

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Lucy walks away from the theater at a brisk pace. She's on the phone.

LUCY

- no, I swear to god. He took me to see a Disney flick and like ten minutes in he tried to F-bang me. Nope. Dead serious. Of course I didn't stay to finish the movie.

She looks back at the theater as she turns a corner. Her pace slows a little once she's off Fig.

LUCY

And you know what? Still better than that first guy. No, the one with the diaper fetish.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lucy slips into the car.

LUCY

Babe, I meant it when I said I don't want to talk about him. I want to move on. It happened. It sucked. It's done. I don't want to do what I did with John, and don't act like you don't think that's the best thing ever. Yes. Yes, I can say his name now. John, John, John. Ok. Yup. Love you too.

She hangs up and starts the car. While it's running she swipes over to Instagram. She looks at a couple of new pics.

Then swipes over to her own pics. She scrolls to one of her and Cass and clicks on his name.

It takes her to his page but she can't see any pictures. He has her blocked. She logs out -

- and logs back in to a different account. She swipes around a bit until she finds a pictures with Cass in it. CLICK.

She's on his page.

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - NIGHT

Cass straddles a bench by a picnic table in the back yard of a mostly empty bar. DATE ONE sits properly beside him.

He leans his face close to her ear and whispers something no doubt devilish and flirtatious.

The Date laughs. Cass chugs from a pint, wipes his mouth, and goes in for a sniper-smooch.

The Date returns it.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S - BATHROOM - MORNING

Sunlight limps through the closed pebbled window in the shower. Birds chirp. Coffee brews. All that good stuff.

Lucy shuffles in. She reaches for the window and slides it open. She rubs the sleep from her eyes.

Her rump lands on the toilet for a morning pee. She lights a cigarette and smokes it in a sleepy daze.

Her pee finishes way before the cigarette. She gets bored of smoking, flushes the butt, and washes her hands.

Then she brushes her teeth. Lunacy. She follows a fairly standard morning ritual. Washes face. Flosses.

She completely avoids looking in the mirror. CREAK. The medicine cabinet opens.

Her eyes land on a small bottle of Cass's testosterone. She takes it out and looks at the date. It's expired.

After a moment of hesitation she puts it back. CREAK. She's out the door before the cabinet closes.

EXT. STUDIO SPACE - DAY

A hatchback trunk WHINES open. Lucy stands in front of her studio, cup of coffee in hand. Jenna looks into her trunk.

JENNA

I've never been so happy that someone else got the flu.

She loads Camera equipment into the car.

LUCY

They're really letting you fill in?
Don't take this the wrong way, but...
why? You helped out on a student film
one time. And it was farts.

THUNK. Jenna closes the trunk and hops over to Lucy.

JENNA

It's Agnes. Me and her have a thing.

LUCY

It's not like focusing a still
camera. Or your phone.

JENNA

"That's awesome, Jenna. I'm so super
psyched you're getting this
opportunity. It's keen."

LUCY

That's awesome, Jenna. I'm so super
psyched you're getting this
opportunity. It's keen.

JENNA

Was that so hard?

Jenna takes the cup out of Lucy's hand and sips.

JENNA

Agnes asks about you all the time.
She wanted to have you on full time.
You guys must have had a thing.

LUCY

Yeah. I like Agnes.

Jenna hands the cup back after a final sip.

JENNA

Viva la first AC.

She hugs Lucy right quick and walks backwards to the car.

JENNA

Don't worry. I'll be a dick to Cass
every chance I get.

LUCY

He's not wrapped yet?

Jenna skips to the drivers side door.

JENNA

Pfft. No way. We're like two weeks behind. And that dude? Always late. Always. OK. Love you, bye!

She hops in the car. Lucy watches her drive off until the car disappears from view.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Cass pulls on his boots in a hurry. DATE NUMBER TWO - entirely different than Date One - stirs in her sleep.

Cass looks down at her. Pretty. Dyed red hair. The ghost of a dark lipstick around her mouth.

Cass sits on the edge of a chair facing the bed to lace up his boots. He eyes her wallet.

Quiet as a trans-mouse he reaches over and swipes a twenty, throws on his sunglasses, and creeps out.

EXT. VINTAGE CLOTHING SHOP ON FIGUEROA - DAY

Lucy stares at herself in the reflection of the shop window. A pair of huge sunglasses obscures her face.

She re-focuses her eyes and looks in to the shop. Then down at her well worn, well loved dress.

INT. LUCY & CASS'S - BEDROOM - EVENING

Lucy sits with her legs crossed, staring at her new dress on the bed. It's a little flashier than her usual style.

She wears her trusty kimono and brushes her hair. BLOOP. She gets a new text. It's from Jenna.

All it says is "Tubbbbbbbby" below a screencap of BARRY from a dating app. Yeah. "Tubby" covers it. But affable too.

Lucy texts back - "He's sweet and funny and A GROWN UP." The three dots of a response appear.

Then disappear with no response. Lucy stares at the screen for a bit. No dots. No response.

LUCY

Mutter mutter. Rassum Frassum.

She drops the phone on the chair, grabs the dress, and walks out the door to the bathroom.

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - NIGHT

A cleavage heavy TATTOOED BARTENDER in a torn punk tank top wipes down the end of a bar. She glances at the other end.

Cass leans in to an ENTIRELY DIFFERENT GIRL. Like. Really close. His lips are basically on her ear. He whispers.

The Entirely Different Girl throws a drink in his face and moves to a booth. The Bartender throws him a thumbs up.

He shrugs and makes the universally recognized "another round" gesture in the air. His eyes prowl the bar.

EXT. SORT OF FANCY CHAIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lucy psyches herself up in the parking lot of a place that's probably super popular in the suburban mid-west.

She wears her new dress, more makeup than usual, and a stylish up-do. She paces. She chews her cuticles.

Her head bobs in time to what appears to be an internal conversation she's having with herself.

It also appears that she needs to give herself kind of a shitload of affirmation.

With one final, very distinct nod, she heads inside.

INT. SORT OF FANCY CHAIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lucy moves through a somewhat heavy Friday night crowd. Her eyes scan the room. Somehow everyone looks tubby & affable.

Finally a waiter moves out of her line of site and Barry appears at a corner booth. She quick-waves.

He doesn't see her. He wears a button down shirt and pleated slacks. Lucy's cheeks flush.

Barry doesn't look up until she's right in front of him. The smile that fills his face breaks her tension instantly.

BARRY

Oh man, Lucy. Jeez. You're even lovelier in person. And foxy too.

They half handshake, half hug. He motions at the booth and waits for her to sit. There's not an ounce of nerves on him.

EXT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Cass broods. And drinks. Or drinks and broods. By himself, in the farthest corner of the backyard smoking area.

He RACES through Tindr. All right-swipes. One after the other. BOOM. A match. He doesn't even look at her pictures.

He just messages her to come meet him. Then right back to swiping. BOOM. Match. Message. And so on.

INT. SORT OF FANCY CHAIN RESTAURANT - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Lucy giggles - yeah, actually giggles - over an enormous chocolate cocktail of some kind. With a straw in it.

She sips through her giggles.

BARRY

No, for serious. I know a guy that did a poop in a washing machine in WeHo. Well. I don't know him. I hear him talk about stuff like that when I'm in line at this food truck I go to on York. But. Come on.

LUCY

There's no way it's the same guy.

BARRY

You know what that means, then?

He opens his eyes really wide. She laughs so hard she snorts. She's a little drunk. And enjoying herself.

LUCY

There are two guys who do that.

They laugh and chuckle and exhale. He puts both hands on the table and pushes himself up.

BARRY

If you'll excuse me, I have to make sissy. In the restroom. Not. You know. Elsewhere.

LUCY

I knew it, Barry.

He steps out of the booth and smiles a warm smile.

BARRY
I'm really glad you came out tonight.

LUCY
Yeah. Me too.

BARRY
Nicole is gonna love you to death.

LUCY
Yeah. Wait. Nicole?

BARRY
My wife. Obvi.

He weaves away from the booth. Lucy holds her enormous - and absurd - chocolate cocktail halfway to her mouth.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A door BANGS open into a single room. The space is used really efficiently.

Cass and EVA tumble in, lips locked, hands wandering. Eva throws Cass down the bed. He tries to get up.

She shoves him back down again. He shakes his head. She nods and jumps on him. They makeout-tussle.

Cass ends up on top. He moves her skirt up and heads down. She stops him, reaches to her bedside stand -

- and takes out a DENTAL DAM. He makes a major "What the fuck?" face. She waves it in the air.

INT. SORT OF FANCY CHAIN RESTAURANT - BACK BOOTH - LATER

Lucy stares at two intertwined hands on the table. Barry nudges NICOLE'S shoulder.

Nicole is less tubby than Barry, but she's bigger. Taller. Broader. They both wear sympathetic expressions.

NICOLE
We are so, so sorry. We should have been more clear on our profile.

LUCY

No, it's fine. I guess I should have paid more attention. I mean. He's wearing a wedding ring.

Nicole puts her hand over Barry's and squeezes his ring.

NICOLE

Yeah.

LUCY

And looking at it again, your profile is totally clear. Just so you know.

BARRY

Thanks.

Nicole elbows Barry in the ribs.

NICOLE

See, I told you it was a fluke.

BARRY

Aw, c'mon. Pipe down, wife of mine. She's embarrassed enough.

Lucy braces herself on the table, preparing to slide out.

LUCY

Fluke?

NICOLE

Well, yeah. I mean. You're smart and talented. Your paintings are amazing. And. Adoi. You're hot as hades.

Lucy does, in fact, get more embarrassed than she already was. Which is no small feat. She lowers her head.

BARRY

She just means we were a wee bit of surprised that you wanted to go out with. Well. A couple of doughy old farts like us.

Lucy gets weirdly protective of both of them.

LUCY

You're not old. Or. Um.

She presses her teeth together in a weird grin.

NICOLE

Sweetheart, don't even sweat it. We just do this to have some fun every now and then. Barry's birthday is in a few days and he always had a thing for red-heads. So...

Barry looks at Nicole with an adoring expression.

BARRY

Last year this one even tried dying her hair for me but she had this nutso allergic reaction. Whump. Whole face swelled up like it was stung by a thousand bees. Poor thing. The dye didn't even come out red.

NICOLE

It was this weird messy pinkish green or something. There's a picture on my instagram somewhere.

She takes out her phone. Barry gestures it away. Lucy clears her throat and swings one leg out of the booth.

LUCY

You don't have to apologize or feel weird or anything. I'm the lunkhead.

She stands.

LUCY

And for what's its worth, I was having a really nice time.

Barry and Nicole exchange a quick glance.

BARRY

Then stay.

NICOLE

Yeah.

Lucy slows down but doesn't stop moving completely.

LUCY

Oh, uh. I should...

BARRY

Just for the meal. On us. We already have all this food coming, and you're really great to talk to.

NICOLE

And honestly, it seems like you could use a night off from. I don't know. Your life and junk.

Lucy inches closer to the booth.

LUCY

You're not wrong there.

BARRY

Great. Sit. Stay. Eat. Drink all the frilly cocktails you want and we'll get you an uber home.

NICOLE

Please. For us.

Barry and Nicole make exaggerated doe eyes at her. She smiles through a nod and slides back into the booth.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cass stands in the doorway to a really narrow kitchen. Eva sleeps firmly twisted into ALL THE COVERS.

Cass opens a beer with a lighter and sips. A blank expression covers his face.

He doesn't look at Eva. He doesn't look at her things. He doesn't even really look at his beer.

He simply stands in the doorway, a swaying, drinking form lit only by the skimpy light from outside.

EXT. SORT OF FANCY CHAIN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - MORNING

New, bluish light bathes the mostly empty parking lot. One car sits parked pretty far in the back.

It's Lucy's. A car with an Uber sticker pulls up to the curb. Lucy gets out and merrily waves to the driver.

She's still a little drunk. Her shoes are in her hand. Her new dress is askew. Her up-do is down.

The Uber pulls off and she makes the long, slow, barefoot walk to her car. Her movements are lighter than air.

CUT TO BLACK: