

ONE NIGHT STAN

by
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EXT. PARKING GARAGE ROOF - NIGHT

It's your usual balmy night in South Florida and there isn't a single empty parking spot in this garage overlooking trendy Las Olas Boulevard.

In one of the spots, a BMW rocks back and forth rhythmically. The windows are fogged over.

The car stops bouncing for a moment...

And then begins to rock again. This time much more rapidly. This lasts for about twenty seconds, and then all is still.

The rear driver's side door opens and out climb a well dressed but disheveled couple.

The guy tucks his dress shirt back in. The girl shimmies as she pulls her cocktail dress down over her thighs.

STAN KOOPERBERG is in his late 20s. In spite of the tailored suit and the expensive foreign car, he's an approachable, regular guy. The kind of man my Jewish grandmother would call a *mensch*.

JULIE WARNER is also in her late 20s. She's smart, sweet and surprising wholesome looking for someone who just finished having sex in the back of a BMW. The kind of woman my Jewish grandmother would approve of - except for the fact that she's a *shiksa*.

Julie straightens Stan's tie as she gazes into his eyes.

STAN

I love you.

JULIE

I love you, too.

As they kiss, a mini-van packed with a large family pulls up, trolling for a parking spot.

MINI-VAN DAD

Excuse me. Are you coming or going?

STAN

(deadpan)

We just came.

EXT. LAS OLAS BOULEVARD - MINUTES LATER

Hand in hand, Stan and Julie walk the crowded street, smiling. They enter a restaurant.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Julie spot their friends by the bar, and rush over. Their excited friends greet them, champagne in hand.

RUSSELL and MARIE (both late 20s) are Stan and Julie's best friends. Until recently they were dating. The tension between them is palpable.

NEAL and KAREN (both early 40s) own the video game company where Stan works. They've been married for 18 years. The tension between them is palpable.

TRENT and BETH (mid 20s) are Julie's brother and his new girlfriend. They seem happy.

MARIE

Let's see it!

As she approaches, Julie holds up her hand to show off a beautiful ~~DIAMOND~~ SAPPHIRE ENGAGEMENT RING.

KAREN

What the fuck is that?

JULIE

It's a beautiful sapphire engagement ring.

KAREN

God love you. You can't let a few dead Africans keep you from wearing a real ring. You should've gotten her a diamond, Stan.

NEAL

She didn't want a diamond. Not every woman needs diamonds.

Russell hands Stan and Julie each a glass of champagne. Congratulatory hugs all around.

RUSSELL

I can't believe she's marrying you, of her own free will.

STAN

I gave her a year and a half to figure out that she's too good for me.

RUSSELL

(teasing)

That's plenty of time. If she couldn't figure it out in that long, fuck her. She deserves you.

STAN

That's what I thought.

MARIE

How did he propose? Was it romantic?

STAN

It was ridiculously romantic.

JULIE

He did good. He took me on the cruise to the Bahamas. He insisted we lie on the beach, and Stan is not a big beach person--

STAN

I like the beach. I'm just not a big melanoma person.

JULIE

Anyway, we're lying in the sand, it's a beautiful day. The ocean is gorgeous. And I notice this skywriting plane starting to write a message. And I'm like, he's spelling 'Julie.' He's spelling my name.

Marie breaks down crying.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

MARIE

I'm okay. Finish your story.

Marie's clearly not okay. Julie tries to wrap up the story.

JULIE

So it ends up spelling 'Julie will you marry me?' in the sky. And then this little parachute drops down with a ring box.

(Marie is bawling)

Marie, are you sure you're okay?

RUSSELL

She's crying because it's romantic.

MARIE

I'm crying because you broke my heart, you selfish fucker.

RUSSELL

Okay. Are we gonna do *this* now? Are you gonna make everybody feel awkward? We've been broken up for two months.

NEAL

You did cheat on her.

RUSSELL

Everybody makes mistakes.

STAN
Six times with four different women.

TRENT
(joking)
Does that make it six mistakes, or
four mistakes, or just one big mistake?

Trent gets the evil eye from all the ladies.

BETH
The problem is you're still living
together. It's not healthy.

RUSSELL
I know.
(whispers to the guys)
She gave me a blowy last night.

A HANDSOME HIPSTER steps up.

HANDSOME HIPSTER
Excuse me, I'm sorry to interrupt.
(points at Julie)
I know you.

Julie doesn't recognize him.

JULIE
Maybe. I'm not sure.

HANDSOME HIPSTER
I've been sitting over there with my
friends, and I know I recognize you.
Did we...

He subtly makes a little back and forth motion with his arm,
implying they had sex. Suddenly everyone is uncomfortable.

STAN
Hi there. I'm Stan. Julie is my
fiancée.

HANDSOME HIPSTER
Yes, Julie! I'm Doug Everett! Although
you probably never knew my last name,
cause it was just that one night. Doug.
We met at the Dandy Warhols' concert.

JULIE
Yes. Okay. Good seeing you again.

Handsome Hipster gets the hint.

HANDSOME HIPSTER
Oh. Right. Enjoy your evening.

Stan watches him go back to his friend's table, and although he can't hear him, he knows he's bragging that Julie is in fact the girl he picked up at the Dandy Warhols' concert.

KAREN

That was a little bit uncomfortable.

STAN

That's not the first time that's happened.

JULIE

It happened one other time.

STAN

We bumped into a guy she had slept with at Macy's.

TRENT

A similar thing happened to me and Beth. We were at the movies and we sat next to a girl I used to booty call before we met.

STAN

No, you misunderstand. We were not at Macy's. We were at the grocery store when we bumped into a guy that she had sex with at Macy's.

JULIE

(embarrassed)

Could we maybe not discuss this in front of my little brother?

TRENT

Like anything's gonna shock me.

MARIE

I've had sex in dressing rooms on several occasions. Everyone does that. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

JULIE

We weren't actually in the dressing room. We were in Home Furnishings. But it was after hours. He worked there.

RUSSELL

Alright, this is an interesting topic of conversation. Let's do this. Where was the craziest place you've all had sex?

STAN

Let's not.

Russell points at Trent. As they each answer, everyone politely applauds while they AD LIB approval.

TRENT
Laundry mat.

BETH
(bashful)
I've only met you people a few times.
I don't think I'm ready...

TRENT
It's okay sweetie. They're not gonna judge you.

RUSSELL
I'm gonna judge.

BETH
Church.

TRENT
Wow. Nice. We're gonna talk about that later.

MARIE
747. Cockpit not the bathroom.

NEAL/KAREN
Gondola in Venice.

NEAL
On our honeymoon.

Neal and Karen smile at each other, briefly enjoying the recollection.

RUSSELL
Memorable. Sweet that yours happened together. Mine is the bleachers of a Yankees' game during the seventh inning stretch.

Stan's turn. He's uneasy.

STAN
I don't know. I'm boring. Probably the backseat of my car, fifteen minutes ago.

MARIE
That's why you two were late.

RUSSELL
Okay. We already know the craziest place Julie's had sex, so let's put it to a vote. Who's the winner?

JULIE
Mmmmm, if I'm being completely honest,
Macy's isn't number one for me.

Everyone looks surprised. No one more than Stan.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I don't wanna give the impression
that I'm into public sex, because
I'm not. But other than the back of
Stan's car, and Macy's... There was
one time at Disney World... On Mr.
Toad's Wild Ride.

RUSSELL
Nooooooo.

JULIE
(ashamed)
Yeah.

STAN
In the middle of the day?

JULIE
Yeah.

STAN
All the cars around you filled with
kids?

JULIE
Yeah. It was so inappropriate. But I
was in college.

TRENT
I vote for my sister. She wins. I'm
proud of you, sis.

KAREN
Julie wins.

They all CLINK glasses. Except Stan's. He's still trying to
figure out if his fiancée might be a slut.

INT. STAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Twelfth floor of a highrise. Picture windows. Ocean view.
Furniture from Z Gallerie.

INT. STAN'S MASTER BEDROOM/BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

Julie is in the walk-in closet getting out of her dress and
into her sleep clothes. Ill at ease, Stan watches her in the
mirror while he brushes his teeth. Finally...

STAN
How many?

JULIE

How many what?

STAN

How many guys? How many guys have you been with?

JULIE

(amused)

If I remember correctly, this came up in casual conversation when we first started dating. I asked you how many women you'd been with and you said that no good could come of discussing our sexual histories. You said you didn't wanna talk about yours and you didn't wanna know mine. You said some things should just be a mystery.

STAN

And I still believe that. But in a city of millions we keep randomly bumping into guys that you've slept with. So I figure your number must be pretty high.

JULIE

It's not that high. Less than yours, I'm sure.

STAN

I'm not making a big deal about this, I'm just curious. You have stories of fornicating in major department stores and beloved theme parks. Do I really wanna talk about it? No. But I already have more information than I should, so now I kinda need to.

JULIE

(rolls her eyes)

Men.

STAN

What is that supposed to mean?

JULIE

It means that now you've suddenly got images in your head of me fucking every guy I've ever met.

That's true.

STAN

That's not true. You know what? Forget I asked. It doesn't matter.

Julie takes him at his word. She begins to wash her face. Stan watches her. Long beat. He can't take it.

STAN (CONT'D)
Just gimme a ballpark number.

JULIE
(sighs)
I don't know. About thirty.

STAN
Thirty?

JULIE
Approximately thirty. You said ballpark. Now you want an exact number?

STAN
If you don't mind. If it's not too much trouble.

JULIE
Anything to make you happy. Okay. Todd Mulligan was my first. Eleventh grade, in my bedroom with the door open, while my parents were downstairs watching Seinfeld.

STAN
I don't want details. I just want a number.

JULIE
I don't keep an exact count, so I'm gonna have to think about it.

STAN
Well I don't wanna stand here and watch you relive them all.

JULIE
This is a side of you that I'm not enjoying. I thought you were more mature than this.

STAN
I thought so too. Apparently I'm not.

Julie dries her face and walks into the bedroom. She's getting a little frustrated but she keeps a positive attitude.

JULIE
(thinking)
Alright, there were three in high school--

STAN

You had sex with three guys in high school?!

JULIE

I started in 11th grade. That's only one and a half a year. How many girls did you sleep with in high school?

STAN

One! At prom.

JULIE

I lost my virginity at seventeen. I'm twenty-eight. If you do the math, over eleven years, my number's not that high. Marie's fucked more than seventy guys.

STAN

Jesus. Does Russell know that?

JULIE

What difference does it make? They broke up.

STAN

So you've been with me almost two years, and you were with that guy in college - the Bohemian artist guy--

JULIE

Devlin.

STAN

Right, Devlin the Bohemian artist guy. You were with him for a year. Factor in a few other six or eight month relationships--

JULIE

What's your point?

STAN

My point is you've had four, maybe five monogamous years and then... a decent amount of fucking around.

JULIE

I had a period of time when I was wild. I went on a little bit of a run in college, after Devlin broke my heart. I racked up some numbers. I don't have anything to apologize for.

She gets in bed and pulls up the covers. Stan switches off the light and joins her. Julie turns her back on him. Beat.

JULIE (CONT'D)

So now it's your turn. How many girls?

STAN

(hesitates)

Well... Let's just say it's in the single digits.

She turns to look at him.

JULIE

Really?

STAN

I heard the tone in your voice. Like you feel sorry for me.

JULIE

No. I'm just a little surprised.

STAN

Good night.

Stan pulls the covers up. Julie watches him for a moment.

INT. CYBERSCAPE CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

A huge and colorful open space. The office and cubicle walls are Plexiglas, so everything is visible.

There's a massive amount of semi-chaotic activity as ENGINEERS and VIDEO GAME DESIGNERS work near GAMERS, who test the latest prototypes on 100 inch Plasma televisions.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

Stan, Russell, and a small group of EMPLOYEES huddle around the new hi-tech coffee machine, featuring a VIRTUAL BARISTA.

VIRTUAL BARISTA

Hello. May I take your order?

One by one people order overly complicated coffee drinks and the machine serves them up. YVETTE, a sexy twenty-five year old squeezes in next to Stan. She smiles at him.

YVETTE

Morning, Stan.

STAN

Morning, Yvette.

Stan has some whipped cream from his mocha latte on his upper lip. Yvette wipes it off and then licks her finger.

YVETTE

Congratulations on your engagement.

STAN

Thanks. Thank you.

YVETTE

It's a little depressing for us single girls that another one of the good ones is off the market, but I like Julie. Which is rare. Because I fucking hate most women.

Neal enters the room.

NEAL

Morning everyone. Q3 profits were our highest ever. I was faced with a tough decision. I could either give you all a huge bonus or I could buy this ridiculous god damn coffee machine. I think I made the right choice.

VIRTUAL BARISTA

Hello. May I take your order?

NEAL

As usual, let's take a moment for Russell's office morale improvement suggestion before we start the morning meeting.

RUSSELL

Thank you, Neal. This week's suggestion - I think we should implement 'sexual harassment Tuesdays.' One day a week where it's okay to behave in a verbally or physically inappropriate manner with your subordinates. All in favor?

EVERYONE

I.

RUSSELL

It's unanimous. I'll have a memo sent out to the rest of the staff.

LATER

As everyone files out after the meeting, Stan hangs back with Russell and Neal.

STAN

Can I talk to you guys for a minute?

RUSSELL

What's up?

STAN

Being one hundred percent honest - what's your take on promiscuity?

RUSSELL

You know I'm a whore.

STAN

I know, but do you think whoring has had a positive impact on you as a human being.

RUSSELL

Without a doubt.

NEAL

You're a failure at relationships.

RUSSELL

No. I just haven't found the right woman. It's all about finding the right woman. I've given this a lot of thought and the truth is, I believe very strongly in misogyny.

NEAL

I hope you mean monogamy.

RUSSELL

Right, monogamy. Sometimes I get those two confused.

STAN

I found out last night that Julie's had more sexual partners than I have.

RUSSELL

Stan, I've known you since college. You've always been a girlfriend guy. Everybody's had more sex partners than you have.

NEAL

I haven't. Between us, Karen was my first. She's the only one I've ever been with.

RUSSELL

That's horrible.

NEAL

It hurts sometimes. But I try not to think about it. Plus, I was Karen's first, so it's equitable.

STAN

I don't know why I'm letting this bother me. I'm being childish.

NEAL

The number she gave you may not even be accurate. It could be less.

RUSSELL

No woman lies about her number and makes it higher.

NEAL

No, but she might be including guys that she just blew. Or guys that went down on her that she never actually fucked. She could even be including handjobs in that number. Which is just ridiculous. I mean I've probably given five thousand hand jobs. Granted they were all to myself, but--

RUSSELL

Wait a second. What you're doing is called masturbating. You're not giving yourself a handjob.

NEAL

Why not? If I was capable of blowing myself, you would say I was blowing myself. You wouldn't say I was masturbating with my lips and my tongue.

RUSSELL

You have a point.
(thinks)
If you could blow yourself, would you cum in your mouth?

NEAL

No. I'd probably pull out and cum on my tits.

STAN

(dejected; facetious)
Okay, guys. Thanks for your help.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

An elegantly appointed ballroom with crystal chandeliers and classical decor.

Julie and GUY (30s, handsome, flirtatious) sit alone at a table. Spread before them, an array of bridal magazines and sample binders.

JULIE

I'm excited about the wedding, but I'm not one of those women who's had the whole thing planned out since I was nine. So you're gonna have to hold my hand a little bit.

He takes her hand and looks in her eyes.

GUY

Don't worry, that's what I'm here for. Best place to start - let's talk color scheme.

Stan rushes into the room.

STAN

Sorry I'm late.

He immediately notices the hand holding. Guy doesn't let go.

JULIE

Stan, this is Guy. Our wedding planner.

GUY

Hello Stan. I was just about to tell your beautiful fiancée what I'm going to do for her.

Guy flashes Stan a smile that says "I'm definitely gonna try to fuck her." Then he looks deep into Julie's eyes, again.

GUY (CONT'D)

Julie, I will be your closest confidant, from this moment on. I'll be there to help you try on wedding dresses.

(Stan scowls)

I'll be a shoulder to cry on when your mother-in-law is driving you crazy. I'll even be there when you and Stan are fighting because it seems like Stan just doesn't care enough about the wedding.

STAN

Why would that happen? That's not gonna happen.

GUY

It will. But don't you worry, because I'll be there to pick up the pieces.

Guy's cell phone rings. He gestures that he has to take the call and darts away from the table for privacy.

STAN

He's kinda masculine for a wedding planner, isn't he?

JULIE

He comes highly recommended.

STAN

Don't you want a woman? Or someone... gayer?

JULIE

No. I want Guy.

STAN

I'm not profiling here, but when you're talking about decorating and shit, as a general rule, the more homosexual the better. I don't have to tell you that. You know that.

JULIE

I asked around, and I cannot find a woman that was not extremely satisfied with Guy.

STAN

I bet.

Guy returns to the table and rolls his eyes.

GUY

Bride with dress issues. Between us, it's because she's a little on the heavy side. With a figure like yours, you are not gonna have any problem. If I were you I would think about doing something a little sexy.

JULIE

Really? I don't know.

GUY

You've got a great body if you don't mind me saying--

STAN

I mind. A little.

Julie gives Stan an annoyed look. Guy ignores him.

GUY

You're a hot bride and you're supposed to show it off. This is your day to say "everybody look at me." I know you don't wanna talk dresses in front of the groom, but in terms of deciding your color scheme, it's helpful to know - will it be white?

JULIE

Yes. Definitely. I wanna wear a white dress.

STAN

Can you do that? Is that legal?

JULIE
 (confused)
 What is that supposed to mean?

STAN
 Doesn't white signify something
 specific? Virgin. Virginitiy. If you
 wanted a white dress, you should have
 crossed your legs eleven years ago.

Julie can't believe he said that.

GUY
 There are no virgin brides anymore,
 Stan.

STAN
 Yeah but there's gotta be a cut off.
 By the time you've fucked thirty,
 thirty-five guys, wearing a white
 dress is just deceitful.

JULIE
 Stan, can I talk to you privately
 for a minute?

She grabs him and drags him away from the table.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 (gritting her teeth)
 Call me crazy, but I think we have
 an unresolved issue.

INT. STAN'S BMW - LATER

Stan drives. Julie tries to be understanding.

STAN
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I
 know I'm being an idiot.

JULIE
 High single digits?

STAN
 Let's just say single digits and
 leave it at that.

JULIE
 (surprised)
 Low single digits?

STAN
 Before I answer, can we clear
 something up? I just wanna make sure
 that your number includes all your
 partners. That's every guy.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

There's not like an addendum to that list, of guys you just blew?

JULIE

No. Except with my first boyfriend, I've never been one to just fool around. I always go all the way. So that number is all the guys I've had intercourse with.

STAN

Okay.

JULIE

That number doesn't include girls.

Stan looks like he might faint.

STAN

Here we go.

JULIE

Don't freak out. I've only had one same sex experience.

STAN

You slept with one girl?

JULIE

It was one experience, but there were actually five of us that participated.

STAN

Five at once?!

JULIE

Yeah.

STAN

Five?! I've only been with four women! You've had sex with more women than I have!

JULIE

No. I'm included in the five. There were four others.

STAN

Oh, so you've had sex with as many women as I have! That makes me feel much better.

JULIE

It was all one night. A sorority thing. We were drunk, there were five of us that got together on a lark.

STAN

You had a lesbian orgy on a lark?

JULIE

(serious)

Stan, I've only truly been in love twice in my life. With Devlin and now with you. The rest were just experiences. Some fun. Some kinda gross. But ultimately meaningless. I love you. You make me happy.

STAN

I love you, too. I don't deserve you.

JULIE

I know.

She kisses him. And then kisses him again, too passionately to be safe while driving.

INT. STAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Stan and Julie stumble in, locked in an embrace, and exchanging massive amounts of saliva.

They knock over a lamp as they fall onto the couch, nearly landing on FELIX THE CAT who SCREECHES and scampers out of the way.

They tear each others clothes off and hump like jack-rabbits for a long beat, until...

JULIE

Uh, Stan, I don't think you're hard.

He keeps pumping. Felix watches him.

STAN

I just lost it for a second, but it'll come back.

JULIE

I think you're gonna hurt him if you keep doing that.

Stan keeps trying for a minute but finally gives up.

STAN

Great. This whole thing is making me impotent.

JULIE

You think I'm a slut.

STAN

No I don't. I swear I don't.
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Although I looked it up online - only nine percent of women have had more than fifteen sex partners.

JULIE

I thought you were more open minded than you apparently are. Sex is healthy. Sex is good. You're acting like a prude.

STAN

It's not about how many men you've been with. It's about how many women I haven't been with. My number is low and I'm locking myself in. I don't feel like I ever went for it. I never sewed my wild oats. Of the four women I've slept with, not one of them was because I made the first move. I've never even had a one night stand.

JULIE

Maybe you should have told me this was a problem before we got engaged.

STAN

I didn't know it was a problem.

JULIE

How could you not know?

STAN

All I was thinking was that you're perfect. You're the perfect woman.

JULIE

Except for the fact that I've had thirty some odd sexual partners.

STAN

No. I don't hold that against you. I'm sure that those experiences are part of what makes you great. And I don't just mean great in bed. I mean all around great.

JULIE

I hope you don't think you're inadequate. You know you're a wonderful lover, right?

STAN

Wonderful?

JULIE

Fantastic.

STAN

Like number one out of all the guys
and girls you've had?

JULIE

(brief hesitation)

Yeah.

STAN

You hesitated. That was not a truthful
answer.

JULIE

You were definitely right about it
not being a good idea to discuss
this stuff.

STAN

Am I even in the top five?

JULIE

I'm not saying that you aren't number
one. We've had sex hundreds and
hundreds of times. And it's always
wonderful. So--

STAN

No. Everyone has that one time in
their life that they finished fucking
and they thought "Holy shit! That
was the best sex I've ever had."
Your hesitation tells me that your
one time was not with me.

JULIE

Was yours with me?

STAN

Yes.

JULIE

Do you wanna break up with me so you
can go fool around with other women?

STAN

No. Never. Somehow I tricked you
into falling in love with me. I'm
not letting you go.

JULIE

You didn't trick me, Stan. I'm fairly
smart. You were chosen carefully.
We're just having an issue. All
relationships have them.

She hugs him.

STAN
 (re: his penis)
 Look at that. He's back.

JULIE
 Let's finish what we started.

They start fooling around.

STAN
 And he's gone again.
 (yells at his penis)
 What is wrong with you?!

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Julie tries on an elegant wedding gown. Marie, Karen and Beth sip coffee and watch her.

BETH
 Four? Really? Only four?

MARIE
 I knew that. Well, I didn't know exactly. Russell figured six.

JULIE
 You and Russell talked about how many women Stan has slept with?

MARIE
 It came up once, when you guys seemed to be getting serious. He said as long as he's known Stan, Stan almost always had a girlfriend. But this was the first time he really seemed happy.

JULIE
 I knew Stan tended to have long term relationships, but I figured when he was single he must have slept around.

MARIE
 Russell said the few times that he was single Stan would insist that he was gonna play the field but he'd end up spending years with the next girl he met. I assumed you knew all this.

JULIE
 No. I knew everything but this. Since he found out how many guys I've slept with, things have been messed up. Like, can't maintain an erection messed up.

BETH
 He's freaking out about the wedding, not about your sexual history.

KAREN

When a guy asks how many other guys you've been with, you always lie. You can't possibly just be learning that at your age. You should know that when you're fifteen.

JULIE

I don't lie. That's not the way I do things.

KAREN

Well then good luck having a successful marriage. Listen to me, when I met Neal he was a virgin. So, I told him I was a virgin. Eighteen years of marriage and to this day he thinks he's the only man I've been with.

(sips her latte)

I'm the cheerleader who fucked most of the Varsity football team.

JULIE

Why do guys have to make such a big deal about sex?

BETH

You think that's gonna end after high school, but it never ends.

KAREN

They make a big deal about it because it's the one thing we truly control. You should have lied to him to keep him in check. Now you're just gonna have to sit him down and tell him he's missed his chance to get anymore pussy, and he's gonna have to live with it.

Julie looks lost.

INT. STAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Julie serves an impressive home cooked meal and then sits across the table from Stan, who pours the wine. Julie seems much more serious than usual.

STAN

Looks delicious.

JULIE

While we were dress shopping the girls and I talked about our issue.

STAN

You mean our private, personal issue?
(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

(she nods)
Was Guy there?

JULIE

No. Would you stop worrying about Guy?
(deep breath)
Listen Stan, I've done a lot of
thinking, and I've come to a difficult
decision.

STAN

(panicked)
Please don't call off the engagement.

JULIE

I'm not gonna call off the engagement.
I plan on spending the rest of my
life with you.
(big gulp of wine)
That's why I've decided to let you
sow your wild oats.

STAN

Pardon?

JULIE

I've decided to let you do the one
thing you've never done.

STAN

(unsure)
Which is?

JULIE

What does 'sow your wild oats' mean
to you? Because I'm pretty sure we're
talking about the same thing.

STAN

No. We can't be.

JULIE

I'm talking about letting you go
wild. With other women. One night,
no questions asked.

STAN

You mean my bachelor party?

JULIE

No. We can't wait that long. We've
gotta get this shit resolved now.
And I'm not talking about lapdances.
I'm talking about fucking.

STAN

But--

Julie's trying to convince herself as much as she's trying to convince Stan.

JULIE

I want you to go out and have a great time. Because we love each other and I know you'll come back to me.

STAN

Yeah, but--

JULIE

The important thing is, I don't want you to have any regrets. I don't want you to enter into a lifetime commitment regretting that you never picked up a girl at a bar and brought her to a sleazy motel. Or whatever it is you need to do. You're starting a new chapter in your life and I don't want you to start it with any regrets.

STAN

This is insane.

JULIE

Do as much fucking as you need to do to get it out of your system. You're a single man for this one night. You have until sunrise tomorrow to nail as many women as you can.

STAN

Tonight?!

JULIE

Tonight before I change my mind.

Stan's brain is fried. He has no idea what to do.

STAN

But I have a meeting over drinks at seven thirty.

She grabs his arm, and his suit jacket off the back of his chair, and leads him toward the door.

JULIE

If you give me any more time to think about it, I could come up with a thousand reasons why I shouldn't do this. So you should leave right now.

She opens the door, hands him his suit jacket, and his briefcase off the entry table. Then she pushes him out.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stan stands just outside the door, his mind reeling.

STAN
What about dinner?

JULIE
I'll put it in tupperware. I love
you.

Julie closes the door leaving Stan dazed. Stan walks two
apartments down and knocks on the door. Russell answers.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Stan rushes in past Russell.

STAN
I don't know what to do. Julie,
just... She just... She told me that
I have one night to... To sow my
wild oats... To sleep with as many
women as I can. I... I... I have
from right now, until sunrise tomorrow
to go buck wild. No consequences.

RUSSELL
Wait a second. Julie told you to
have sex with other women?

STAN
She basically demanded it.

RUSSELL
Just now? Jesus, she could have given
you a little more notice. Alright.
Well let's go get laid.

Marie enters the living room topless with a towel wrapped
around her waste, combing her wet hair. She sees Stan and
quickly covers herself.

MARIE
Oh fuck!

Stan doesn't even notice. His mind is elsewhere.

STAN
Hi, Marie.

She scampers away.

MARIE
Why didn't you tell me someone was
here?!

RUSSELL

You shouldn't be walking around like that anyway. Trying to entice me.

STAN

I can't go get laid, even if I wanted to. I have a seven thirty drinks meeting.

RUSSELL

What do you mean 'even if you wanted to?' Of course you want to. Blow off the meeting.

STAN

It's too important. You know that.

RUSSELL

Listen to me, Stan. This kind of thing does not happen. Girlfriends, fiancées, wives do not give you a pass. On the freakish occasion that it does happen, you have to go for it.

STAN

I don't know.

RUSSELL

You wouldn't have come over here unless you wanted me to convince you that you have to do it.

STAN

(considers)

I'm gonna go to the meeting. It'll give me some time to think.

(realizes)

Marie has her nipples pierced. I had no idea.

INT. STAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julie sits on the couch looking comatose, wondering if she did the right thing.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Still frazzled from his talk with Julie, Stan, briefcase in hand, shuffles out of the rotating door into the busy lobby.

He spots an UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN in her 40s wearing a pants suit. She sits on a plush couch, focused on her Blackberry. Stan straightens his tie, pops a few Tic-Tacs, and approaches.

STAN

Ms. Lancaster?

She looks up and shakes her head.

LINDA (O.S.)
Stan Kooperberg?

Stan turns to see LINDA LANCASTER, 45. If you asked Stan to imagine an attractive older woman, he'd picture Linda. Now he's even more frazzled.

STAN
Hi, Ms. Lancaster. How was your flight?

LINDA
Long and bumpy. Call me Linda. And let's go to the bar. I need you to buy me a drink.

He watches her walk toward the hotel bar.

INT. HOTEL BAR - MINUTES LATER

Stan and Linda sit next to each other at the bar, each with a cocktail. Linda's a tough cookie. She watches a computer simulation of a video game on Stan's laptop.

LINDA
My client isn't just interested in how successful your company has been. He's interested in working with people he likes. He trusts my judgment. So the most important thing you have to do tonight is make sure I like you. Can you do that?

She stares him down. Stan stammers.

LINDA (CONT'D)
You seem distracted.

Stan's cell rings, playing *Boss of Me* by They Might Be Giants.

STAN
I'm sorry. Excuse me. It's my boss.

LINDA
He probably senses that this isn't going very well.

Stan forces a smile and walks a few paces away. He answers his phone.

SPLIT SCREEN - Neal now shares the screen with Stan.

NEAL
Get out of there, or you're fired!

STAN
What?

NEAL
 You only have about eleven hours
 until sunrise.

STAN
 Did Russell call you?

SPLIT SCREEN - Russell shares the screen with Stan and Neal.

RUSSELL
 I'm on the line. I called Neal because
 I thought you needed to hear from
 someone you actually respect, what a
 mistake it would be to blow this
 opportunity.

NEAL
 Your fiancée has given you one night
 to ruin everything you two have built
 together. Get busy doing that.

RUSSELL
 Don't say that, Neal, even as a joke.

NEAL
 Tell Linda Lancaster you have a
 personal emergency and you'll continue
 the meeting over breakfast.

STAN
 I can't believe you both think
 cheating on Julie is more important
 than landing this project. You know
 what I should do? I should call Trent.
 He'll be the voice of reason.

SPLIT SCREEN - Trent now shares the screen with Stan, Russell,
 and Neal.

TRENT
 I'm already on the line.

STAN
 What?

TRENT
 Russell called me too.

RUSSELL
 I knew I'd have to bring out the
 heavy guns.

STAN
 Trent, what do you think of all this?

TRENT
 I think my sister's a goddamn saint
 for making you this offer.

STAN

You condone me cheating on her?

TRENT

It's not cheating if she told you to do it. I'm a little disappointed that she only gave you one night. But we're not gonna look a gift horse in the mouth.

NEAL

You've been given a golden opportunity here. Trust me, she's not gonna make the same offer one year or five years or ten years from now. Once your married, not only will you not be having sex with other women, you won't even be having sex with her.

RUSSELL

Don't fuck it up. This is once in a lifetime.

STAN

Maybe it's a trick. Maybe I was supposed to say, 'no honey, you're the only one I wanna be with.'

RUSSELL

You know Julie wouldn't do something like that.

TRENT

My sister's cool, man. She always has been. This is a little unorthodox but all you should be thinking about now is how many women you can tag in one night.

NEAL

In college I tried to see how many times I could masturbate in one night. By number eleven I was ejaculating blood. So you're gonna wanna try to keep the number under eleven.

STAN

(rolls his eyes)
I'm hanging up.

BACK TO SCENE.

Stan hangs up his phone and remains frozen.

LINDA

Is there a problem?

STAN

I think most guys wouldn't consider
it a problem.

INT. STAN'S MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water runs into a nearly full bubble bath. Julie enters the room with a glass and an entire bottle of wine. She drops her robe and climbs into the tub.

She leans back, closes her eyes, and tries desperately to relax. It's not working. Her eyes pop open. Felix the cat hops up on the edge of the tub and stares at her. Julie squirms around a bit.

JULIE

(to Felix)

I need to chill. He loves me.
Everything is gonna be fine. Right?

Felix doesn't respond. Deep breath. She closes her eyes again and leans her head back. Two seconds later...

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to Felix)

He's not cheating. I told him to do
it. It's just sex. I'm not a jealous
person. It's not in my nature.

She grabs her cell and calls Marie.

SPLIT SCREEN - Marie now shares the screen with Julie. She's on her computer, eating a Boston Creme pie out of the tin.

MARIE

It's Friday night. I'm alone, on
Facebook, eating an entire Boston
Creme pie.

JULIE

I'm worried that I'm starting to
lose it. I'm having a conversation
with the cat.

MARIE

Does the cat speak to you?

JULIE

No. I'm doing all the talking.

MARIE

Okay, so you're talking to the cat,
but the cat doesn't talk back. You
don't really need to worry until you
start hearing the cat respond.

JULIE

Do you wanna go out for a drink? I did something really big tonight and I need to get out of here.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Stan and Linda are served another round. Things have lightened up considerably.

STAN

I realized in high school that I just wasn't gonna be a guy who got laid a lot. You know?

LINDA

I know what you mean.

STAN

I had lots of female friends but they never thought of me as more than a friend. Whatever that pheromone is that makes girls wanna have sex with you, I apparently don't have that. I have the pheromone that makes them wanna cry on your shoulder after they have sex with some d-bag they met at the mall.

LINDA

I guarantee my high school experience was worse than yours.

STAN

As beautiful as you are? I find that very hard to believe.

LINDA

I didn't always look like this. And every relationship I've been in has been an utter failure.

STAN

I dated the girl who asked me to Prom until I was a Sophomore in college. I didn't even wanna go to Prom with her and somehow we dated for two and a half years. Then I dated a total control freak until college graduation. She said if I didn't propose to her on stage at graduation she was dumping me. So, graduation was the last time I saw her. Then a German girl accidentally ran me over with her moped while I was traveling around Europe. We stayed together for four miserable years.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Then I finally met Julie and I've been happy... until last week.

LINDA

You'll be happy again after tonight. I think what she's letting you do is extremely sweet and noble.

STAN

It's good to hear that from a female perspective.

(long beat; blurts)

Would you like to have sex with me?

She looks at him, with a slight smile. It's anyone's guess what her answer might be. Then...

LINDA

I would, but there's something you should know.

STAN

What is it?

LINDA

I'm pre-op. I'm scheduled for the operation in a couple of weeks.

STAN

Do you have cancer or something?

LINDA

No. Nothing like that. Pre-op meaning gender reassignment surgery.

Wide-eyed, Stan takes a long moment to process this.

STAN

(loud)

You're planning on becoming a guy?

Everyone looks.

LINDA

No, I started there. I'm on my way to becoming a woman.

STAN

(disbelief)

Nooooo. No, I'm not an idiot. I know what the signs are. I know what to look for. You have no Adam's apple. You have very feminine hands. If you're not attracted to me, you can just say so.

Linda takes his hand and puts it up her skirt.

STAN (CONT'D)

Ohhhh!

(he pulls away)

Was that a dick?! That felt like a
dick?!

LINDA

It's a dick.

STAN

Why would you... Why would you put
my hand on it?

LINDA

You didn't believe me.

STAN

You're not wearing any underwear.

(gathers himself)

I'm sorry. I didn't realize... It's
because there's nothing masculine
about you.

LINDA

Except my dick.

(awkward beat)

If you want we can go up to my room
and jerk each other off.

Stan stares at her, mouth agape.

STAN

I'll pass.

INT. STAN'S BMW - NIGHT

Stan's driving and squeezing an excessive amount of hand
sanitizer into his palm. He tries to make a call on his cell
without looking.

MALE VOICE

Hello?

STAN

Hey, sweetie.

(realizes)

Jules?

SPLIT SCREEN - Stan shares the screen with Russell.

RUSSELL

It's Russell. Don't you fucking call
her! You're doing this, tonight!
Don't you fucking call her!

STAN

I just touched a woman's penis!

He hangs up on Russell. Stan's cell immediately rings. It's his ring tone for Russell: *Time to Get Ill* by Beastie Boys. He answers.

RUSSELL
Don't you fucking call her! Did you say a woman's penis?

Stan hangs up on him, again.

INT. STAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stan enters.

STAN
Julie, I'm home.

Stan finds Russell, Neal and Trent sitting on the couch, drinking his beer.

STAN (CONT'D)
What are you guys doing here?

RUSSELL
We used the emergency key you gave me.

TRENT
This is an emergency.

STAN
Where's Julie?

RUSSELL
She went out with the girls. They left from my place a half hour ago.

NEAL
Just so you're aware, I checked into it, and the sun rises at six fifty-three a.m. tomorrow.

STAN
(ignoring Neal; confused)
She went out?

TRENT
Now that your meeting's over, it's time for you to start trying to get some poo-nan.

STAN
I already tried. And it turns out Linda Lancaster has boy parts. I'm clearly not cut out for this. There are guys that have the gene for snagging massive amounts of "poo-nan." I'm not one of those guys.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

I'm the guy who hits on the woman who has a dick.

TRENT

All you need is a few pointers.

RUSSELL

When you're not looking for a relationship, when you're just looking to get nook, you don't wanna think of women as people. You just wanna think of them as Yeses and Noes.

TRENT

As in 'Yes I will have sex with you' or 'No I won't have sex with you.'

RUSSELL

As long as you meet a woman's MFS: Minimum Fuckability Standard, you have the possibility of sleeping with her. Within three minutes after meeting you, a woman's determined if you meet her MFS. Single women, married women, grandmothers. They size you up in the first three minutes.

TRENT

I would say, objectively, you meet the minimum fuckability standard of seventy percent of the women in this city.

STAN

Seventy percent?

NEAL

How do you figure out that number?

TRENT

It's a judgment call. There are a lot of factors. No one hits a hundred percent on the MFS scale, and very few guys are absolute zeroes. We all fall somewhere in between.

RUSSELL

The point is, if you meet a woman's MFS you have a chance with her.

NEAL

Minimum Fuckability Standard. I've never thought about it, but every woman has to have one.

STAN

So when I walk into a room, any room, roughly seventy percent of the women there would fuck me?

TRENT

Yes. And thirty percent would never dream of fucking you.

STAN

Seventy percent sounds awfully high.

RUSSELL

He's not saying they wanna fuck you, at first sight. He's saying under the right circumstances they *would* fuck you.

TRENT

You may not be a woman's first choice. You may not be her tenth choice. But as long as you're above her minimum, you could be the guy she goes home with tonight.

RUSSELL

The trick is, you're not searching for the woman who thinks you're irresistible. That woman is hard to find. You're searching for the woman who thinks you're handsome *enough*, smart *enough*, witty *enough*, that she won't be disgusted with herself if she fucks you.

TRENT

While alcohol can affect a woman's MFS in your favor, alcohol is a variable. Maybe she gets horny when she gets drunk, but maybe she becomes an angry man hater. We just want pussy. We don't have time for drama. When you're looking for a one night stand, drunk girls are the last refuge of the amateur. Professionals are all about the MFS. Judge if you meet a girl's MFS and then make a move only if you've got a shot.

NEAL

This is fascinating. I'd like to put this to the test.

RUSSELL

We're going to. Stan can have sex without even leaving this apartment complex.

This sounds appealing to Stan.

STAN
I can?

RUSSELL
Danika in 1680.

NEAL
Who's Danika in 1680?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX POOL - NIGHT

It's an ordinary Friday night at Stan's apartment pool. Lot's of TWENTY-SOMETHINGS in bathing suits. Hot tubbing. Water volleyball. Flirting.

DANIKA is an overly cheerful hair-stylist. She walks out of the pool and towels off. Stan and the guys watch her.

RUSSELL
Danika lives in the building. It was the forth of July barbecue when she tried to seduce Stan.

STAN
She didn't try to seduce me. It was a sexual assault.

RUSSELL
She had just found out her husband was leaving her, and she went a little crazy.

STAN
She cornered me on the shuffleboard courts and tried to suck my dick *through* my bathing suit.

RUSSELL
He screamed for help.

STAN
I didn't scream. I asked for help. And nobody came.

NEAL
The point is, you clearly meet her minimum fuckability standard.

STAN
Everyone does. Since her husband left she's pretty much done it with every unattached guy that lives here.

RUSSELL
Which reminds me, I've gotta tell her that Marie and I broke up.

TRENT

Not tonight. Tonight she's Stan's.

Stan thinks about it.

STAN

She is kinda hot.

NEAL

You've got one night to make up for a lifetime of underestimating your ability to score.

STAN

I don't know. Sometimes Julie and I ride up with her in the elevator. It's already awkward, with Julie knowing that she tried to rape me...

The guys all stare him down.

STAN (CONT'D)

(relenting)

Alright. You're right. I'll go.

He approaches Danika.

STAN (CONT'D)

Hey Danika.

DANIKA

(bubbly)

Hi Stan! How are you? Where's Julie? Is she still mad at me?

STAN

Julie gave me the night off. So, I'm unattached tonight. Free to do *whatever* I want.

DANIKA

Really? So your relationship is open now?

STAN

Not... Just for this one night.

DANIKA

That's kinda weird.

STAN

I know.

DANIKA

Listen, my friend Sam is coming over and I'm looking for a third to join us for a *menage a trios*. You wanna?

STAN

Me? Uhhh...

DANIKA

You are hitting on me, right?

STAN

Yeah.

(thinks)

Would your friend be Sam as in Samantha, or Sam as in Samuel?

DANIKA

Samuel.

Stan grimaces.

STAN

I'll be right back.

He rushes over to the guys.

STAN (CONT'D)

Danika's just asked me to join a three-way.

RUSSELL

Look at you. That was fast.

NEAL

I'm living vicariously through you.

TRENT

Will it be a sword fight or a clam bake?

STAN

If I understand your code words correctly, it will not be a clam bake. The other participant is a man.

TRENT

Sword fight. That's a tough call.

RUSSELL

Danika is hot, but then again, you will have, at the very least, incidental contact with another man's genitals.

STAN

Yeah, that's my concern. I kinda feel like I've already touched enough strange dick for one night. Would you guys do this?

RUSSELL

Absolutely.

TRENT
Without a doubt.

NEAL
I'd like to think I would.

Stan psyches himself up.

STAN
Okay. Okay. Okay. I'm gonna do it.

EXT. THE WET SPOT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A long line waits to get into THE WET SPOT, a popular club in downtown Fort Lauderdale.

INT. THE WET SPOT - THAT MOMENT

HALF-NAKED WOMEN and MUSCULAR GUYS swim in huge cylindrical tanks and under the glass dance floor.

Julie, Marie, Karen and Beth sit at a table. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS delivers their drinks. Karen is beside herself, but trying to bite her tongue.

BETH
Don't let him do this. You're relationship won't survive.

JULIE
I don't think our relationship will survive if I don't let him do it.

MARIE
You really believe that one night is gonna be enough to get him over himself?

JULIE
I believe it can.

MARIE
He's never gonna catch up to your number in one night.

JULIE
It's not about that. He just needs a chance to go wild.

Karen finally explodes.

KAREN
He had that chance before he met you!
He blew it! That's not your fault!
You shouldn't have to be punished!
This whole thing makes me sick!

BETH

Do guys have a magic number in their head? Like a number that would just be enough. You know? What's enough - I don't usually use this word, but in this case it's the only word that really captures it - what's enough pussy?

MARIE

It's different for every guy, but four definitely isn't enough.

KAREN

(really riled up)

Wrong! The answer is, 'it's never enough!' That's why we don't do what she did. We don't give them a pass. That's against the rules. Your va-jay, is the last va-jay. That's it. There's no wiggle room. Because if they think there's wiggle room, the whole fucking system collapses.

JULIE

Listen, I think I made the right choice. But I don't wanna dwell on it. I wanna forget about it and have a good time. Now, who wants to dance?

Julie downs her *mojito* and heads for the dance floor.

KAREN

I swear to Christ, if Neal comes home tonight asking me if he can sleep with another woman, I'm gonna kill him and make it look like *she* did it.

INT. DANIKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nervous as hell, Stan stands at the open sliding glass door, staring out into the night sky.

Danika comes out of her bedroom, still in her string bikini. She sidles up to him, making him even more uncomfortable.

STAN

I bet this is a great view during the day.

DANIKA

Don't you have the same view from your apartment?

STAN

Yeah. No. We're twelfth floor.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)
 This is sixteen so you've got...
 you're higher.

She turns her back.

DANIKA
 Untie me.

Stan unties her bikini top and she lets it fall to the floor.

DANIKA (CONT'D)
 Sam should be here in a few minutes.
 I'm gonna take a quick shower.

Danika pulls the string on the side of her bikini bottom and it unties and drops to the floor.

DANIKA (CONT'D)
 You wanna join me?

STAN
 No. I'm good. I think I'm... I'm clean.

DANIKA
 C'mon. Join me.

She takes his hand and leads him away.

INT. DANIKA'S SHOWER - MINUTES LATER

Danika rinses herself under the water. Stan is plastered against the back wall, keeping his distance.

DANIKA
 Are you okay, Stan?

STAN
 I feel a little awkward about having
 sex with someone other than Julie.

DANIKA
 (re: Stan's penis)
 He doesn't look like he feels awkward
 about it.

STAN
 No. He seems to be downright
 delighted. I wish I could share his
 enthusiasm.

DANIKA
 Let's see if I can convince you.

She drops down to her knees. That instant, the DOORBELL rings and she pops back up.

DANIKA (CONT'D)

Sam's here. You mind getting the door?

INT. DANIKA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A towel around his waist, Stan heads for the door, talking to himself.

STAN

You wanted a chance to go buck wild.
This is it.

He opens the door to find SAM and CHASE. Two chiseled nineteen year old personal trainers.

SAM

Hey.

CHASE

Hey, bro.

Sam and Chase show themselves in. Curious why there are two of them, Stan follows.

STAN

Is one of you, Sam?

SAM

That's me. Where's Danika?

Danika enters in a very short robe.

DANIKA

Hi Sam!
(surprised)
Who's this?

SAM

This is Chase. He's our other guy.

DANIKA

What? No. I brought our other guy.
Stan.

SAM

Stan? I was supposed to bring a guy
this week and you're supposed to bring
a girl next week. That was the deal.

DANIKA

That's not what we agreed on.

SAM

Yes, dude. Why would I need you to
bring a guy? It's easy to get a guy.

DANIKA

Well, I want Stan.

CHASE

You'd rather have this mo-fo than me? Bro, I came with him. I don't have a ride home.

STAN

I don't wanna be a party pooper. I can bow out gracefully.

DANIKA

No, Stan. I want you to stay. It's okay. The more the merrier.

CHASE

Alright! It's gonna be a gangbang!

Sam and Chase bump fists. Stan's eyes go wide.

DANIKA

Gimmee a sec, and then you can come in the bedroom.

She disappears into her room. Sam and Chase begin to undress.

SAM

Dudes, this is gonna be awesome. This cooze is wild. I think she'll let us make her airtight.

STAN

Airtight?

CHASE

(raises his hand)
I call anus.

SAM

No dibs.

CHASE

Too late. I called it. Anus is mine.

SAM

Fuck you, man. I brought you here.

STAN

Let's not argue, you guys. There are enough holes to go around.

CHASE

True that.

Sam and Chase bump fists and then drop their underwear. Stan glances at their tan muscular bodies and feels inadequate.

SAM

Let's do this.

Sam and Chase rush into the bedroom. Stan waits for a long beat, pondering what he's about to do. He goes to the bedroom.

INT. DANIKA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan freezes when he sees that Danika, Sam and Chase are already going at it.

DANIKA

Let's go, Stan.

CHASE

C'mon bro, we're saving the ass for you.

INT. STAN'S BMW - NIGHT

Stan drives. Neal is shotgun. Russell and Trent are in the backseat looking disappointed.

STAN

I'm just not a group sex kinda guy.
I wish I was.

NEAL

Hey, I don't think I woulda been able to do it either. I can barely stay hard when I hear a guys voice on the TV. Forget about anyone in the room with me.

RUSSELL

We shoulda been smarter. We shoulda predicted that was gonna be an issue. It's a quarter to eleven already. Time is of the essence. We're gonna have to do this the old fashioned way?

NEAL

Hookers?

RUSSELL

No, I wasn't thinking hookers. Although that is one way to go.

STAN

No. Not going the hooker way.

RUSSELL

What I was thinking is, we've gotta go to a club and help Stan pick up a girl. Just a classic, simple one night stand.

STAN

Yes. That's what I want.

TRENT

You know were we should go? This bookstore downtown, Tome Sweet Tome, has singles night on Fridays. That's where you wanna pick up a girl.

NEAL

(liking the idea)

A shy librarian type who usually stays home and masturbates to Jane Austen novels.

RUSSELL

We need a sure thing. We've gotta go to a club. You don't know what you're getting with those mousy bookish girls. She could just wanna cuddle and read poetry.

TRENT

No, man, I'm telling you, I got herpes from a librarian.

STAN

That's not a ringing endorsement. That doesn't make me wanna go to the bookstore.

NEAL

Let's go to that new club on Harbor Drive.

INT. THE WET SPOT - NIGHT

Julie and Marie are on the dance floor. A SUAVE DUDE dances up to Julie.

SUAVE DUDE

Hi there.

Julie points at her engagement ring.

SUAVE DUDE (CONT'D)

What is that, a sapphire?

JULIE

It's an engagement ring.

SUAVE DUDE

No it's not.

JULIE

It really is.

SUAVE DUDE

You don't seem like somebody who wants to get married. You seem like you're still hopeful.

JULIE

I am hopeful.

SUAVE DUDE

I don't mean to get all literate on you, but to quote Shakespeare:
'Marriage is the death of hope.'

JULIE

That's not Shakespeare. That's Woody Allen. Woody Allen said that.

SUAVE DUDE

No. That's Shakespeare.

(beat)

Othello. I think.

JULIE

No.

SUAVE DUDE

Irregardless. The sentiment is valid.

Julie rolls her eyes and turns away from him. As she does, she sees Stan and the guys enter the club.

JULIE

Oh fuck!

She ducks and scurries away. The guys survey the crowded club, but don't see the girls.

IN THE LADIES ROOM

Julie peeks out the ladies room door while the other girls watch her.

BETH

Maybe we should just leave. You don't wanna watch Stan hit on strange women.

JULIE

No. I'm fine. I'm fine.

KAREN

Now this night is really getting interesting.

IN THE CLUB - MINUTES LATER

From a safe distance, Julie and the ladies watch the guys scope out different CLUB GIRLS. Marie and Karen mock the guys by doing MACHO MALE VOICES as the guys talk.

MARIE

What about her? She looks slutty. I bet she'd fuck you tonight.

KAREN

Nah. I got a brunette at home. I'd like to nail me a blonde. Find me a nice skanky blonde.

JULIE

Stan would never talk like that.

MARIE

No you want a redhead. They're crazy, but they fuck real good.

KAREN

Alright, yeah, a redhead with lotsa freckles.

MARIE

Wait, what about that one over there? Look at the way she's dressed. She might as well have 'fuck me' tattooed on her forehead. Go talk to her.

JULIE

Which one? That one? Stan would never go for someone like that. Trashy is not his type.

Stan walks towards BERNADETTE. She's hot in a trailer trash kind of way.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

Oh c'mon, honey. Not her.

As Stan talks to Bernadette, Marie does his MACHO MALE VOICE while Karen does a DUMB SLUTTY VOICE for Bernadette.

MARIE

Hey, babe. My name is Stan and I drive a BMW. I notice by the way you're dressed that you'd probably fuck anything with a dick. Guess what? I've got a dick.

Bernadette smiles at Stan and then responds.

KAREN

You're so witty and charming I can hardly control my sexual urges. I have vaginal juices dripping down my leg.

JULIE

You two are more disgusting than the guys are.

MARIE

How'd you like to go in the men's room stall and let me tear your shit up?

KAREN

You are so cute. I can't wait to give you a sexually transmitted disease.

Bernadette puts her arm on Stan's shoulder and laughs.

MARIE

(her normal voice)

Oh shit, it's really happening.

Julie is stunned.

AT THE BAR

Stan rejoins the guys.

STAN

Her name is Bernadette. She wants me to go home with her.

TRENT

MFS.

Julie watches Stan leave the club with Bernadette. The guys cheer Stan on.

EXT. HARBOR DRIVE TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Stan's car pulls up in front of a single wide trailer. Stan gets out and opens the door for Bernadette.

THREE REDNECKS outside the trailer next door, drink whiskey, and build something using fuel cans and bags of fertilizer.

SKINNY REDNECK

Hey-ya Bernadette. Who's your friend?

BERNADETTE

Shut up, Lyle.

FAT REDNECK

He's chivalrous. Is he a metrosexual?

SKINNY REDNECK

I like your car Mister Metrosexual.

STAN

(polite)

I'm not a metrosexual. What are you making there? Is that a bomb?

SKINNY REDNECK

You better BYOB or you might get your ass handed to you.

STAN

MYOB.

BERNADETTE
Shut up, Lyle. Ignoramus.

STAN
I think they're making some kind of
improvised explosive device.

BERNADETTE
They get drunk and talk about
overthrowing the government from
time to time. But they're harmless.

She goes inside her trailer. Stan gives the Rednecks one last look. The Silent Redneck mimes cocking an invisible shotgun and blasting Stan.

INT. BERNADETTE'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Stan looks around. It's small and very messy. Bernadette tosses an empty pizza box off the sleeper couch and pulls the couch open into a bed.

STAN
(lying)
This is nice. It's bigger than it
looks from the outside.

BERNADETTE
Try to keep your voice down so you
don't wake the boys.

She motions with her head and Stan notices a FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY and a THREE-YEAR-OLD BOY sleeping on the floor in the corner.

Bernadette starts to undress Stan. She takes off his shirt.

STAN
You leave your kids home alone while
you go to a club and pick up strange
men?

BERNADETTE
They're not alone. They have each
other.

She undoes his belt and opens his pants.

STAN
They're kinda young to be unsupervised.

BERNADETTE
Are you from protective services?
No? Then what the fuck do you care?

STAN
Couldn't you leave them with their
dad, or something?

She starts to undress herself.

BERNADETTE

I don't know who their dads are. Listen, I'm gonna tell you something very personal about myself - I'm a borderline nymphomaniac. I need sex tonight. I don't wanna have to go back out and find someone else.

STAN

You wanna have sex in front of your kids?

She's down to her bra and panties.

BERNADETTE

I do it all the time. They sleep right through it. Look, if you're gonna be a pussy about this, I can have them wait outside.

She pushes him down onto the bed and tongues his nipples. He looks over at the sleeping kids. And then back at her. She reaches down the front of his underwear.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Circumcised.

While she kisses his neck, Stan looks back over at the sleeping kids. She puts his hands on her breasts. He looks back at her.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Squeeze 'em hard.

She helps him squeeze his hands.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah! Harder! I can actually cum from this.

Stan looks back at the kids and this time they're awake. The three-year-old ogles Stan and Bernadette with his mouth hanging open. He slaps his hand over his open mouth in shock.

The five-year-old watches Stan with an intense angry 'I can't believe you're trying to fuck my mommy' gaze.

STAN

They're up. The kids are up.

BERNADETTE

Go back to sleep, goddammit, boys!

The younger one scrunches his eyes closed and pretends to sleep. The older one maintains his steely glare.

Bernadette grabs Stan's face and turns him back towards her. She gives him a deep wet kiss. Stan struggles.

He finally breaks free from the kiss and looks back over. The older boy is gone.

Suddenly, Stan hears a GUTTURAL SCREAM coming from the other direction and snaps his head around to find...

The older boy charging out of the kitchen area towards Stan with a BUTCHER KNIFE clenched in his raised fist.

Stan bucks Bernadette off and rolls out of the way as the knife pierces the pillow next to his head.

STAN

Holy fuck!

The older boy lunges at Stan again.

BERNADETTE

Goddammit, Billy! Put that knife down! What did I tell you about tryin' to kill mommy's friends?!

Stan scrambles around, as he avoids the crazed boy slashing at him with the knife. Finally, Stan's able to grab the kid and disarm him. He then pushes the kid away, a little harder than a grown man should push a five-year old. Billy bounces off the wall and immediately starts CRYING.

EXT. BERNADETTE'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Stan rushes out of the trailer, dressed, with his shoes in his hand. Bernadette follows him out.

BERNADETTE

I was gonna rock your world, you little bitch.

She slams the door. The Rednecks are watching him. Stan goes to get in his car.

SKINNY REDNECK

I wouldn't do that if I was you.

FAT REDNECK

We booby-trapped your car. She's gonna blow if you try and turn the ignition.

He points under the car. Stan bends down and looks. Sure enough, there's a homemade bomb strapped to the undercarriage. Stan quickly backs away.

SKINNY REDNECK

Bernadette's gonna be mine some day. I'd thank you to stay away from her.

STAN

I will gladly stay away from her,
just for you. Would you please take
the bomb off my car?

SKINNY REDNECK

No I will not.

STAN

Seriously?

SKINNY REDNECK

You look like an educated Jew to me.
Them's two things I don't like much.

The Silent Redneck once again mimes killing Stan with an invisible shotgun.

Stan offers them a big fake smile and then turns his back and dials Russell on his cell phone.

STAN

(under his breath)

Help.

EXT. THE WET SPOT - NIGHT

A long line of CLUBBERS wait to get in. Julie sits on the curb by herself, deep in thought. Marie and Beth join her.

MARIE

Karen's inside berating Neal. Are
you still sure you're okay with this
whole thing?

JULIE

Yes. I want Stan to marry me without
any regrets.

BETH

Did Stan ask you if you were entering
into the marriage with any regrets?

JULIE

(hesitates)

I'm not. Absolutely not. No regrets.

Marie is not sure she believes her friend.

BETH

Don't you think you're gonna regret
letting him do this?

JULIE

I don't think I will. I think I made
the right choice.

MARIE

Most relationships fail. No one has come up with the foolproof answer for how to make one work. So maybe what you're doing is exactly the right thing.

JULIE

Let's get out of here. I feel like going to the beach.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Still frazzled, Stan rides up front with the TAXI DRIVER. Russell, Neal and Trent are in the back.

TAXI DRIVER

(thick Jersey accent)

I know this guy, Joey. I probably shouldn't say his last name. This guy, Joey Mendelssohn. He and his friends used to play a game called 'Hogging.' What this game is, is you go out to a bar, or a club, or a party, whatever. You find the ugliest, most disgusting bitch you can find. I'm talkin' about the fattest, nastiest, hairiest, most lopsided, hunchbacked, bitch you can find. She's gotta be so ugly you can barely look directly at her. Alright, now you buy her a few drinks and sweet talk her. You gotta really make her feel special. Then you take her home and you give her the fucking of a lifetime. You pound the shit outta her. You fuck her in the mouth. You fuck her in the ass. If you can find a girl who's missing an eye - Bam! - you fuck her in the eye hole. Then, as soon as you get off, the minute you cum, you start yellin' at her:

(yelling)

Get the fuck away from me you ugly whore! Get away! Get away! You make me sick! Get the fuck away! I'm gonna fuckin' vomit!

(calmly)

You just keep doin' that until she leaves. Then you meet up with your buddies and debate about who fucked the filthiest hog.

(beat)

I don't know. I never done it. Sounds like it could be fun.

Stan stares at him blankly. He looks back at his friends who all shrug. The cab screeches to a halt.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Here we are. Tome Sweet Tome. Good luck on your quest, my friend.

EXT. TOME SWEET TOME BOOKSTORE - THAT MOMENT

Stan climbs out of the cab. A sign on the window reads 'SINGLES NIGHT - Friday's 8pm-2am - Wine and Hors' d'oeuvres.' As Russell, Neal and Trent get out, Stan stops them.

STAN

Listen, guys, I really appreciate all your help, but I think I'm gonna go it alone from here.

RUSSELL

Is this because of your car? It didn't make sense to confront those rednecks.

NEAL

We called Homeland Security. I'm sure they'll do something.

STAN

It's not about the car. You've been great. I just think this is the kind of thing a grown man needs to do by himself.

The guys understand.

TRENT

I'm telling you, the bookstore is the answer. You probably meet the MFS of every girl in there.

NEAL

Get going. It's nearly one a.m.

RUSSELL

Promise us you won't give up.

STAN

I won't give up. I'm determined to sleep with at least two complete strangers before sunrise.

As Stan walks away.

RUSSELL

Make it five. Five complete strangers.

Stan waves and walks inside the bookstore.

INT. TOME SWEET TOME - NIGHT

The singles scene for the socially awkward. Dozens of male and female MISFITS ranging from oddly attractive to flat-out scary looking.

At the WELCOME TABLE, Stan fills out his name tag. It reads 'Hello my name is *Stan* and my favorite book is *Catcher in the Rye*.' He sticks the name tag on his shirt.

As he turns away from the table, he bumps into ANNIE. She looks like a hotter version of Velma from Scooby Doo.

STAN

Excuse me...
(reads her name tag)
... Annie.

ANNIE

My fault, Stan. I wasn't watching where I was going.

They smile at each other. Stan looks to her name tag for a conversation starter. Her favorite book is...

STAN

Red Badge of Courage. I haven't read that since middle school.

ANNIE

I'm a member of...
(quotes with her fingers)
"The book club."

Stan nods. He doesn't know what that means.

STAN

Me too.

ANNIE

(dubious)
You are?

STAN

Yeah. Recent. Joined recently.

ANNIE

I thought you might be, because I saw that *Catcher in the Rye* is your favorite book. But you didn't immediately strike me as someone who'd be a fan of *Catcher*. You should go talk to Wendy. She's into guys who like *Catcher*.

Annie motions toward WENDY. She's five feet tall and roughly two hundred and fifty pounds. Not Stan's type.

STAN

Maybe I'll do that later. Talk to Wendy. Right now, I was kinda hoping to buy you a coffee, if you're interested. Or a Danish. Tea. Scone.

ANNIE

Oh, well you seem like a nice guy, but I'm sort of looking for a fan of Red Badge.

STAN

I love Red Badge.

ANNIE

Really? I was about to give up hope that anyone here tonight likes it.

STAN

I do.

ANNIE

I've never met a guy who's into Red Badge *and* into Catcher.

This girl is odd.

STAN

I also like The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

ANNIE

(confused)
That's not a book club book.

STAN

(recovers fast)
No, I know.
(changing the subject)
Can I buy you that coffee?

ANNIE

Definitely. You know I only come to these Singles things once a month, and it's so disappointing if I don't find anyone who likes Red Badge.

STAN

Luckily we bumped into each other.

ANNIE

Yeah. After coffee, maybe we can go back to my place.

She heads for the coffee bar. Stan hesitates. He makes eye contact with a NERDY GUY.

STAN
I never knew it could be this easy
to pick up women.

NERDY GUY
(really hostile)
Fuck you, dude. I've been trying to
get a woman to talk to me all night.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Stan holds onto Annie as he rides on the back of her Vespa.

ANNIE
Alright, please don't think I'm
weird...

STAN
(worried)
What? Why?

ANNIE
I teach third grade. You know they
don't pay teachers very well. I got
in a little credit card trouble...
so I'm living with my parents.

She pulls into the driveway of a nice middle class house.
They climb off the Vespa.

STAN
(relieved)
That's not that weird.

ANNIE
Oh good. I was worried you were gonna
think I was some kinda strange-o.

INT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Annie leads Stan in by his hand. They pass her PARENTS who
sit silently reading, in barcaloungers.

ANNIE
Mom, Dad, this is Stan. We're gonna
be in my bedroom. He's into Red Badge.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Stan looks at all the handmade birthday cards (from her third
grade students) that Annie has tacked up on the wall. Then
he checks his watch. She's talking incessantly.

Annie's behind the partially open bathroom door. Although
she's barely visible, it seems that she's changing clothes.

ANNIE (O.S.)

... but I decided that wasn't for me. Anyway, I love teaching third grade because I feel like I'm working with the kids at an age when I can still have a positive affect on them. They haven't been completely ruined yet.

She steps out of the bathroom in a long Hello Kitty nightgown.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Just FYI, I'm not wearing anything under this.

Stan smiles.

STAN

Did you wanna talk about Red Badge of Courage?

ANNIE

There's no reason to talk about it. I love it. You love it. That's all that matters.

Annie takes out a joint she had hidden in the pages of a book and lights up.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Do you smoke pot?

STAN

I've been known to.

She passes him the joint. He takes a hit.

ANNIE

Do you do heroin?

Caught off-guard, he coughs up a lung full of smoke.

STAN

No. Do you?

ANNIE

Me? No. My ex did. That's how I got in credit card trouble. My ex had a heroin dealer who took American Express.

STAN

I didn't even know that was possible.

ANNIE

All these exorbitant charges for guitar lessons. Turns out, it was really heroin.

She puts the joint down and lies on the bed.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Are you gonna make a move?

Stan quickly takes off his shoes. He gets in bed on top of her so they're face to face. He awkwardly kisses her.

She smiles and then pushes down on his shoulders, not very subtly trying to get him to go down on her. She stops pushing when he's about halfway there and he kisses her belly through her nightgown.

He looks up at her and she smiles again. Then she starts pushing on his head to get him the rest of the way down. He resists a little.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

STAN
Nothing.

ANNIE
Why aren't you doing it? Is it because you'd rather be with a woman who's into Catcher in the Rye?

STAN
No, I'm glad to be with a woman who's into Red Badge.

ANNIE
Well then stop playing around and kiss me down there.

She pushes on his head again. He scoots down between her legs. He kisses her inner thighs. She grabs his head and forces it under her nightgown...

SQUISH!

STAN
Ahhh! What the fuck?!

He pulls out and the lower half of his face is covered with MENSTRUAL BLOOD. He reels around, disturbed and nauseated.

STAN (CONT'D)
You're menstruating!

ANNIE
Of course.

STAN
Don't you think that's something you should have mentioned?!

He grabs her pillow and wipes his face.

ANNIE
(distressed)
You're not really a member of the
book club, are you?

STAN
What the fuck does that have to do
with anything?

Stan runs into...

ANNIE'S BATHROOM

He picks up her soap dispenser and pumps a bunch of liquid soap into his mouth. Annie follows him in. He washes his face and tongue.

ANNIE
If you were really in the book club
you would've known what it meant
that Red Badge is my favorite book.

STAN
I just thought it meant you like
classic American literature.

ANNIE
I don't really like that book! It's
code for what I'm into sexually. If
a woman says her favorite book is
Red Badge of Courage it means she
likes men to perform cunnilingus
when she's on her period.

STAN
What?!

ANNIE
You said your favorite is Catcher in
the Rye! If you're in the book club,
being a fan of Catcher means you
like it when a woman wears a strap-
on and f's you in a.

STAN
What?! It's a good thing I didn't go
home with Wendy.

ANNIE
Moby Dick. Of Human Bondage. The Cat
in the Hat. It doesn't take a genius
to figure out what the titles are
code for. I could get kicked out of
the book club for this, you know.
The first rule of book club is you
don't talk about book club.

STAN
 (beat; perplexed)
 Cat in the Hat?

ANNIE
 I think you should leave.

EXT. ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stan exits the house, dialing his cell, when he notices the taxi parked across the street.

Russell, Neal, and Trent are in the taxi with the same Taxi Driver that dropped Stan off.

STAN
 Did you guys follow me?

RUSSELL
 Hell yes.

NEAL
 We've got nothing better to do.

TRENT
 You bang 'er?

STAN
 (shakes his head)
 Did you know that if you go down on a woman during her menses it's called earning your red badge of courage?

TAXI DRIVER
 Doesn't everybody know that?

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A hundred or so REVELERS carouse near a huge BEACH BONFIRE. Not too far away, Julie, Karen and Beth stand at the edge of the water, holding their shoes.

KAREN
 Men don't have meaningless sex. It's very meaningful to them. It just doesn't mean any of the things we would like it to mean.

JULIE
 Let's say Marie hooks up with that surfer she's flirting with right now...

The ladies look over at Marie who's chatting with a BLONDE SURFER and his SURFER FRIENDS.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 ... What will the sex mean to him and what will it mean to her?

KAREN

There's only three ways for men to measure success. Money, power and how many women they've nailed.

JULIE

That's not true. Entirely.

KAREN

That guy's got no money, no power, so Marie is nothing but a way for him to feel good about himself.

JULIE

I'm pretty sure that's all he is to her, as well.

KAREN

It's different. Women love feeling wanted and desired. Men love feeling like they've won. He wants to conquer her.

BETH

So what? As long as everybody's getting what they want.

JULIE

We're not better than them. They're not better than us. We're all pathetic. Just in different ways.

KAREN

Fuck that! Women are better.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Cruising down A1A. Once again, Stan's up front with the Driver. The rest of the guys are in the back.

STAN

I already told you, no hookers.

RUSSELL

It's not like she's a street walker. She's a call girl. There's a huge difference.

Russell holds his iphone up to show Stan a picture of a beautiful nineteen year old. She's classy but still whorish.

STAN

You've got call girls on your iphone?

TRENT

We found her online. That's where everybody gets their whores now.

NEAL

She's hot, right? Nineteen. From Slovakia.

STAN

That picture's not real. That's just to suck you in. She's not gonna look like that. She's gonna look like my Aunt Ethel.

RUSSELL

No she won't.

STAN

(to Taxi Driver)

My Aunt Ethel had a tumor on her face that resembled David Letterman and she wouldn't have it removed because she was trying to get booked on his show.

(beat)

She died. She died and my cousin kept the tumor. In fact, I think he's still trying to get the tumor on Letterman.

RUSSELL

We already arranged it. Her name is Chastity.

STAN

Chastity? What kind of name is that for a hooker?

NEAL

I'm sure it's not her real name. It's her work name. Maybe she's got an ironic sense of humor.

STAN

Right, because there are a lot of hot nineteen year old Slovakian prostitutes with a good grasp of irony.

TRENT

You've only got a little over four hours left and you haven't had any luck so far tonight. This one's guaranteed to work out, because it's paid for. She's not gonna have a dick. She won't be bleeding. There aren't gonna be any other guys there.

NEAL

Or kids. Who try to kill you.

RUSSELL

It's just you and a high priced call girl, catering to your every whim and desire.

STAN

How much is this gonna cost me?

TRENT

Don't worry. We're paying.

RUSSELL

It's all set up. I already emailed her pimp.

STAN

You *emailed* her pimp?

NEAL

She's supposed to meet you in room two-twelve of the Coral Sky Motel in ten minutes. We'll watch and wait for her. If she doesn't look like her picture, we'll leave.

EXT. A1A - THAT MOMENT

The cab speeds along.

STAN (O.S.)

Just out of curiosity, what's a pimp's email?

RUSSELL (O.S.)

Sweet pimpin' at yahoo dot com.

NEAL (O.S.)

Actually it was sweet *dot* pimpin' at yahoo dot com.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The guys sit in the cab and watch room 212. An obvious pimp-mobile pulls up and CHASTITY climbs out. She's every bit as impressive as her picture.

NEAL

See that? Just like her picture.

She climbs the stairs and enters room 212. The pimp-mobile drives away.

STAN

You wanna know how this could go wrong? This could turn out to be a sting, and I could end up in jail.

RUSSELL

As soon as you get in the room tell her to show you her tits. If she's a cop she can't do that.

TRENT

That's not true. What it is, is, she can't touch your dick. So as soon as you get in there, pull out your dick and tell her to play with it.

NEAL

No. I think you have to have *her* pull it out. If you pull it out you've already committed a sex crime.

TAXI DRIVER

What you might wanna do - I'm not saying I would do this - you might wanna give her a little punch in the face. Just walk right in there and pop her one. If she's a whore she's gonna take the punch. If she's a cop you'll have some trouble, but at least you won't have a record for solicitation.

STAN

Well, the taxi driver might be insane, but at least he's thought this through.

Stan gets out. Neal hands him some cash.

NEAL

Five hundred is what her pimp said you owe for the basic package. Plus I'm throwing in an extra couple of hundred in case you want anything off the special menu.

TRENT

I highly recommend analingus if it's available.

Stan takes the money. He gives a hundred to the taxi driver.

STAN

They don't have to go home, but they can't stay here.

The cab begins to pull away.

RUSSELL

Good luck.

NEAL

It's two thirty-seven in the morning.
(MORE)

NEAL (CONT'D)

If you spend an hour with her, you still have plenty of time to find more girls.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chastity opens the door to find Stan. She has a Slavic accent.

CHASTITY

You are Stan, yes?

STAN

I am Stan, yes. How do I know that you're not a cop?

CHASTITY

(confused)

I am going to have sex on you. American police do not do this.

She goes and sits on the bed. Stan enters and closes the door. She stares at him. He's unsure how to proceed.

STAN

Chastity is an odd name for a woman in your profession.

CHASTITY

It is not my real name. My pimp, Sweet Sweet, give me this name. Drahuska is real name. It does not have a ring to it. Stan is easy name to say. Drahuska not easy for American mouth. People make fun.

STAN

My last name is Kooperberg. So I know about people making fun. When I was in elementary school, all the kids called me Stanley Cuckoo-bird.

CHASTITY

Ha! This is funny.

STAN

I'm glad my childhood torment amuses you.

CHASTITY

You would like for us to clothes off and get sexy now?

STAN

I guess. Whenever you're ready.

Chastity looks a little queasy.

CHASTITY

Excuse me, please.

She runs into the bathroom. Stan watches her bend over the toilet and vomit... without lifting the lid. Puke splashes onto the lid and cascades onto the floor.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)

I forgot to lift the top.

STAN

Are you okay?

CHASTITY

Yes. This is my first time making sex with strange man for money. So I am a little nervous. I try to hide my nerves from you, but then I vomit.

STAN

You're saying you've never prostituted yourself before?

CHASTITY

Yes. You are my first, how they say... truck? No. Trick?

STAN

Well we don't have to do this if you don't want to.

CHASTITY

Yes. Sweet Sweet and his lady friend buy me on the internet. They give my family in Slovak Republic a lot of money. And now I must work for them. They have two business: Prostitution and house cleaning service. If I work prostitution, I am free in one year. House cleaning, ten years.

STAN

Jesus. That's incredibly illegal. They can't buy you. And they can't force you to have sex for money.

CHASTITY

They do not force me. I can also clean houses. But that is terrible job.

STAN

So you'd rather sell your body?

CHASTITY

I would rather to be dental hygienist or Entertainment Tonight co-host, I think. But you can't always get what you want.

STAN

But, if the thought of having sex with me makes you vomit...

CHASTITY

No. You do not make me vomit. I expect much much ugly hairy man to pay for making intercourse. I am happy to see you. You are not so ugly.

STAN

At least I meet your MFS. That probably doesn't happen a lot for hookers.

CHASTITY

I do not know this MFS. Please. Let me give you pleasure you will pay for.

STAN

Are you sure?

CHASTITY

I am sure. Please. Undress me now.

Chastity stands ready, with a big smile on her face as Stan, hesitant and awkward, removes her dress. Then her shoes. Her stockings and garter belt. He goes around back to open her bra. Then comes back around front when he realizes the catch is in the front. He removes her bra.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)

Nice bosom, yes?

STAN

Very nice bosom.

She covers her mouth and then vomits all over herself.

CHASTITY

That one came so fast I did not even have time to run to the bathroom.

STAN

I really think you should reconsider this as a career. Lots of people hate their job, but if you hate it to the point that it makes you puke on yourself, you should probably do something else.

Chastity sighs. She thinks for a long moment.

CHASTITY

Perhaps you are right.
(MORE)

CHASTITY (CONT'D)

I will call Sweet Sweet and tell him maybe I am better cleaning lady than call girl. One of his other hoes will come and take care of business for you.

She speed dials Sweet Sweet on her cell.

STAN

That's okay. I don't need another ho. I'm all set.

She holds up a finger, signaling Stan to wait. She walks to the far corner as she talks on the phone.

CHASTITY

Sweet Sweet, it is Drahuska. I have decided I cannot sell my body. Please send replacement whore to the motel.

Indecipherable RANTING and RAVING emanates from her phone. She hangs up.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)

He did not take it well. He is very upset. He is coming here now.

STAN

Shit. Well, get yourself cleaned up. I've gotta get you out of here.

She hurries in the bathroom and starts cleaning the vomit off her chest.

STAN (CONT'D)

Is Sweet Sweet a big man?

CHASTITY

Yes. What do you think? He is scary pimp.

STAN

His name doesn't sound so bad.

There's a BANGING at the door. Stan and Chastity freeze.

SWEET SWEET (O.S.)

Dammit bitch! Open this door!
(shoulders the door)
Don't make me exert myself!

STAN

How'd he get here so fast?

CHASTITY

He was at bowling alley across street.

STAN

Why didn't you mention that?! You should have mentioned that.

CHASTITY

He also has key to room. He will remember this in a moment.

SWEET SWEET (O.S.)

I got a key!

Stan hears the key in the lock. The door starts to open and Stan runs and throws himself against it, slamming it closed.

SWEET SWEET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Owww! Fuck are you doing?!

Chastity closes herself in the bathroom. Stan nervously tries to put the chain on the motel door, but he's too shaky. Sweet Sweet forces the door open.

SWEET SWEET is a big angry pimp lookin' motherfucker with a diamond incrustated GOLD GRILL. His tiny spitfire of a girlfriend, YOLANDA, is with him.

SWEET SWEET (CONT'D)

Why'd you slam the door on me?

STAN

I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking.

Sweet Sweet holds a CATTLE PROD in his hand.

SWEET SWEET

You best stay chill or I will be forced to electrocute your nutsack with my cattle prod.

YOLANDA

Shock him! Remember, Sweet, actions speak louder than words.

Stan puts his hands up in surrender.

STAN

I'm chill. You don't need to electrocute my nuts. I got the message.

SWEET SWEET

Where's Chastity at?

STAN

She's in the bathroom for a minute. She vomited a couple of times. I really think she's not cut out for ho'ing.

Yolanda tries to get into the locked bathroom.

SWEET SWEET
 Maybe she got a stomach virus.
 (yelling to Chastity)
 Come out the bathroom, baby. You
 prolly got a little intestinal bug.
 We can get you some *Peptin-bizmo*.

YOLANDA
 Are you shitting or just puking a
 little bit?

STAN
 I feel like she doesn't wanna have
 sex with strange men and that's why
 she's been throwing up.

SWEET SWEET
 Don't say that. You know how much
 money I paid for that bitch? She's
 gonna be my top ho.

STAN
 I really don't think she's cut out
 for this line of work.

SWEET SWEET
 Man, who the fuck are you?!

STAN
 I'm the john, the trick. I'm telling
 you as a paying customer, when the
 'bitch' is vomiting on herself, it's
 not good for business.

Chastity exits the bathroom.

CHASTITY
 Thanks to Stan, I have realized that
 prostitution is not the life for me.
 I apologize if this is inconvenient.
 I will clean houses for ten years.

SWEET SWEET
 The cleaning company is not hiring.
 All positions are full. What I need
 is hoes. You a ho.

STAN
 I don't think she is.

Sweet Sweet shoots Stan a 'stay out of this' glare.

SWEET SWEET
 Do you see the cattle prod in my hand?
 Do you want me to electrocute you?

Yolanda snatches the cattle prod from Sweet. She presses it against Stan, shocking him. He YELPS, stiffens and collapses to the floor.

STAN

That hurts exactly as bad as I thought it would.

Yolanda shocks him again. Longer this time. OUCH!

STAN (CONT'D)

Stop that, you sadistic wench!

YOLANDA

I think this guy is trying to steal her for himself.

SWEET SWEET

Are you tryin' to steal my bitches?!

STAN

No, I don't want your bitches. But I can't let you force Drahuska into indentured servitude. It's immoral and I'm pretty sure it's illegal.

Yolanda SHOCKS Stan for a really long time. He's dazed. Angry at Yolanda, Sweet removes his GOLD GRILL.

SWEET SWEET

Goddammit this is all fucked up. I told you we're not cut out for pimpin. We should just stick with cleaning houses. You made me get that ridickilus pimp car and these ridickilus pimp clothes. I spent a week trying to come up with a pimp handle.

YOLANDA

The problem is we shoulda bought Chinese girls. The Asians are docile. I told you if we bought Russians you were gonna have to beat them. You gotta control your bitches.

SWEET SWEET

Yeah, but honey, I don't wanna hit anyone.

Still dazed, Stan gets up off the floor, dusts himself off.

STAN

While you two debate this, I think Drahuska and I are gonna go.

Stan takes Chastity's arm, walks two steps and his legs give out. Chastity lets him fall.

SWEET SWEET

You're not going anywhere until I'm made whole. You understand? I got a lot of money invested in this whore. You convinced her she doesn't wanna turn tricks, you're gonna have to pay me back.

STAN

Are you serious?
(off his look)
How much?

SWEET SWEET

Purchase price plus clothes, shoes, make-up...

YOLANDA

... Food, lodging...

SWEET SWEET

... Birf control. About thirty grand, all in.

STAN

I don't have that kind of money.

YOLANDA

Well if you wanna leave you're gonna have to give us everything you got.

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Stan and Chastity are pushed out of the motel room, COMPLETELY NAKED. Sweet Sweet slams the door, trapping them outside on the second floor walkway.

STAN

Fantastic. This has really been a wonderful night so far. How am I going to explain to my fiancée that I gave our PIN number to a pimp so he could empty our bank account?

CHASTITY

My friend, Zora is sexing with truck - trick in room one oh seven. We get clothes from her.

Stan and Chastity sneak along the walkway toward the stairs. They freeze as a TOUGH BIKER with an ice bucket exits his room. The Biker turns the other way, without noticing them. They follow behind him until they reach the stairs.

On the first floor Stan and Chastity scurry past the MOTEL OFFICE where the CLERK reads a comic book. The Clerk looks up briefly, thinking he saw something, but Stan and Chastity are out of view.

They arrive at room 107. The lights are on. Chastity knocks.

CHASTITY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Zora, is Drahuska.

The door swings open revealing a FAT MAN in his boxers. His FAT WIFE, in a muu muu, is a few feet behind him. The Fat Man looks them over.

FAT MAN
 Fuckin' perverts.

CHASTITY
 (confused)
 Perhaps Zora in room one oh six.

The Fat Man grabs hold of Stan and Chastity.

FAT MAN
 Citizen's arrest.

STAN
 We're not perverts. I have a reasonably good explanation.

FAT MAN
 Sinners and perverts, that's all they got in this goddamn state.

Chastity bites the Fat Man's arm. He HOWLS and lets go of her. She takes off like a shot, running NAKED into the distance.

CHASTITY
 Good bye, Stan! Thank you!

Stan tries to break free but only manages to drag the Fat Man with him.

FAT MAN
 Betsy, grab the bible and call the police!

Stan gets loose for a moment, but the Fat Man is faster than he looks. He tackles Stan on the lawn. His face in the grass, Stan lies naked beneath the Fat Man in his boxers.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)
 Citizen's arrest, goddammit!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Julie, Karen and Beth are among the revelers at the BONFIRE. They roast marshmallows and make 'smores. Marie finds them.

MARIE
 There you are.

KAREN

Didn't work out with the surfer?

MARIE

Depends what you mean. We fucked.
Unfortunately, he has the ejaculatory
control of a thirteen year old.

Marie steals the marshmallow off Beth's skewer and eats it.

MARIE (CONT'D)

It took longer to walk up the beach
to his van then it did to complete
the act.

Julie is pensive. She finally breaks...

JULIE

Okay, earlier, when I said I had no
regrets - that isn't entirely true.

MARIE

I knew there had to be something.

JULIE

My college boyfriend, Devlin.

KAREN

The one who became a famous artist?

JULIE

The only guy, other than Stan, that
I was really, truly in love with.

KAREN

Alright, spill.

JULIE

(sighs)

About six months into our
relationship, I finally got up the
nerve to say, 'I love you.' There
was a long pause. He stared into my
eyes, and he responded, 'You know I
think you're amazing.'

The girls cringe.

BETH

A nice compliment. But not quite
good enough at that moment.

JULIE

Right. But I let it go. I didn't
question him. And for another six
months I never said 'I love you'
again. I waited for him to say it.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

On our one year anniversary, we had an amazing night together, and we were lying in bed, falling asleep in each others arms, in what felt like a moment of perfect intimacy... And he still didn't say it. So I watched him sleep for a little while, then I got up, painted the words 'It's over' on one of his canvases, and left... And I never spoke to him again. He didn't try to contact me. I left New York at the end of that semester, moved back to Florida, and finished school here.

BETH

Wow. That's a weird way to break up.

JULIE

I ran away to see if he'd chase after me. I was so in love with him and I thought maybe he loved me, but he couldn't say it. So I gave him a chance to prove it.

KAREN

(sympathizing)
Which he didn't.

JULIE

And it's tortured me, because I don't know if he gave up because he didn't really love me, or because he thought I fell out of love with him. I regret... I really, really regret that I wasn't mature enough to talk to him about it. The way it ended wasn't right.

KAREN

You tested Devlin by running away to see if he'd chase after you, and now you're testing Stan by pushing him away to see if he'll come back.

Julie considers Karen's words.

JULIE

I wasn't intentionally trying to test anyone. I was trying to help them figure things out for themselves. I love Stan. I don't wanna be with Devlin. I just wanna know if I fucked up something that could have worked.

MARIE

(torn)

I've thought about mentioning this to you before, but I didn't know if it was a good idea - Devlin has a loft on South Beach. When he's not in New York, he's here.

JULIE

I know.

KAREN

You know?

JULIE

I was curious about him. Not in an obsessive, stalkerish, kind of way, but, not everyone once dated a famous artist, so... I follow him on Twitter. But he doesn't know it's me. I use a fake name. How do you know?

MARIE

Twitter. Just because you've talked about him, I was curious too.

KAREN

You should contact him.

MARIE

He is in South Beach for the winter.

BETH

If tonight is Stan's night for eliminating regrets before you get married, shouldn't it be your night too? Don't you think you should go see Devlin?

KAREN

Of course she thinks she should. She's trying to get us to tell her she should.

JULIE

No I'm not. It's about to be four o'clock in the morning. I would have brought it up earlier if that's what I wanted to do.

KAREN

You're afraid, because you still have feelings for him.

JULIE

(97% sure)

No I don't. At least not the kind of feelings you're implying.

KAREN

Then go see him. Beth's right.
Tonight's the night.

JULIE

Even if it made sense to show up at
his door at this hour, I would never
do that without telling Stan first.

BETH

So tell him.

Julie winces, just thinking about it.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Stan leans against a police cruiser, handcuffed and wrapped
in a blanket. SHONTELLE, an attractive black officer, and a
MUSCULAR OFFICER question him. Two feet behind them is a
CAMERAMAN from the show "COPS." Stan eyes the camera.

STAN

Is this really *all* gonna be on
television?

MUSCULAR OFFICER

Don't worry about that sir, they're
gonna blur out your genitals.

STAN

But the fat guy sitting on me and
this whole interview...

MUSCULAR OFFICER

That'll probably be on. The people
from the show will let you know when,
so you can tell your friends and
whatnot. Why don't you go ahead and
finish your story?

STAN

I told you everything.

MUSCULAR OFFICER

Well, I been with my girlfriend ten
years and confidentially, the reason
I haven't pulled the trigger on the
whole marriage thing is cause I can't
get my head around her being the
last chamber I'm gonna put my bullet
in. You know what I mean? I wish
she'd do what your woman's doing.

(whispers to Shontelle)

What do you think? Can we let him go
with a warning, so he can get some
sugar before the sun comes up?

SHONTELLE

Oh, I'll do better than that.

(to Stan)

My husband cheats on me all the time. I've been lookin' for a way to get back at him. I'd like to take you to our house and make nasty hot love to you in our marital bed. Then let my husband find out about it when he sees this on TV.

Stan eyes the video camera and then the Muscular Officer.

STAN

Is she serious?

MUSCULAR OFFICER

Uhhh, she sounds serious.

STAN

Isn't there like a police code of conduct or something? Doesn't that prohibit making nasty hot love to prisoners?

SHONTELLE

I'm a black female. Let them try to fire me. Please.

STAN

Forgive me for asking questions but it's been a rough night. I don't want anymore trouble. Is your husband home in the marital bed now?

SHONTELLE

He's a cop too. Works the night shift. Won't be home 'til eight am.

(tempting him)

So, you want some chocolate?

STAN

Yes I do.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Away from the crowd, Julie speed dials Stan on her cell.

SPLIT SCREEN - Sweet Sweet and Yolanda ride in the pimp mobile. Stan's stuff is in the backseat. They hear his phone playing his ringtone for Julie. It's *SEXY MF* by Prince. Yolanda answers.

YOLANDA

Stan's phone.

Julie's caught slightly off-guard but keeps her cool.

JULIE
Hi, may I speak with Stan.

YOLANDA
Stan's busy. Who's calling?

JULIE
This is Julie.

YOLANDA
Julie who?

JULIE
Julie Warner, his fiancée.

YOLANDA
His fiancée? Oh shit.

Yolanda looks to Sweet Sweet with a devious smile.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
Well Stan is busy eating my pussy
and he doesn't wanna take any calls.

Yolanda and Sweet Sweet snicker. Julie flinches but keeps it together.

JULIE
I apologize for interrupting, but
it's important that I speak to him.

YOLANDA
Stan, she says it's important.

Sweet Sweet makes garbled sounds as if he's Stan with Yolanda's vagina in his mouth.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
Sorry. He'll have to call you back.

Yolanda hangs up.

BACK TO SCENE.

Julie walks back over to the girls, slightly dazed.

KAREN
What did he say?

JULIE
He didn't take my call. Some woman
answered. He was busy... uh... he
was busy.
(beat)
I guess I'm gonna go see Devlin.

EXT. SHONTELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shontelle's police cruiser pulls up. The Muscular Officer is behind the wheel. Shontelle hops out and opens the back door.

Stan climbs out, dressed in official "COPS" T-shirt and track pants. He's still handcuffed in the front. Ed (the "COPS" Cameraman) follows him out of the car.

MUSCULAR OFFICER

Where are you goin'? Get back in the cruiser, Ed. We're still on patrol.

ED

It's my job to get the most compelling video. I think what's gonna happen here is more interesting.

SHONTELLE

What's gonna happen here is not gonna be appropriate for television. You're not invited.

ED

According to the contract you signed, while you're on duty, I'm allowed to follow you anywhere but the bathroom.

SHONTELLE

(mildly threatening)

Ed, I suggest you get back in the car, or else next time we're on patrol together you may accidentally catch some friendly fire.

Ed doesn't like the sound of that. He quickly relents and starts to get back in the car.

SHONTELLE (CONT'D)

Wait, before you go...

Shontelle looks into the video camera.

SHONTELLE (CONT'D)

You see this Marcus, you cheating, lying piece of shit. I'm gonna fuck this white boy silly, in *your* bed.

STAN

She's gonna fuck me silly, Marcus.

With that, she drags Stan towards the house.

INT. SHONTELLE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan and Shontelle enter the darkened house. A sleeping GERMAN SHEPHERD quickly gets up and eyes Stan.

STAN
Is he friendly?

Stan reaches to pet him.

SHONTELLE
Not really.

Stan quickly pulls his hands away.

SHONTELLE (CONT'D)
But he won't attack unless he's given
the command.

She heads down a HALLWAY toward the bedrooms.

SHONTELLE (CONT'D)
Follow me.

STAN
Since I'm not under arrest, you think
you could remove the handcuffs, now.

SHONTELLE
No. I'm gonna leave you like that
for a while.

He follows close behind her.

STAN
You promise your husband is not going
to come home and catch us in *flagrante
delicto*.

SHONTELLE
I promise.

Shontelle opens her bedroom door. Her eyes go wide.

STAN
I guess we're gonna catch *him*.

IN SHONTELLE'S BEDROOM

The room is lit by a few candles. Shontelle's husband MARCUS is naked on top of PAGE, a cute 18 year old, who is also naked and face down on the mattress. Shontelle looks crazed.

SHONTELLE
Oh no! Nuh no!

MARCUS
(with attitude)
Shontelle, what are you doing here?
Who's that with you?

SHONTELLE

Who's this with me?! Who the fuck are you on top of right now?! You promised me you were done with this shit.

PAGE

I thought you said your wife wouldn't be home.

Shontelle pulls her gun.

SHONTELLE

Marcus, you treacherous motherfucker! There's about to be a crime of passion up in here!

MARCUS

Put the gun down, Shontelle. You're acting like a child.

STAN

Please, Shontelle, we can resolve this without guns.

SHONTELLE

You shut up, Stan. You don't know what I been through.

MARCUS

Stan, were you about to fuck my wife?

STAN

Yes, I was, and I don't think you're in any position to get upset about that. Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.

SHONTELLE

I don't have any stones but I'm about to pop a cap!

PAGE

Marcus, you mind pulling out now? This is kinda awkward for me.

SHONTELLE

Do you love that bitch, Marcus? Are you ready to die for her?

PAGE

Yes he is.

MARCUS

Shut up, bitch.

Marcus grabs Page and they both roll off the far side of the bed, taking cover. Marcus, no longer inside Page, grabs a gun from the nightstand and pops up to confront Shontelle.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Drop your weapon!

SHONTELLE

Don't you talk to me like I'm a perp. I am your wife goddammit, and if I wanna point my gun at your cheating ass, I damn well will. And I will shoot you if I deem it to be necessary.

MARCUS

You know what, Shontelle?! I want a divorce! D-I-V-O-R-C-E. Divorce.

SHONTELLE

So you can be with this tramp?!

Page is quickly getting dressed.

MARCUS

Nah. I don't give a shit about her. She's just one of many. I got urges I don't wanna control. Fuck this whole marriage thing. I was never good at math, but I can tell you that one man plus one pussy does not equal happiness.

That sends Shontelle over the edge. She takes aim.

SHONTELLE

That's it! That's it!

Stan watches her finger tense on the trigger. He shoulder checks her as she fires, and the shot misses Marcus, hitting a bedside lamp. Stan and Shontelle end up on the floor.

Marcus fires a few shots, intended to scare Shontelle while she's down.

STAN

Oh, Christ! I don't like guns. I especially don't like bullets.

As she tries to get up, Stan is only interested in getting the handcuff key out of her pocket. The dog rushes into the room barking. Shontelle points at Page.

SHONTELLE

Fuck her up!

The dog and Page lock eyes. He lunges but before he can get to her, Page hits the floor and crawls under the bed.

On Marcus's side of the bed, the dog sticks his head under, trying to reach Page. She scoots towards the middle.

On her knees, Shontelle takes another shot at Marcus. Stan gets her key ring out of her pocket and fumbles as he tries to open the cuffs. He frees one wrist.

MARCUS

This time I'm gonna aim at ya, bitch!

Marcus shoots at Shontelle as she ducks behind the bed.

It's definitely time to get out of here. Stan reaches under the bed and takes hold of Page's arm. He quickly pulls her out and they beeline for the door.

IN SHONTELLE'S HOUSE

Stan and Page race for the front door with the dog right behind them. Stan drops Shontelle's keys before getting the handcuffs off his left wrist.

EXT. SHONTELLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stan stays behind Page as they bolt out of the house and across the lawn. The dog is right on Stan's heels.

PAGE

My car's this way.

Stan follows her across the street at full speed. Page pulls the car keys from her purse and throws the purse at the dog.

He catches it and shakes it in his mouth as he runs. Page unlocks the door to her CAMARO with the remote and quickly hops in.

The dog continues after Stan, too close for him to get in the car. He runs up the hood and onto the roof to keep from getting mauled. Page opens the sunroof and Stan climbs in.

INT. PAGE'S CAMARO - THAT MOMENT

Stan and Page exchange a look, scared but exhilarated. Page floors it and they speed away.

PAGE

Oh my god, that was so intense. Have you ever been shot at before? I've never.

STAN

No. First time.

She reaches down the back of her jeans...

PAGE

He left the condom in my ass.

She pulls out the condom, and shows it to Stan, before tossing it out the window.

INT. JULIE'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Julie drives on 195, approaching South Beach. She eyes her cell. Finally, she decides to call Stan.

SPLIT SCREEN - Sweet Sweet and Yolanda are at an ATM MACHINE removing money from Stan's account. Yolanda sees that it's Julie calling again. She answers...

YOLANDA

Oh, yes, Stan! Harder, harder! Cum inside of me! I wanna have your baby!

(to Julie)

Stop bothering us, bitch. Stan is with *me* now.

JULIE

(screaming)

Fuck you, cunt! Put my fucking fiancé on the phone right now or I swear I will fucking find you and tear your fucking ovaries out with my bare fucking hands!

Sweet Sweet is shocked. Yolanda laughs.

YOLANDA

Come and get me, *puta*!

Yolanda hangs up. Julie fumes. She calls Trent.

SPLIT SCREEN - Sweet Sweet and Yolanda are replaced by Trent, Russell, Neal, Karen, Marie, and Beth at the BEACH BONFIRE. Trent walks away from the others and answers his phone.

JULIE

Where's Stan?

TRENT

I don't know where he is, Jules. I don't think you should be going to see Devlin. I don't think that's fair to Stan.

JULIE

I'd like to tell Stan what I'm doing, but whomever it is that he's fucking won't let him talk to me. Who's he with?

TRENT

I don't know. We left him with a Russian hooker over an hour ago. Slovakian call girl, technically.

JULIE

The woman he's with now is Hispanic. She says he's not coming back to me.

TRENT

You know that's not true.

JULIE

I think it's not true. But I don't know.

TRENT

Why don't you come back to the beach? You don't wanna do something you might regret.

JULIE

I'm not gonna do anything but talk to Devlin. This is Stan's night to resolve his issue. I need to resolve an issue myself.

She hangs up.

BACK TO SCENE.

Still angry, Julie throws her phone down forcefully on the passenger seat. It bounces up and out the open passenger side window. Julie winces as the car behind her runs it over.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuuck.

INT. PAGE'S CAMARO - NIGHT

Stan stares out the window as Page drives.

PAGE

You'd think after a near death experience I'd be like totally freaked. But I feel calm. You totally saved my life. You're my hero. You're not really my type. I don't find you attractive, but I'll give you a beej, if you want.

STAN

How old are you?

PAGE

Eighteen. Next month.

STAN

So, seventeen. When I was in high school, girls weren't so fast to suck a dick. You used to have to work for it.

PAGE

My theory is that the internet has distorted the modern young persons understanding of sexual boundaries.

STAN

That's probably true.

PAGE

Honest, that's not really *my* theory. It's my psychiatrist's theory. I'm not crazy or anything. My parents make me go to a psychiatrist because I made a cell phone video of me stripping and touching myself and sent to this guy I liked and he put it on youtube. That's how I met Marcus. He's the one who arrested my dad when he tried to run over the guy who put the video online.

STAN

How does your dad feel about you having a relationship with a married cop?

PAGE

I'm keeping that on the D-L. Anyway, I realized tonight that Marcus doesn't really take me serious. I think he just became interested in me when he found out I'm a *vaj-in*.

STAN

What is that, like a vegan?

PAGE

No. It's a vaginal virgin. I only do anal and oral. I'm saving my kitty for marriage.

STAN

Okay, well, I've only got a little while left to have sex tonight, and since you're an underage, *vaj-in*, who doesn't find me attractive, it's kinda three strikes. So unless you have some idea where I *can* get laid, I'm just gonna get out here.

PAGE

Stan, this is a bad neighborhood we're in right now. No one gets laid around here. You just get raped. A bunch of my friends are at the bonfire 'til sunrise on the beach. Let's go there. Maybe I can hook you up.

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - NIGHT

Julie parks her Prius at a meter. Neon letters announce the OCEAN DRIVE GALLERY.

Julie gets out of the car and checks her watch. She looks up at the loft above the gallery. The lights are on.

She approaches the metal door next to the gallery and looks at the CALL BOX. She gathers herself for a long beat. Almost presses the button. Hesitates. Presses. The phone RINGS several times.

MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKER)
Yeah.

JULIE
Devlin?

DEVLIN (ON SPEAKER)
Yeah.

JULIE
It's Julie Warner.

Really long silence. Julie begins to back away, but just as she's given up, the BUZZER sounds.

INT. STAIRWELL - SECONDS LATER

Julie climbs the narrow stairs toward Devlin's loft.

INT. DEVLIN'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Julie sees DEVLIN. He's handsome, with shoulder length hair. He wears cotton drawstring pants. No shoes. No shirt. Not a guy who's usually tongue tied, but...

DEVLIN
Wow, I... In a million years... I
wouldn't have guessed... At my door.
(gets his bearings)
Come in.

She's uneasy but there's immediate familiarity.

JULIE
Were you sleeping? I know it's
ridiculously late, but you always
used to be a night owl.

DEVLIN
Still am. Up all night, working.
This is a surprise. Pleasant. Awkward.
Surprise.

JULIE
I'm sorry to bother you.

DEVLIN
(smiles)
You're not bothering me. Yet.
(MORE)

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
 (she half-smiles)
 Can I get you a drink?

JULIE
 My mouth's a little dry. Glass of
 water would be great.

He motions for her to follow as he walks further in, wondering what the hell she's doing here.

It's a giant open loft. Part living space, part artist's studio. There's finished and unfinished artwork everywhere. Drawings, Paintings, Wood and Metal sculptures. All visually interesting. The guy is good.

The kitchen is an island in the middle of the room. Julie sits at the counter while Devlin gets her a glass of water.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Thanks for letting me in. I would understand if you were still angry with me.

DEVLIN
 I was never angry. Sad for a while. But that passed. You look great.

Julie sips her water. As she does, she notices two huge paintings of herself on the wall. She nearly chokes. One is a portrait. In the other she's completely nude holding her arms out, as if she's offering a hug. She's smiling in both.

Between the two paintings hangs the canvas with the words "It's over."

JULIE
 I don't recall posing for those.

DEVLIN
 You didn't. I painted them from memory after you were gone. They were for me. I've never shown them publicly.

JULIE
 They're beautiful. If I were you, after what I did, I would have painted me with horns and a tail. Cloven hooves.

DEVLIN
 (earnest)
 I painted those a few months after you left. When I realized I was probably never going to see you again. I painted you the way I remembered you.

(MORE)

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

And the way I wanted to remember you. I never thought you were the bad guy. I thought I was.

JULIE

I can't believe you still have me on your wall after all these years. And you still have my goodbye note.

They continue to stare into each others eyes for a moment.

DEVLIN

I mean this in the nicest possible way: Why are you here?

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The BONFIRE is still going strong. More than a hundred REVELERS, intend to party until sunrise. Stan and Page move among them.

STAN

Why don't you go ahead and find your friends, I'll be alright.

PAGE

Are you sure? I'd be a kick-ass wingman.

Before he can answer...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stan!

Stan turns to see Yvette. In case you've forgotten, she's his workmate. You met her on page 11. Stan's eyes light up. This is someone he could potentially have sex with.

STAN

Hey. Yvette.

YVETTE

I just saw Neal and Karen a few minutes ago. They're with Russell and that tramp he used to date. They said you weren't here.

STAN

I wasn't. Just got here.

Stan looks around like he doesn't want to be spotted.

STAN (CONT'D)

Is Julie with them?

YVETTE

I didn't see her. You want me to show you where they are?

STAN

Noooo. What time is it?

YVETTE

A little after five. Are you planning on staying 'til sunrise?

STAN

I hope not. I'm on a tight schedule.

Yvette looks at Page, then at the handcuffs dangling from Stan's wrist.

YVETTE

Who's the girl? What's with the handcuffs?

He suddenly remembers Page is there.

STAN

Oh. Okay, Page. Why don't you go find your friends?

Page eyes Yvette and quickly realizes Stan doesn't need her.

PAGE

Alright. See ya around.

She kisses his cheek and whispers in his ear.

PAGE (CONT'D)

She definitely wants you.

With that Page heads off into the crowd.

STAN

Listen, Yvette, I don't have a lot of time to be coy, so I'm just gonna be completely straight forward and hope I don't offend you.

YVETTE

You know I'm not easily offended.

STAN

It's been a long night and things haven't gone my way, possibly until right now. Bumping into you here might be fate. The question is - the way you flirt with me at work - is that just for your amusement, or if faced with the opportunity to take that flirtation to the next level, would you be interested?

YVETTE

Did you call off your engagement?

STAN

No. I'm asking if you'd like to have a one night stand? Because I have a pass until sunrise and I haven't been able to use it yet.

YVETTE

Stan, I'm not that kind of girl. I'm looking for something deep and meaningful.

STAN

I totally understand. I'm sorry I asked. I'll see you at work on Monday.

He starts to walk away.

YVETTE

Wait, Stan. I'm *looking* for something deep and meaningful, but in the meantime, I still need to get laid.

They smile at each other.

INT. DEVLIN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Julie walks around, admiring some of Devlin's sculptures as they talk.

JULIE

... So I sent him off to have sex with other women. And I'm really hoping that will solve his problem... without creating any new ones.

Devlin has no idea what to say. He kind of shrugs.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Which leads me to why I'm here. The marriage will officially end the "me" part of my life. I'm committing myself to being part of an "us" from that day on. If there's one thing I learned from the way I left you, you can't truly have a new beginning if you have regrets, or you leave things unresolved.

DEVLIN

If you're here to tell me why you left, I'm pretty sure I know. And I completely understand.

JULIE

Did you not love me or were you just unable to say it?

DEVLIN

Neither. I loved you very much. I could have told you. I wanted to tell you. But I chose not to. It was the biggest mistake I've ever made.

He stares at her, making her uncomfortable.

JULIE

That's good to know. I should be going.

DEVLIN

You should stay and have a glass of wine.

She knows she shouldn't.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

Don't you want me to explain why I never said it?

She does.

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION - NIGHT

Several hundred feet from the BONFIRE and the people, Stan follows Yvette. They approach an art Deco Lifeguard Station.

STAN

I feel bad about you leaving your date back there.

YVETTE

Don't. He was nothing like his match.com profile, and he smelled like beef jerky. And I was most likely gonna let him violate me anyway.

STAN

So it's lucky for you I came along. Where are we going?

She climbs the stairs to the locked door on the station.

STAN (CONT'D)

Can we go in there?

YVETTE

Do you know how to pick a lock?

STAN

No.

YVETTE

That's okay, because I know where they hide the key.

She reaches into a knothole in the wood, pulls out a key and unlocks the door.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

My brother used to be a lifeguard on this beach.

INT. LIFEGUARD STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A utilitarian room, designed for the lifeguards to get R&R and escape from the sun. A window looks out on the ocean. A ladder leads up to the observation deck. There's a couch, a table, and a few chairs.

Yvette locks the door as soon as she and Stan are inside. She jumps in his arms, they crash into the table and fall to the floor. And they begin making out.

YVETTE

I'm gonna make you forget all about Julie.

INT. DEVLIN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Julie watches Devlin as he chooses a bottle of red wine, opens it, and pours two glasses.

DEVLIN

My father was an incredibly talented artist. Much more talented than I am. He sat me down, when I was leaving for college and told me - as much as he loved his family, and he wouldn't change what he had, he didn't get the life he imagined for himself because he wasn't able to focus on his passion. He made the choice to be a good father and a good husband rather than follow his dream. He didn't come out and call it a mistake, but he was telling me not to make the same mistake he did.

He approaches and hands her the glass of wine. He remains close to her.

JULIE

You believe that if we had stayed together you wouldn't have become a successful artist.

DEVLIN

I'll never know.

(MORE)

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

But I believed at twenty that if I told you I loved you, I was choosing you over my art.

JULIE

Have you ever told any woman you loved her?

DEVLIN

You're the only one I've ever loved.

Silence. He kisses her. She pulls away... almost immediately.

JULIE

Christ, Devlin! What are you doing? Fuck! That was really inappropriate.

DEVLIN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I should probably tell you that I'm on ecstasy right now. I would not have normally done that.

JULIE

You're on ecstasy?

DEVLIN

I'm doing a series of paintings with my hands, while on ecstasy, for the new exhibition I'm supposed to premiere in London in three weeks. It's an experiment.

JULIE

You're fingerpainting?

DEVLIN

Basically. Although, that doesn't make it sound very cool. You didn't feel anything when I kissed you?

JULIE

Let me be clear, I am very much in love with Stan.

DEVLIN

I get that. It doesn't mean you didn't feel anything.

JULIE

It doesn't matter what I felt because the kiss never should have happened.

DEVLIN

(smiles)

I knew it. I felt it too.

JULIE

I'm leaving.

He follows her toward the door.

DEVLIN

Please, don't. I need to paint you. I'm feeling tremendously inspired right now. I haven't felt inspired like this in a long time.

Julie tears up.

JULIE

I'm having an emotional night with Stan out doing who knows what... or who. I shouldn't have come here.

She continues for the door. He stops her.

DEVLIN

Please Julie, help me out. I haven't created anything good in over a year. I've resorted to taking drugs and fingerpainting. Please stay and let me paint you. What else are you gonna do until sunrise?

She sighs. He has a point.

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Stan sits in the wooden lifeguard chair, on the observation deck, with Yvette straddling him. High above the beach, with the moon shimmering on the water, and the bonfire in the distance, they continue to make-out and grope each other. Stan's a bit uneasy but he's not stopping.

YVETTE

Remember the Christmas party two years ago? I know this is gonna sound crazy but I stood under the mistletoe for five full minutes waiting for you to notice, and kiss me.

STAN

Didn't Russell end up kissing you?

Yvette stands up and removes her shorts and T-shirt revealing a skimpy bikini.

YVETTE

Yes. And by New Year's Eve you were dating Julie.

She pulls off Stan's track pants, practically yanking him off the chair. Then she removes her bikini top and hops back on his lap. They kiss some more.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Let me show you what I would do for you every night if you were my fiancé.

She goes down on him. Stan's eyes go wide. He concentrates on breathing. Yvette removes a condom from her purse and straddles him once again.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Look into my eyes. I want you to see the look of pleasure on my face as you penetrate me. You're gonna forget all about Julie.

STAN

Stop. I can't do it.

YVETTE

You don't have to do anything. I'll do all the work.

STAN

No. I've spent the whole night trying to get laid, so I wouldn't have any regrets when I got married. But I'm sitting here with my penis just millimeters from entering you and I realize that there's nothing I would regret more than being unfaithful to Julie. Or at least any more unfaithful than I've already been. I have to go.

He gently moves her off of him and pulls up his pants.

YVETTE

You have permission to cheat. You're not honestly going to walk away.

STAN

I have to.

She grabs the open handcuff and closes it around her wrist, before Stan can react. They're bound together. Stan holds up his arm and stares at the cuffs in disbelief.

YVETTE

I did that for your own good. If Julie really loved you, she wouldn't be willing to share you with anyone.

STAN

She did it because she loves me *that* much. And I should have said no.

YVETTE

You don't have to tell her we did it. I can keep a secret.

STAN

I'm going back out to the bonfire to find Julie. You have ten seconds to put your bikini on, or I'm carrying you out there as you are.

INT. DEVLIN'S LOFT - NIGHT

Julie sits in a chair and sips her wine. Tears still in her eyes. Stan's on her mind. She checks her watch.

Devlin moves his easel in front of the bed. He chooses a large blank canvas and places it on the easel. He collects up his paints.

DEVLIN

I'd love to paint you nude.

JULIE

I bet you would. I'm not taking my clothes off.

DEVLIN

It's not like I haven't seen you naked.

JULIE

Then paint me from memory, like you did before.

DEVLIN

I don't wanna paint a memory. I wanna capture what's happening right now. The raw vulnerability of a woman who knows her groom-to-be is cheating on her. Waiting for sunrise to see if her relationship will survive.

JULIE

I'm not comfortable getting naked in front of my ex-boyfriend who just tried to kiss me.

DEVLIN

Do you want some ecstasy? It'll free you up.

JULIE

No.

DEVLIN

Then have some more wine.

He fills her glass.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

I'm an artist Julie. It's like taking your clothes off in front of a doctor.

JULIE

I bet that line has worked on lots of women.

DEVLIN

I'm pretty sure it worked on you in college. You posed nude for me a hundred times back then.

JULIE

And as I recall it always ended with us in bed together.

DEVLIN

I see this being something really beautiful. Trust me. It'll be cathartic for both of us.

JULIE

I won't cheat on Stan. I'm not sleeping with you.

DEVLIN

There's no emotion in my life. And so there's been no emotion in my work. All I want from you is the emotion you've brought here tonight.
(pleading)
Please take off your clothes.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Handcuffed together, Stan and Yvette move through the crowd near the BONFIRE as Stan looks for his friends.

STAN

Where did you see them?

YVETTE

I'm not telling.

STAN

Thank you for being mature and understanding.

YVETTE

Well, you're a clit tease.

STAN

Clit tease? Is that a thing?

YVETTE

It's the male version of a cock tease. You got me all hot and bothered and you didn't finish what you started.

Stan passes the Taxi Driver doing the limbo. Stan realizes who it was and turns back.

STAN
Excuse me, did you drop my friends
off here?

TAXI DRIVER
Hey! How many? How many girls?

STAN
None.

TAXI DRIVER
None? You didn't even nail the hooker?

STAN
Where are my friends?

TAXI DRIVER
(points)
Over there by the water.

MOMENTS LATER - Stan and Yvette find the gang sitting on
beach chairs near the water's edge.

STAN
Where's Julie?

KAREN
Why are you handcuffed to Yvette?
Did you fuck her?
(to Yvette)
You're fired, slut.

RUSSELL
Those are not grounds for firing
someone.

STAN
Where *is* Julie?!

TRENT
She went to see Devlin.

STAN
Devlin, the Bohemian artist guy? In
New York?

MARIE
He's here.

NEAL
We've been trying to call to tell
you, but some crazy Latina woman
keeps answering your cell.

STAN
The pimps stole all my stuff. Someone
give me your phone.

Stan takes Russell's phone and calls Julie's cell.

SPLIT SCREEN - Julie's shattered cell on the highway. It gets run over again. Stan gets her voicemail. He hangs up.
BACK TO SCENE.

STAN (CONT'D)

She's not answering. Why is she with Devlin, the Bohemian artist guy?

BETH

They're just talking. We think.

STAN

I need to know where they are. I need to go see her.

The guys shrug. They don't know. Stan looks to the ladies.

KAREN

The same way you needed to resolve your personal shit by trying to stick your dick in any skank you could find, she had some personal shit to resolve with Devlin. So I think you should just leave them alone.

Worried, Stan tries to call Julie again. He leaves a voicemail message...

STAN

Hey, Jules, while this might not technically be an emergency, it feels like an emergency, so please call me as soon as you get this. I just wanna make sure that you know I didn't have sex with anyone.

He hangs up.

MARIE

Stan, you know Julie is faithful.

TRENT

Even if she thinks you were out all night banging other women, she's not gonna sleep with Devlin.

NEAL

She made a deal with you and that was not part of the deal.

KAREN

You have to trust her.

STAN

You guys are right. Julie would never, ever, ever cheat on me.

Russell is the only one who isn't sure.

RUSSELL

I don't know. Here's the thing about cheating. All guys know that it's possible they'll cheat, if given the opportunity. So if we don't wanna cheat, we're very careful not to put ourselves in a position where it might happen. Most women, on the other hand, think they're incapable of cheating, and therefore they don't have to guard themselves against it. You always have to beware of the woman who thinks she'd never cheat, because she'll put herself in a precarious situation. She'll meet up with an old boyfriend she hasn't seen in ten years. They'll drink some wine. Reminisce. The attraction is there, but she thinks she knows herself. She thinks she would never cross that line. So they'll have some more wine. Laugh. Stare into each others eyes for a little too long. Now she's thinking she should probably put on the brakes, but she's never cheated before, she can trust herself. So she has one more glass of wine... Next thing she knows, she's got her legs in the air, and he's balls deep for old times sake.

This leaves Stan reeling. Everyone realizes that Russell might be right.

STAN

Okay. No fucking around. Where exactly is she? I gotta go.

INT. KAREN'S LEXUS SUV - NIGHT

Karen drives. Yvette is on Stan's lap in the passenger seat. Marie, Trent, and Beth are in the backseat. Neal and Russell sit uncomfortably in the cargo area. There's a sense of urgency as they speed toward South Beach.

BETH

(near tears)

I thought I was one of those women who'd never cheat but I strayed once.

TRENT

You cheated on me?

BETH

Not you. An ex. I really didn't think I had it in me to do what I did.

RUSSELL

That's what I'm saying, you all have it in you.

MARIE

Russell would definitely be an authority on cheating.

RUSSELL

At least I cheat because I want to. I don't do it on accident.

NEAL

Karen, I've kept this inside for a long time, I'm gonna say it now. I know you kissed your ski instructor, last winter in Vail.

KAREN

Honey, I swear on the lives of our children, I have never had any kind of inappropriate physical contact with another human being, as long as we've been together.

NEAL

Okay. I believe you. I was just playing a hunch. I thought you might have.

KAREN

Well I haven't.
(genuinely curious)
But if I had, would you really wanna know?

NEAL

(thinks; unsure)
Uhhhhh, probably not.

RUSSELL

There's something to be said for blissful ignorance. If I hadn't told Marie I cheated, we'd both still be happy.

MARIE

It's not the same. A married person having a minor indiscretion like a kiss is one thing. Being in a relationship with a whoring scumbag is something a person should know.

RUSSELL

If you think of me as whoring scumbag then why do you want me back?

MARIE

I don't want you back, dumbass. I just want you to be sorry for what you lost.

YVETTE

Someday he will be.

Russell thinks Yvette might be right.

STAN

That's it. No more talk about cheating. I don't wanna hear it.

Everyone gets quiet. The GPS announces Karen's next turn.

TRENT

You don't wanna do that. I've been to South Beach a million times. It's faster if you make a right on Bayshore before you get to Collins.

KAREN

We paid two thousand dollars for the GPS that talks to me, I'm listening to her.

Karen makes the turn and seconds later finds herself at a dead stop, cars lined up in front of her, at a DRAW BRIDGE.

RUSSELL

See that. Like all women, your GPS cannot be trusted.

THE GIRLS

Shut up, Russell!

STAN

I don't have time for this.

Cars pull up behind her, blocking her in. A MOTORCYCLE COP, going car by car from the bridge, comes to Karen's window.

MOTORCYCLE COP

The bridge is stuck. Won't close. Relax. It could be a while.

The Cop continues on.

STAN

(calling out)

I can't be stuck here. I have a quasi-emergency. Fuck.

Stan closes his eyes and repeatedly bangs the back of his head against the headrest.

INT. DEVLIN'S LOFT - THAT MOMENT

Devlin and Julie roll around naked on a white bearskin rug, kissing. He pours wine on her belly and licks it off.

JULIE

I never thought I would cheat on Stan, but I can't help myself.

DEVLIN

I'm completely irresistible. Isn't my cock even longer and thicker than you remember it?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. KAREN'S LEXUS SUV - THAT MOMENT

Stan's eyes pop open. He was imagining that last scene. The gang is still stuck at the DRAW BRIDGE.

STAN

Aghhhh! You know what I see when I close my eyes? I see my future wife, naked, getting a tongue bath from her college boyfriend on a bearskin rug!

YVETTE

Well stop closing your eyes.

STAN

I've gotta get there.

Karen HONKS and then sticks her head out the window and YELLS.

KAREN

WHAT IS GOING ON?!

MOTORCYCLE COP (O.S.)

We need you to be patient.

KAREN

Alright, fuck this.

She throws the SUV in reverse, bumps the car behind her. Then throws it in drive and makes a U-turn up over the median. SPARKS FLY. Karen accidentally takes out the COP'S MOTORCYCLE. The Cop has to dive out of the way.

KAREN (CONT'D)

That's not good.

She speeds off.

MOMENTS LATER - Karen's SUV barrels along, whipping around corners, with TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS after her.

NEAL
Honey, you should probably stop now,
I think.

STAN
We're getting close.

NEAL
If you lose your license, who's gonna
drive the kids to school? I'm telling
you right now, I'm not doing it.
They can take the bus.

KAREN
When we get to Devlin's, I'll slow
down. You two can hop out.

YVETTE
I draw the line there. I'm not jumping
out of a moving car.

MARIE
You put the handcuffs on. You're
going wherever he wants.

STAN
I need shoes. I can't jump out of a
moving car in my bare feet. I'm a
size ten.

NEAL
I'm a ten, too, but I do have odor
issues.

STAN
Having smelly shoes on would be the
least of my concerns at this point.

KAREN
You don't understand, the stink on
his feet would be grounds for divorce
in most states.

Neal pulls off his shoes and passes them forward. They're
all horrified by the stink. Beth actually dry heaves.

The Lexus skids around the corner and nears the destination.
Karen slows down. Everyone wishes him luck.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Get ready.

STAN
Okay, guys, thanks for everything.

MARIE
Even if she's having sex with Devlin,
I'm sure she still loves you.

Stan opens the car door.

NEAL
Come bail us out when your done.

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Stan and Yvette jump out and bounce off Julie's Prius. The Lexus and the Motorcycle Cops keep going.

A man on a mission, Stan spots the loft entrance next to the OCEAN DRIVE GALLERY. He rushes over and hits the call button. The phone rings a bunch of times. Stan waits anxiously.

DEVLIN (ON SPEAKER)
Yeah.

STAN
Devlin, this is Stan. Julie's fiancé.
I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

DEVLIN (ON SPEAKER)
In fact you are. It's kinda late. Or
early. Come back later.

STAN
I'd like to speak to Julie.

DEVLIN (ON SPEAKER)
(long beat)
There's no one here by that name.

STAN
I see her car. Her car's right here.

Devlin disconnects. Stan tries the call button again but gets a busy signal.

YVETTE
He left it off the hook.

Stan looks up at the loft. How's he gonna get in there? He looks in the alley right next door. There's a metal ladder attached to the side of the building, going up to the roof.

The only problem is the ladder starts about ten feet off the ground. Stan runs to the ladder and looks up at it. No way he can reach it.

He spots a nearby dumpster. He pushes the dumpster under the ladder, with Yvette in tow.

YVETTE (CONT'D)
We can't climb the ladder together.

STAN
We're going to.

He helps her onto the dumpster. With Yvette clinging to him, Stan awkwardly climbs the ladder.

EXT. LOFT ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Tangled together, they fall over the ledge, onto the roof. There are deck chairs and a table next to a door that must lead to stairs down into the loft. Stan tries the door but it's locked.

YVETTE

Look.

Yvette points to a skylight nearby. They rush over to the skylight and peer in. Stan is stunned to see Julie naked on the bed, barely covered by satin sheets.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

(genuine)

I'm sorry, Stan.

Totally dejected, Stan stumbles over and sits in one of the deck chairs. Yvette pulls a chair close and sits. Beat.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here. We can go
back to my place.

Stan considers his options for a long moment. He sighs, defeated. He stands and slowly heads for the ladder.

Just before he gets there, he turns back, refusing to quit. Stan marches toward the skylight, calling out Julie's name over and over.

STAN

Julie! Julie! Julie! Julie!

Without stopping or thinking, he steps up onto the skylight, dragging a terrified Yvette with him. He looks down and bounces a few times, still yelling for Julie.

INT. DEVLIN'S LOFT - THAT MOMENT

Devlin is painting Julie. She breaks her pose and looks up at the skylight. Just then, the glass CRACKS.

STAN

Oh fuck!

The skylight gives way. Julie rolls to safety as Stan and Yvette and SHATTERED GLASS fall towards her.

Stan and Yvette bounce off the bed and land on their backs on the floor. Julie quickly wraps herself in the sheet.

YVETTE

You jackass! You could have killed us.

STAN

Julie, am I too late?

JULIE

Too late for what?

Stan gets up off the floor with Yvette.

STAN

Do you still wanna be with me, or have you realized you really wanna be with Devlin the Bohemian artist guy?

JULIE

Don't be silly, Stan. I never thought I wanted to be with Devlin instead of you.

STAN

Why are you naked in his loft?

JULIE

He was painting me.

Stan looks at Devlin, standing in front of his easel, paint all over his hands.

STAN

(annoyed at Devlin)
Why didn't you let me in?

JULIE

Was that Stan at the door? Why did you lie to me?

DEVLIN

I need to finish the painting.

JULIE

Honey, I promise you I came here with noble intentions. I just wanted us both to start the new day with no regrets.

STAN

I didn't have sex with anyone.

JULIE

You didn't?

STAN

No. A transsexual put my hand on her penis.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

I almost participated in a gang bang. I went home with a woman who lived in a trailer and her five year old son tried to stab me in the face with a butcher knife. I was tricked into briefly going down on a woman who was menstruating --

DEVLIN/YVETTE

Red Badge of Courage.

STAN

-- So I'm probably going to have to be tested for a whole battery of STDs. I saved a Slovak girl from forced sexual slavery. And her pimps stole all my stuff. I got caught in the crossfire when two adulterating cops tried to shoot each other. I turned down a blowjob from an underage girl. But then I did let Yvette suck my dick for a minute... However, I stopped short of actually penetrating her because I realized, after all I've been through tonight, I don't wanna sleep with anyone else.

JULIE

You don't?

STAN

There are a million great things about being in a relationship. And at first I thought, monogamy is the punishment for all of those great things. But then I realized, for someone as lucky as me, monogamy is not a punishment. I needed this night to come to terms with who I am. There are men out there who believe that one man plus one pussy does not equal happiness, but I don't believe that. If you find the right pussy, one is all you need... And your pussy is the right pussy for me.

JULIE

(touched)

Oh, Stan, that is the least romantic thing anyone has ever said to me.

She hugs him. He puts his arms around her, pulling Yvette along. Through the huge window behind them, the SUN can be seen breaking the surface of the ocean.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I just wanna say that Devlin did
kiss me, but I cut him some slack
because he's on ecstasy.

Stan eyes Devlin who's back to painting with his hands.

STAN

Okay.

JULIE

And as far as I'm concerned we don't
ever need to talk about tonight again.
I don't even wanna know why you're
handcuffed to Yvette.

YVETTE

You got a really good guy here.

JULIE

I know.

Stan and Julie kiss and gaze into each others eyes. And we
end as we began...

JULIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

STAN

I love you, too.

FADE OUT.

STAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

By the way, we may have a little
trouble paying for the wedding,
because I promised all our money to
the pimps.

OVER THE END CREDITS...

A SERIES OF VIDEOS

Stan and Julie's WEDDING. It's perfect.

Stan and Julie in a hotel room, consummating the marriage on
their WEDDING NIGHT.

Stan and Julie just after their TWINS have been born.

Stan and Julie celebrating their TWENTY-FIFTH WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY with their friends and family.

Stan and Julie celebrating their FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
with their friends and family.

Stan and Julie in a hotel room, having OLD PEOPLE SEX on the
night of their 50th Wedding Anniversary.