

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - MINI LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MOANS & GROANS drift from the half open bedroom door. Two people are having a pretty good time.

The room is super small. One door leads outside, another to the bedroom, a third - with no door - to the kitchen.

More GROANS than MOANS now. Someone stepped up their game. The room is pretty - I dunno, cool.

A couple of well framed posters for foreign films. Art books. One whole shelf of vintage camera's.

The ocean is visible out the kitchen window. The GROANS build. Don't blush - we all get down sometimes.

Then the GROANS get...confused. Bed springs CREAK as someone moves quickly. A WOMAN murmurs with an apologetic tone.

Feet SLAP their way into the room. They're attached to bare legs. An unbuttoned button down swings over shoulders.

EVA, a bubbly smile of a girl if ever there was, paces back and forth. Her cheeks are red. Her hair askew.

She holds the shirt closed with one hand. Tears fill her eyes. A couple spill down her flushed cheeks.

EVA

Um. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. What the hell was that? I'm freaking out. I'm freaking out. But what was that?

SHUFFLE. SHUFFLE. Max appears in the doorway in a tank top and a hastily pulled up pair of shorts that don't fit.

She balances herself on the doorjamb.

MAX

Uh. Fucking?

Eva gnaws on her thumbnail while she paces.

EVA

No. I know. I know. But what. What did you do to me?

Max fiddles for the drawstring on the shorts with one hand. She doesn't find it so she holds them up.

MAX

Shit. I dunno what happened. Did I make you uncomfortable?

EVA

It just felt so...good.

MAX

It's been a while and I'm kind of tanked, so - wait, what?

Eva takes a few panic-breaths and sits on the edge of a two-seater couch. Max steps further into the room.

EVA

Is that what fucking is? What just happened? Because if that's what it is I've been doing it wrong.

Max perches on the arm of the two-seater.

MAX

Um.

EVA

I've never had anyone make me feel like that. Ever. Including myself.

MAX

But. You have so much swagger.

EVA

I know, right?

She turns her tear-stained face up at Max.

EVA

God you're hot.

She leans & arches her way up in to a kiss.

EVA

OK, OK. God I'm still cumming a little or something.

She hops up. Her tears stop. Her smile spreads wide.

EVA

I'm gonna shower. Will you come shower with me?

She fans her face with both hands and walks into the bedroom. Max looks around with a "what the fuck?" look.

Eva runs back in, tackles Max on to the couch to make out with her, then runs back out of the room.

The shower HISSES on before Max even gets upright. She looks around. She reaches for her phone - nope. Not her shorts.

MAX
(under her breath)
Fucccccck.

EVA (O.C.)
Baby, come join me.

Max eyes the front door. Then the bedroom door. What the hell. In for a penny, in for a pound, ay what?

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - TINY BEDROOM - MORNING

Max dozes with her arm over her face. The room is extremely bright. Eva sits cross legged at the end of the bed.

Staring at Max. And eating a bowl of super unhealthy cereal. The kind that changes the color of the milk.

Max opens her eyes and moves her arm at the same time. Eva locks right on to an unavoidable eye contact.

EVA
You're awake. God it's the best.

Max closes her eyes. Eva slaps the sole of her foot.

EVA
Nuh uh. You're awake, you're awake.
Get up and hang out with me.

Max sits up. She rubs her face and takes in her surroundings. The walls are all painted different colors.

It doesn't really work. Every time her eyes move past Eva's face Eva's eyes look right at her.

Max motions her head at the cereal.

MAX
The hell are you eating?

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - NARROW KITCHEN - DAY

Max whips up something magical with a bunch of hum-drum ingredients. Eva sits at a table by the window. Gazing.

Watching Max cook is something worth gazing at. Organized. Improvisational. Entirely natural.

Max checks emails on her phone pretty darn frequently. She cooks quietly. It drives Eva nuts.

EVA

Hey, yo. So. Sorry about last night. I've never squirted before. Or had my whole body feel like a clit like that. It caught me totally off guard.

MAX

It's cool.

EVA

No, no. I'm not usually like that. Crying and shit. It's not me.

Max flips through four new emails.

EVA

I think I was way drunker than you. Plus it's the first time I've brought anyone home since I split with my ex. It's weird to get new-naked in our space, you know?

MAX

I hear you.

EVA

I've hooked up, for sure. Don't think last night was the first time I've gotten down in three months. I hooked up with this Trans Dude. Dammmmmn. I woke up and he was jerking off to gay dude porn. And crying.

Max's phone screen lights up. She looks at the text without picking it up.

MAX

The porn dudes?

EVA

Huh?

MAX

Who was crying?

EVA

Oh, no. The dude I was hooking up with was crying. He was sloppy drunk, though, so it wasn't a thing. It was hilarious. Both the dudes in the video had red hair. It was like watching two Archie's fuck.

MAX

Archie's?

EVA

Yeah, you know. Like the whole Riverdale gang. Archie. Jughead. Just two Archie's pounding ass.

MAX

Oh, right. Sure.

Max flips some food in a pan and picks up her phone at the same time. Eva purses her lips.

She hops up and snakes her arms around Max's waist. Max moves the pan to an unlit burner.

Eva kisses her neck. Max responds.

EVA

Nope, this won't do. Not at all.

She grabs Max's phone and tucks it in her bra. She walks backward to the doorway.

MAX

I need that.

EVA

You'll get it back when you bring me breakfast in bed.

She runs off on giddy feet. Max sighs. She tastes the food, grabs some silverware, and plates their breakfast.

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - TINY BEDROOM - DAY

Max and Eva lie on the bed in opposite directions. They dig through the food on the plates between them.

Max's phone is still in Eva's bra. It DINGS and BLOOPS on a fairly regular basis. Max looks at it every time.

EVA
You don't date much, do you?

MAX
Nope.

She watches Eva eat every bite with relish.

MAX
What gave it away?

EVA
I dunno. You fuck like it's going out of style. You flirt like a pro but you let me make all the moves. You seemed out of your mind confused when you woke up, like you had no idea where the fuck you were.

MAX
I didn't. I get drunk even less than I go on dates. It's been a long while since I woke up in a bed that wasn't my own. A long ass while.

EVA
Also, you're clearly dying to get out of here. It's all over your face.

MAX
Oh. Um. It's not you. I have a ton of work shit to do.

EVA
Don't worry about my ego, bro. I know I'm a P.Y.T. What a notch it your belt, right?

MAX
You think so?

Max grins. Eva slaps her with a pillow.

EVA
I know so.

MAX
Yeah. You're a looker.

Eva adjusts her position so her face is close to Max's.

EVA
And a charmer and a baller and you
fucking love it.

They kiss.

MAX
You're alright.

Eva tackles her. They grope on each other and, somehow, manage to avoid the half eaten plates of food.

They get a little hotter, a little heavier. Eva ends up on top of Max. She props herself up on her elbows.

EVA
Lets fuck in the living room.

She hops off the bed and out of the room. Max covers her face with her arm.

MAX
(mutters)
Jesus.

She swings off the bed and out of the room.

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - TINY LIVING ROOM - LATER

They lie under a blanket. Eva has her head on Max's chest. Max stares at the ceiling.

MAX
I should really get those dishes in
the sink.

EVA
Don't you ever shut it down?

MAX
Not enough. Or so I've been told.

EVA
Hey. Spend the day with me.

MAX
I can't.

EVA
Don't say can't when you mean won't.
Or don't want to.

Eva sits up and keeps herself covered with the blanket.

EVA
It's one day.

Max rubs Eva's back.

MAX
Look --

Uh oh. Someone doesn't know someone else's name. Instead of being cool Max absolutely telegraphs it.

MAX
-- lady. I'm having a blast. Really.
You're wicked smart. Your skin's
super soft and you smell awesome.

EVA
Lady?

MAX
But I got shit to do.

EVA
Is that so, Joanna Maxwell? You have
shit to do, "Max?"

Eva stands and whips the blanket off Max. She's got her tank top and some boys underpants.

MAX
Um. Yeah?

It's clear the refrain running through Max's brain is "Fuck fuck fuck fuck." She knows what Eva's going to say next.

EVA
What's my name?

Max rubs her forehead in an attempt to figure out whether or not it's worth taking a guess. It's not.

EXT. EVA'S BUNGALOW - FRONT DOOR - LATER

A pile of clothes flies out the door at Max. The small bungalow is right off a main street.

People can see her in her underpants. She grabs the clothes as the door SLAMS.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - LATER

Max keeps adjusting her clothes to make sure she's properly dressed. Her shoes are only half on.

She sits on a bench and laces them up. Her head drops in her hands. She stares out at the ocean for a minute.

She whips out a phone and uses the finger-print sensor. VIBRATE VIBRATE. She tries again. The keypad pops up.

TAP TAP TAP TAP. SHAKE. TAP TAP TAP TAP. SHAKE. She turns the phone over. Totally not her phone.

Totally Eva's phone.

MAX

Oh come on.

EXT. EVA'S BUNGALOW - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Max takes a breath and works her way up to being able to knock. Her hand lifts to the door -

- which swings open.

EVA

It's Eva. My name's Eva.

She pulls Max into a kiss and drags her inside.

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - TINY BEDROOM - EVENING

Max watches Eva sleep like the dead. Her snores erupt out of her at regular intervals and shake the bed.

Max slips her legs to the floor and grabs her clothes. She double checks the phone in her hand. Yup. It's hers.

She kisses the back of Eva's neck and creeps to the door. Her eyes land on the dirty dishes on the bedside stand.

INT. INCREDIBLY SMALL APARTMENT - NARROW KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max does the dishes as quietly as she can. She stops the faucet a couple of times and even peeks out the door.

Eva's SNORES indicate she has nothing to worry about. She finishes the dishes and tides everything.

She takes a piece of paper off a pad on the fridge and searches for a pen.

When she finds one it hovers above the paper. She doesn't write anything. She thinks. She ponders.

Still nothing. She pockets the pen and the paper and slips out. The front door opens and closes.

Eva SNORES on.

INT. THE HP CAFE - OFFICE - DAY

Max - in a dress that everyone she knows has probably commented on by now - sits at a desk.

She tries to focus on the work on the two screens in front of her. It doesn't work. Her hand lifts her phone.

She swipes through a text chain that goes back a few days. A lot of TEXTS FROM HER. Only a FEW FROM EVA.

Eva's are all monosyllabic. There are a few thumbs up emoji's. Max TAP TAP TAPs the screen.

"Hey again --"

Her fingers stop moving.

CUT TO BLACK: