

HOMEWRECKER

written by

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INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Everything is in its proper place for a picturesque wedding: The guests are quietly seated in bated anticipation, the band flips their sheet music to Pachelbel's "Canon in D," and the GROOM (20s) stands at the altar waiting for his bride.

Behind the curtain, the bride, ALICE (20s), grabs her father's arm. The FATHER OF THE BRIDE (50s) smiles at her like she's still a child waiting to be taken to the park.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

It's not too late to change your mind, darling. We can even stop for ice cream on the way home like we used to.

ALICE

(teary-eyed)

Daddy, don't make me cry right now!
I'll always be your little girl.

The Father of the Bride reluctantly brings Alice out from the curtain and marches her down the aisle.

The guests look on in awe, the orchestra starts playing, and the Groom smirks with pride as he fist-bumps the Best Man.

The Father of the Bride releases Alice, who joins her Groom on the altar. The WEDDING OFFICIANT steps in between them.

WEDDING OFFICIANT

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join together this man and this woman...

While all eyes focus on the Bride and Groom, the Father frantically scans the pews until he spots DARREN FRANKLIN (36, Black, crooked teeth, mullet-style hair, oversized overalls). Darren gives the Father a reassuring nod.

WEDDING OFFICIANT (CONT'D)

If anyone has any reason why these two should not be married, speak now or forever hold your peace.

DARREN

(Southern accent)

I object to this here marriage!

The room is stunned; no one has heard anyone object before.

GROOM

Who the hell are you?!

DARREN
 (standing up)
 My name is Gene Applebottom and y'all don't know me, but I believe the Groom has a carnal knowledge of my sister, "Juicy Lucy!" She's a dancer down at *The Horny Rose*.

ALICE
The Horny Rose? But my husband doesn't go to strip clubs...

Alice feels **insecure** that she doesn't entirely know the man she's about to marry.

Darren pulls out a MICROPHONE and continues with his voice echoing through the sound system.

DARREN
 I beg your pardon, but y'all not married yet. And I regret to inform you, in this house of God, that on his Stag Night, he visited a house of bods... and got Lucy pregnant!

Everyone gasps except for the Father, who is now relieved.

ALICE & GROOM
 Pregnant?!

DARREN
 That's right. Your not-yet-husband is the father of my not-yet-born niece or nephew. And it is my duty, as a Southern gentleman, to see to it that they not be born a bastard!

GROOM
 Bullshit! How the hell do you know the brat is mine? Half of Nashville could be the father!

Alice **cringes** over the fact that she never realized what a male chauvinist the Groom is.

Darren points to the video projector:

The wedding slideshow is replaced with a video of the Groom going into the back room of *The Horny Rose* with Juicy Lucy.

DARREN
 Sir, I demand you to do the right thing and make an honest woman out of Juicy Lucy Applebottom!

Alice feels ashamed to be standing next to the Groom in front of all her friends and family. She becomes repelled by him as if he were made of **Kryptonite** and sobs in her Father's arms.

ALICE

Daddy! I don't know what to do...

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

It's alright, darling. I got you!
Let me take care of everything.

(to the crowd)

Everyone, the wedding is canceled!

(to the Groom)

You. Stay away from my daughter!

(to Darren)

And you... you come with me!

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

The Father of the Bride escorts Darren into the parking lot. After making sure that no one is around, the Father shakes Darren's hand and gives him an ENVELOPE stuffed with CASH.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Darren, you were incredible!

Darren removes the FALSE CROOKED TEETH and MULLET WIG to reveal that he is actually handsome, debonair, and British.

DARREN

Sorry for the theatrics, mate. Best I could do on short notice.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

No, it was perfect! Thank you for squeezing me in at the last minute! I tried talking Alice out of this wedding, but she threatened to never speak to me again!

DARREN

That's what I'm here for. Please pass this along to any friends in need of a professional "Homewrecker."

Darren hands him a BUSINESS CARD that reads:

DARREN FRANKLIN
RELATIONSHIP DIVESTMENT LIAISON
HOMEWRECKER LLC

THE BUSINESS CARD MORPHS INTO THE TITLE CARD.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

It's a hot, summer night in the city. From Downtown SF to The Castro, sidewalks are bustling with people showing skin.

EXT. ALCHEMY - NIGHT

A long line of young hotties stretches along the side of an upscale nightclub in Nob Hill.

A LYFT pulls over by the front. Darren emerges and he looks like a completely different man in his SILK SHIRT and CAPRIS.

He dabs the Bouncer up, skips the line, and heads inside.

INT. ALCHEMY - CONTINUOUS

Darren joins a party of three at a secluded VIP BOOTH. They are The Wrecking Crew: a band of fellow Homewreckers.

-KEVIN PARK (36, Korean, wears a three-piece suit well) is Darren's best friend and Attorney.

-HUMPHREY (early 40s, Caucasian looks and sounds like a 1940s movie star) is a Private Investigator.

-JC (late 20s, non-binary, Latin, cyberpunk hardware, teddy bear software) is a Hacker.

JC

Big D! Fashionably late, as always.

HUMPHREY

Thought you might've skipped town with our cut!

Darren counts out a stack of \$100s and gives it to JC.

DARREN

Cheers for patching me into the AV system, JC.

As Darren returns the MICROPHONE to JC, they surprise him with a big bear hug.

JC

Of course; easiest hack yet!

Darren gives another stack of \$100s to Humphrey.

DARREN

And Humphrey, that naughty footage came in clutch!

HUMPHREY

Y'know, a strip joint ain't the worst place for a stakeout!

Darren playfully begs Kevin for forgiveness.

DARREN

Don't be cross. I wanted to cut you in, Kev, but he specifically wanted to avoid a messy divorce.

KEVIN

You owe me one.

DARREN

Actually, I have a referral for you. And they're going to need the Friends and Family discount.

KEVIN

Well I have one for you too, so you still owe me one! You can start by getting us some drinks.

Kevin summons the owner of the club, MONTY (40s, loud shirt, strong cologne, and heavy voice).

MONTY

(feigned worry)

Oh no, it's the Wrecking Crew! You're not here to break up some of my *happy* customers, are you?

Monty puts his arm around Darren, who turns away from Monty.

KEVIN

They're bound to find love again in a place like this, Monty.

MONTY

Touché, esquire. Bottle of Blue Label for the table?

KEVIN

Put it on Darren's tab.

MONTY

Coming right up, boys!

Monty heads for the bar.

DARREN

Ugh, that was mean! You know I can't stand that sweaty sleazeball!

AT A REGULAR BOOTH

LISA and CLARA (mid-30s) try their best to ignore the sobs of JANE (34, well-dressed, but with mascara streaked by tears).

Monty walks past the booth and double-takes at Jane.

MONTY

Whoa! She can't do that here.
Whatsamatta? This is a nightclub,
not a graveyard! Why don't you go
home and get yourself a pint of
rocky road, Bridget Jones!

BREE NORLINDO (36, Caucasian, bright, bookish, and boldly basic) joins the table with TWO COCKTAILS in tow.

BREE

Hey! Have a heart! She's only
crying because this place charges
\$30 for well whiskey.

Monty can't think of a clever comeback.

MONTY

When I get back, I only wanna see
happy faces, capeesh?

Monty grumbles off.

Bree sits and places one of the COCKTAILS in front of Jane.

BREE

Drink this. That guy was a boor,
but he's got a point. Are you sure
you want to be here?

JANE

Thanks, Bree... I'm sorry if I'm
bringing down the vibe. It's just
that Ryan comes here sometimes. And
if he happens to be here tonight, I
want him to see how... *fine I am.*

Jane breaks down as she finishes that last sentence.

BREE

Jane, you don't have to be fine for
Ryan. Because he BROKE UP with you.

JANE

He always said I wasn't fun. You
think if I show him how much fun I
can be, he might take me back?

BREE

I think it's pointless to put a fresh coat of paint on a demolished house.

JANE

Then maybe I can meet someone new!
"The best way to get over someone is to get under someone else."

BREE

Very untrue. What's the rush? Jane, you need to take time to heal.

JANE

Not everyone takes as long as you to get over being dumped... Sorry.

BREE

(hiding her chagrin)
It's okay. We'll both get back on the horse when the time is right... but not tonight.

Bree downs her COCKTAIL and gathers her things.

Monty returns with Darren's BOTTLE OF BLUE LABEL in hand.

MONTY

Two sad faces now? What did I say?
Get your frowns outta my club!

BREE

I was actually about to leave, but now I'm staying out of principle!

Meanwhile, at THE VIP BOOTH, Darren hears the commotion and admires the fire in Bree's eyes as she argues back at Monty.

Back to THE REGULAR BOOTH, Monty motions to the Bouncers.

BREE (CONT'D)

Why should we go? I already put on these heels for your stupid dress code. Do you have a smile code too?

MONTY

You've finished your drinks. Now you're loitering. I have every right to ask you to leave!

DARREN

(sneaking up behind Monty)
Monty! Is that my bottle?

MONTY

Darren! Sorry for the delay. Just trying to clear this table for more happy customers.

DARREN

Is that necessary? After all, these ladies still have more to drink.

Darren takes the BOTTLE from Monty and refills Bree's GLASS.

MONTY

Well if they're gonna drink your booze, they can do it in your booth. No one can see them boohoo-ing back there!

Monty calls for another party to take Bree's booth.

DARREN

Sorry for Monty's foul mood. I'd say he's not usually like this, but I don't want the first thing I say to you to be a lie. Would you care to join my friends and I?

BREE

We were about to leave—

JANE

(sotto to Bree)

Come on, Bree... time to saddle up!

BREE

Just for one drink.

Darren ushers Bree, Jane, Lisa, and Clara to THE VIP BOOTH.

JC and Humphrey scooch in to make room for Lisa and Clara, who are glad their evening isn't completely ruined.

Kevin sneers at the sight of Jane's tear-streaked face.

KEVIN

(sotto to Darren)

You owe me one, remember?

Kevin takes the seat next to Bree, leaving Darren with Jane.

DARREN

Are you alright? Monty's breath is pretty bad, but I've never seen it bring anyone to tears!

JANE
I'm fine, it's just allergies.

DARREN
Let me guess: boy troubles?

Darren takes out a HANDKERCHIEF and hands it to Jane.

JANE
Is it that obvious?! I got dumped a few days ago. I'm sorry you got stuck with the crying girl.

DARREN
Well I'm not. I love a good cry and I'd hate to do it alone.

Darren wails at the top of his lungs, making Jane laugh.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Go on, cry with me! It's not like anyone's listening.

Jane wails along with Darren as the people on the dancefloor just keep dancing to the music.

She laughs again so hard that SNOT comes out her nose. She wipes it up with the HANDKERCHIEF and laughs even harder.

Jane's laughter breaks Bree's attention away from Kevin.

BREE
I'm sorry, what did you say?

KEVIN
I asked if you wanted to dance.

BREE
(lying)
Sorry, I have a boyfriend.

KEVIN
Gotcha... How about your friend?

BREE
Single. But only just.

Kevin gives Bree a grateful nod and taps Darren's shoulder.

KEVIN
(sotto to Darren)
This one's got a "goalie." I'll take *Moaning Myrtle*.
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Jane)

Do you want to dance?

JANE

Yeah! That sounds like *fun*!

Kevin takes Jane to the dancefloor, leaving Darren with Bree.

DARREN

Before you finish your last drink,
would you care to dance?

Bree looks to the dancefloor and sees Kevin and Jane already sucking each others' faces. She considers Jane's advice.

BREE

Sure... but no kissing.

ON THE DANCEFLOOR

Bree leads Darren to the quieter end of the nightclub.

BREE (CONT'D)

Do you come here often? You seem
pretty chummy with that pig, Monty.

DARREN

Unfortunately, I do. Monty is a
pig. In fact, all the regulars are
pigs. I guess that makes me a pig?

BREE

Wow! A self-aware pig. Or are you
going to tell me you're not like
other guys?

Darren playfully SNORTS like a pig.

BREE (CONT'D)

It's a little unfair to pigs.
They're actually very sweet and
empathetic. Kinda like you were
with Jane. She hasn't smiled in
days. What's your secret?

DARREN

Let's just say I've been around my
fair share of broken-hearted women.
(off Bree's reaction)
Hang on, that came out wrong. I
grew up with a single mom, an older
sister, and a lot of aunts. Falling
for the wrong people must run in
our family.

BREE

Then you might be related to Jane!
She rushes from situationship-to-
situationship with guys she barely
knows. Easy come, easy go.

DARREN

Nothing worse than investing in the
wrong person. Speaking of pigs, it
is like building a house of straw;
one blow, and it all comes down.
Me? I wouldn't settle for anything
less than a rock-solid home.

Bree likes what she hears.

EXT. TACO TRUCK - LATER

Darren and Bree eat TACOS off STYROFOAM PLATES on the curb.

BREE

Aries?

DARREN

Virgo.

BREE

Really? I'm a Taurus!

DARREN

And what does that mean?

BREE

It's a strong match. I'm optimistic
and amenable which complements how
anxious and judgemental you are.

DARREN

See, why does astrology always
devolve into attacks and insults?

BREE

Sensitive too. Mmm hmm. Checks out.

Darren and Bree share a laugh.

DARREN

And if I asked to finish these
tacos at your place, would you be
amenable to that?

BREE

Smooth... You barely know me.

DARREN

I know I like you. I know I want to spend the night with you.

BREE

(lying)

I have a boyfriend. I'm sorry, I should have said something sooner.

DARREN

In that case, we'll go to my place.

BREE

I said I have a boyfriend.

DARREN

Don't worry, *I'm okay with that.*

BREE

Well I'm not. How can you be okay with cheating?!

DARREN

Can you call it cheating if you don't even love the man?

BREE

What gave you that idea?

DARREN

Why else would you be at the pig market when you already have a boar at home. I'm not judging; no shame in shopping for a better deal.

BREE

"Better deal?" Who talks like that?

DARREN

The way I see it: everything is a transaction—including love.

(extending his hand)

And my offer is only good for tonight: take it or leave it.

BREE

(rolling her eyes)

Nice speech. But your hard sell only works on soft minds. All that talk about not settling, but you're just another pig building straw houses after all.

Bree gets up and leaves.

DARREN

No no, I'm the wolf! And I've never
met a house I couldn't blow down!

Other Taco-Eaters giggle and mock Darren as he huffs off.

INT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Darren sleeps on a SECTIONAL in the LIVING ROOM of his modest apartment. Its plainness contrasts his lavish appearance. He wears an EYE MASK to block out the sunlight from the windows.

The TV turns on and a TV COMMERCIAL stirs Darren awake.

TV COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The future of personal computing is
here! Customize your own BRICKTOP!

DARREN

Turn it off, Edwin! Or it's out to
the streets with you!

EDWIN FRANKLIN (12, mixed-race, Darren's nephew, looks up to his uncle) takes the REMOTE and turns the TV up louder.

Darren gets up and carries Edwin to the BALCONY. Edwin giggles along, knowing Darren is just playing.

EDWIN

This is what you get for staying up
past your bedtime!

Darren throws him down onto another COUCH.

DARREN

I don't have a bedtime. Soon, you
won't either, Oliver Twist!

PENELOPE FRANKLIN (40, Black, British, Darren's sister, tends to take on too much) appears from the kitchen with TWO PLATES of eggs, sausage, beans, and toast.

PENELOPE

Breakfast is ready!

Edwin takes his PLATE, but Darren accepts his reluctantly.

DARREN

Penelope, I told you you don't have
to cook for me; you're my guest.

PENELOPE

If you won't accept rent for letting Edwin and me stay here, then I'll pay in food. I refuse to be a charity case.

DARREN

But I never eat breakfast.

Darren pats his washboard abs.

EDWIN

Then I don't want breakfast either!

PENELOPE

Both of you: sit and eat!

Darren joins Edwin at the DINING TABLE and grabs a COFFEE.

Penelope's PHONE RINGS.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(answering phone)

Hello... We're having breakfast... I can't drop him off at 2; you know I'm busy...

(snapping)

You CAN'T keep asking me to drop everything last minute!

Darren and Edwin both flinch at the outburst.

DARREN

Why don't you finish your fry-up with your cartoons.

Edwin takes his PLATE and returns to the TV.

Penelope hangs up.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Penelope, you and Ed are welcome to stay here as long as you need, but this trial separation is getting nasty. I think you should meet with a divorce attorney. Kevin's my best mate; he'll give you a good deal.

Darren hands Kevin's BUSINESS CARD to Penelope.

PENELOPE

Whatever the deal is, I can't afford it on a teacher's salary.

DARREN
I can help pay for it!

PENELOPE
Can you? 'Cuz I found this on the
dining table.

Penelope produces a CREDIT CARD BILL stamped: FINAL NOTICE.
Darren quickly snatches it out her hand.

DARREN
Don't you worry about that. I have
dozens of others we can use.

PENELOPE
I'm not taking any charity from my
knucklehead kid brother! Besides,
Trudy and I are working things out.

DARREN
You mean those shouting matches on
the phone? You know I can hear
them... and so can Edwin! You need
to get on the offensive before this
turns into a heated custody battle.

PENELOPE
I haven't given up hope yet; you
know how Trudy can be. We'll be
back together before you know it.

DARREN
(doubtful)
Yeah, I hope so...

EXT/INT. CABLE CAR - DAY

An old-fashioned CABLE CAR chugs down Powell St.

STACIE PARK (34, Korean, bad and boujee, used to getting her
way) sits at the back of the CAR wearing SUNGLASSES. She is
uncomfortable being around so many people in a public space.

The CAR stops and Darren gets on, dressed in ALL BLACK.

He heads for the empty seat next to Stacie, but a Tourist
Couple beats him to it. The Male Tourist takes the seat,
leaving the Female Tourist and Darren without a place to sit.

DARREN
(false indignation)
Really?! You're not gonna let your
girl have the seat?!

The Male Tourist looks guiltily at the Female Tourist and stands up to offer his seat. She didn't care before, but now she's upset by his thoughtlessness.

DARREN (CONT'D)

And who takes public transpo while on holiday? Doesn't she deserve a horse-drawn carriage?!

The Tourist Couple argues as they disembark the car. Darren is pleased with himself as he sits next to Stacie.

Stacie is impressed after seeing Darren's methods in action.

STACIE

You must be the Homewrecker.

Darren shushes her and checks if anyone heard her.

STACIE (CONT'D)

I'm Stacie. My cousin Kevin said you can help me with a "problem" I'm having.

DARREN

(discreet)

I can. Tell me about this "problem" of yours—no details for now. You never know who's listening...

STACIE

There's a couple at work that's starting to hurt my business.

DARREN

And you want me to make this couple "go away?"

STACIE

Yes! Well, not "away-away."

DARREN

Do you want it done privately or in public? Does it need to be clean or can it be messy?

STACIE

(flustered)

Messy?! Wait, it's not like that! God, what's with all this secrecy? I feel like I'm talking to "*The Equalizer!*"

Darren unzips his BLACK JACKET to reveal a WORKOUT SHIRT.

DARREN

Easy! I'm just heading to the gym. Anonymity is crucial in my line of work. Could you imagine what people would do if they knew what I did?

STACIE

(takes off SUNGLASSES)

I've never done this before, okay?! I need help and I'm prepared to pay you a lot of money for it. But first, I need to know: what do you do and how do you do it?!

DARREN

My name is Darren Franklin and I split-off couples. Think of it as divestiture for relationships.

STACIE

Now you're speaking my language! How did you get into this line of work? Homewrecking wasn't a major at my college.

DARREN

I studied business. Although, I did get my start in uni...

DIP TO WHITE:

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Darren (21) lays next to a Girl in a cramped full-sized bed. The Boyfriend enters and catches Darren with his Girlfriend.

DARREN (V.O.)

One night after a party, I went home with this girl. And I didn't know this, but she had a boyfriend. The morning after, he comes home and catches me in bed with her.

The Girlfriend pushes the Boyfriend out of the room.

DARREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He makes a big scene, threatening to break up with her and move out. So they split up and he left.

Darren steps out into the common area to find three Roommates cheering for him. They pool together \$50 and give it to him.

DARREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Apparently, her roommates hated the bloke and I actually did them a favor by causing their break-up. They were so grateful that they even paid me. And that's the day I became a professional Homewrecker.

DIP TO WHITE:

INT. CABLE CAR - BACK TO PRESENT

As Darren wraps up his origin story, Stacie nods along.

STACIE
I see... So you're like a gigolo!

DARREN
That's what you got from my story? No! My business is legitimate and my services are solution-oriented. Sometimes, that means seduction, but it's a last resort!

STACIE
I don't care how you do it. I'm a VC funding a company called *Bricks*. I want you to Homewreck the power couple that runs it.

CUT TO:

INT. BRICKS PRESS ROOM - DAY (VIDEO EXCERPT)

ADESH (34, Desi, hunky techbro) and MONICA (33, Latin, genial girlboss) sit on a pair of DIRECTORS CHAIRS in front of a BACKDROP that's checkered with the Bricks logo.

SUPER: ADESH RAMA & MONICA LUNES / CO-CEOs OF BRICKS

MONICA
Here at Bricks, we believe that everyone should enjoy the process of building their own computer.

ADESH
Our new BrickTop is a customizable, modular laptop that is so easy to configure, even a kid could do it!

INSERT: Children piecing together colorful COMPUTER PARTS like Lego pieces.

MONICA

We came up with the idea for Bricks after our third date. Adesh brought me to his workshop to show me a computer he was building.

ADESH

I encouraged Monica to build a computer of her own, but she found all the parts and connectors to be too complicated.

MONICA

That's when we realized that this process could be simplified with interchangeable parts and universal connectors.

ADESH

For the past 6 years, we've been raising Bricks together. Now is the time to bring it out of the nest.

MONICA

Bricks is going public this Fall. And we need you to help us build the future of personal computing...

ADESH & MONICA (CONT'D)

(holding hands)

One Brick at a time!

CUT TO:

INT. CABLE CAR - BACK TO PRESENT

Darren holds a TABLET on which he just watched the video.

DARREN

The "power couple" you want me to Homewreck is Adesh and Monica? The Prom King and Queen of Silicon Valley? No, thank you.

Darren returns the TABLET and shakes his head apologetically.

STACIE

Wait, what? Why?!

DARREN

They're calling them the next Bill and Melinda Gates. I can't split up a couple with such a bright future.

STACIE

But isn't that your job? Why the conscience, all of a sudden?!

DARREN

No, I mean it literally cannot be done. I'm a pro, but they were two of *Forbes 30 Under 30*. They're never gonna listen to a tosser like me. Not even *The Bulldozer* could split up a partnership like theirs.

STACIE

What's "the bulldozer?"

DARREN

Not what. Who. The Bulldozer is the greatest Homewrecker of all time.

STACIE

Then give me his number; I'll hire him instead!

DARREN

He's out of the game; retired after botching the Clinton job. You know why? They were too ambitious to be swayed!

STACIE

But if you pull this off, it could be your magnum opus! You'd be even more famous than *The Bulldozer*!

DARREN

Even more reason not to do it; my privacy is my most valuable asset. I've achieved a perfect Homewreck record by keeping a low profile.

STACIE

I see, this must be a negotiation tactic. You heard "VC" and started dreaming up zeros. Name your price.

Stacie takes out her CHECKBOOK.

DARREN

You're a terrible VC if this is how you negotiate. Is this job personal or something?

STACIE

No... This is strictly business!

DARREN

Good. Because I don't take just any job. I got three rules:

- 1) No couples with kids
- 2) No unrequited lovers or
jealous exes
- 3) No screenwriters; I don't want
to end up in a movie someday!

STACIE

Well, that's not me; I never bring emotion into business.

The CABLE CAR comes to a stop. Darren gets up to leave.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Wait! Kevin said your sister is about to get divorced. Divorces can be expensive... And nasty custody battles can tear families apart.

Darren freezes.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Kevin's a good lawyer, but if you want to make sure your sister gets full custody, alimony, child support, the whole nine, then you want Miller & Hong: the best divorce attorneys in the city.

(sizing up Darren)

And judging on the state of your shoes, you can't afford them.

DARREN

(hesitant)

I don't bring emotion into business either. I'm sorry, but I can't help you; those two are rock-solid.

Darren hops off and the cable car continues driving.

EXT. DOLORES PARK - DAY

It's a lovely weekend afternoon and park goers are having picnics, walking their dogs, flying kites, etc.

Edwin and Darren play catch. Edwin throws the BASEBALL to Darren, but he fails to catch it.

EDWIN

That one was directly to you!

DARREN

We don't have this game in England!

Darren throws it back at Edwin and checks his watch.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Your mum's late again.

(off Edwin's frown)

What's wrong?

EDWIN

My moms keep arguing with each other... Uncle Darren, are they gonna get divorced?

Darren stops the game to console Edwin.

DARREN

Listen here: my folks used to fight all the time too. Your mum used to turn the radio on extra loud so I couldn't hear it, but that only made them yell even louder.

EDWIN

I hate that!

DARREN

Me too! Once the fighting starts, it's already too late... Thankfully, the fighting stopped after they got divorced!

Darren smiles at Edwin, but he struggles to smile back.

EDWIN

I don't want that either. My friend Tuan's parents got divorced and he has to spend every 2 weeks in San Jose. He goes to two schools and he isn't allowed on the baseball team.

Edwin and Darren resume playing catch.

DARREN

I promise I won't let that happen to you... Anyway, how is school going? You got a girlfriend yet?

EDWIN

Nooo! Do you?

Darren laughs sarcastically.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

There's this girl I really like,
Wanda, but she has a boyfriend.

DARREN

You can't let that stop you. Just
because there's a goalie doesn't
mean you can't score. You would
understand that if you played
footie instead of baseball.

(misses the catch again)

Where catching a ball with your
hands is illegal, might I add.

The BASEBALL rolls over to a woman reading on a BLANKET.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Pardon me, I think our ball rolled
your way.

The woman looks up from her BOOK... It's Bree!

DARREN (CONT'D)

(excited)
Oh, it's you.

BREE

(disappointed)
Oh, it's you.

Bree throws the BASEBALL back to Edwin.

BREE (CONT'D)

Nice catch!

EDWIN

Nice throw! Are you my uncle's
girlfriend?

DARREN

(throws his GLOVE at
Edwin)

Bugger off for a minute!

(to Bree)

Bree, I want to apologize for the
other night. I shouldn't have made
that indecent proposal. I'm sorry.

BREE

The self-aware pig strikes again!
Apology accepted. But only because
you're setting a good example for—

DARREN

Edwin. My sister's kid.

Edwin drops off the BASEBALL GEAR with Darren.

EDWIN

My mom's here.

Darren spots TRUDY CHEA (40s, Cambodian) across the field.

BREE

You've got a good arm, Edwin!

EDWIN

You too. Maybe you can teach my
uncle how to throw like you.

(hugging Darren)

See you in two weeks...

DARREN

No matter what happens, I'll always
be there for you. Even in San Jose!

Edwin breaks off the hug and runs to Trudy.

The BALL flies at Darren, who catches it just in time. It was
thrown by Bree, who is now wearing Edwin's GLOVE.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

BREE

Eight years of softball!

Darren and Bree start playing catch.

BREE (CONT'D)

Are you and Edwin close?

DARREN

We're practically brothers! I'm
kinda all he has right now; his
mothers just got separated.

BREE

Does he have anyone he can talk
to? Sorry, that's a little
personal. Occupational hazard; I'm
a family therapist.

DARREN

It's fine. He's a tough kid. And
he's got me if he needs to vent.

BREE

I can't get a read on you. One
minute, you're Hugh Grant with Jane
and Edwin. The next, you're Hugh
Hefner. Which one is the real you?

DARREN

Whichever one you won't argue with; I don't like confrontations. What's your boyfriend like? Hugh Jackman?

BREE

Maybe I owe you an apology too. I lied about having a boyfriend; I made him up to scare you off.

DARREN

I knew it! Listen, I know I shouldn't have asked you to cheat on your boyfriend. But I wouldn't have done that if you hadn't made him up in the first place.

(turning on his charm)

And I only did it because I felt we had a connection. Or did you make that up too?

BREE

(reluctant)

No... that was real...

DARREN

Let's start over! How about we grab a pint tonight?

BREE

Nuh uh. No alcohol. No deafening bass. No softball pitches.

Bree throws a fastball at Darren. Catching it hurts his hand.

BREE (CONT'D)

Take me on a proper date so I can get to know the REAL you.

DARREN

The real me? I can do that.

Bree walks over to Darren and returns the GLOVE.

BREE

And when you do ask me out, don't just text me. Call me so I know really mean it.

Bree Airdrops her number to him and returns to her BLANKET.

Darren takes out his PHONE. The WALLPAPER is a PHOTO of him and Edwin at GIANTS STADIUM.

After he saves Bree's number, a PUSH NOTIFICATION from his BANK APP appears: CREDIT CARD PAYMENT DUE.

He decides to call Stacie back.

DARREN
(into phone)
Stacie. If I'm going to do this,
I'll have to work around the clock.
So you need to pay me on retainer:
\$50,000 a month. Deal?

STACIE (O.S)
If you pull this off, it'll be
worth every penny!

DARREN
Looks like the Big Bad Homewrecker
is gonna blow down Bricks!

INT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DARREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Darren tries on different combinations of SHIRTS, TIES, and JACKETS in front of the MIRROR. As he dons each new look, he also tries on a new persona.

Round glasses and a sweater vest.

DARREN
(dorky)
Hi, I'm Jeff Amigas!

Unbuttoned shirt.

DARREN (CONT'D)
(romantic)
Call me Mateo, my dear.

Power suit with a bright red tie.

DARREN (CONT'D)
(aggressive)
Name's Rick Buckley. What's your
deal?!

Wrinkled shirt and a knit tie.

DARREN (CONT'D)
(anxious)
You two. You're dating and you work
together? That's no good.

Wool poncho.

DARREN (CONT'D)
(crunchy)
You should be free. The human heart
was not meant to be shackled, man!

CLOSE ON DARREN - We do not see his outfit.

DARREN (CONT'D)
(confident and direct)
My name is *Cole Curson* and I'm here
to help.

EXT. DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Darren emerges as COLE CURSON in a formal WAISTCOAT and HORN-RIMMED GLASSES.

The DOORMAN takes a moment to recognize Darren. When he does, he is impressed with the new look.

DARREN
Good morning. Can you get me a cab?

DOORMAN
Right away, sir!

EXT. BRICKS HQ - DAY

A TAXI drops Darren off at a modest, low-rise commercial building with no signage in the Financial District.

INT. BRICKS HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Stacie escorts Darren into a large conference room.

She hands him an RFID BADGE with the name "Cole Curson."

STACIE
This grants you access throughout
the building. I've installed you as
an Efficiency Consultant. That's a
third-party contractor who—

DARREN
Who analyzes organizations for any
redundancies or overhead... I told
you, I studied business!

STACIE

Impressive! Market research shows that IPOs are more successful with only one CEO. Your Efficiency Report will recommend Adesh as the sole CEO over Monica. And of course, you'll also break them up in the process.

Darren explores a BOX full of colorful BrickTop PARTS and starts piecing them together.

DARREN

Why does it have to be Adesh?

STACIE

(snapping)

Because it cannot be Monica! She's unfit for the job. She has no tech background. The only thing she's ever managed is a bookstore. Not e-books, like the paper kind!

DARREN

Yeah... *She seems irrational.*

STACIE

How long will this take?

DARREN

Not sure. Never tried to split up a couple as enmeshed as these two.

(completing a BrickTop)

These are brilliant! Can I get one of these for my nephew?

Stacie snatches the ASSEMBLED BRICKTOP from Darren.

STACIE

That's not a toy!

DARREN

It LOOKS like a toy.

STACIE

That starter set costs \$2,500. A little pricey for a toy, no?

Darren sets the BOX OF PARTS aside.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Our IPO is in November. Can you get the job done before then?

DARREN

Don't rush the process. I have to ease into giving someone **the ick**.

STACIE

I thought seducing Monica was a last resort.

DARREN

Not the dick—"the ICK." It's my three-step process to repel someone away from their significant other.

Darren writes on the WHITEBOARD: INSECURITY

DARREN (CONT'D)

The first step is I: Insecurity. I identify their vulnerabilities. Usually an incompatible trait or flaw that has gone unnoticed.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. CREOLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A HATCHLING COUPLE (20s) dine on a first date.

HATCHLING WOMAN

Are you sure you wanna eat here? The food is REALLY spicy!

HATCHLING MAN

(**insecure**)

You kidding me? Call me "Lisan Al-Gaib" because I love spice!

(off her clueless look)

It's a Dune reference...

Darren leans over from the adjacent table to listen in. He is disguised as a portly fisherman from the Bayou.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. AXE THROWING RANGE - DAY

A FLEDGLING COUPLE (30s) stretch their arms in their lane.

FLEDGLING MAN 1

I'm glad we're trying something new. This is gonna be so fun!

FLEDGLING MAN 2
Yeah! Let's see who can get the
better score.

FLEDGLING MAN 1
(**insecure**)
Not everything has to be a
competition...

Darren leans over from the next lane to listen in. He is
disguised as a bearded lumberjack from the Pacific Northwest.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN NIGHT MARKET - NIGHT

A MATURE COUPLE (40s) pose for a caricature sketch.

MATURE WOMAN
You can exaggerate anything about
me, except the lips. I just got
filler put in.

MATURE MAN
Stop being so self-conscious! Just
let the man do his thing!

MATURE WOMAN
(**insecure**)
Not so loud... we're in public.

Darren leans over from behind the CANVAS to listen in. He is
disguised as a caricature artist from Italy.

DARREN
(Italian accent)
Don't worry; my lips are sealed.
(winking)
And also filled with Juvéderm...

INTERCUT BETWEEN DARREN AND THE THREE COUPLES

Darren writes on the WHITEBOARD: CRINGE

DARREN (CONT'D)
The next step is C: Cringe.
I expose that incompatibility to
their partner. Suddenly, that flaw
becomes impossible to ignore.

The Hatchling Man is melting over his BOWL OF JAMBALAYA. The
Hatchling Woman didn't expect to see his bodily fluids so
early into the courtship.

At the adjacent table, Darren downs his BOWL.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 (Creole accent)
 This jambalaya ain't as spicy as
 mama used to make. What do you
 think, mon amis? Weak stuff, eh?

HATCHLING WOMAN
 It could be a little spicier.

HATCHLING MAN
 (**cringing** and sweating)
 Spicier than this?

DARREN
 You want more heat? Why didn't you
 say so, chère?
 (shouting to cooks)
 Garçon, three "Swamp Swelters!"

The Fledgling Couple throw AXES at their TARGETS.

When Fledgling Man 2 hits the bullseye, Darren pops over.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 (Oregon accent)
 Nice throw! But I bet you can't do
 it again.

FLEDGLING MAN 2
 Oh yeah? Bet you five bucks I can!

FLEDGLING MAN 1
 (**cringing**)
 No! No betting. We're supposed to
 be on a date!

Darren throws an AXE and hits the bullseye. He challenges
 Fledgling Man 2 with a smirk.

Darren flips the CANVAS to reveal his caricature sketch to
 the Mature Couple. In the sketch, Mature Woman looks normal,
 but Mature Man's hands are drawn extra small.

MATURE WOMAN
 That looks great! Doesn't it, hon?

MATURE MAN
 What the hell is this? You think I
 got baby hands or something?

MATURE WOMAN
 (**cringing**)
 Now who's being self-conscious...

MATURE MAN
 Don't start with me!

DARREN
 (Italian accent)
 Mi scusi. I'll do it again.

Darren writes on the WHITEBOARD: KRYPTONITE

DARREN (CONT'D)
 The final step is K: Kryptonite;
 Superman's greatest weakness! I put
 that flaw on public display. At
 that point, they get the ICK and
 become sickened to be anywhere near
 their partner.

The other Diners gather around the Hatchling Woman as she finishes her Swamp Swelter and BURPS.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 (Creole accent)
 You finished it all! That means you
 get your photo on the wall!

Darren takes out a POLAROID CAMERA and snaps a photo of Hatchling Woman and her EMPTY BOWL while everyone applauds.

The Hatchling Man is squirming like he's about to blow.

DARREN (CONT'D)
 Padon, is your man alright?

HATCHLING MAN
 (**sickened**)
 I can't do this!

He runs to the restroom, but doesn't make it in time.

All the other axe-throwers cheer on Fledgling Man 2 and Darren as they take turns throwing bullseye after bullseye. But Fledgling Man 1 only scowls.

Darren finally misses the bullseye. Fledgling Man 2 throws his fist up in triumph.

DARREN
 (Oregon accent)
 You got 20 in a row!
 (MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)
 (hands over the \$5)
 Axe-cellent job, my guy!

Fledgling MAN 1 walks away, **sickened**.

FLEDGLING MAN 2
 Babe, did you see that? I won \$5!
 (looking for his partner)
 Babe?

Darren reveals a new sketch to the Mature Couple. This time, he's drawn the Mature Man's head on a baby's body.

A crowd starts to gather and giggle.

MATURE MAN
 What's the big idea? You don't think I'm a man?! You trying to say I'm a baby with a micropenis?! Did she tell you? She told all of you, didn't she?!

MATURE WOMAN
 (**sickened**)
 Stop it! You're only embarrassing yourself!

Mature Woman takes off her WEDDING BAND and throws it at him.

Mature Man steps up to Darren and pulls back to punch when—

Humphrey appears behind Mature Man, holds him back by the arm, and knocks his lights out.

HUMPHREY
 Pick on somebody your own size, micro.

On the WHITEBOARD, Darren circles the first letter of each step (INSECURITY, CRINGE, KRYPTONITE), spelling out "ICK."

DARREN
 And that's how you give someone the ICK.

INT. BRICKS HQ - MONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Darren and Stacie sit before Monica's unoccupied desk.

STACIE
 Making us wait for her... typical!

While they wait, Darren explores Monica's office. Everything is neat and minimalist, but some items stand out: PAINTINGS OF COWBOYS, COWBOY BOBBLEHEADS, a RECORD PLAYER and OLD COUNTRY ALBUMS w/ COWBOYS on the cover.

Monica enters looking as professional as she did in the Bricks press clip.

MONICA

Sorry, I'm late. It's been back-to-back scrums all morning. Everyone is nervous about the Efficiency Consultant, but I assured them that they have nothing to worry about.

DARREN

And I'm sure they don't. Cole Curson. I'll be handling the efficiency evaluation.

Darren shakes Monica's hand and they take their seats.

STACIE

This is standard protocol for all our investees. If there's fat to be trimmed, we should burn it off. And Cole is our personal trainer.

MONICA

If you want to redistribute budgets or staff, I'm all for it. But I'm not laying anyone off just to raise our stock price by a few pennies.

Stacie rolls her eyes and pretends to take notes with a PENCIL and NOTEPAD.

DARREN

An ethical leader; I respect that. How did you get into tech, Monica?

MONICA

I don't really consider myself in the tech business; that's Adesh's domain. I'm in the people business; I handle personnel, finances, operations...

STACIE

You've also been dipping your toe into product dev, haven't you?

Darren notices the tension between Monica and Stacie.

MONICA

I'm pushing for a more affordable product line: the BrickTop Lite.

STACIE

Except it's gonna be heavier, bulkier, uglier...

MONICA

And cheaper. So customers don't have to decide between buying a new computer and paying for rent. Think of it as a loss leader.

STACIE

Market research shows that our target audience wants bleeding-edge specs, not last season's bargains.

MONICA

Adesh and I started Bricks to make custom computers accessible to everyone, not just the rich.

Stacie snaps the tip of her PENCIL against the NOTEPAD and shoots Darren a look that says "*see what I mean?*"

DARREN

What does Adesh think of it?

Monica feels **insecure** that her opinion doesn't matter.

MONICA

He supports it. But I don't see why that should be a factor. I'm co-CEO and I have an equal say.

DARREN

Fair enough. Thanks for your time.

MONICA

My door is always open. We look forward to your evaluation.

Darren and Stacie get up to leave, but only Darren acknowledges Monica on the way out.

INT. BRICKS HQ - ADESH'S OFFICE - DAY

Darren and Stacie sit before Adesh's unoccupied DESK. It is much more cluttered than Monica's; there's paperwork, parts, and crumbs scattered everywhere.

Darren checks his watch.

DARREN

Are you sure you told Adesh about this meeting? It's been 15 minutes.

Adesh kicks the door open with a HAMBURGER in his mouth. He is shocked to see Darren and Stacie waiting for him. He is a complete slob compared to the version of him from the Bricks press clip.

ADESH

(mouthful)

Aw shit, the efficiency guy! Sorry!

Adesh sets the food down and chews rapidly. He offers a greasy hand to Darren, but Stacie intercepts and hugs Adesh.

STACIE

It's okay, Deshie. I know you're probably super busy today.

ADESH

Actually, I was grabbing lunch and I just forgot. You must be Cole. I know how this must look...

DARREN

Not to worry. I know better than to evaluate the person who signs my cheques!

ADESH

Haha! Good one, dude. You want some fries? I got enough to share!

Adesh offers some FRIES to Darren.

DARREN

No, thank you. I don't do starches. Tell me about yourself, Adesh. How did you come to found Bricks?

ADESH

I was a product engineer at HP for 5 years. But I hated that job; the hours were too long and the lunch breaks were too short. But the experience was just right for starting a company like Bricks. The rest was all Monica.

STACIE

Don't be so modest. You've always been a natural-born leader too!

ADESH

Aww thanks, Stacie! Stacie's support has been a key factor as well.

DARREN

How long have you known each other?

ADESH

We were hallmates at Stanford!

Stacie blushes. Darren starts to put the piece together.

DARREN

I had the pleasure of meeting your better half earlier today. She said she manages the operations side and you handle the product?

ADESH

Mmm-hmm. It's a sweet arrangement. And Monica is great with all that stuff. She used to run her aunt's bookstore; a real, live business!

STACIE

(sotto to Darren)

Now it's a real, dead business...

DARREN

She also told us about the BrickTop Lite... Think it will perform well?

ADESH

Well, that's more in Monica's wheelhouse. I just listen to her.

DARREN

(writing it down)

I see... Monica makes all the *important* executive decisions.

ADESH

No, I make important decisions too. I made lunch breaks as long as you want. After all, I'm the Chief Executive Officer.

DARREN

Co-Chief Executive Officer.

Adesh feels **insecure** that his leadership is undervalued.

ADESH

(stung)

Excuse me for a moment... I think I left something important in my car.

Adesh walks out of the office.

STACIE

What are you doing?! Why are you being so hard on Adesh?

DARREN

That was light pressure. He's going to need thicker skin than that if he's to be sole CEO... Is there something going on between you two?

STACIE

Don't be ridiculous! Like he said, we're old friends.

DARREN

Alright, then I'll be honest: it doesn't seem like a good idea to oust Monica. It would appear that she is the one steering this ship. All Adesh cares about is lunch!

STACIE

You simply cannot comprehend how geniuses think. Besides, I didn't hire you for your opinion.

DARREN

Relax, I'm still doing my job. Step One is complete. I've identified that Monica is insecure about her lack of tech expertise and Adesh feels undervalued as a leader.

ADESH (O.S.)

My suspicions were correct...

Adesh leans in through the doorway. Darren and Stacie look at each other, afraid they've been caught.

ADESH (CONT'D)

My milkshake melted in my car. Can we finish this at *Shake Shack*?

INT. BRICKS HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A Custodian blasting music in his HEADPHONES enters and erases Darren's ICK Method from the WHITEBOARD.

EXT. SATO OMAKASE - NIGHT

Darren opens the door for Bree.

INT. SATO OMAKASE - CONTINUOUS

Darren and Bree sit at a high-end sushi bar.

BREE

Isn't this nicer than shouting at each other in a nightclub?

The SUSHI CHEF (30s, Japanese, confident and dexterous) places a PLATE OF SALMON NIGIRI before them.

DARREN

Pardon me, we didn't order this. Could we get some menus, please?

SUSHI CHEF

There is no menu. This is omakase; everything we serve is "chef's choice."

BREE

How fancy!

DARREN

And what is this?

SUSHI CHEF

Salmon nigiri. A crowd-pleaser.
(a look of vague familiarity)
Where do I know you from?

DARREN

(recognizing the Chef)
You have me confused with someone else; I have one of those faces.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. VALET STAND - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Sushi Chef waits for his car along with his DATE.

Darren, posing as a Valet, pulls up with the Chef's car. Before he gets out, he leaves a DEAD FISH under the seat.

The Date gets in and smells the fish.

DATE
(disgusted)
Ewww! What's that smell?!

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. SATO OMAKASE - BACK TO PRESENT

The Sushi Chef hands Bree a PLATE OF FUGU.

BREE
Wow! Is this pufferfish? I've heard
it's very hard to prepare!

She dives right in.

SUSHI CHEF
I remember you now. And I took
extra care preparing this for you.

As he slides a PLATE OF FUGU to Darren, they share a look.

DARREN
I'll pass on this one. I also heard
it was difficult to prepare and
dangerous, if done incorrectly.

SUSHI CHEF
Traditionally, it's rude to refuse.

DARREN
I meant no offense... Cheers!

Bree notices Darren's wary bites.

BREE
Do you eat a lot of sushi?

DARREN
You kidding me? Call me "Jiro"
because I dream of sushi!
(sets the chopsticks down)
Nope. I'm not going to make that
mistake. Bree, I rarely eat sushi.
I just said that to impress you.

The Sushi Chef slides a RAW CHICKEN TENDER to Darren.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Hang on! I may not know salmon nigiri, but I do know salmonella!

SUSHI CHEF

It's "chef's choice!" So either you eat it or you eat somewhere else!

BREE

(noticing the tension)

I don't mind going somewhere else. How about we try "Darren's choice?"

INT. MEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Darren and Bree sit across each other in a vinyl booth of a late-night diner. The WAITRESS serves them both CLUB SANDWICHES and ONION RINGS.

DARREN

Alright, you said you wanted to meet the REAL me? This is it. I don't eat sushi or filet mignon or anything like that.

Darren starts devouring the food.

BREE

I gotta admit, I prefer this version of you to the one trying to impress me.

DARREN

Good, because I genuinely love this place! It's where I had my first meal in the States!

BREE

When did you move over here?

DARREN

My folks split up when I was 9. My mum brought me and Penelope here for a fresh start. We'd always come to Mel's on special occasions. All my happiest memories are here.

BREE

Is your dad still in England?

DARREN

I'd imagine so. He ran off with the woman who lived next door and we haven't heard from him since.

BREE

He cheated on your mother? That's horrible! And with the neighbor; that homewrecker!

DARREN

She wishes! By then, my parents were fighting more than talking. The split was inevitable.

BREE

That must have been tough. Kids are the one most affected by divorce. I mean just think about Edwin.

DARREN

If he's anything like me, he'll be relieved once the arguing stops.

BREE

This explains your cynicism towards love and commitment. You see your parents' split as a good thing. But don't you see how that abandonment could have harmed you?

Darren takes a beat to consider this question and put his walls back up.

DARREN

(smarmy)

Not really. If my dad hadn't abandoned us, then we never would've moved here. And then I never would have met you! But enough about me, what about you?

Bree is disappointed by Darren's deflection.

BREE

All my happiest memories are at the Wharf. I usually go there when I need to 'unplug.' But maybe I'll take you there for our next date...

Darren can't help but crack a smile.

EXT. BREE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darren walks Bree home, arm-in-arm. They arrive at the door of Bree's building. She opens the door and turns around.

BREE

This is me. Thank you for the lovely evening.

Bree and Darren share their first kiss at the threshold.

DARREN

Does the evening have to end here?

Darren tries to enter the building, but Bree boxes him out.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I just want another kiss.

BREE

I know what kissing leads to... And I know what guys are like after they get it.

DARREN

But I'm not like other guys.

(silenced by Bree's look)

Right. Oink oink. I don't want you to get the wrong idea. I like you.

BREE

I like you too. Which is why I'll let you take me on a second date.

DARREN

Out of curiosity, how many dates do you think it will be until you let me in? Metaphorically speaking.

BREE

However many it takes for you to get over your fear of intimacy.

DARREN

(defensive)

Do I seem afraid to get intimate?!

BREE

Emotional intimacy.

Darren can't think of a response.

BREE (CONT'D)

How can I let you in if you're gonna keep one foot out the door? It's like I tell all my patients: *you can only go somewhere new by taking steps you've never taken.*

DARREN

Nicely put, but I'm afraid I don't have any blood in my brain at the moment. What does that mean?

BREE

It means I'll let you spend the night once I can trust you to be there the next morning.

DARREN

You can trust me.

BREE

We'll see about that, wolf. Until then, you can "metaphor" yourself tonight.

Bree kisses Darren again and goes inside, leaving him on the stoop with an erection in his pants.

**IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ THE REST OF THIS SCREENPLAY,
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