

I HATE THAT I LOVE YOU

By

Jhoni Marchinko

Writer's Draft
January 14, 2011

INT. SPINNING STUDIO - DAY

We open on a cool, loft-like, modern, sunny Venice spinning studio. State of the art, exposed brick walls and beams. A class is in session. It's full of hot LA men and women. "Raise Your Glass" by P!nk blares on the sound system.

SPINNING TEACHER
(shouting to students)
Come on, guys. Put your goals on
your handlebars!

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the spinning bikes and finds BRAD, owner and founder of SpinCycle. He's 30, handsome, in shape, wearing black and red bicycle shorts and a T-shirt. He is in his office, on the phone.

BRAD
(into phone)
Guess who's spinning at my studio?
Bill from True Blood. It's like
our third vampire this week. Where
should we eat tonight?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BARNEY'S SHOE DEPARTMENT - SAME TIME

On the other end of the phone is ALLIE, 30, fabulous looking, east coast, tons of style. She's wearing a beautifully tailored Gucci black suit with a chunky boot.

ALLIE
(into phone)
Oh God, I'm so sick of food. Hold
on a sec.

She turns to a female CUSTOMER.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
Those ballet flats make your legs
look too short.

CUSTOMER
But my legs are short.

ALLIE
Yes, scary short. But you're going
to a black tie. We need to
lengthen. Try these.

She hands her a pair of 4-inch Manolos.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

(then, back into phone)

Sorry, I'll eat anywhere. I'm just not doing chicken right now, even if it's free range. Because apparently even that's bullshit. I always thought "free range" meant chickens get to run around and be free in the rolling meadow all day only to be slaughtered at the last second. And I somehow justified that because I thought, they probably spent the last day in the warm sun eating organic corn with their closest friends. But it's not true. Turns out the free range farm is still just a dark scary barn filled with a big pile of birds pooping on each other... only now they have windows.

(then, to woman)

Now they're like ridiculously long.

The woman smiles.

CUSTOMER

I'll take them.

ALLIE

Wise girl.

(then back into phone)

Okay, dinner. Where?

Brad gets another call.

BRAD

Hold on.

He clicks over.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FLOWER MART - SAME TIME

MISSY, 30, attractive, strong, walks around the flower mart on the phone. She's wearing Houlihan cargos with an oversized black cashmere sweater and some white Tretorns.

MISSY

(into phone)

Hi.

(then, to vendor)

(MORE)

MISSY (CONT'D)

Juan, I'm going to take all your white and red tulips.

(back into phone)

Want to go out tonight?

BRAD

Absolutely. Wait, who is this?

MISSY

We met a couple nights ago at the Tower Bar. Went home, got to know each other, then had crazy sex?

Silence on the other end.

MISSY (CONT'D)

No, it's me -- Missy. I met you in the Gluten-free section yesterday at Whole Foods.

BRAD

Oh, hey, hi... Missy, yes. How cool that you called me.

(then)

By the way, how did you know about Tower Bar girl?

MISSY

Please, I know a player when I see one. What are you doing tonight?

BRAD

Hold on. Don't go anywhere.

He clicks back over to Allie.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Allie, dinner's off. I'm going to go out with a woman I met at Whole Foods.

ALLIE

It's okay, I'd rather stay home and watch "I Shouldn't Be Alive" on NatGeo.

BRAD

Ooh, I think it's the one where they're trapped on the ledge and they shouldn't be alive. DVR it.

ALLIE

No, it's the one where they're trapped under the ice and they shouldn't be alive.

BRAD

Even better. I'll see you later.

They hang up. He clicks back over to Missy.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Nothing. I'm doing nothing tonight. Except taking you out for dinner.

Missy gets a call.

MISSY

Oh, hold on.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FLORAL AND HARDY FLOWER SHOP - SAME TIME

SARAH is 30, sexy, sporty, tom-boyish, wearing J Brand cigarette leg jeans and a cool vintage sweatshirt. She's putting an arrangement together at Floral and Hardy, Missy's chic and hip flower shop.

SARAH

Where are we eating tonight? And please don't say Thai. I'm not in the mood for a bowl full of carbs with a side of saturated fat and bad lighting.

MISSY

I have to cancel. I'm going out with that guy I met last night. Yes, I'm choosing dinner and possible sex with a guy I met at the grocery store over an evening with my best friend. I've officially become the whore of Whole Foods.

SARAH

Remember when you were the whore of Trader Joe's? I love that you're coming up in the world.

MISSY

How's the shop?

SARAH

We've been crazy busy. I'm just finishing the arrangement for Jessica Alba.

MISSY

I love the Alba. Make it pretty.

She clicks over to Brad.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Hey Brad, a delicious dinner sounds perfect.

BRAD

So I guess we should probably find a gluten-free restaurant.

MISSY

Oh, I'm not allergic to gluten. I just stopped in that section because I thought you were cute.

BRAD

I just went there because I thought you were cute.

MISSY

Good, so we'll be eating some gluten.

INT. SARAH AND MISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

The dining room of a 1920's Spanish bungalow. The interior is California traditional, but hip and stylish. This is where Missy and Sarah live. A very dressed up Missy sits at the kitchen table while Sarah does her makeup.

SARAH

Look up.

Missy does. As Sarah applies mascara:

MISSY

Easy, I don't want to look like a hooker.

SARAH

I wonder what hookers say to each other when they're putting on too much makeup.

MISSY

Probably put on more, I don't want to look like a smart girl.

(then)

What are you going to do later?

SARAH

Just go to rehearsal for my lesbian choir. We're doing "When a Man Loves a Woman" only changing it to "When a Woman Loves a Woman," obviously.

MISSY

How does that go? It doesn't quite fit the rhythm.

SARAH

I know, we kind of have to sneak it in. It goes:

(singing)

When a wo-MAN loves a woman, can't keep her mind on nothing else...

MISSY

(singing, re song)

That is sooo much a ree-eeach.

INT. BRAD AND ALLIE'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - SAME TIME

We come up in the living room of a loft apartment. It's very cool, industrial, minimalist. The building is brand new and has a fabulous view of... a gas station. This is where Brad and Allie live. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Brad into the bathroom where Allie is taking a shower. Brad pulls the curtain back.

BRAD

Hi. Can you do my hair?

ALLIE

I'm in the shower.

BRAD

I'm late.

ALLIE

Hold on.

Allie shuts the shower off, wraps her beautifully thin body in a towel and gets out. She grabs the product and starts spiking his hair.

BRAD

Why don't you call that girl you
were seeing? What was her name?
Galaxy?

ALLIE

Universe.

BRAD

Yeah, Universe. Why don't you give
her a call?

ALLIE

Because her name is Universe.

BRAD

That makes sense.
(then, re hair in mirror)
Oh, that's good.

ALLIE

You look gorgeous.
(then)
Do you have a condom?

BRAD

That's a little presumptuous. I
just met her yesterday.

ALLIE

Follow me.

They walk out into the living room. Allie opens a closet and
pulls out her earthquake kit. She reaches in, grabs a condom
and gives it to him.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Here.

BRAD

By the way, you're gay. Why do you
have a condom?

ALLIE

I keep one in my earthquake kit.
'Cause in a post apocalyptic world
I might have to convince people I'm
straight to survive.

BRAD

(pulling out a bible)
And why the bible? '
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Cause in a post apocalyptic world
you might have to convince people
you're Christian?

ALLIE

(showing him)

That, and I hollowed it out to hide
my cash. It was the perfect size.
A hundred singles.

BRAD

Can I have that bottle of merlot
that's in there? I'll replenish.
I don't like to go to somebody's
house empty handed.

(as she hands him the
wine)

Wine, condoms and the bible.
Sounds like the makings of a dream
evening for a sexually responsible
Christian sommelier.

INT. SARAH AND MISSY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

Brad is quietly and carefully sneaking out of Missy's
apartment. Sarah, in cute flannel pajamas with a faded, worn
t-shirt, turns the light on and startles him.

SARAH

Hey...

BRAD

(startled)

Oh, Jesus! You scared me.

SARAH

Sorry. I'm Sarah, Missy's
roommate.

BRAD

I'm Brad. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

SARAH

So you're sneaking out, huh?

BRAD

Oh, no, just, uh...

SARAH

You were tip-toeing. I actually
saw you on tiptoe.

BRAD

Oh, that. That's how I walk. I've been teased about it ever since I was a kid. They used to call me "Tiptoe Tony."

(off her blank stare)

But... my names's not Tony... so that whole... discussion is dead.

SARAH

Hey, I'm not here to judge. Well, don't mind me. I'm just going to grab some mangosteen juice.

BRAD

Acid reflux?

SARAH

The worst. My lesbian choir has a big concert and I already have anxiety agita.

BRAD

Oh, you're a lesbian?

SARAH

Yeah, with acid reflux.

BRAD

Well, it's supposed to help. It helps me.

SARAH

Oh cool. A tip from Tony.

Brad turns to leave.

SARAH (CONT'D)

She's not going to care, you know. If you're trying to make a whole moment out of it. She's the queen of sneaking out.

BRAD

Really?

SARAH

She has snuck out on the best of 'em.

BRAD

Huh. I didn't fancy her a sneaker.

SARAH

She invented it. She only enjoys men for sex, too busy to have a relationship.

(then)

Anyway, if you want to go, just...

BRAD

Hmm. Actually...

Brad turns around and heads back into Missy's room.

SARAH

'Night.

BRAD

(turns back and smiles)

'Night.

INT. BARNEY'S SHOE DEPARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Brad sees Allie and approaches her. Allie's talking to HEATHER, a sexy co-worker.

HEATHER

Oh my God, here comes your roommate Brad, I totally want to have sex with him, like dirty sex, he's my go-to fantas-- Hi, Brad!

BRAD

Hey, Heather. Is your hair different? I like it.

ALLIE

(to Heather)

Honey, do me a favor and go help Face-lift pick out some shoes. It won't be an easy sale. Her face isn't the only thing that's tight.

HEATHER

(flirty)

Nice to see you, Brad.

He smiles as she walks away.

ALLIE

Hey, what are you doing here? I waited for you this morning, but you didn't come home.

BRAD

I tried to sneak out last night,
but her roommate caught me. So I
went back in.

(then)

Do lesbians gossip? See, men
don't, women do. Where do lesbians
fall?

ALLIE

Well, we gossip, but we're usually
changing a tire when we do it.

BRAD

Hopefully her roommate won't say
anything.

ALLIE

You went back in? That's new for
you. You must like her.

BRAD

No, I just realized that sneaking
out is a dickish thing to do and I
should grow up.

ALLIE

I'm not buying it. Walk with me.

They head over to the Louboutin display. Allie holds up a
shoe with spikes all over it.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

(re shoes)

No one is going after these
nailhead Louboutins, they've been
here for months. Nobody listens, I
told them. Nails are not sexy.

BRAD

So you think I'm okay?

ALLIE

She might tell her. She might not.
Why do you care?

BRAD

I don't. I don't.

ALLIE

Um, wait. Are you "falling in
love" with Whole Foods girl?

BRAD

No. Don't be ridiculous. I've got to go to work.

He turns to go, then, re Nailhead Louboutins:

BRAD (CONT'D)

You should put these in your earthquake kit. It was lacking a weapon.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - SAME TIME

Missy and Sarah are in the refrigerated area, separating all the tulips. They're both wearing heavy winter coats.

MISSY

How was choir practice?

SARAH

I'm a little nervous. One of the girls has foreign accent syndrome. I just hope it doesn't come out in her solo.

MISSY

Is that the thing where a person wakes up and suddenly they have an Italian accent?

SARAH

Yes, only this chick woke up with an Icelandic accent and she talks like Björk.

MISSY

(then)

Anybody interesting for you? I don't mean to be pushy, or butt into your bid'ness, but it's been a while.

SARAH

I don't know what to say except I'm fine, I'm happy single. I love my job in my best friend's shop. I hate my reflux. I'm learning piano. Plus, I'm kind of having a thing with Mila Kunis. She doesn't know it yet, so don't say anything if you run into her at Equinox.

MISSY

Oh man, did I get a deal on these tulips. This is a potpourri of profit.

SARAH

Did you flash Juan a little "side tit?"

MISSY

Maybe. Hey, I know what I've got and I work it.

SARAH

Did you work it last night on your date?

MISSY

He was cool, but he seemed a little clingy. I was surprised he was there in the morning. I might have to end it.

SARAH

He tried to sneak out. I told him you were okay with him sneaking out and then he went back in.

MISSY

Oh, he did? Huh. I think I'm into that.

INT. SOHO HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad and Missy sit cozily in a booth.

MISSY

I can't believe you're a member of Soho House. This place is genius.

BRAD

One of the managers spins at my studio. And I think he has a crush on me, so don't be mad if he comes over and I introduce you as my sister.

She laughs.

MISSY

So I hear you tried to sneak out on me last night.

BRAD

I did. Sorry. I was halfway out the door when your roommate told me you're the queen of sneaking out. And then I was intrigued so I went back in.

MISSY

I like that my indifference turned you on.

BRAD

It did.

MISSY

You know, I don't care about that kind of crap. I'm not looking to fall in love, just looking for someone to sleep with now and then and still date other people.

BRAD

Okay, that's the greatest thing anybody's ever said to me. I feel like I want to share it with all the other guys in the restaurant, but I don't want Jason, the manager, to hear it and drop my membership.

MISSY

So, we're good, right?

BRAD

We are.

(then)

My lesbian told me your lesbian might tell you.

MISSY

Wait, I didn't know you had a lesbian.

BRAD

I do. She's hot.

MISSY

How weird that we both have one.

BRAD

Not really in LA. I mean, you can't swing a cat without hitting three lesbians.

MISSY

Yeah, and they're usually trying to rescue the three cats.

They laugh.

BRAD

We should totally set them up. Maybe do a double date.

JASON, the manager, comes over.

JASON

Hey, handsome.

BRAD

(gayish)

Hello, Jason. This is my sister Missy.

END OF ACT ONE

INT. BRAD AND ALLIE'S APARTMENT - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

Brad is standing in the living room, in his boxers, ironing his shirt. Allie comes out of her room, wearing a short black skirt and thigh-high Hermès boots. She looks like a million bucks.

BRAD

Wow. Jesus.

ALLIE

Too much?

BRAD

No, you look amazing.

ALLIE

I'm not sure about this. Straight people are bad at setting up gay people. They don't put enough thought into it.

BRAD

There's not much to think about. It's putting two pretty women together. And believe me, that's very easy for me to think about.

ALLIE

I'm just saying, what's pretty to you might not be pretty to me.

(MORE)

ALLIE (CONT'D)

It could be like the Louboutin nail shoe thing. Some people think it's a pretty shoe, but other people won't touch it.

BRAD

Oh, man, you are so going to be alone your whole life.

ALLIE

Said the guy who's faked his own death to get out of a relationship... At least I'll have company.

BRAD

Don't exaggerate. I faked a stroke. And at the last minute I pulled through, but she had already moved on. Hey, it worked.

INT. MISSY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Missy stands in her bra and underwear, holding up various items of clothing for Sarah's approval.

SARAH

(re blouse)

Nope.

(re sweater)

Nope.

(re blazer)

Nope.

(re polka-dot dress)

Are you kidding me?

(then)

Hold on.

Sarah goes into Missy's closet and puts together a very cool, hip look for Missy.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I think I want to see you in this little Zack Pozen button-back dress and these Miu Miu denim clogs.

MISSY

That's the outfit you bought me for my birthday.

SARAH

Yeah, I think what I'm trying to tell you is I'm kind of done with the whole Houlihan cargo butt-crack look on you. Too Kardashian-esque.

MISSY

(as she slips into her dress)

By the way, I'm excited for you. Allie sounds really cool.

SARAH

I'm not sure about this. There's a lot of pressure. I mean, I feel like I have to impress two people. Don't get mad at me if I do that thing where I fake sick halfway through the date because the whole date wouldn't be bearable.

MISSY

I know you're going on this double date for me, and I appreciate it.

SARAH

So you like this guy?

MISSY

He's okay.

SARAH

(then, sniffing)

Are you wearing perfume?

MISSY

No. Yes, a little.

SARAH

You're not a perfume girl. You're a clean soap girl.

MISSY

A woman at Barney's was handing out samples and I liked it.

SARAH

So you're not wearing it for Brad?

MISSY

Oh please. No.

SARAH

I have to go sing. I'll meet you
guys right after choir.

MISSY

Don't be late. Nothing worse than
a late
(sings)
wo-MAN.

INT. RED O RESTAURANT - LATER THAT EVENING

Brad, Allie and Missy sit at the table with big margaritas in front of them, waiting for Sarah. Allie keeps checking her watch. She's a little bored. She grabs a WAITER as he walks by.

ALLIE

(to waiter)

Excuse me, maybe they could shut a
couple of the ceiling fans off.
You know, you can get Bell's palsy
if you look right at them.

WAITER

Oh absolutely! I'll talk to the
manager.

He leaves.

BRAD

(to Missy)

I did tell you she was crazy,
right?

ALLIE

By the way, it's no secret. I
would have told you.

MISSY

Sarah should be here any minute.
(then)
So Brad tells me you work in
women's shoes at Barney's.

BRAD

Actually she's the manager of the
whole department.

MISSY

You must see a lot of celebrity
feet.

ALLIE

I do. And they're usually gross.
I will always try and talk Blake
Lively and her hobbit feet out of a
sandal.

Sarah enters.

SARAH

Guys, I'm so sorry I'm late. There
was a little drama at choir
practice. Hi, I'm Sarah.

ALLIE

I'm Allie.

They shake hands.

MISSY

(re Sarah)

She's in a choir. You have to hear
her sing. She's got a whole
Rihanna meets Dido sort of thing
going on.

SARAH

I don't really know what that
means.

MISSY

I don't either. They're the only
two singers I could think of.
She's great, is what I was trying
to say.

SARAH

My choir is doing a big charity
event for elder housing. We're
performing at the Unitarian Church.
We just found out it's sold out and
our choir director is freaking.

(then)

By the way, don't look at the
ceiling fans. You can get Bell's
palsy.

ALLIE

I just said the same thing.

BRAD

Who knew Bell's palsy would be an
ice breaker?

They all laugh as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The waiter walks up. He is beyond chipper.

WAITER

Well, hello again. Have you guys had a chance to look at the menu? The fresh porcini mushroom risotto is DUH-VINE.

BRAD

Sorry, we haven't even looked. Maybe just another round of drinks for everybody?

WAITER

Ab-solutely. I'll be right back with your drinks.

He walks away.

SARAH

Why is he so happy? It made me uncomfortable.

MISSY

I know why he's happy. Cymbalta.

ALLIE

You're right, that guy is a walking anti-depressant commercial.

BRAD

Is Cymbalta that ad where the woman has the little creepy wind-up doll of herself and says, "I used to have to wind myself up just to get out of bed"? 'Cause I love that one.

MISSY

No, that's Pristiq. Cymbalta's the one with the two lesbians who go to the movie and then the lake.

ALLIE

No, that's Abilify. "For when your anti-depressant alone isn't enough."

SARAH

And by the way, they're not lesbians. They're mother daughter.

MISSY

Well, then she was touching her daughter in a very inappropriate way.

BRAD

Wow. We all watch way too much TV.

They all share a laugh.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know, I'm surprised you guys don't know each other.

SARAH

Yeah, we know each other because there's only two gay people in the whole city.

ALLIE

You know, Brad, just because I went out with, I don't know, Tami Torkelson, doesn't mean she did.

SARAH

I went out with Tami Torkelson.

ALLIE

OhmyGod, when did you go out with her?

SARAH

Last year. For maybe a minute.

ALLIE

You lasted longer than me. I couldn't get past her weird winking thing.

SARAH

She would say something like, "So, Sarah, where did you grow up?" And then she'd go

(winks)

I mean, the wink didn't even make sense.

ALLIE

It was all very creepy.

MISSY
Very creepy.

BRAD
Sounds creepy.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

It's later in the dinner. Allie returns from the bathroom. She looks a little pale.

BRAD
You okay?

ALLIE
I don't know. I'm not feeling that well. I actually had to pour cold water on my face.

Beat. Silence.

MISSY
Should we have them heat up your soup?

ALLIE
I don't even know if I can stay.

BRAD
Do you want to go?

ALLIE
I don't know, maybe.

Sarah shoots Missy a look as if to say, "I can't believe she's faking sick."

MISSY
I have drugs. Anything you want. It's all here in my purse.

ALLIE
Thanks, but I think I should go.

SARAH
(under her breath)
How weird that five minutes ago you were fine.

BRAD
What are you saying, that she's not sick?

MISSY
I don't think that's what she meant at all.

BRAD

What else could it have been?

MISSY

I think it just meant that
(brightly)
"How weird that five minutes ago
you were fine?"

BRAD

But Sarah said it under her breath,
as if to say
(accusatory)
"How weird that five minutes ago
you were fine?"

MISSY

Well, you have to admit, it is a
little odd that five minutes ago
she was fine.

ALLIE

Well, that's kind of what happens
when you get sick. You're fine and
then five minutes later you're not.

There is a long, odd silence at the table.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, do you mind taking me
home, Brad?

BRAD

No, of course not, let's go. Look,
um, guys, I'm really sorry about
this.

MISSY

No, go. Take care of your friend.

ALLIE

I'm really sorry. Nice to meet
you, Sarah.

Sarah does a little wave.

BRAD

(to Missy)
I'll call you tomorrow.

MISSY

(dismissive)
Sure, whatever.

Brad and Allie leave. The girls are stunned.

MISSY (CONT'D)
What the hell just happened?

SARAH
I'm pretty sure we got dumped. I mean, she used my fake sick trick. I thought we were all getting along so well. I don't get it.

After a beat Missy's phone rings, it's Brad. She picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF RED O RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Brad is holding Allie's hair back while she throws up on the sidewalk.

BRAD
Hey, it's me. I'm standing on the curb and I wanted you to hear this.

We see Missy as she listens to Allie throwing up.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I didn't want you to think my friend is someone who disses people.

Missy hears more vomit.

BRAD (CONT'D)
All I'm saying is she would have been honest if she really wanted to leave.

MISSY
Or she would have tiptoed out.

SARAH
Put in on speaker, I can't hear.

She tries and can't.

BRAD
Oh, three nights ago tiptoeing was a good thing, now suddenly it's a bad thing.
(then, to valet parker)
Can you kind of hurry with the car?

Sarah squeezes in next to Missy to try and listen on the phone. Sarah hears vomiting.

SARAH
Oh God, is she throwing up?

MISSY
Who knows, she could be faking.

SARAH
(listening)
That doesn't sound like faking.

BRAD
(back into phone)
Missy, I gotta go.

He hangs up.

END OF ACT TWO

EXT. RUNYON CANYON - THE NEXT DAY

A very fit Missy and Sarah are hiking up the canyon.

MISSY
I hope that girl with one arm
longer than the other isn't on the
bench. I feel like sitting there.

SARAH
So did anybody call this morning
while I was out?

MISSY
No.

SARAH
I guess they wouldn't call because
she's really sick, even though you
didn't believe it.

MISSY
Wait, you started it with the
"weird that you'd be fine five
minutes ago and now you're sick"
under-your-breath mumble.

SARAH
I said that because I was insecure
and you ran with it.

MISSY

Because I thought you were being rejected and I tried to protect you.

SARAH

Why did you think I was being rejected?

MISSY

Because you had rejection tone.

SARAH

But I always feel like I'm being rejected on a date. Even when Tami Torkelson was winking at me I felt like I was being rejected.

MISSY

Well, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I screwed up.

They notice a standard poodle shitting. Its owner starts to walk away, pretending he didn't see it.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. You're dog just took a dump. You're going to clean it, right?

DOG OWNER

My dog didn't do that.

MISSY

Yeah, it did. We just saw it.

DOG OWNER

That's not poodle poop.

MISSY

(examining it)

That's poodle poop. We had a standard poodle growing up.

SARAH

Plus we saw it coming out of its ass.

DOG OWNER

Ugh, fine.

He picks up the poop. The girls walk away all proud.

SARAH

I appreciate you looking out for me. I just wish I brought you on the dates with people I don't like. Can we send her flowers?

MISSY

Yeah.

SARAH

By the way, I liked Brad.

MISSY

But it was a good thing, because now I can see that Brad has anger issues.

SARAH

I don't know, I thought it was kind of sweet the way he was protecting his friend.

MISSY

Damn it, okay, should we send them both flowers? Is it weird to send flowers since I'm a florist? Is it cool or is just cheap?

INT. BRAD AND ALLIE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Brad and Allie are standing in the living room staring at the flowers, then they each read their card.

ALLIE

(reading card)

"I blame the ceiling fan."

She smiles.

BRAD

(reading his card)

"I'm an asshole."

He laughs.

ALLIE

That was sweet of them.

(re card)

These are from Floral and Hardy. That must be Missy's store. Is Hardy her last name?

BRAD
Am I an asshole if I don't know?

ALLIE
Yes.

BRAD
How do you feel today?

ALLIE
Better. It must of been some weird
flu or food poisoning.

BRAD
You know, I kind of understand why
they got defensive. I mean, you
were fine, then five minutes
later...

ALLIE
Please stop with the "five minutes
later" fiasco.

BRAD
Look, I knew you were sick.
Because if you didn't like her you
would have split before the
appetizer.

ALLIE
Really? I'm snap judgement lady?

BRAD
How many dates did you go on last
year that you made it to dessert?

Long pause.

ALLIE
We have to send them something.

BRAD
Flowers?

ALLIE
We can't, they're florists.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - NIGHT

An old gorgeous church with cathedral ceilings and stained
glass windows. At the front is the Los Angeles Lesbian
Choir. They're wearing bright red choir robes with jeans
underneath.

The audience is an array of old people, young people, black, white, etc. As they begin to sing, "When a Wo-man Loves a Woman," Brad and Allie enter the church. They make their way down the aisle. He tries to sit with Missy, but a large, butch WOMAN wearing clergy is in his way.

BRAD

(to a woman)

Can I sit next to my friend?

BIG CLERGY WOMAN

Nope.

They sit down, and have to talk over her.

MISSY

What are you guys doing here?

BRAD

I felt bad, it got so heated. Plus it's elder housing and I'm a jerk, consider this our flowers, even though the tickets were two hundred dollars.

MISSY

(to Allie)

How are you feeling?

ALLIE

Great. It must have been a twenty-four hour flu.

Brad points to Sarah. Sarah sees Allie from the stage and smiles. Allie does a small wave.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

She looks really good.

MISSY

I know, right?

(then, to Brad)

I'm glad you came.

The woman is annoyed.

BIG CLERGY WOMAN

(to Missy)

So you're not alone?

The disappointed woman moves. As the choir continues to sing, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH REC ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

The four stand around a table, drinking wine in plastic cups. We see a sign for "elder housing."

ALLIE

You were amazing, Sarah. I could totally hear Rihanna.

BRAD

And I heard Dido, like, all over the place.

SARAH

Thanks, it's just kind of a hobby.

MISSY

She is so friggin' humble. It bugs me.

SARAH

(shy)
What?

MISSY

You have a voice like an angel.

She grabs her and kisses her on the head. Allie and Brad smile. It's sweet.

BRAD

This elder housing charity thing is really cool. Allie and I have our own elder housing plan. We know we are probably dying alone, with each other.

MISSY

Sarah and I have a plan, too. Since, you know, we figured we're probably never going to meet "the one."

SARAH

Maybe we should try to house our elder selves in the same city.

ALLIE

That's a brilliant idea. We could get a compound. We should totally do it. I mean, we aren't having kids to take care of us, that's what kids do, so we have to plan for our future.

SARAH

Wait, don't you have kids because they fill you with love?

ALLIE

I've never heard that.

Sarah laughs, finding her utterly charming.

BRAD

I love kids, I'm just not sure I like the journey getting to the part where they're old enough to take care of you.

MISSY

I'll drink to that. My dad left when I was ten, no thanks. Plus, I really think I'd be, like, the worst parent.

ALLIE

Oh trust me, I'm right behind you in the bad parent race. You're passing me the baton, that's how close I am.

MISSY

Also, I can't have kids.

ALLIE

Biological reasons?

MISSY

No, I have a white couch.

They laugh.

SARAH

This was fun. I really appreciate you guys buying the tickets. You're going to help some old Unitarians into a nice retirement home.

ALLIE

We're so forcing you guys to come to our charity dinner next month. For Brittle Bones.

BRAD

She's on the board of Brittle Bones Society.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Her sister has brittle bones and she's terrified she's going to get them.

ALLIE

It's actually kind of a fun event, despite everyone talking about calcium and vitamin D the whole time.

BRAD

Remember you thought you had fibromyalgia and you made us all donate money to it? And then you realized your leg tingling was from you jumping rope in Gucci sneakers?

ALLIE

I should know better than to work out.

(then)

Hey, I'm really sorry about the other night. Let me make it up to you guys. Let me cook for you.

SARAH

Yeah.

MISSY

Sure.

BRAD

Good. So we have another date.

ALLIE

Vomit free, I promise.

INT. MISSY'S PRIUS (IN FRONT OF HOUSE) - LATER

Missy is driving Brad home. They pull up in front of his place.

MISSY

I'm kind of surprised you're not "the driver" in the friendship.

BRAD

Really? Think about it. You sure?

MISSY

(thinks about Allie)

Oh, yeah, I take that back.

A beat of silence.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Okay, is it weird if I say... Ugh, it's going to sound weird, and it might put you off.

BRAD

Do you have herpes?

MISSY

(laughing)

No.

BRAD

Then it's all gravy from here.

MISSY

I just don't want to sound like Katherine Heigl in one of those Katherine Heigl movies where she says really deep things after knowing a guy five minutes.

BRAD

Just say it.

MISSY

Okay. Umm, I like that you snuck out... and then snuck back in.

(then)

Wow, that was hard. Is that okay that I said that?

BRAD

Oh yeah, it's very okay. Um, is it okay if I say I'm glad that I snuck back in, and maybe I'd like to sneak back in again, but maybe less of a sneak and more of just staying. Is is okay that I said--

Missy grabs brad and kisses him. It's a long and passionate kiss.

MISSY

Yes, it's okay.

This time he grabs her and kisses her.

INT. ALLIE'S RANGE ROVER - SAME TIME

Allie is parked in front of Sarah's place. They sit in Allie's Range Rover in silence. After a beat:

SARAH

Thanks for driving me home, and for coming tonight. It was a nice surprise.

ALLIE

I had fun. And I have to say, the lesbian choir was impressive.

SARAH

Really?

ALLIE

Yeah. I love how you worked "woman" into
(singing)
When a wo-man loves a woman...

SARAH

Thanks. Not quite as good when we worked it into
(singing)
It's raining wo-men. Hallelujah, it's raining wo-men...

Allie laughs.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Your car smells amazing, by the way.

ALLIE

I'm really into smells. I burn incense in the car.

SARAH

Wow, I love it, I mean, who does that?

ALLIE

Me. It's musk and patchouli.

SARAH

(smelling)
With a hint of amber.

ALLIE

Oh my God, how did you know? Amber is my secret weapon.

SARAH

I have a major nose. I could be a drug sniffing dog, you know, if I was a dog.

ALLIE

I do, too. I can smell when people have a cold, two days before they even get one.

SARAH

Get out. Your nose might be better than mine.

ALLIE

Sorry, bitch.

SARAH

I love your Range Rover. I like that it's all blacked out.

ALLIE

I know, I'm very pimp daddy.

(then)

I had Cayenne before this and I was so excited when I got it. I thought it was going to be great. The perfect car. But a month into it I started having problems with it. The Porsche guy kept saying, "You just need to work out the kinks, stick with it." I said "Nope." And I got rid of it right away and got this. I know right away when something is going to work, when something is right for me.

They stare at each other intensely, then Allie leans in and kisses Sarah.

SARAH

Jesus. Wow

ALLIE

Yeah, wow.

SARAH

Good night.

ALLIE

Good night.

Sarah gets out of the car and heads into her house. Just as she is about to go in she turns around and waves to Allie. Then Allie drives off. After about 100 feet she stops the car, opens the door and vomits.

INT. BRAD AND ALLIE'S APARTMENT - NEXT EVENING

Brad enters carrying tons of groceries. Allie is sitting on the sofa, slightly anxious.

BRAD
Sorry I'm late.

He crosses over and starts putting the groceries away.

ALLIE
I called and texted you like a hundred times. We need to talk.

BRAD
Yeah, sorry, the studio was a mess today, bike deliveries, blah blah. Can we talk after my shower? They're going to be here.

ALLIE
No.

BRAD
Okay. What's going on?

ALLIE
Remember that night when we were drunk and you kept saying for the thousandth time the only reason I'm gay is because I haven't had good sex with a man, and I thought, I can't hear your say it a thousand and one?

BRAD
Yeah, you compared it to trying Ethiopian food.

ALLIE
And I didn't want to go through life without being up close and personal with a penis.

BRAD
Oh yeah, you said it was on your bucket list. Well, your "fuck-it" list. Why are we talking about this?

ALLIE
Because I came home from work, sick again, and well, it turns out... I'm pregnant.

Brad is stunned. The doorbell rings.

BRAD

Wait, you're what? Wait. Are you sure?

ALLIE

I did six tests.

The doorbell rings again. They stand there staring at each other, no idea what to say.

BRAD

What are we going to do?

ALLIE

We're going to answer the door.
And say nothing.

Allie crosses and opens the door. Missy and Sarah enter, festive with wine bottles.

SARAH

I know you guys said, don't bring anything.

MISSY

But we thought if we brought more wine we'd drink more wine.

Allie and Brad stand there, just staring.

SARAH

What? What is that look?

MISSY

You guys aren't going to get all weird on us again, are you?

ALLIE

(then, upbeat)
What? Us? Weird? No. God no, we're fine!

BRAD

(faux excitement)
Yeah, we're fine. Whoo-hoo!

INT. BRAD AND ALLIE'S APARTMENT - THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Brad paces around the apartment. Allie enters.

ALLIE
I couldn't sleep.

BRAD
Shh, they're sleeping.
(whispers)
I couldn't sleep either.

Beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Should we get married?

ALLIE
No, I'm gay.

BRAD
I guess we should tell them.

ALLIE
Why, we can't even deal, we can't
go wide. What are we going to do?

BRAD
I don't know.

MISSY (O.C.)
Where are you, Brad? You can't
sneak out of your own place.

BRAD
Okay, here's what we're going to
do. We are both going to go back
to bed. Can you keep a secret?

ALLIE
Up until I was 28 my entire life
was a secret. So yes.

BRAD
Okay, good night. I love you.

ALLIE
I love you, too.

They kiss on the cheek.

ALLIE (CONT'D)
But not in the married way.

They both go in their rooms to be with their dates.

END OF SHOW