hoo. Hoo hoo hoo.

Alex sniffs Craig's armpits and genitals, and Craig recoils. Alex grunts in disapproval of Craig's scent.

Alex takes the hat from Tina and throws it into the street. He forcefully ushers Tina down the street, grunting and bounding like an ape.

Craig and his girl are confused, but relieved they are gone.

RESTAURANT PATRON
That was awesome!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Still shirtless and in full on Bill Murray mode, Alex sets a blistering walking pace. Tina holds onto his arm to keep up.

TINA
What are you doing?

ALEX
You've got to know when to fold 'em, but you also gotta know when to punch 'em in the nuts.

TINA
What about Michelle and Brett?

ALEX
They know what to do.

Alex puts his shirt on and leads Tina into a 7-11.

INT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Alex grabs all three rolls of toilet paper off the shelf, and Tina gets the picture.

TINA
Oh, yes!
(to cashier)
This everything you got?

CASHIER
There's more in the back.

TINA
Bring it out, please!

Alex grabs two glazed donuts, jams one into his mouth, and feeds the other to Tina.

ALEX
Eat this.

TINA
I don't want it.

ALEX
Eat it! It'll make you feel better.

Tina looks into Alex's eyes and takes a bite. Is this some weird seduction? Before Tina can figure it out, Alex swivels away and steps up to the counter.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Pack of Kool Menthols, please.

TINA
How'd you know?

ALEX
I know shit.

TINA
Wait!

Tina runs to the refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of Strawberry Hill "wine."

ALEX
Oh God, that's perfect.

EXT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Alex and Tina exit and jump into the minivan.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Tina twists the top off the Strawberry Hill. Alex is working up something on his phone.

ALEX
Listen up. Every motherfucker in this van is chugging Strawberry Hill right now. Whoever says “no” gets kicked out.

MICHELLE
I’m in!

BRETT
I’m driving, dude.

ALEX
Then come back here and chug before you drive. Let’s go! I’m not fucking around.

Brett obliges.

TINA
Michelle, get back here.

ALEX
(to Tina)
Def Leppard or Led Zeppelin?

TINA
Def Leppard.

Alex plugs his phone into the stereo jack and plays Def Leppard’s “Foolin’.” A song about bad love, loneliness, and lying to yourself.

Michelle and Tina drink and dance in their seats.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

The van stops next at a red light next to a Volvo filled with hipsters.

TINA
Let’s race em’!

Brett rolls the window down and jacks up the volume. He stares at the hipsters and points forward to the road ahead.

ALEX
That’s my boy.

HIPSTER
(laughing, friendly)
Nice wheels, Dad.

The light turns green, and Brett hits the gas. He burns a little bit of rubber and blasts off, blowing the hipsters out of the water (because they're not racing at all).

TINA
Wooo hooo! Suck it, bitches!!

EXT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE - NIGHT

Craig's truck is not in the driveway.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

The minivan pulls up to Craig's house. Alex calls Brett's phone.

ALEX
Answer your phone, Brett. I'll have mine on speakerphone in my pocket. Go wait at the corner and holler if you see anybody coming.

Alex and Tina bound out of the van, and Brett pulls away.

EXT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE - NIGHT

Tina kicks it off with a big throw onto Craig's roof, which rolls down, draping a bright white stripe on Craig's pristine rooftop. Alex and Tina high five each other.

They crisscross the lawn and each other, rolling everything they can as Def Leppard builds to a climax.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Parked down the street, Michelle is in the back seat and Brett is at the wheel. Silent and awkward. Michelle takes a giant swig off the Strawberry Hill.

MICHELLE
I guess we're both on the sidelines for this one.

Brett looks back at her. He hadn't thought of this before.

BRETT
I guess so.

MICHELLE
I need to get something off my chest, and you're probably not going to like it.

Michelle is dead serious, on the verge of saying something big. Brett is petrified.

She then rips a long, loud BURP - expert comedic timing.

Brett laughs. Michelle giggles, but only a little.

HEADLIGHTS flash them from behind.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Oh shit - car!
(into Brett's phone)
Car! Car's coming, Alex!

EXT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex looks and sees Brett and Michelle duck down as a car approaches.

ALEX
Car! Go go go go go!

TINA
Where?

ALEX
The porch!

There's a hidden landing on the porch. Tina swivels, her high heel cracks, and she takes a hard spill.

TINA
Ouch. Fuck!

The car is getting closer.

Tina pops up like a trooper. Alex flops over the railing and lands on his back.

ALEX
Ow!

Car's POV of Tina flopping over the railing, legs flailing.

EXT. CRAIG WEETS HOUSE, PORCH - NIGHT

Tina lands squarely on top of Alex.

ALEX
Ow!!!!

Tina is face to face with Alex, their lips an inch apart. Alex is about to say something.

TINA
Shhhhhhhhh...

He's still struggling to say something.

TINA (CONT'D)
Sh...

Tina covers his mouth with her hand, and they share a very intense moment looking into each other's eyes. The headlights shine on the house above them, and the car passes.

ALEX
(high pitched voice)
I was just going to say you're crushing my nuts.

EXT. EAST SIDE TACO TRUCK - NIGHT

The gang is eating street tacos. Lots of laughter. Kids with Ramones t-shirts are skateboarding in the background.

ALEX
Women don't understand testicles. It's a fact. How could they?

BRETT
Alright finish up, everybody. We gotta get Tina to the airport.

ALEX
Boooooo...

MICHELLE
(yawning)
Plus, Mama's gettin' tired.

Everyone gets up except for Tina.

TINA
I'm not going.

They freeze.

TINA (CONT'D)
I'm done with Houston. I gotta to keep looking ahead. Y'all mind if I stay with you a little longer?

Brett and Michelle look at each other. Uh oh.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brett carries a drunk/tired Michelle into the bedroom, lays her down and pulls some Advil out of her night-stand drawer.

BRETT
Here, babe. Take these.

MICHELLE
Thank you.

BRETT
Here's some water.

MICHELLE
Thank you for taking care of me. You're a good husband.

Michelle fumbles with the Advil but gets it down. Brett sits by her bedside and takes a big pause before he speaks.

BRETT
Why don't you want to have sex with me anymore?

Michelle looks at him earnestly, defenseless.

MICHELLE
I don't know.

INT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina prepares two makeshift beds on opposite couches. She looks out the window and notices Alex sitting alone on the front porch.

EXT. BRETT AND MICHELLE'S HOUSE, PORCH - NIGHT

Tina throws a travel pack of Oreos at Alex, which he catches with catlike reflexes.

ALEX
Oh my God. Where did you get this?

TINA
Got my own stash.

ALEX
Thank you.

Tina sits down next to Alex and lights up a cigarette.

TINA
You leaving town tomorrow?

ALEX
I don't know.

TINA
You done with acting, or what?

ALEX
I don't know. Maybe.

TINA
You don't know shit, do you?

ALEX
Nope.

TINA
You're just as messed up as I am.

ALEX
(dead pan)
I seriously doubt it.

TINA
(laughs)
Fuck you.

Alex laughs with her.

Spoon's "Stay Don't Go" over the final shot - Alex and Tina hanging out into the wee hours of the morning.

CUT TO BLACK