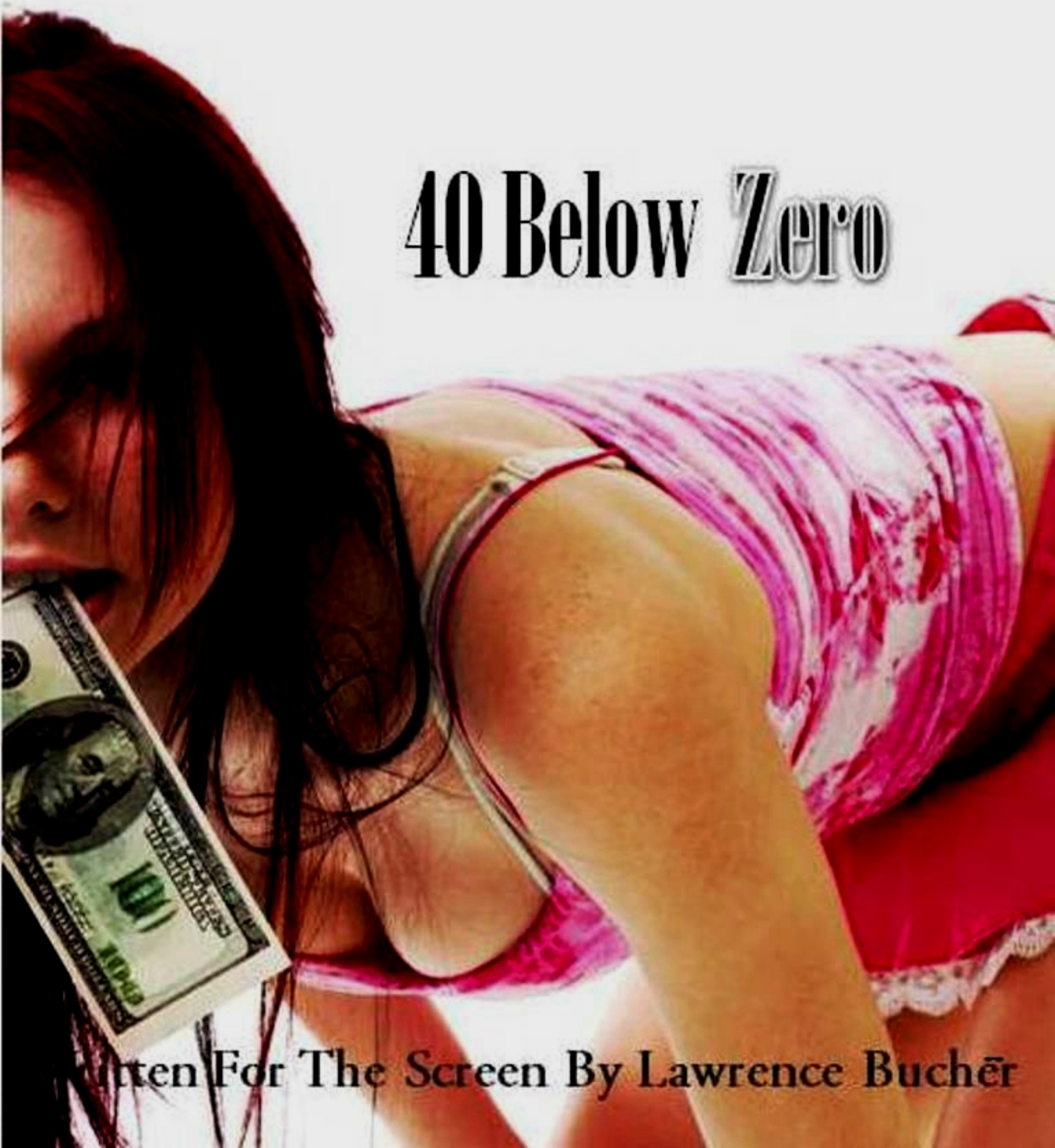


Life's Not Always Hot In Vegas.

# 40 Below Zero



Written For The Screen By Lawrence Bucher

40 Below Zero

By

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FADE IN:

INT. MENTAL HEALTH HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A doctor slowly shuts a door behind her so as not to disturb those on the other side. She proceeds to walk down the corridor. As she quietly goes over her notes, she looks over at a young woman sitting in the waiting area.

Walking up to her she clears her throat as the woman in the waiting area takes notice. Eyes swollen and red from crying hours on end, TRISHA stands up eagerly awaiting the news.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Moore?

TRISHA

No, I'm sorry, it's Tomlinson.

DOCTOR

Excuse me?

She looks back at her notes, seeing the report of Trisha being Steven's fiancée and listed her as next of kin.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. That's right. Sorry, Ms. Tomlinson.

TRISHA

How is he doing? Is he going to be okay?

DOCTOR

He's stable but it's a little complicated. We sedated him without letting him fall asleep altogether over the next 12 hours of monitoring. If he does fall asleep, we wake him up every 20 minutes or so, so there is no time for REM to induce. I see he's been taking medication for almost three months now?

(repeating what she is reading)  
Prazosin, Nefazodone, Topiramate.  
Oh my. They've had him on just about everything. Has there been any recent changes in his life or work?

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Well, he's been working on his documentary for a couple months now. And after he started filming he couldn't sleep, and when he was able to, the nightmares were so bad he would wake up in a complete state of shock. But this time, this was the worst I had ever seen it.

DOCTOR

I see here that he has been in AA before as well. He isn't drinking again, is he?

TRISHA

God no! He hasn't had a drink in over a year, and he never missed a day on his prescription medication.

DOCTOR

Are you sure?

TRISHA

Yes I'm sure.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry. I know this must be hard, but we are doing all that we can. Hang in there, okay?

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM

A man sits alone inside a room, looking out a window and staring into nothingness. He rocks back and forth as if he is soothing a pain. He doesn't blink.

STEVEN (V.O.)

*I'm not even sure where to begin. Not sure if it was just one thing, or a bunch of little things that over time ended up landing me here; where I am today. I guess it's only fair to take you back. Back how far? I'm not really sure.*

TIME CUT: PAST

INT. RESORT/HOTEL, VEGAS STRIP- NIGHT

STEVEN MOORE, forty-something, unshaven, almost disheveled, stares at his laptop in his hotel, uncomfortably watching the interviews that he conducted only days earlier.

Steven stands up, grabbing the cigarette from the ashtray, walking to the window that overlooks the Strip. He starts to drift off in thought, consumed with the previous days.

STEVEN (V.O)

*I was always curious as to why we cheat on those that we say we love. Most of us have been guilty of it; infidelities that is. Let's just say more than a few of them happen when visiting Vegas. Why Vegas, though? What is it about Vegas that makes people do the things they do? This is what I am attempting to find out.*

*I realized even before heading into the project that many of these women have never talked about their experiences, so it would be imperative to ask the right questions. Longing to do a film, coupled with my background in the adult entertainment world, I decided what better than to do a documentary on women; specifically women who had cheated, and more importantly I want to find out why it happened.*

*Now, I know what most of you men are thinking; your wife or girlfriend would never think of cheating on you, regardless of where she traveled. And, as far as your concerned, the last time she visited Sin City, she only spent a little money, got a little buzzed, and spent the whole night on the dance floor with her girlfriends. Okay, you keep telling yourself that, buddy.*

*She would never go to a strip club and get so twisted that she falls out of her chair. You believe she would spend her last dollar on the slot machine that she said she was pulling on, but it was actually the stripper that she had back in the corner jerking off... But, I know, not your girl.*

*She would never go to the VIP room and puke all over the place, not only because she was slobbering drunk, but because she was gagging on the guy by going too far down on him. I know, I know. Not your girl.*

*And who am I to talk such nonsense? My name is Steven Moore and I used to strip in Vegas. Until the early 80's, only twenty percent of the travelers coming to Vegas were women. Now it's roughly 50/50, and if your girl went where she said she didn't, chances are I or one of my co-workers either felt her up, got her off, let her get one of us off, hustled*

*her for all her cash--and if we had a really good night, then we accomplished all the above.*

CONTINUED FLASHBACK: INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

People, lights, camera flashes, seen through the window from outside. There is much activity going on. Some people are visibly upset. Absolute hell has broken loose between the subject RHEA and Steven.

STEVEN

Listen, Rhea, you agreed to do the interview.

As the interview was being wrapped up, Rhea suddenly lunges at Steven, grabbing for the camera in his hand. She feels as if she was pushed into doing the interview and is now regretful, wanting the tape back.

RHEA

Give me the tape, Steven!

STEVEN

What?

RHEA

Give me the tape, Steven! I'm done. I don't want to do this.

STEVEN

I'm not giving you the tape, Rhea. You signed the consent form. It's legal and binding.

RHEA

What gives you the right? Who do you think you are? You asked me to come down here and tell you what happened and all this was, was to make me look like a piece of shit. So give me the tape!

STEVEN

I ain't giving you the tape, Rhea. What is wrong with you? I asked you to do a tell-all regarding what happened when you came to Vegas for your bachelorette party. You said "yes." Am I missing something here?

(CONTINUED)

RHEA

I did say yes, Steven, but this is bullshit! This is starting to make me out to look like a whore!

STEVEN

What's funny is that you're having second thoughts now. I think you should have had second thoughts before your legs spread like butter and you went back to Cali, kissing your husband with the same mouth that you sucked another dude off with. That's when you should have had a second thought.

RHEA

Ohhh, hell no!

She is now being restrained by security.

STEVEN

(laughs at her)

Sorry, Rhea, but this doesn't make you look like anything other than who you really are, as you took into account nobody but yourself. This interview is over. I'm done with you... Bye!

RHEA

Do you think you're better than me? Taking your clothes off for God knows who and doing God knows what, with whoever. I knew you once Steven, as you and my boyfriend were doing fag parties or whatever to make money. You probably even fucked guys when you were doing these gigs and you're giving me shit?!

STEVEN

Rhea, I don't care if I was stripping for the neighbor's cat. I wasn't the one getting married and letting my parents blow a \$40,000 wad on a wedding, was I?

RHEA

Wow! One day you're nothing but a low-rent hustler and then all of a sudden in an apparent mid-life

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RHEA (cont'd)  
crises, you decide you're gonna be this big-shot film maker in some ground-breaking discovery on infidelities?! Yeah, I bet it makes you feel good, doesn't it- making this documentary on how women cheat and all this other shit. I guess it helps you live with the fact that you were a 38-year old stripper who had no outs, with no wife and no life. Living off of women and doing just about anything to make money. You would do anything except getting a real job... You know what? One day you're gonna get yours, Steven. And, I hope I'm there to see it. Okay, Dillon!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. RESORT/HOTEL - VEGAS STRIP -NIGHT

Steven, still standing in front of the window, hands appear from behind him and embrace him with an obvious warmth.

STEVEN  
(to himself)  
"Dillon." Wow. It's been some time since I have heard that.

TRISHA  
Honey, what's going on with you?

STEVEN  
Hell, I don't know. I just spent the last two weeks interviewing women who messed up a lot of things for a lot of people including themselves. And for what? A quick fling in Vegas?

TRISHA  
Oh, like men don't pull the same thing!

STEVEN  
It doesn't matter who does it, it's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Is this not a good time? Should we put this off?

STEVEN

No honey, we're fine.

TRISHA

(cuts Steven off)  
Steven, should we put this off?

They look at each other for a moment and Steven speaks.

STEVEN

No, we are fine. Just didn't realize this project was going to put me so far behind.

TRISHA

Hun, what happened in there?

STEVEN

Nothing. Just one of the interviews was kinda rough. I'm...

Steven continues but she tries to speak and Steven keeps on rambling.

TRISHA

Steven...  
(he doesn't stop talking)  
STEVEN! Can you give me a second?!  
(getting his attention)  
We don't have to do this.

STEVEN

Not do what? I promised you that we are gonna get married. I'm not changing my mind on this, nor do I want to.

As they start to embrace each other, Trisha knows she can't finish what has began, and pulls back reluctantly.

STEVEN

What's wrong?

TRISHA

Nothing babe... We're okay. I have a surprise for you though.

STEVEN

A surprise? What, tomorrow's not enough? Honey, we have a perfectly good house only 20 minutes from here. Why the room?

TRISHA

Can you relax. I need you to come in and get some rest.

He stops her from leaving and pulls her close to him.

STEVEN

Why are we hiding this from your parents?

TRISHA

Why are "we" hiding this? I'm not hiding anything. I wanted your mom and dad to come. That was your choice.

STEVEN

I understand Trisha. My situation is kinda hard. But you not telling your parents about us getting married, well, that's a choice also.

TRISHA

I don't want to get into this. I know you won't understand because you haven't been able to get it in over a year. But it has nothing to do with hiding the fact of me having been a dancer, Steven. You're the one that seems to be hiding everything from your family. I just don't like my parents, Steven. There's a difference.

STEVEN

Trisha! It's just gonna be a little much for them. Can you imagine the conversation?

As he pretends to hold the phone to his ear.

STEVEN

"Yeah, Mom, sorry, but the whole doing construction out in the booming Vegas market for the past 10 years was a lie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)

(beat)

Yeah, I'm sorry mom, I used to be a STRIPPER!

(beat)

Oh, by the way, Trisha, she was also a stripper that I met at my work."

They both start laugh.

TRISHA

Honey, stop it. You're not dancing. We're not dancing. Come on, you haven't danced in over five years. We are out, done, over.

SETVEN

Yeah, and how pathetic is that? The fact I was not only in my 30's, but my late 30's and still dancing.

TRISHA

Is this what we're gonna do Steven? I'm not gonna sit here and listen to this? Steven, you were good at what you did, you loved the stage, and lastly, you didn't look your age... Honey, we gotta get ready.

She kisses him and smiles. As she starts to walk away, she notices who is frozen on the laptop.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Rhea! You got RHEA to do the interview? Steven! You'll stop at nothing. You got your ex roommate to go on camera? I thought you guys weren't talking?

STEVEN

Well, I sort of convinced her to do it.

TRISHA

What?

STEVEN

I said it would be her chance at redemption by saying sorry or some shit...

(deep breath)

I don't know what I was thinking. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)  
just thought she was a really good  
story that's all, and things kinda  
heated up between her and I.

TRISHA  
Okay?

STEVEN  
Okay, what?

TRISHA  
So, what happened? You're not  
telling me anything.

STEVEN  
Well, I basically handed her, her  
ass.

TRISHA  
Why?

STEVEN  
Because, she cheated, then got  
married and to boot, let her  
parents pay for it. It's gross.

TRISHA  
I know it's gross, but it doesn't  
make it right to trick someone.

STEVEN  
I didn't trick anyone! I said I  
convinced her. I had been talking  
to her for a while actually. She  
was a little reluctant about the  
whole thing, so I explained to her  
that she would get her chance to  
say what happened. If there was  
anything slight-of-hand on my part,  
it was me telling her to not take  
her anti-depressants that week.

TRISHA  
You told her what?!

STEVEN  
(starts to laugh)  
To stop taking her medication.

TRISHA  
You're evil you know that. I hope  
you got what you're looking for.

STEVEN

Yeah, I think it was a little too realistic.

(beat)

What are we doing?

TRISHA (OS)

You'll see. I'm taking a shower.

Love you!

CUT TO: LAPTOP

Steven looks over at the frozen still-shot of Rhea with an awkward, ugly look on her face. She was MAD! Steven looks at it as if it pains him. He takes the cigarette and puts it out with disgust.

He shuts down the browser. He leans over, grabbing a medicine bottle. He cracks it open, rolling a pill between his fingers, as he stares off, thinking. He takes a breath and begins to do some writing on the computer regarding the interview.

As he begins to write, noticeable frustration consumes him. Rhea's words hit home. Steven writes only a few words on the screen, "What a nightmare!"

INT. TRISHA - SHOWER

Feet wet, Trisha gets out of the shower. She's been hearing knocking at the front door for a minute now. She comes out of the bathroom, stops and looks at Steven asleep at the computer. She goes over, looking at Steven, and says to him in the not-so warmest way.

TRISHA

STEVEN! What are you doing? I told you to get ready. You fell asleep. What is wrong with you? Don't you hear the knocking at the door?

He wakes up, and looks at her, puzzled.

STEVEN

Honey, I'm sorry. Where are you going?

TRISHA

Steven, someone has to get the door.

(to herself)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA (cont'd)  
What are they doing here so early?  
(looks back at Steven)  
Can you get ready?! I asked you to  
do one thing!

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Standing in the hall are NATHAN and JENNIFER. Both Nathan and Jennifer have been long time friends. Jennifer and Nathan have just met this evening for the first time per arrangements of Trisha. Nathan picked up Jennifer from the airport, which Steven was completely unaware of. Trisha comes to the door.

TRISHA  
Hi you two!  
(whispering to them)  
You guys are here a little early,  
aren't you?

JENNIFER  
I'm sorry. Neither one of us  
could remember if it was 7:30 or  
8:30 pm. that you wanted us here.

TRISHA  
Uh, that's what a phone is for.

JENNIFER  
Yeah, and your phone was going  
right to voice mail and it's not  
like we could call your soon-to-be  
hubby.

TRISHA  
(gives hug)  
Hey, Nathan.

NATHAN  
Hey, Trish. Where's your man?

Steven walks to the front door as they both come in. He is still trying to wake up. Trisha heads back to finish getting ready. Steven, still rubbing his eyes, notices both at the door.

STEVEN  
Bro, what's up! I thought I'd be  
seeing you tomorrow.

Steven is now growing more suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Dude, what's going on?

JENNIFER

(interrupts with a smile)  
Oh, I see. Don't say hi to your  
favorite girl.

(beat)

Okay, your second favorite.  
(gives Steven a hug)

STEVEN

Jennifer, what is going on? I  
thought I wasn't seeing you guys  
till tomorrow.

JENNIFER

Oh, that's a surprise. You'll see.

Nathan puts his arm around Steven and walks with him to sit  
on the sofa.

NATHAN

So you ready? Big day tomorrow.

STEVEN

Yeah, it's all good. I'm glad we  
decided to keep it small.

NATHAN

Yeah, I know all that, but are you  
ready for tonight?

STEVEN

Ready for what exactly?

NATHAN

Well, it still is a custom, I  
think, for your best man to throw  
the bachelor party.

STEVEN

(Steven just looks at him)  
You have got to be kidding me. I'm  
not going out and getting drunk  
bro.

NATHAN

(laughing and cuts Steven off)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Whatever. You're  
going out. Get your shit on. The  
boys are waiting.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Waiting? Waiting where? Wait, wait a second! What boys? I have no boys!

NATHAN

Can you shut up and just get ready?

STEVEN

God, I don't want to go out.

Steven is slightly frustrated and caught off guard by the whole thing, feeling he is in no mind-frame for a bachelor party. He hollers at Trisha.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Honey why did you go and do this? I thought you said after all of "this" that we were not going to do anything typical.

She comes out of the bathroom with Jennifer and goes up to Steven, putting her arms around him.

TRISHA

Honey, for just one night can you stop stressing and let Nathan take you out?!

STEVEN

Honey, we are getting married tomorrow! Tomorrow Trish! Do you understand that? God a bachlo.. (realizes something) Oh, I guess that means you're having a bachelorette party!

Jennifer starts to laugh.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Real funny. Haven't we seen enough of the same ol'? Damn it, Trisha! I'm in no mind frame for this.

JENNIFER

Steven, don't be mad. I thought it would be nice to spend some time with Trisha since we have not really had much time to do what girls do.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Oh yeah, and what's that?

JENNIFER

(laughing)

Spend your money.

STEVEN

Real funny. This little elope is costing us, so I have no money. And by the way, you're lucky I even invited you.

Steven looks at Nathan walking up to them, as he says it to Nathan with a wink.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I only needed one witness.

JENNIFER

Whatever jerk! Keep messing with me and I'll order a stripper!

Both girls start laughing again but it was quickly silenced by the look on his face. Steven calmly approaches Jennifer, puts his arm around her walking with away from Trisha and Nathan.

STEVEN

Jennifer, don't make me regret my choices of having you in my wedding. I don't need you stirring up things like normal. Do you get me?

(she starts to say something)  
Listen to me...

JENNIFER

(interrupts)

Do you trust Trisha?

STEVEN

Yeah, bu...

JENNIFER

Steven. Do you trust Trisha?

STEVEN

Yeah, I trust Trisha.

JENNIFER

Then there you go.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

I just don't trust situations and I sure don't trust Vegas.

JENNIFER

You don't trust Vegas? RETARD, you live here. God, you got it bad.

STEVEN

Got what bad, Jennifer?

JENNIFER

Did you ever stop to think that maybe, just maybe, these people just don't care. I'm talking about all these "poor guys" you are looking out for now. Did you ever consider that these women who do this are not treated that well an...

STEVEN

(cuts her off)

Then don't get MARRIED! That's the point with my project.

JENNIFER

Whatever, Steven. I didn't know this was gonna be a such a big deal. I didn't mean to cause a problem.

STEVEN

You? You set this up?

JENNIFER

Just thought it would be nice that's all. Get your mind where it's supposed to be.

STEVEN

And where's that? My old life of dancing?

JENNIFER

No, on your fiancée and friends, Steven. Not on all these idiots that you're interviewing.

STEVEN

(takes a long deep breath)

Thanks for coming to see me, Jennifer. This is a nice surprise.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)

I wasn't expecting to see you until tomorrow. Trisha said your flight wasn't getting in till the morning.

JENNIFER

I guess we took advantage of you being so busy that we did a little planning ourselves.

STEVEN

I can see that.

JENNIFER

Don't be mad at her.

STEVEN

I'm not. All this work has just been poisonous you know. It's been really difficult.

JENNIFER

You don't return any of my phone calls and when I talked to Nathan, he said the same thing.

STEVEN

Speaking of that, let me guess, Trisha gave you Jason's number?

JENNIFER

And?

STEVEN

Jennifer, listen, I'm sorry. I've just been really consumed with the project and I wasn't prepared for how challenging it ended up being.

JENNIFER

I've known you for how long now?

STEVEN

15 years.

JENNIFER

Okay, 15 years, and I've never seen you like this. It started to worry me. It's started to worry a lot of us. I hope you can understand.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

I do.

JENNIFER

Listen, speaking of "I do."

(whispering to him)

You don't have to do this you know.

STEVEN

I just want to make her happy.

JENNIFER

Yeah, you want her to shut up, so  
you could concentrate on your work.

Trisha and Nathan walk up on them before Steven could respond to Jennifer.

NATHAN

Dude, will you stop being a bitch  
and get ready?

STEVEN

We'll have this conversation later.

(back to Nathan)

Okay! Give me a second.

TRISHA

Honey have fun tonight.

STEVEN

What are you and Jennifer gonna do?

NATHAN

Will you come on bro...

STEVEN

Can you give me five seconds? Damn.

(back to Trisha)

When do you want me home, or,  
better yet, when are YOU gonna be  
home?

JENNIFER

She's not coming home, she'll be  
here when I bring her back. You let  
me worry about her and let Nathan  
worry about you.

STEVEN

Yeah, that's what worries me.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Oh, whatever loser. Go get ready.  
All of us are waiting on you and we  
can't leave till you guys leave.

STEVEN

Alright. Alright.

NATHAN

Christ all-mighty can we please go!  
(phone is ringing)  
See... They're waiting!

Steven is getting ready and still not quite comfortable about the whole thing. As he is brushing his teeth, Trisha comes in.

TRISHA

Honey.

STEVEN

Yeah?

TRISHA

You okay?

STEVEN

Yeah Trisha. I'm fine.  
(beat)  
Honestly, I need to finish getting  
ready. Nathan is waiting.

Steven tries to exit and go to his room to get the rest of his things and Trisha stops him.

TRISHA

You're not okay with this are you?

INTER-CUT - NATHAN/JENNIFER - LIVING ROOM

JENNIFER

Nathan, you don't come back here  
until I call you, alright?

NATHAN

No problem. He'll have plenty to do  
tonight. I'll keep him busy.

CUT-BACK - STEVEN/TRISHA - BEDROOM

STEVEN

It's a little late to get into this now. I'm put in a spot to be okay with this because I have no choice, and I'm trying not to be a dick.

TRISHA

Fine, Steven. If you don't want me to go, I won't.

STEVEN

(stops what he is doing)  
How convenient. Put me on the spot and make it like you'll do what I want. Trisha, I thought we had this discussion and...

NATHAN (OS)

Dude, can you come onnnnn!

Steven puts his money and wallet away and walks up to her trying to shake the whole thing off.

STEVEN

Gotta go, hun. Have fun and be safe. Wear your seat belt.

TRISHA

You too.

NATHAN

About time. Let's roll.

STEVEN

Jennifer, please be careful tonight. Don't drink and drive. The "crying game" doesn't work with metro, here. They'll take your ass to jail.

JENNIFER

We'll be safe, I promise. Umm, Nathan, I'll call you when we're done.

Jennifer gives Nathan this weird look and Steven catches it.

EXT.- BOTH COUPLES, HALLWAY - HOTEL - NIGHT

STEVEN

What was that about?

As they all left the hotel together, the pair split, going different directions. Looking back, Steven sees Jennifer and Trish going the other direction. He waves. Trisha blows a kiss goodbye and hollers at Steven.

TRISHA

(from afar)

Bye, honey!

NATHAN

What are you talking about?

They continue arguing as they walk down the hall and out to the vehicle.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

When you gonna shave? I hardly even recognize you and get rid of all that taco-meat on your chest. It's gross.

(laughing)

INT/EXT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

STEVEN

I can't believe we're doing this. Where are we going?

NATHAN

Get in and shut up. If it's okay with you, we're going to a strip club.

STEVEN

(beat)

I haven't been to a strip club in over 3 years.

NATHAN

I know. You're overdue. Maybe we'll run into that waitress you used to bang. She was so hot, bro. I can't believe you messed that up.

STEVEN

I didn't mess anything up.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Yeah, you did! You wanted more. Like usual, this hot ass chick used to come over after she got off of work was not enough. And how you landed that in the first place is beyond me.

STEVEN

Hey, you know how I roll.

NATHAN

I know how you "used" to roll. Then you went from hero to zero in about 6 seconds flat.

STEVEN

Whatever.

NATHAN

Well, you did. You used to have more women than I could count.

STEVEN

I don't mess around like that anymore Nathan. You know this. I don't cheat, nothing. Because what's the point?

Nathan just looks at him puzzled.

NATHAN

Dude what happened to you? You went from MAJOR player to nothing. You used to be in bang'n shape, all clean cut and shit, look'n like those metro-fags, and now you look like a bad memory of the 70's. (laughing)

SETVEN

Fuck you, DICK!

NATHAN

Well, look at your ass! What's next? You gonna be a stay-at-home dad?

STEVEN

And what would be wrong with that?

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Oh God, you're gonna make me puke.

EXT/INT. STRIP CLUB

Steven and Nathan are getting out of car. Nathan sees some of his friends. Looks across the hood of the car at Nathan.

STEVEN

You're something else you know that, and who's meeting you?

NATHAN

Us, dumb ass. They're meeting us.

STEVEN

Who? I don't know anyone.

NATHAN

I know you don't know who they are. They're some of my other friends.

STEVEN

Oh...

STEVEN (V.O.)

*Nathan Starks. One of the biggest drug dealers in Vegas and one of my closest and most counted on friend. We met in the bar I used to sling drinks at. And him, well, he would come in and sling something else. How we made friends, I have no clue. Guess he realized I could be counted on in a blink of an eye. I guess you could say that I was his "other" friend.*

NATHAN

Dawg, let's just hang for a couple of hours. I see you really don't want this. Just come in and have a couple beers with me. You don't need to get twisted.

Walking to the club. Doorman interrupts.

DOORMAN

Gentlemen, I need your ID's please.

NATHAN

There is six of us.

DOORMAN

(Looking at ID's)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOORMAN (cont'd)  
You're local. you're free. The  
other dudes gotta pay... That will  
be \$60.00

Steven starts to reach in his pocket to get money and Nathan catches him.

NATHAN  
(to Steven)  
Dude, you reach in your pocket  
again tonight and I'll break your  
fuck'n hand.

STEVEN  
Jesus Christ.  
(lol)  
Fine.

NATHAN  
(to the doorman)  
Here you go, bro. Thanks.

DOORMAN  
Thank you, sir.  
(walks with them)  
Would you like a booth? Can I get  
you a bottle this evening?

NATHAN  
A bottle would be great and a  
corner booth if at all possible.

DOORMAN  
No problem. Be right back with your  
waitress. Enjoy.

INT.- GROUP, BOOTH/TABLE - NIGHT

As the night ensues, Nathan and Steven are laughing. They  
been at the table for a while and both have been  
reflecting..

STEVEN  
What? What's on your mind?

Nathan stands up to say something to the table.

NATHAN  
Mr. Ex-player is now the one going  
to the alter.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Who ya talk'n bout?

NATHAN

My boy here. He's getting married tomorrow!

TONY

What?! You didn't say nothing. Congrats bro! Fellas, Nathan's boy here is getting married tomorrow!

DJ(OS)

Okay, boys. Do we have a Steven Moore in the house? Steven? Where's Steven?! I guess this guy has decided to ruin his life, and is getting married tomorrow, so I'm here along with Porsche, Star, Devine, Candy and Boe, to see if we can change his mind! Alright Steven, get your ass on that stage and have a seat.

The table is going crazy as Steven reluctantly gets up on stage. Everything slows down, as he looks around the room and at Nathan.

STEVEN (V.O.)

*Not for one second, would I have thought I would be here, in this chair, looking like every other dumb ass passing through Vegas, to have his last-minute fling. Christ, I feel so stupid. Trisha would kill me if she knew what I was doing right now.*

INTERCUT - BACHELOR/BACHELORETTE PARTY

There is total craziness. Jennifer ordered strippers and the party has already ensued back at the hotel. There is 20+ women and two strippers are present in the middle of their performance and the women are going nuts.

INT. CLUB

Steven, now off stage and with the boys back at the booth. A dancer comes up to engage Steven who is in the middle of a conversation with Nathan.

(CONTINUED)

STRIPPER

Hey baby. Anyone sitting here?

As she makes her way down on his lap.

STEVEN

No, I guess not.

STRIPPER

You're not really having a good time, are you?

STEVEN

No, no, that's not it.

STRIPPER

Where you guys from?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. HOTEL, CARLA

CARLA

Vegas, baby!

INT. CLUB, STEVEN

STEVEN

Yeah, I live here.

STRIPPER

Oh that's cool. So I hear you're getting married.

NATHAN

Okay, I did not come out for you two to make conversation. Hun, can you get my boy another dance?

STEVEN

Dude, no man. I'm done.

NATHAN

Shut the fuck up. God! Take the fucking dance, will you?

INT. HOTEL

Carla talks to both male dancers and points to the back bedroom.

CARLA

Yeah, give her the dance in the back room guys. Give her something a little more private.

INT. CLUB, FEMALE STRIPPER

STRIPPER

(to Steven)  
You ready?

INT. HOTEL, TRISHA

TRISHA

Yeah, I'm ready!

INT. CLUB, STEVEN

The dancer is on her knees as she starts to run her hands up the inside of his legs toward his crotch.

STEVEN

I guess so.

INT. HOTEL, TRISHA, MALE DANCERS

Hands come up from behind Trisha and slowly grab and rub her breasts. We see the male dancer coming up to her. The advancement is received from Trisha without any reluctance.

INT. CLUB, STEVEN

Steven watches her as she further starts to run her hands up and over his crotch. He stops her without being too obvious to the other guys.

INT. HOTEL, TRISHA, MALE DANCERS

At this point Trisha is being throttled.

INT. MAIN ROOM, HOTEL

The women are listening to what's going on, as they stand outside the room with ears to door.

It is now hitting Jennifer as well, as she realizes what she has just played part in. Some women start to leave the party. She approaches Carla.

JENNIFER

What did you do that for?

Carla just looks at her, but is half baked.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Hello! What is wrong with you?!

CARLA

What do you mean "wrong with me?"

JENNIFER

Can you hear what is going on in there?

CARLA

Pretty sure everyone can.

JENNIFER

You think this is funny? Steven finds out about this and he won't only kill her, but he'll kill me. Uhh, I can't believe I did this!

CARLA

Let me fill you in on something. Steven, he's where? Out with his friends at a bachelor party, right? What do you think he's doing right now?

JENNIFER

I don't know!

CARLA

(angry)

That's right. You don't know and neither does he. So just relax and keep it that way.

Jennifer walks off frustrated and notices that a couple of girls had cracked the door open and are taking pictures. She runs up and grabs the camera.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

What are you doing? Give me that.

Yanks the camera out of the girls hand and pulls the door shut.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Leave... LEAVE! Get out of here!

CARLA

Why are you getting all worked up?

JENNIFER

You too! Leave.

CARLA

That's fine. But I'm just curious, why is it okay that guys can go out, do their thing and we have to sit back and pretend to be stupid? Why do we have to act like nothing happens, when we know good and well they are cheating on us! Fuck him! He's probably getting jerked off right now as we speak.

INT. CLUB - STEVEN, FEMALE STRIPPER

STRIPPER

You love her, don't you?

STEVEN

Of course I love her. I wouldn't get married if I didn't.

STRIPPER

That's great, honestly. I wish you the best with your marriage.

She kisses him on the cheek, saying goodbye.

CUT-BACK INT. HOTEL

Jennifer and Carla are still arguing.

JENNIFER

Think whatever you want to think, but just leave. The party is over.

As Jennifer finished saying that, the door for some reason did not stay shut and again opened. Her and the other girl witness Trisha getting violated in the worst way.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

Well, the party doesn't look over  
for some around here.

JENNIFER

Bitch! Get out of here.

CARLA

Hey, if you stopped getting so mad,  
you could maybe find time to get in  
there and get yourself some as  
well.

JENNIFER

Fuck you.

CARLA

Ohh, and one more thing. How is it  
you, who has only known Trisha for  
a few years, whom I've known for  
the past 8 years, ended up being  
Maid of Honor, huh?

JENNIFER

Maybe because I'm not a scandalous  
ass bitch like the rest of her  
so-called friends. And AGAIN, what  
part of "get the fuck out of here"  
don't you understand?

CARLA

Have a good night... I'll see you  
tomorrow.

Jennifer is standing there. Alone. Isolated. Looks at camera  
in hand. Looks at door almost like she is looking through  
it, seeing what's happening to her best friends fiancée, and  
starts to sob.

INT. CLUB, STEVEN

STEVEN

You guys ready?

NATHAN

Yeah. Let's roll.

STEVEN

Thanks for everything Nathan. Love  
ya bro. You've always been a good  
friend... Thank you.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, TRISHA

As Trisha is still being violated, you can still hear the obviousness.

END SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. DAY, WEDDING

The view of green grass. Outside. Beautiful day. See everyone nicely dressed.

PASTOR (VO)

By the powers vested in me, I now  
pronounce you Man and Wife. You may  
now kiss the bride.

STEVEN/TRISHA

(A deep passionate kiss exudes  
between the two.)

Nathan and Jennifer look on. Jennifer can barely fight back the tears. Nathan has no clue to what happened the night before. He just looks at Jennifer, thinking she is overtaken by Steven getting married.

They both clap for the newly weds as they walk past them. Trisha throws Jennifer a look, knowing Jennifer will never say anything.

MONTHS LATER

INT. BEDROOM, STEVEN

Steven, in bed that morning, as he was up all night still working on his unfinished documentary. Trisha comes in like a freight-train, pissed off as hell.

TRISHA

Can you get the fuck UP! God, all  
you do is sleep.

STEVEN

(Startled)  
What is wrong with you?! Who would  
have thought you would talk to me  
like this?

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

And, who would have thought you wouldn't have a job and still be sleeping? That's all the fuck you do is sleep, Steven. Why don't you try doing something else for a change, like get a job?

STEVEN

Trisha, I am almost done with the project. Don't you get this?

TRISHA

Almost done? You've been "almost done" for the past two months, Steven. I need some help around here.

STEVEN

You're funny you know that. We talked about how hard it was going to be before getting married. We talked about how you were gonna carry the load in the beginning until I finished this project and what do you do? You act like I pulled some kind of bullshit on you.

TRISHA

So, what are you saying? You're gonna lay around the house as I go to work and try and tell me that you're doing something? Give me a fucking break. I'm not one of you "sugar mama's", Steven.

STEVEN

God, here we go again.

Conversation continues to the kitchen as Steven gets up and out of bed, getting something to eat.

TRISHA

"Here we go again" what? Why do you persist in making me out to look like I bitch all the time?

STEVEN

Because you do bitch all the time. At least now you do.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Fuck you, Steven. You don't like it, then get the fuck out.

STEVEN

What is wrrrrrrong with you?

TRISHA

You are what is wrong with me.

Steven is starting to get pissed but is controlling his temper and asks Trisha to sit with him.

STEVEN

Trisha, can you sit with me for just a couple of minutes and let's talk this out. Please.

TRISHA

I don't have a couple of minutes, Steven. Someone's got to go to work. I'm meeting with my client.

STEVEN

(as he eats his food)

Client this, client that, you're always meeting some client.

TRISHA

What are you saying, Steven? You saying that I'm fucking my clients now, Steven? Is that it?!

STEVEN

God, can you sit down please? I was just kidding, Trisha.

TRISHA

No you weren't, Steven. That's bullshit! That doc has got your head all fucked up. You know that!

STEVEN

No, you're the one who has my head all fu...

(starts to catch himself)

Trisha, can you please sit down with me? I'm asking you please.

TRISHA

No. Fuck you! You just started to say I wa..

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Please...

TRISHA

No fuck you. I gotta go...

Steven, having enough of the chaos, picks up his bowl and slams it against the wall with a degree of hostility that Trisha has never seen before.

STEVEN

Can you SIT DOWN?! Do I have your attention now, Trish?! I have held it in for months, dealing with your change of attitude. I wanted to talk with you amicably about the situation and you won't give me a chance. You think you've had it, well so have I. So can we please sit down and do something constructive for once... Please.

They look at each other and the mess of the shattered bowl that hit the wall and the food everywhere. She is both scared and shocked. She looks at him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What? Yeah, I got pissed. Imagine that. Me getting pissed for a change and not you. So what? You gonna hold this against me now?

TRISHA

I've never sma...

STEVEN

Whatever, Trisha. No, you just tell me that I'm a loser that's all. You're supposed to be my best friend and I can't even go a day without you racking me.

(beat)

If you don't stand by me, then who will? Who will, Trisha? Maybe, just maybe, if you stop acting like a bitch, you'll stop being a bitch.

TRISHA

Don't call me a bit...

Cuts her off and gets right up on her before she can finish her sentence.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Then stop acting like one, Trisha.  
It's a choice. That's all.  
(pulls out a chair for her)  
Now, please sit.

TRISHA

Are you gonna clea...

As he is talking, he goes to clean up his mess.

STEVEN

I've got it.

TRISHA

(she sits)  
It's just hard you know, Steven.

STEVEN

I know it's hard, Trisha, but we  
sat down and talk about how hard  
this was gonna be for both of us.

TRISHA

I know... I know we did. I just  
don't think it's right for a man to  
leave it up to the woman to work,  
Steven.

STEVEN

You're funny.

TRISHA

Why is that?

STEVEN

Because, you talk about all this  
"what's fair for a man should be  
fair for a woman," but when it  
comes down to it, a woman holding  
the fort down as the man ventures  
off to better himself and that of  
his family, you come to me with  
this, "I just don't thinks it's  
right for a man to leave it up to  
the woman to work." Whatever,  
Trisha.

TRISHA

Whatever? That's your response?  
"Whatever?" What planet are you on,  
Steven?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Obviously not your planet, Trisha.

TRISHA

In case you haven't noticed, men work, Steven.

STEVEN

And in case you haven't noticed, men have been working hundreds of years as the women stayed home sitting on their asses, and you didn't hear men getting all twisted up about it.

TRISHA

Well, that's just culture, Steven.

STEVEN

Culture?! Who's? What culture are you referring to exactly? The "do as I say, not as I do culture?" Is that the one you're referring to?

TRISHA

Men and women were brought up to play certain roles in life. The woman keeps up the home and the man provides.

STEVEN

Are you serious? You are sitting here reverting back to this culture that so many of you women did not want to partake in. It wasn't good enough for you to live by, yet you want men to refer to it whenever necessary? I see... This domesticated role that you say is/was the way, yet you gave the "high hard one" to all the men that say you must be "bare-foot and pregnant and should stay home, cook and clean?" Like most, you and other women who think like you, are all a congregation of hypocrites.

TRISHA

Hypocrites? How am I a hypocrite?!

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

You just said "It's our culture. It's the way it is. Men and women have certain roles to play in life." Did you NOT just say that?

TRISHA

But how does that make me a hypocrite, Steven?

STEVEN

Well, why don't you lead by example and start filling "your" role?

TRISHA

What?

STEVEN

Start filling your role, Trisha. Stay home, cook, clean, don't work and I'll start filling mine, as you so kindly pointed out.

TRISHA

Someone's gotta work, Steven!

STEVEN

(finished cleaning up the mess)

No problem. I'll put my hobby aside as you put it, contact my old employer and go to work this weekend. How does that sound?

TRISHA

(looks at him and starts to laugh)

Yeah, sure, Steven. Like you're in any condition to go back to dancing.

STEVEN

You have a point. Okay, how about next month? I'll start "filling my role" next month, and you, well, you can start, how about now?

Hands her the rag that he had been using to clean the mess up with.

TRISHA

All of this came from me asking for some help?

(CONTINUED)

Goes to where she is sitting and kneels down, just below eye level and speaks to her with a sense of calmness that is frightening.

STEVEN

No, all of "this" came from you racking me every day. Dropping your snide-ass remarks, calling me a loser or whatever else rolls off your tongue.

TRISHA

Oh, I see. So the way you're acting now, it's my fault?

STEVEN

Why not. That's your answer to everything. It's obvious now that the reason you've been so hard on me is because I'm a "lazy, non-job-having looser" right?

TRISHA

I'm not doing this with you, Steven. I've gotta go. I'm late.

STEVEN

Wait, you're saying you don't want to fill your role? Why not?

TRISHA

Not doing this, Steven. Gotta go.

STEVEN

Hey, so what do you prefer? Teflon or stainless steel?

TRISHA

What?

Stops and turns holding the door open with her hand, leaning up on it.

TRISHA

What are you fucking talking about now, Steven?

STEVEN

The skillet I'm getting you. Before I go and buy it, just thought I'd be extra cool and ask you what you preferred to cook with.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA  
Fuck you, Steven.

Catches the door and keeps it from closing. Stand there in doorway, watching her as she goes to her car.

STEVEN  
What? I did not quite catch that.

TRISHA  
Dick.

Can hear Steven through her car.

STEVEN  
Why don't you start by cleaning up  
the rest of the mess that I made?

Watches her as she drives off. They give each other a look of indifference. She pulls out and speeds off. He closes the door.

STEVEN (OS)  
Bitch.

INT. CAR, TRISHA

All we here is the sound of a phone ringing and a woman answering it.

TRISHA  
I can't take it, I can't take it  
anymore!

INTERCUT -INT. TRISHA/CARLA, PHONE CALL, DAY

CARLA  
Hun, hold on. Let me turn down the  
TV. Ok. What's up? You sound  
stressed out.

TRISHA  
I can't take it any more, Carla.

CARLA  
Take what, Trish?

TRISHA  
Steven. I can't take it any more.

Carla is silent.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Hellooooo, you there? I'm talking to you.

CARLA

I'm here. I just don't feel like getting into this with you about Steven, because I told you months ago to not do it, but did you listen to me?

TRISHA

I know. I just don't know what to do.

Pulls over to have the conversation.

CARLA

Sure you do. Get out.

TRISHA

What are you talking about?

CARLA

You forced a relationship that shouldn't have ever been, and mind you, since we're talking about this, I'm still pissed that you didn't make me Maid of Honor just because Steven wanted Jennifer.

TRISHA

Listen, I'm so...

CARLA

No, you can blow smoke up your own ass all day long, but you're not gonna do it to me.

TRISHA

Carla, what the hell? What do you mean, "blow smoke up my ass?"

CARLA

Okay. Let's take this for example. You used to tell me that sex was not bad with you and Steven right?

TRISHA

Yeah, so?

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

And you used to make all kinds of excuses for it.

TRISHA

What do you mean excuses?

CARLA

Well you used to go on and on with how love is, what's important, and all this other horse shit. But, bottom line, he wasn't doing it for you in the bedroom and he's never really done it for you even before getting married.

TRISHA

That's not true and you know it!

CARLA

I know it? Oh really. Let me ask you something, do you remember the night of your party?

TRISHA

Oh, do you have to bring that up?

CARLA

(cuts her off)

Yeah. How could you forget. All you talked about for weeks, was how big that dancers dick was.

TRISHA

Jesus Carla! Do we have to go ov..

CARLA

Did you not?

TRISHA

At some point Carla, a person's relationship has to be about something other than sex.

CARLA

And the minute that happens in a relationship, I'll show you someone who is cheating.

TRISHA

Great, now I have you throwing it in my face.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA

Listen... My point to this is, is you are doing no one a favor, not yourself or Steven, by staying in a relationship that is unfulfillable, Trisha. Being with these guys on your bachelorette party means squat to me. What it should have meant to you is, you weren't ready to get married.

TRISHA

(crying)

I was drunk, Carla and I ended up just like everyone that Steven had interviewed for his project.

CARLA

Give me a break. Steven used to be just like all those people. Not you. That guy, I guarantee it, used to be, and probably still is a player. Did it ever cross your mind that he probably cheated as well that night?

TRISHA

No. I guess I never really thought about it.

CARLA

Well, maybe you should.

TRISHA

But I'm trying to change. I'm trying to see more about a relationship and what's important. And Steven, he's, well, he's good in bed.

(She's been crying but breaks the tension and hesitates with a slight laugh)

He's got a nice cock.

CARLA

Oh God, give me a break. There's a big difference between a guy who has an 8 inch dick and a dude who has a 12 inch cock Trisha, okay. Are you kidding me? After being with a guy who was packing that, it's kinda hard to go back, if you know what I'm saying.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Well, what am I supposed to do Carla?! Do a cup-check on anyone that I date? Should I have walked up to Steven and said, "Hey, how much dick do you have?"

CARLA

No, I'm not saying that, but once you were in the relationship and you noticed that he wasn't doing it for you in the bedroom, you should have looked out for yourself and parted ways, or moved to being friends. That's all that I'm saying.

TRISHA

GODDD, I'm just confused!

CARLA

No your not. You're unhappy. That's all, and you'll stay unhappy as long as you stay with Steven. Trisha, I'm your friend. Always have been. But if you truly care for Steven and most importantly yourself, you should get out. Come stay with me.

TRISHA

Why should I get out? It's my place!

Call is coming in on the other line.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Hey I gotta go, it's Steven. I'll talk to you soon.

CARLA

One more thing...

TRISHA

Hurry! What?!

CARLA

Have you heard from Jennifer?

TRISHA

Oh God, whatever. You're such a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CARLA  
Yeah, you love me though. Bye!

INT. HOUSE, STEVEN

The phone kept ringing and Trisha finally picked up and answered.

TRISHA (OS)  
Hello?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Hey, baby.

TRISHA (OS)  
Hey, what's up?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Listen, I'm sorry about today. You know that I was just kidding about the whole "client" thing. I know in a million years you would never cheat on me, Trisha. No matter how bad it gets.

TRISHA (OS)  
Whatever.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Listen, I'm trying to make peace here, Trisha, but I need your help. You being impossible was part of what caused our blow-out today.

TRISHA (OS)  
I know, I'm just frustrated.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Where you at right now? I didn't catch you in your meeting did I?

TRISHA (OS)  
No. I'm, well, I was talking to Carla.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Trisha, you're begging for trouble with her. Don't you get this? That  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)  
woman is no good. She's plain and  
simple no good, Trisha. She's a man  
hater I'm telling you. Go ahead.  
Look for yourself.

TRISHA (OS)  
What do you mean look for myself?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Well, when you flip open the  
dictionary and go to Man-Hater,  
you'll see her photo.

TRISHA (OS)  
You doing comedy now, Steven? And  
how do you know she's all bad?  
Honestly. I mean, you got me to  
stop hanging with her!

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
What?! What do you mean I got you  
to stop hanging with her. You're  
the one that said she was the  
biggest skank of a friend that you  
had 'cuz she slept with everyone,  
partied too much and all this other  
stuff. You said that, or did you  
forget that conversation also,  
Trisha?

TRISHA (OS)  
Whatever.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Whatever? The polite fuck you.  
Okay, I got you.

TRISHA (OS)  
Jesus Steven, is this why you  
called me, to give me shit about  
one of my friends?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Again, you're so funny, but I ain't  
laughing. Today she's your friend.  
Yesterday she was a skank. Okay.  
Got ya. My wife who keeps the  
company of skanks. Good looking  
out. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA (OS)  
I don't NEED THIS SHIT STEVEN!!!

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
You know, I'm guessing you're not  
sure what you do need, Trisha.

"Click." Hangs up on her.

She is screaming at the phone, because Steven won't answer her and is fiery pissed off, frustrated and calling him every name in the book. In her fit of rage, she calls Carla back.

INTERCUT. CARLA, HOUSE - TRISHA, CAR

Phone is ringing again and Carla runs to get it.

CARLA  
Hello?

TRISHA  
Hey, it's me.

CARLA  
What's up? You don't sound okay.

TRISHA  
I'm not, I'm not okay. You wanna go  
get a drink with me?

CARLA  
I can't hun. My ex is getting ready  
to bring my daughter back, and he  
should be here any minute. You  
wanna come over here?

TRISHA  
Okay, I'll see you in a bit.

INT. STEVEN - HOUSE

Steven, goes to take a shower, but before he does, he gets a call from Nathan. Now in his closet, looking for one of the photos from his wedding.

He's been on the phone with Nathan, who has been giving him shit for taking so long to get him the pictures from the wedding. He keeps looking and looking, but can't come across the wedding picture.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN  
Dude, chill. I'm looking right now.

NATHAN  
Where's Trisha?

STEVEN  
Who knows. She's been gone for a while. Listen, let me call you back... Late.

Thinking to himself.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I wonder were Trish is anyhow?  
Christ man, this woman is a mess.

INT. CARLA - HOUSE

Both Carla and Trish have been sitting for a while, drinking and talking about the obvious. Trisha looks at her watch and realizes she has to leave.

CARLA  
All right hun. Call me if you need anything. Drive safe.

TRISHA  
I will. Bye!

INT. STEVEN - HOUSE

STEVEN  
Tah-daa. Here we go. Finally.

Steven pulls the box down, taking it and sits it on the bed with him, on his lap. He opens the lid. Steven, sits there... Starring. There is the slightest of reaction.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
What the...?

He reaches in and slowly pulls out a dildo that was about a foot long. It was thick and grossly disproportionate. He takes a closer look at it, seeing it's been used.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Are you kidding?! Are you kidding me! She's...  
(Starts to laugh)  
This has gotta be a joke. No chick would use this. What the hell?

(CONTINUED)

He looks up at the ceiling almost exhausted from thoughts of what he knows he will have to face. Taking a deep breath he stands up, walking to the bathroom with the dildo still in hand, talking to himself.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(mumbles)                      Whatever.

EXT. STEVEN, HOUSE - DAY

A horrible fight ensued after Trisha arrived home, just as Steven expected. Steven is outside his home, waiting for Nathan to arrive. He is still patting at the blood from the corner of his mouth.

STEVEN (V.O.)

*I learned long ago, that it is only through situations of adversity that define a person's true line of character. Let's just say I found that line today.*

EXT.- NATHAN, VEHICLE

Nathan pulls up, stops, and just looks at Steven sitting on the corner. He is shaking his head at him.

NATHAN

Bro, what is going on? You okay?  
Well, are you gonna just sit there,  
or are you getting in? Let's go.

Steven gets up, goes to the vehicle and they take off.

INT. STEVEN/NATHAN - VEHICLE

NATHAN

Okay. Start talking. What's going  
on?

STEVEN

Nathan, I'm not sure where to even  
begin.

NATHAN

Well, let's just start somewhere.  
It has to be pretty bad for you to  
call me to come get you. Holly  
shit, you're bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

I'm okay.

NATHAN

You're okay? Okay... Sure you are.

STEVEN

The whole thing is just weird. It was like the other dimension or something. I can't believe what just happened, Nathan.

NATHAN

You understand that I still don't know what is going on. What, did you catch her with another guy or something?

Steven just looks at him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Whoa, I was just kidding. She, wait, she, you, you didn't catch her with someone did you? Well will you tell me what happened!

STEVEN

Not sure if I want to even talk about it right now.

NATHAN

What?!

STEVEN

Fine! Right after you and I were on the phone...

NATHAN

Yeah.

STEVEN

I was going through the closet and I found a dildo.

Nathan just looks at him but can barely keep from laughing.

NATHAN

You called me to pick you up because you found a dildo? You're funny bro. You found a dildo and you're bleeding from the mouth... That doesn't look good.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Fuck you, smart ass. No, you don't get it. This thing was the size of a horse's cock.

Nathan is just busting a gut at this point.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Oh I see. This is funny to you, huh? I still really don't think you get it.

NATHAN

Oh, okay. What am I missing? Tell me. I'm dying to hear this.

STEVEN

Like I said. I started going through all the mess in the closet, found a shoe box, opened it and there it was in all of its splendor. A dildo about a foot long and about as thick as a bat.

(Nathan can't contain himself)

Wow, everything's a joke to you, huh?

NATHAN

What are you talking about? Don't you hear yourself and how stupid you sound? So what? She had a dildo, bro. Who cares?

STEVEN

Listen. If I knew it was there, it would be one thing. But finding it like that, it just made me feel weird, you know.

NATHAN

You're such a pussy! If I would have found it, I would have taken it to her.

STEVEN

Can't you see what the whole thing says to me?

NATHAN

Yeah, it says you went looking where you shouldn't, and you got your ass kicked.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

It says I'm not doing it for my wife, and she followed up by verifying it.

NATHAN

(pauses)

What? What do you mean verified it?

STEVEN

She told me that the reason she had it was I couldn't do it for her.

NATHAN

She probably said it to piss you off.

STEVEN

I don't think so... It got worse.

Nathan sees a tavern ahead and pulls in.

NATHAN

Why don't we finish this over a beer.

EXT. TAVERN - DAY

As they pull in, Nathan parks, but they stay in the vehicle as Steven collects himself.

NATHAN

Christ, she got you good.

(pauses)

Honestly you gonna tell me what happened? No more bullshit on my end. It must have been pretty bad for this to happen. Were the cops called?

STEVEN

No. Not after she'd seen what she did.

NATHAN

Come on... Let's go in and talk.

## INT. TAVERN

Nathan and Steven, look around and decide to sit at the bar. Bartender comes up and greets them.

BARTENDER

Hey guys. What's up? What's it gonna be today?

NATHAN

Yeah, can you get us a couple of drafts?

BARTENDER

What do you prefer? We hav...

NATHAN

(cuts him off)

Anything bro. You pick it.

(looking for Steven)

There's more to this?

STEVEN

Man, I never went there before with ANY woman. I mean it got really bad. It scared me. I scared me.

(pauses)

I've just got tired of her mouth, Nathan. She's been mean as hell, and I ain't play'n about that. It's like I don't even know her.

NATHAN

What's she been saying to you?

STEVEN

Well, it's sure not this, Hey I'm mad cause you didn't tell me you love my routine. It's been this, "You're a fucking loser, deadbeat, wannabe, burn-out."

Nathan is just looking at him in shock. Realizes others are over-hearing their conversation.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

And, oh yeah, "Why don't you grow a dick?" she said.

NATHAN

(rubs his forehead)

How long has it been like this?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

For months! It was almost like right after we got married, and then she changed!

NATHAN

I don't know, bro. It was your call getting married. I have your back no matter what.

STEVEN

What are you saying?

NATHAN

What I'm saying is, is you really don't know someone until you live together and it just seemed like you kinda jumped into it that's all. But that was then and this is now. So she hit you, huh?

STEVEN

Wait a second... How the fuck is getting married after being together for five years, "jumping into it," Nathan.

NATHAN

And out how many of those years were you two on-again, off-again, huh? The two of you weren't so monogamous, you know.

STEVEN

Yeah, I know, Nathan. I know we had our problems, just like everyone else. And we worked through those hard times, making a decision after all our counseling and shit, to work together... Or so I thought we did.

NATHAN

It's all good. I don't mean to bring your two's past up. You both survived a ton of shit. I'm sorry. That was then, and this is now. So what happened?

STEVEN

She beat the shit out of me, and she wouldn't have stopped if I wouldn't have grabbed her by the neck.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

"Grabbed her by the neck?!" Okay, so all of this was because you found a dildo? Come on! Something was done or said that made you two go postal on each other. (beat) slow down and take me back. Back when we had got off the phone.

Listen,

As Steven fills in Nathan as to what happened, the events play back.

FLASHBACK: EXT./INT.- STEVEN/TRISHA'S HOME - DAY

Trisha gets out of the car goes into the house and can hear Steven in the shower. She calls for him and he doesn't answer.

TRISHA

Honey, you there?

Still no response. She walks into the bathroom and pulls back the shower curtain.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you answer me?  
What's wrong?  
Oh I see. Now I'm getting the silent treatment. Whatever, Steven. You gonna talk to me or I am go...

In mid sentence she looks in the sink and sees her dildo.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Oh, this is great.

Trisha leans back against the sink with her hands covering her face. Steven opens the shower curtain fully exposing himself in an unusual relapse of confidence.

STEVEN

Well, it's too bad that I wasn't properly introduced to your little friend there, Trisha. Boy, the three of us could have had a great time, huh?

TRISHA

What are you doing, Steven? Going through my shit now?!

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

"My shit." What do you mean with my shit? I never knew in our house that you had a "my shit" place and that I had mine. Nice to know.

TRISHA

Listen, that was a gag gift from one of the girls at the bachelorette party.

STEVEN

Bachlorette party? Really? I thought you said you and Jennifer just went out for a couple of drinks that night?

She just looks at him, knowing good and well she just outed herself. But Steven seems to move past it. He looks at the dildo.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Gag gift? well, gag is certainly appropriate. Gift on the other hand...

TRISHA

Have you got to be such a fucking smart ass?

STEVEN

I don't know. let's see, Trisha... You're here alone, and I'm out with a client, right. We haven't had much sex recently and you go tearing through our closet to look for something and then waMM, Out of nowhere, you just so happen to come across "Ol' Betty," my blow up doll, and a good ol' never fail-ya' pocket pussy... What would be going through your over-confident mind?!

TRISHA

Do we have to do this now?

STEVEN

I don't know? Can you think of a better time, Trish, or is it that you have to meet with another client. Hell, maybe I'll just leave the two of you alone.

(CONTINUED)

Pointing at the dildo, he continues to get ready as she fights for something to respond with.

TRISHA

Well maybe if you got the fuck off your work for one second and spent as much time trying to get me "off," then maybe I wouldn't need my "little friend" as you say.

STEVEN

Oh, I see. So the fact that you have something the size of a horse dick all up inside you is because what? Because I'm too busy? Is that what your saying?

TRISHA

What do you want from me, Steven?

STEVEN

Honesty. That would be a nice start.

TRISHA

So, what am I supposed to do? Yell it out there, "Steven, you really just don't do it for me!"

She just realizes what she just said. Steven walks off.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Oh, Steven. Steven wait.

STEVEN

Wait? Wait for what? You actually think that I'm gonna buy into your bullshit? You should have figured that out a long time ago, baby. Like before we got married and not after.

TRISHA

Do you think it's easy to say something like that? Do you? I tried dealing with it in my own way Steven, instead of hurting your feelings.

STEVEN

(getting his attention)  
Hurt my feelings? How's that, Trisha?

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

You know what, let's just forget it, Steven. Sorry that you had to find that.

STEVEN

Whoa, wait a second. What do you mean "hurt my feelings", Trish?

TRISHA

Jesus, Steven. Like usual you can't let shit go.

STEVEN

What the fuck are you trying to say, Trisha?

Looking at the dildo in the sink and then looks at her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You know what. Sorry that I don't do it for you, Trisha. Maybe if you stopped shoving that up you, then maybe I would.

She gets pissed. Watches Steven as he continues to get ready.

TRISHA

Maybe if you grew a fucking dick, I wouldn't have to.

You can feel the tension at that very second. Her words cut through him, though he maintains a sense of calm through the whole thing. He walks up to her.

STEVEN

Maybe if you didn't have your uterus "routed" out be every fucking dude in Vegas, th...

WHAM, she start's to beat the shit out of him. She is screaming at him at the top of her lungs the whole time while doing everything possible to hurt him.

TRISHA

Fuck you, you fucking faggot! I hate you, you mother fucker. Fuck YOU! I hate your guts!

(CONTINUED)

She is hysterical with anger. Crying, pissed and catches him with a shot to the face. He finally had enough and responds himself. He grabs her by the throat, picks her up and throws her on the bed. He is marked up pretty bad by her, and bleeding from the corner of his mouth.

STEVEN

Let me tell you something.

TRISHA

Get the fuck off of ME!

STEVEN

Let me tell you something.

TRISHA

Steven, get off of me or I'm gonna call the cops.

STEVEN

Really?! You getting a good look at me, and what you just did to me? Huh? Have you?

Reaches and grabs the phone with his free hand and hands it to her.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Sure. Go ahead. It might be kinda refreshing for once to see a bitch go to jail.

She is thinking about what he just said, but is too pissed about him just calling her a bitch and spits in his face.

TRISHA

Fuck you Steven, I hate you!

Still with one hand on her neck holding her down, he sits back calmly and wipes the spit off of his face with the free hand.

He smiles and just looks at her as if almost to strike her but slowly closes in and spits back.

STEVEN

Fuuuck you, bitch.

She is paralyzed with fear at this point, hitting her with all that just happened. Tears swell up in her eyes again and the situation has finally broke her. The spit lays across her face. She is struggling to wipe it off.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Steven... Oh my God. Steven!

STEVEN

Let me tell you something. Don't ever put your fucking hands on me. You touch me ever again and I'll fucking kill you.

(pauses)

Don't ever, put your hands on me. Women like you think a man is supposed to sit here and take this shit? Beating me, spitting on me and talking down to me. Well you know what? Fuck you.

He gets up. Lets her go. She lays there crying as she wipes the spit from her face and is still paralyzed with fear. He goes back to getting ready. She lays there. Looks at the spit on her fingers as she wipes it off her face. She fully breaks down crying. He is steadfast, calm and gets ready like nothing happened.

TRISHA

(she gets the words out)

I want a div...

STEVEN

No, I want a divorce.

(to himself)

What an idiot. Like usual, I thought you were different. I'm such a dumb fuck.

(grabs the cell phone off the bed)

Christ, I never knew I was doing a doc on my life. Real fucking nice.

Steven is leaving, and it just struck him as to what she said earlier about the bachelorette party. He never turns around to look at her, but stops at doorway before fully exiting.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

So did you?

TRISHA

What?

STEVEN

Did you cheat on me? At your party?

She says nothing. Still rubbing her throat.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Whatever, Trisha. That's what I get for seeing someone, let alone marrying a chick that I met at a fucking strip club.

He walks out. She gets up off the bed, runs into the bathroom, grabs the dildo. Runs out to find him and throws it at him. It barely misses him. He doesn't even flinch and just kind laughs to himself and continues to walk out.

TRISHA

(yelling at him)

Go ahead. Go ahead, leave! What you gonna do now, Steven? Rhea was right. What are you gonna do? Go back to dancing?

(she laughs at loud)

You're 40! How are you gonna make it without me, Steven? HOW?

(he walks out the front door)

You're nothing more than a wannabe, Steven.. you fucking loser.

Steven walks out ignoring all that she says. He slams the door shut and you can still hear bullshit coming from her, even through outside of the house. He walks to the corner.

On phone calling Nathan. He sits there thinking of what just took place and even though composed, is ripping him up inside.

END FLASHBACK

CUT-BACK - INT. TAVERN, STEVEN/NATHAN

STEVEN

Yeah, I think that about sums up what happened.

Steven really never makes eye contact through the whole conversation. Nathan is just sitting there. He is speechless, though manages to clear his throat.

NATHAN

Steven, if I didn't know you, I'd knock you off this stool.

STEVEN

I told you, it got bad, Nathan. You know I never meant a word of what I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)

said to her. It just got to me man.  
She got to me.

(pauses)

Actually, it started this morning.

NATHAN

What?! There's more!

STEVEN

The usual! Talking down to me and  
what not. I finally had enough of  
it.

(pauses)

I smashed my plate of food against  
the wall.

(pauses)

Let me tell you something, it got  
her attention.

NATHAN

Okay. I feel you bro, but don't you  
think there are better ways to get  
someone's attention?

STEVEN

That's the whole point. I tried. I  
PLEADED with her to sit down and  
talk to me. She wouldn't, man. She  
just wouldn't shut the fuck up!

Seeing it's starting to piss him off even talking about it.  
He's looking around at the attention he's drawing.

NATHAN

Okay. Okay, dude. Just relax. You  
know what, I think you need to stay  
with me tonight.

(calls to the bartender)

Hey bro, we're outa here.

(hands him money)

Thanks.

(grabs Steven)

Just come grab a couch for tonight  
and then you can work shit out with  
her tomorrow. You both need a  
timeout. Let's get out of here.

INT/EXT. NATHANS HOUSE

Nathan and Steven are walking into Nathan's house. Just as they walk in, Nathan's cell phone is ringing.

He looks at the ID on the phone and sees that it's Trisha calling.

NATHAN

Bro, it's your girl. What you want me to do?

STEVEN

Don't answer it.

NATHAN

Shit dude, don't do this, man.

STEVEN

What do you mean, "don't do this?" We already done it and you said we should take a timeout as you put it, so let her stay in her corner and I'll stay in mine.

NATHAN

Hello? Hey, Trish. Yeah, yeah he's here.

(pauses)

Okay, yeah, I unde... Trisha, can you slow down?

(beat)

Yeah, okay... That's "slow enough for me".

(he rolls his eyes)

Can I leave him a message? Yeah, sure. "Tell him if he comes back to the house, that I'm gonna call the cops on his ass and to be ready for divorce papers before the months out."

(takes a deep breath)

Yeah, I got that.

Steven mad, hollers at the phone. Nathan does his best to cover the phone.

STEVEN

Why don't you tell me to my face, bitch!

Steven sits down as Nathan hangs up. Rubs his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Oh, Christ. What am I gonna do now?

NATHAN

Well, for now you're gonna stay here until you get some cash together. And I'm not Trisha. I ain't supporting your ass. You're getting a job, bro. I guarantee that was your biggest problem, dude.

STEVEN

She acts like I wasn't doing anything!

(pauses)

It's funny how people, whenever they see fit, turn things around.

NATHAN

Can't expect anybody to stand by your side, Steven, not for any extended period of time. Money changes people. Believe me.

Steven stays sitting on the couch realizing how desperate his situation is and is exhausted from it.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Listen. Get some rest. There is food in the refrigerator. Make yourself at home. I uh, have business to attend to.

(as he's walking out)

When I get home, I expect dinner to be ready, bitch.

(lol)

Steven gives him the finger as Nathan walks out laughing. He sits there for sometime, reflecting on the obvious.

STEVEN (V.O.)

*I had once heard that the more we try to change, the more we stay the same, or something like that. Funny. The harder I seem to try to improve my life, the more I end up in the same old rut. I swear, I think this is pay-back for all the times I did women dirty. I did use to be a pig. I hate to say it, but the more I look at my situation the more I realize that Rhea and Trisha, they were both right. Sorry you don't get to see this Rhea. Sorry you couldn't be here.*

LATER

It is early morning and Nathan just got home. Steven is asleep. Nathan goes to wake him up because Trisha has been non-stop calling him, drunk off her ass. He got tired of it, so he went back home to let Steven know.

NATHAN  
Hey fuck head!

STEVEN  
(startled, disoriented)  
What?! What?!

NATHAN  
Dude, call your girl bro. She has been blowing my cell phone up all night.  
(beat)  
Bitches man, they can get nasty on us. And see, this is why NO ONE has my home number, cuz of this shit here.

STEVEN  
What she been saying?

NATHAN  
Dude, she's drunk all to hell.

Still trying to wake up, Steven sits up and changes the subject. It just hit him about the conversation with Trisha before the fight went down.

STEVEN  
Dude, let me ask you something.

NATHAN  
Okay.

STEVEN  
You'll be straight up. You won't lie to me, will you?

NATHAN  
Whatever.

STEVEN  
No. I don't mean it exactly like that. I mean, well, I just know you know me, and for the most part you think I take things too serious.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

You do take things too serious.

STEVEN

Okay, fine. So with that being said, would you rationalize not telling me something?

NATHAN

What you getting at, bro?

STEVEN

(pauses)

Did you know about Trisha having a bachelorette party?

Nathan looks at him. There is lengthy silence between the two and it is building tension. Nathan looks down, sighs, taking a breath.

NATHAN

Yeah bro, I knew about it.

Steven just looks at him. Nothing is said for about a minute. Nathan sits down on the couch, opposite of Steven, and leans back, looks at the ceiling.

STEVEN

Wow. Real nice, man.

Steven gets up and start to pace.

NATHAN

Steven liste...

STEVEN

No dude. YOU listen!

NATHAN

Bro, don't raise your voice at me in my house, dawg.

STEVEN

(looks at him)

How convenient. You act like you've done me this huge favor by letting me stay on the couch, but yet you didn't have my back when you should have.

NATHAN

Didn't have your back?! Really? When the fuck have I never had your back? Tell me?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

The minute you knew something that I didn't, especially, since it had to do with my wife.

NATHAN

Christ BRO! It was a bachelorette party, and all of us knew you would freak out if you knew about it. That's the only reason, bro.

STEVEN

Exactly my point.

NATHAN

I suggested to take you out since I knew good and well they were gonna do their thing, and they promised nothing stupid would happen, and made me promise not to say anything.

STEVEN

Oh, I get it. So instead of telling me, you basically break my arm to go do something that I NEVER wanted to do in the first place, all to justify her situation?

(beat)

Then, if it comes back on Trisha, everyone can go "Well Steven, you had a bachelor party, so what's the problem?" I get it now. Makes perfect sense.

NATHAN

Dude, will you relax?

STEVEN

You just don't get it, do you? It's not the fact that she had a bachelorette party any more than having a dildo the size of Texas.

(pauses)

It's the fact I never knew about it. Nothing more, nothing less. Plain and simple, shit has been happening behind my back and I'm fucking tired of it.

Steven starts to put on his shoes.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Dude, will you wait a second. God, listen, it was nothing. And what, is it my fault that she threw this party? From what I know, it was Jennifer that planned the shit.

STEVEN

Don't worry about her. It's all making perfect sense now. And about you, well, you know what, I'm not even gonna go there. You know it was messed up and I don't need to tell you that. But I will tell you this.

(pauses)

People are funny you know that.

Nathan sits back down, knowing Steven, and the lecture that is about to take place, rolls his eyes.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

No one wants to be accountable, For ANYTHING, Nathan. No one! We are so used to giving reason and justifying "this and that" and "it was her fault," or "it was his fault," or whatever the fuck.

(pauses)

Don't you get what my work was REALLY about, bro? Don't you care?

(Nathan just looks at him)

Accountability, Nathan.  
Accountability.

NATHAN

(changes subject)

Dude, you just got through saying that it was everyone else's fault on why you went out with me that night.

STEVEN

Oh, give me a GOD DAMN BREAK, NATHAN! You know good and well I didn't want to go that night! Don't be Trisha here and start twisting shit up on me.

NATHAN

What?! Now I'm acting like your wife? That's what your saying?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

You look at me in the face and tell me how I wanted to go that night.

(Nathan just looks at him)

Come on, let me have it! Tell me how it was really all me that night, and not you three all planning the shit behind my back. Come on tell me.

NATHAN

Okay, bro. Relax. Your right du...

STEVEN

(cuts him off)

You're God Damn right, I'm right. Don't give me shit, Nathan. We've been friends too long, man.

NATHAN

So now what? Your girl has been calling me all night,  
(looks at the phone)  
and strangely I haven't heard from her.

STEVEN

She probably passed out.

NATHAN

So now you're dressed. What do you wanna do? Nigga, you wanna chill the fuck out now and relax here, or do you want to go home?

Steven doesn't respond. Takes a deep breath.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Listen, maybe I should take you back home. You both have had time to cool off. It just may be a good time to talk to one another.

STEVEN

I don't know. Man, this is so fucked up.

NATHAN

If anything happens, just call me. I'll come back and grab your ass. Just go smooth shit out with her. I know she didn't mean a thing today.

(pauses)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN (cont'd)  
She probably just wanted a little  
attention. Come on, let's go.

Nathan stops Steven.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
You know I have your back. I trust  
you more than anyone. I'm sorry all  
this happened. You're right. You  
should have been told. You had the  
right to know. I'm sorry. Honestly.

STEVEN  
It's cool, bro.

NATHAN  
You always have a place here. Any  
time, any day.

EXT. STEVENS HOUSE, NIGHT

Nathan pulled into the driveway, dropping Steven off. Steven says goodbye and we watch Nathan drive off as we see Steven's reluctance of going inside, having to face Trisha again.

INT. STEVEN, HOUSE

The door closes. Steven continues to the bedroom, trying to be somewhat inconspicuous.

INT. BEDROOM

Steven quietly makes his way into the bedroom. There is a small night light which emanates, enabling him to make out Trisha asleep. There is an empty bottle of wine on the dresser and rummaging of photo's laid out across the bed.

She is somewhat coherent, but still drunk. Steven sits on the bed by her. Her back is somewhat turned towards him, as she is on her side, she reaches back to feel for him.

TRISHA  
Steven?

STEVEN  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

What happened? What happened to us?

STEVEN

I don't know, Trisha. You tell me.

TRISHA

I know I caused a lot of what happened today, but have you looked at yourself? I don't even know you. You don't shave, you don't take care of yourself anymore, you started  
smoking. (pause)  
just don't take care of yourself. All you do is have your face in the computer, working on a so-called project that I'm totally lost about.

STEVEN

What are you wanting from me, Trisha?

TRISHA

I was wanting you, Steven.

STEVEN

Was? Well, based on what I heard from Nathan, after I practically had to break his arm, was you were doing your own thing even when you did have me.

TRISHA

Steven, It was Jennifer that pl...

STEVEN

Stop it, Trisha! Just stop it. I don't care who planned it or threw it. You hid it from me, Trisha. You did.

TRISHA

You had Nathan tak...

STEVEN

(stands up)

Here we go! I knew that was the reason everyone pushed so hard for me to go that night.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Everyone pushed that night, Steven, because they wanted you to go have a good time for once in your life. Did you ever think of that?

STEVEN

(sits back down)

I thought you just said that's all we did, was have a good time, Trisha?

TRISHA

Yes, Steven, I did. But I was talking about before we got married.

STEVEN

(just rolls his eyes)

So, did you?

TRISHA

Did I what?

STEVEN

Have a good time that night? The night I didn't know you had a bachelorette party? (pause) funny, you knew EXACTLY where I went, but months later I find out about your party under these conditions? How do you think that makes me feel, Trisha? How would you feel?

It's

TRISHA

Fine, Steven. Not good.

STEVEN

I remember telling Jennifer on how I didn't trust situations here in Vegas. She gave me a bunch of shit on how the bottom line is whether or not I trusted you. I did trust you, Trisha. I always have. No questions. Ever. But now I realize that it's been a total joke.

TRISHA

What's a joke?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

This, Trisha! This! Me, you, us,  
this house, nothing feels real. It  
all feels like a joke now.

(beat)

I'm gonna go to sleep in the other  
room.

Steven starts to leave.

TRISHA

We need to talk, Steven.

STEVEN

We are talking, Trisha.

TRISHA

(sits up in bed)

Sit down for a second. It's time  
I to talk to you.

STEVEN

Okay?

TRISHA

(clears her throat)

I shouldn't have gotten married,  
Steven. Not to you. Not to anyone.  
I just wasn't ready.

There is lengthy silence between the two. He just looks at  
her and she can barely make eye contact.

STEVEN

You wanna help me here? I'm a  
little lost.

TRISHA

It's not you, Steven.

STEVEN

Are you really trying to get out of  
this so clean? You gonna try this  
"nice girl" routine which doesn't  
suit you? Please. Don't act like  
you give a fuck about hurting my  
feelings, Trisha, cause I know you  
don't.

TRISHA

Do you want to hear what I'm saying  
or not? I'm trying to open up to  
you here. So regardless of what I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA (cont'd)  
should of done before, the point  
is, is I'm doing it now.

They both sit on the edge of the bed.

TRISHA (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have gotten married and  
no, it wasn't your fault. It was  
mine all the way, and I'm being  
serious with you.

STEVEN  
Christ, Trisha. It's been only,  
what, two, maybe three months!

Puts his head in his hands, composes himself, takes a deep  
breath.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
So, what do we do now?

TRISHA  
I just want out, Steven. That's  
all. Can we just keep this civil?

STEVEN  
You mean like yesterday? That kind  
of civil? Is that what your talking  
about? You tell me I need to grow a  
dick, and spit in my face, kinda  
civil?

TRISHA  
Do we need to really hash this out  
again? Steven, I think as hard as  
this seems now, it is gonna be  
better for both of us down the  
road. I'm sorry.

STEVEN  
You know what I can't get, is from  
out of nowhere you started talking  
to Carla, and now you want a  
divorce?

She just looks at him.

TRISHA  
Go get some sleep, we'll talk  
tomorrow.

Steven stands up, looks at her and just walks off without  
saying anything.

LATER

INT. STEVEN, MORNING

Steven is in bed. He slowly starts to wake as we see a half empty bottle of JD on the side dresser. He sits up, looks at the bottle and just shakes his head in disbelief as to what has happened. He gets up out of bed from the spare room, looks around and calls for Trisha. He realizes Trisha is gone. Goes to the kitchen and sees a note on the table. Steven p/u the note and it reads...

*Dear Steven, I've decided to stay at Carla's house through this weekend. I think it's best if we don't see each other through this. I'm not sure where you will be going and I know it's none of my business, but please let me know how I can get a hold of you once I get all of our paperwork together. Sincerely, Trisha*

You can see the confusion, as he does what he can to keep himself together.

STEVEN  
Paperwork?

He walks off and can still hear him talking to himself.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Just be happy there are no kids involved.

CUT TO - INT. NATHAN, HOUSE

Nathan is dead asleep. The phone has been ringing for a minute. He takes a peak at the ID, seeing it's Steven calling.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
What's up, man? I see you didn't call me to come get you. That's a good thing.

STEVEN (OS)  
It's over.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
What's over? Oh, God. So what happened?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (OS)  
She had a good ol' "heart to heart," and said this wasn't for her. She wants a divorce.

Nathan is silent.

STEVEN (OS-CONT'D)  
You there?

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
Yeah, I'm here. Just trying to find the right thing to say to you, man.

STEVEN (OS)  
It's okay, Nathan. When you get right down to it, it's better for this to happen now than for this to happen later.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
Yeah, I get all that. I just never saw it coming, man.

STEVEN (OS)  
You? You never saw it coming? No shit. Neither did I.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
So now what? You wanna grab your things and kick it here for a month or so until you get on your feet?

STEVEN (OS)  
No I'm good. I'm actually looking at the paper now.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
What you gonna do for cash?

STEVEN (OS)  
Come on. You think I'd leave myself with no outs. She might have thought she knew everything, but the one thing you don't let a woman know everything about, is your money situation.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
Nice, bro! You got some cash then.

STEVEN (OS)  
Of course I got some cash. I don't have a lot, but I have enough flow to get a place to rent, or to buy a vehicle. I just don't have enough to do both... So for now it's a roof over my head.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
Let me get up, shit, shower, and shave and I'll be over to get you and we'll get something to eat.

STEVEN (OS)  
Okay, bro...  
Late.

NATHAN  
(into phone)  
Late.

END PHONE CALL.

INT. STEVEN, HOUSE

Steven, sitting at the coffee table, is thumbing through the classifieds. He sees a "Room for Rent" ad, and decides to give a call. The phone had been ringing for a while and just as Steven was about to hang up, a guy answers who sounded half awake.

RENTOR (OS)  
Helllloo.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
I'm sorry... I hope I didn't call too early. I was calling about your ad in the paper.

RENTOR (OS)  
Yeah?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
The "room for rent." Is it was still available?

(CONTINUED)

RENTOR (VO)  
Yeah, it's still available. Is it  
just you?

As the conversation continued, we see Steven on the phone  
the dialogue slowly fades.

STEVEN (V.O.)

*I learned a long time ago, that the more difficult a  
situation is, the better the chances are of recovering from  
it, if you don't sit around, wasting time and dwell. As sad  
and as disappointing this is, the fact is, it's over.*

INT. NATHAN/STEVEN - VEHICLE

Nathan and Steven just pulled up to the residence of where  
Steven is considering renting a room. You can see the  
apprehension on Steven's face.

STEVEN  
Is this it?

Steven looks at the address he wrote down, but is having a  
hard time reading it.

NATHAN  
Yeah, this is it you blind fuck.  
Come on.

They both get out, and head to the front door. Steven  
knocks.

NATHAN  
Jesus, what is taking so long? I  
feel bad for you, man... You never  
know what you get, when it comes to  
renting in this town.

INT./EXT. STEVEN, NATHAN, RENTOR

As we see the door open, a guy mid 30's, stands there with a  
blanket wrapped around him. It's hard to decipher whether he  
is stoned, drunk or just tired.

RENTOR  
Yeah?

STEVEN  
Hey, I'm Steven and this is Nathan.  
You must be BRAD?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Come on in. Sorry the place is a mess... Now listen. Dude, I'm a late night guy, so if you have a problem partying, chicks and recreational drug use...

As he goes over to his kitchen table and hits the biggest bong ever. The bong was so long, it was funny. It was about 5' in length.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Then this is not the place for you.

Steven and Nathan enter in a little further in the room. We see another guy, DONOVAN, laid out on the couch, with a chick passed out in his lap. Steven is in disbelief at the situation that he was all too familiar with in his past. And Nathan, well, he just realized he landed another customer and couldn't be happier.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That's my other roommate.  
That's Donovan. He dances as well.

Donovan caught the conversation and you can tell he is way out of it. Looks back over his shoulder seeing two strangers in the living room.

DONOVAN

Hey fellas. Was up.

STEVEN/NATHAN

Hey what's up.

BRAD

Donovan, this is Steven and Nathan.  
Steven may be moving in.

DONOVAN

Cool, bro. You want a hit?

STEVEN

No I'm fine. Thanks though.

NATHAN

Hell yeah, bro.

Looks back at Steven and just smiles.

DONOVAN

No problem. Have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

So, huh. What do you guys do?

As Brad says it, you can tell how happy he is to live the life of what he does. Without a question, he is the poster child for male strippers in Vegas.

BRAD

We're strippers, bro.

Nathan as he was taking a hit, about chokes, as he overhears Brad and looks back at Steven, trying not to laugh.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Why? What's so funny?

STEVEN

Noth'n... Just a small world that's all.

BRAD

You dance?

Kinda profiles him and sees Steven is not in the greatest condition. Unshaven, etc.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You used to dance?

STEVEN

Yeah, something like that. I have been actually working on a documentary that covers the industry from the woman's, (pause) We'll get into that later.

BRAD

Bro!

Looking at Donovan, Brad chooses to hear what he wants to.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You hear that. This dude is doing a documentary on strippers. Nice!

STEVEN

Well no, it's not quite li...

Brad cuts him off.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Come on. Let me show you your room.  
You said you have no furniture,  
right?

STEVEN

Nope, just clothes and some  
miscellaneous.

BRAD

So what happened? Why are you  
looking for a room?

STEVEN

Divorce.

BRAD

Yep. That's why I'm single, dude.  
Are you kidding? We bang married  
bitches all the time dude. We get  
all kinds coming to our show.  
There's no way I'd get married. Not  
after what I've seen. I couldn't  
trust a bitch as far as I could  
throw her.

Brad has an unusual arrogant laugh, that generally precedes  
everything he says. He hollers to Donovan in the other room.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Huh, Donovan?

DONOVAN (OS)

What's that?

BRAD

Trust bitches.

DONOVAN (OS)

Fuck that shit. You kidding me.

BRAD

See. And when we come across a dude  
like you, going through this, it  
only re-affirms it. But wait, you  
dance, I mean you used to. Come on!  
You know what I'm talking about.

Steven just looks at him. Takes a breath.

STEVEN

Yeah, I know.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Wait, she was different right?

(lol)

Dude, they are ALL the same. All of them. That's why I just fuck'm and leave'm. To me, a chick is good for two things, feeding and fucking.

(lol)

I tell you, if chicks didn't have pussies, they'd have a bounty on their ass.

(lol)

Steven is just looking at him. He looks for Nathan, but Nathan was getting high in the living room with Donovan.

STEVEN

Where is Nathan at?

BRAD

He's in the other room. Listen. Go get your shit. Here's the other key. You know what, this place, this is what the doctor ordered for you, bro.

(pause)

Believe me. You'll be over her by this weekend. \$500.00 a month. What else could you ask for.

NATHAN

So what's up, Steve? I got business, dude. What are you doing?

STEVEN

Guess I'm gonna do it.

NATHAN

Cool! Gotta roll fellas. Let me know if you guys need anything. I got you covered.

DONOVAN

Okay, Nathan. Come by any time.

Donovan looks at Steven.

DONOVAN

So you're moving in, huh?

STEVEN

We're gonna go get my things and I'll be back later tonight.

DAYS LATER

Steven, though re-adjusting, is getting settled in with the new place. He has been at his new house for almost a week, and is in his room trying to get productive again with the project. He gets a knock at the door.

INT. STEVEN, ROOM

BRAD

Hey what's up? Not bothering you, am I?

STEVEN

No. Come on in.

As Brad enters Steven's room, he notices his work.

BRAD

Holy shit! You weren't kidding, huh? Are these the chicks that you interviewed?

STEVEN

Yep, this is it.

BRAD

So what else do you need to do? You almost done?

STEVEN

No. I'm stuck. That's the whole problem. Not sure on where to go from here. Back when I was doing the interviews, I thought I knew what my direction was, but now, I just don't know.

BRAD

Well, what is it. You never really showed me anything until now.

STEVEN

It's a bunch of women, particularly those that had bachelorette parties who confess about cheating and God knows what else the night of their party. Blowing money on strippers, You name it, it's all right here.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Your telling me it's women that are actually confessing on tape, what they did with a stripper before getting married?

STEVEN

Yep, pretty much.

BRAD

Do I have stories for you. Man, we were so fucked up. One night Donovan and I fucked the shit out of this bachelorette about 3 months ago and damn she was hot!

(lol)

It was great! We "dueled" that bitch!

(lol)

We were so fucked up that night, I don't even remember where we were. Where were we?

(pause)

oh well. Back to the story. I mean it went on for like an hour, us fucking this chick. It was crazy and just think, she was going and getting married. You know what else is funny?

Hum

Steven is just sitting there looking at Brad ramble on and the conversation is not settling with him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Guy's like me get ripped on, right? "I'm a hustler, a player," this and that, and all this other shit, but yet it's chicks like that, who are the ones going out and messing around with the guy's like me. Ain't that some bullshit?

Steven just looks at him and though he doesn't like what he is hearing, he does agree with him.

STEVEN

Yeah, I understand all that, Brad. I don't know. True, it is some shit for you to get "hated" on as you put it, but when you know someone is married, Brad, I don't know.

(beat)

It's none of my business, dude. It's your life. Your call.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Tell me your not such a pussy, that you really care about all that?

STEVEN

I'm just saying, your playing with fire. Believe me. At some point, we all have karma to deal with.

BRAD

(lol)

And what about these chicks? You're saying that I'm not right about some of these chicks that come in the club?

STEVEN

I'm not saying that.

(beat)

Your missing the point here, Brad.

BRAD

Fuck judging me. I'm single, Steven. I mean come on. What is your documentary about?

STEVEN

Of course your right, but, Brad, your missing my poin...

Brad cuts him off

BRAD

I mean think about it. I'm all of "this" to so many people out there that don't even know who I am, but no one gives a second thought about the chicks that we end up sleeping with, especially the ones just passing through Vegas for their bachelorette party. I can't even count how many bachelorettes I've been with and people wonder why I'm single.

STEVEN

Again, dude, I know... I'm just saying, be careful. Just because your single, doesn't make it right for you be with a married woman.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Their not married .. Their just engaged.

Steven sees it's going nowhere.

STEVEN

Listen, I gotta get back to this. Holler at me later.

BRAD

Okay. Sorry, bro. I got to head to the store. You want anything?

STEVEN

No thanks. I'm good.

Brad starts to leave then stops and turns around.

BRAD

You wanna know something?

STEVEN

Sure.

BRAD

In all the time I have been a player and out of all the chicks that I've been with, you know what? I've never EVER cheated on a girlfriend.

(pause) What I'm saying is, is when I was in a relationship, I was entirely faithful. Can you believe that?

STEVEN

Yeah, I can believe that.

Just before he shuts the door.

BRAD

Well it's too bad no one else could... Not even my ex.

CUT TO - INT. NATHAN, VEHICLE

Nathan is on Steven's side of town and decides to give him a call.

INT. STEVEN, ROOM

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Hello.

NATHAN (OS)  
What's up, player?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Hey what's up, man?

NATHAN (OS)  
I'm roll'n on your side of town.  
Let's go eat.

Steven has another call coming in.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Oh shit. Hold on bro.  
(clicks over)  
Hello.

BRAD (OS)  
Hey listen, I forgot to ask you  
something.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Hurry man, Nathan is on the other  
line.

BRAD (OS)  
Why don't you come into my work  
tonight?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
No, I don't think so.

BRAD (OS)  
Listen, you need to get out of the  
house and relieve some tension if  
you know what I'm saying and FYI we  
are having a party at the crib  
tonight, so you might as well come  
down to the club and hang before  
hand.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Bro, listen, let me call you back  
ok?

BRAD (OS)  
Ciao.

STEVEN  
(clicks over)  
Hey, sorry about that.

NATHAN (OS)  
Damn dude, what took you so long?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
That was Brad. He wants me to get  
out of the house and go down to his  
work and hang.

NATHAN (OS)  
Yeah, and what's the problem?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
I just don't know if I want to do  
that.

NATHAN (OS)  
Well what do you want to do? Stay  
in the house all day?

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
You know what, maybe I should go.

NATHAN (OS)  
There you go. Go have some fun,  
mab. Chat some girls up.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Brad's having a party here tonight  
after work. You wanna roll over?

NATHAN (OS)  
That sounds good, dawg. Hit me up  
later.

STEVEN  
(into phone)  
Alright. I'll call you  
later... Late.

END PHONE CALL.

Steven lays back staring at the ceiling. He realizes that it is time to be a little more productive. He gets up, putting on his shoes and whatever. Looks at himself in the mirror, doesn't like what he sees, realizes it's time to do something with himself. Steven picks up the phone calling Nathan back.

STEVEN

You know what bro, come get me.  
We'll eat, but I need to run some  
errands.

(beat)

Okay, I'll be outside. Late.

He gets up and leaves, shuts the door.

LATER.

Time has passed that day. It has grown dark outside. Brad and Donovan have been who-knows-where, and are just getting back home. We hear keys at the door as they walk in.

INT. STEVEN, ROOM

Steven only has a towel on. He is tan from the self tanner that he applied much earlier and is putting on a second coat. He has shaved, cut all of his hair off no more facial hair, and is new and improved. Filled his contact prescription. No more eye glasses.

BRAD

Bro, you busy?

STEVEN

Hey, come on in.

BRAD

Oh, damn! You finally cleaned up  
huh?!

(beat)

Listen. there's been a change of  
plans. We are blowing off work  
tonight 'cuz there are tons of  
people roll'n over for the party.

STEVEN

You're blowing off "work?" That's  
what you call it, huh?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Whatever, smart ass. You're coming with us. We're gonna get some alcohol.

LATER

INT. HOME - NIGHT

The party's ensued and has been going for some time. People are everywhere. Steven, not paying attention, turns around and bumps into this other guy he used to dance with years back.

TIKI

Dillon! What's up?

STEVEN

Holly shit, TIKI! You're here? How have you been?

TIKI

I've been good. Man, it's been years since we worked together. I last remember you meeting that chick over at the club who was dancing downstairs and then out of nowhere, you're gone. I heard you got married or something.

STEVEN

Was, is the key word.

TIKI

Oh, sorry to hear that. But, you know how it is in Vegas. For every bachelorette party that comes in, there's always a divorce party that follows.

STEVEN

I know. So how has work been? You doing ok?

TIKI

You know how these women are, bro. No love for the short Asian dude.  
(they both laugh)  
Fuck, I left work the other night "40 Below."

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Oh shit, that sucks.

TIKI

Yeah, I've been having a bunch of these 40 below moments.

As Tiki continues, it slowly goes silent, as we see Steven thinking. A VO p/u as if we hear Steven thinking out loud.

STEVEN (VO)

40 Below. Yeah, I remember a few of the days, making no money. To clear the air a bit, The industry standard house fee for male dancers in Vegas is \$40.00 and until a dancer gets his first dance, he goes into the night, 40 Below Zero. But for me, it referenced to anything negative that surrounded what we did or seen.

FADE IN: TIKI-SOUND

TIKI

You know how the shit was. No dances for an hour, finding out my girl cheated on me.

(takes a deep breath)

Yeah, it seems like everything in Vegas ends up being 40 below at one point or another.

STEVEN

Listen, I gotta get something outa my room. I'll be back.

TIKI

Hey, good to see you again, Dillon.

STEVEN

It's Steven, bro.

TIKI

Sorry, Steven, but you'll always be Dillon to me. "The Finisher." We'll see ya around.

Steven goes to his room, opens the door and a couple is in on his bed. He just backs up shutting the door. Goes and gets Brad.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN  
Dude, are we in high school?!  
There's someone in on my bed!

BRAD  
Oh shit, I'll handle it. Wait here.  
Sorry about that.

EXT. STEVEN, PATIO

Steven frustrated, heads to the back patio. Others are out back, doing whatever, but it's not as crowded. He finds a seat next to a girl who is sitting down.

STEVEN  
Sorry to bother you. Is anyone  
sitting here?

GIRL  
No... You okay?

STEVEN  
(laughs)  
Yeah, I'm fine. Just not used to  
this.

GIRL  
What do you mean?

STEVEN  
Oh hell. It's nothing.

GIRL  
I'm Cheyenne.

STEVEN  
I'm sorry. How rude. Nice to meet  
you. My name is Steven.

CHEYENNE  
Nice to meet you too, Steven.

You can tell there is a degree of uncomfotability, but it's not bad. Both really don't know what to say.

CHEYENNE  
So how did you hear about the  
party?

STEVEN  
(laughing)  
I live here.

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

Oh really! That's cool.

STEVEN

Uh, not really. It may have been "cool" about 15 years ago, but it's just different now.

CHEYENNE

You act like your 40 or something.

STEVEN

(Just looks at her)

CHEYENNE

Get out of here! How old are you really?

STEVEN

I'm 40.

CHEYENNE

Oh my God, I would have never guessed that, ever.

STEVEN

Sure.

(laughing)

So how about you?

CHEYENNE

You should know better not to ask a girl how old she is.

STEVEN

Okay. Scratch that, so who do you know here?

CHEYENNE

No one really.

BRAD

No one? What do you mean "no one?"

CHEYENNE

Just what I mean, no one.

STEVEN

Well how did you find out about the party?

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

I just heard about it.

STEVEN

"I just heard about it."

(to himself)

You just heard about it?

Interesting, that doe...

CHEYENNE

(interrupts)

You wanna get out of here?

STEVEN

Sure... Where do you wanna go?

CHEYENNE

Does it really matter?

STEVEN

No (lol). I guess not.

CHEYENNE

Fine, let's go then.

INT. BRAD

Brad has been looking for Steven and has been unsuccessful.

BRAD

Dude, have you seen Steven?

DONOVAN

No bro, not my turn to watch him.  
Why?

BRAD

I don't know. It was just weird,  
man. He comes up to me earlier  
tonight all pissed that someone was  
in his room. I told him to hang  
tight and I went to go take care of  
it. When I went to his room, the  
lights were off, so I turned them  
on and when I did, it looked the  
same as when we all had left.

DONOVAN

Who knows, dude. Maybe he is drunk  
or something. Have you talked to  
him?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

No. I just said I can't find his  
ass.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

There is shit everywhere. People are crashed out, beer bottles, etc., all over the place. Brad just woke up and is wandering through the house to find a bottle of water, fighting the hang-over. He sees that Steven's door is cracked open and peeks in.

BRAD

Steven. You up, dude?

STEVEN

I am now. What's up?

BRAD

Where did you go last night? I  
looked all over for you.

STEVEN

I was talking to a girl last night  
and we took off.

BRAD

Are you kidding? Why didn't you  
tell me? A bunch of us were looking  
for you.

STEVEN

Well I'm glad you woke me up. What  
time is it?

BRAD

11:30 or something.

STEVEN

Oh, I got to call the girl I met  
last night. We're supposed to go do  
something today.

BRAD

Cool. Well my ass is going back to  
bed. I'll talk to you later.

STEVEN

Ciao.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD  
(peeks back in)  
Speaking of chicks, some girl left  
you a message.

STEVEN  
When? Who was it? Oh shit, my ex!

BRAD  
No. Relax. She said she was your  
friend from Phoenix I think.

STEVEN  
Jesus dude, thanks for telling me.

BRAD  
Dude! I said she left you a  
message. It should still be on  
there. We done? I'm going to bed  
now.

STEVEN  
Don't erase the message, I'll check  
it later.

Steven is looking around for a number. As we see him look  
through his things, we see a bottle of whiskey on the side  
table. He just looks at and continues looking for the  
number.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Ah, here we go.

P/U the phone and calls Cheyenne

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hey, good morning.

FADE.

EXT/INT. CHEYENNES' HOUSE

Steven and Cheyenne have just opened the door. She had p/u  
Steven and they went back to her place. The environment  
looks strangely familiar, but Steven doesn't say anything.

STEVEN  
Nice place Cheyenne. Very nice.  
You've done well for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

You okay?

Steven is just looking around and seems occupied.

STEVEN

No I'm good. Wow. Your place  
look's...

CHEYENNE

(interrupts)

What's that?

STEVEN

Ah, nothing.

CHEYENNE

Let me show you the place.  
Cocktails-- it pays the bills in  
Vegas.

STEVEN

(lol)

Yeah, I can see that. Isn't that  
crazy. The jobs in Vegas that  
afford a \$4-500,000 mortgage, only  
gets you through college elsewhere.

CHEYENNE

I know. It is crazy. When I moved  
out here to go to college, the same  
job that put me through it, is this  
very same job.

(lol)

All that school to get my degree,  
ended up just taking up space on my  
wall. As a teacher, there was no  
way I could afford this lifestyle,  
no matter how much I wanted to work  
with kids.

Steven just looks at her.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

It sucks. I love working with  
children. As a career though, there  
was no way.

STEVEN

I know. It's gross.

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

You sound so jaded, Steven. What made you so hard?

STEVEN

Hell, I don't know. Stories like that, the one you just gave, isn't entirely depressing is it?

They both continue into the kitchen. Steven sits down. She goes to get them a drink.

CHEYENNE

You want a soda?

STEVEN

Sure.

CHEYENNE

Listen, Steven, that's just the way life is. We set out to do something with ourselves and most of the time it changes. No reason to get angry about it.

STEVEN

But if peo...

Cheyenne cuts him off.

CHEYENNE

You know what. Why don't you let me make us dinner tonight. We'll stay in, watch a movie and do something a little old fashioned.

STEVEN

That sounds great.

LATER

Steven and Cheyenne are both at the table finishing dinner which has passed for some time, talking over a glass of wine.

STEVEN

Thank you for dinner. It was awesome. Too bad this is "old fashioned" as you put it. It's the way it should be.

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

What?

STEVEN

This, all of it, staying home,  
cooking, doing stuff together. You  
know. Guys and girls stuff.

(beat)

I just remembered something.

CHEYENNE

What's that?

STEVEN

I remembered I was gonna tell you  
something and then you mentioned  
something about dinner...

(thinking)

Oh yeah... I was gonna talk about  
people. You had said something to  
the effect that, "that's just the  
way life is" and I was gonna  
respond.

CHEYENNE

With?

She starts to clean up and he continues helping her.

STEVEN

That if couples would work together  
in this life and not separate, we  
would all get a lot further. Don't  
you think? It breaks people apart  
you know, instead of keeping people  
together. Life has grown to keep us  
so self-consumed that we can never  
see past ourselves.

CHEYENNE

So you're saying you see past  
yourself?

STEVEN

I'm saying I'm aware. Most of us  
are incapable of seeing past  
ourselves, let alone our choices  
and the tomorrow that those choices  
bring with it.

(pause)

I try, Cheyenne. That's a start.

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

That is a start. Let's go sit  
somewhere more comfortable.

They both sit down on her couch in the living room.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

So what do you propose?

STEVEN

Propose?! (lol)

CHEYENNE

I mean what do you think a real  
solution is?

Steven takes a breath.

STEVEN

Well, if you make a decision to  
have a relationship, you do all  
that you can to elevate the  
relationship and sometimes that  
takes sacrifice.

She just looks at him and Steven changes the subject to a  
liter note.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Sooo, you wanna hear what my theory  
is, as to why the family nucleus  
melted down?

Cheyenne starts laughing. Goes and turns on some light  
music.

CHEYENNE

I'm dying to hear this.

STEVEN

(laughing)  
Fast food.

CHEYENNE

(lol)  
What?! That's the answer.

STEVEN

I'm telling you. I know I'm being  
funny, but just think about it for  
a second. Fast food ultimately was  
the order to the family demise.

(CONTINUED)

CHEYENNE

Steven, you're something you know that.

STEVEN

Wait, just wait a second and think about it. Even when I grew up, you had to have your ass at the dinner table at 5 or 6pm, whatever it was, or you had your ass handed to you. Period! Mom cooked and fed the family. Essentially she was what kept the family together.

CHEYENNE

So you're saying that if a woman cooks, a family stays together?

STEVEN

What I'm saying is, is that when families stopped sitting down and eating together, having dinner together, having breakfast together, the families I believe, without question, started to fall apart.

CHEYENNE

Maybe.

STEVEN

"Maybe?" I don't know, Cheyenne. I think women dropped the biggest ball ever. The gift of keeping families together.

CHEYENNE

And men, I guess they are not supposed to keep families together?

STEVEN

I'm not saying that, Cheyenne. We all have a part in keeping healthy families and relationships in tact. I'm saying that a woman's instinct to keep a family together was a gift that ended up being thrown out the window for personal agendas.

CHEYENNE

So men don't have personal agendas?

(CONTINUED)

Steven just looks at her and is not mad. He just knows it's not getting anywhere and it's time to stop. He looks at his watch.

STEVEN

You know what?

CHEYENNE

Listen, I didn't mean to make you mad, Steven.

STEVEN

Nooooo, are you kidding?! I had a great time.

CHEYENNE

Well, you act like your leaving.

STEVEN

I forgot that I need to call an old friend of mine. I'm gonna get back before it gets too late for me to call.

Cheyenne has a confused look on her face but chooses to not press it or his reasons for wanting to leave.

CHEYENNE

Okay... That's fine.

EXT/INT. STEVEN, HOUSE

Steven is walking to his door as Cheyenne pulls away. He waves goodbye, continuing to the house. Steven is opening the door and Brad and Donovan are hanging in the living room getting high as usual.

STEVEN

Jesus guys.

(lol)

You guys don't let up do you.

BRAD

What for? We don't go back to work till next week. What else are we supposed to do.

DONOVAN

Yeah bro, come get high with us.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

No thanks, I'm cool.

BRAD

Nigga... That's the problem. You're not "cool." If you were cool, you'd sit your ass down and smoke some weed with us.

STEVEN

No bro, I gotta call Jennifer.

They are both giving Steven a ton of shit. They continue as Steven laughs and goes to his room. Steven grabs the number and flops down to call Jennifer.

JENNIFER (OS)

Hello.

STEVEN

(into phone)

Well, well, well. Long time no talk to.

(pause)

Let's see, you come out to my wedding as the MOH and then you go MIA.

JENNIFER (OS)

Steven, I'm sorry, but we do need to talk.

STEVEN

(into phone)

OH Yeah Friend! I know we do.

Silence.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What? The cat got your tongue? So, I'm curious. How did you get my new number?

JENNIFER (OS)

I called for you a couple of days ago. Some guy answered and then Trisha got on the phone.

STEVEN

(into phone)

"Some guy answered?" Really? Oh well, doesn't matter. Go on.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (OS)

Nothing much else. She just gave me your new address and number.

STEVEN

That's it? She didn't say anything else?

JENNIFER (OS)

(sighs)

She says that you moved out and are no longer together.

STEVEN

(laughing)

That's an understatement, We got fucking divorced, Jennifer.

(pause)

So how you feel now about being kool and shit, ordering FUCKING strippers?

(beat)

I asked you, and pleaded with you not to do anything stupid and what the fuck do you go and do? I don't know and don't want to know what happened that night, but I sure the fuck know that since that w-end, and since my ex started talking with that bitch Carla again, my relationship folded like a fucking hallmark card.

JENNIFER (OS)

(sobbing on phone)

Steven, I'm sooo sorry. I was calling you to let you know I'll be in Vegas tomorrow and was wondering if we could get together? I really need to show you something. Especially now.

STEVEN

When does your flight get in?

JENNIFER (OS)

No, I'm driving. I got a girlfriend coming with. She's never been to Vegas.

STEVEN

The allure of Vegas. Well, don't let her meet me. I don't wanna kill

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)  
it for her... Okay, get a pen. I'll  
give you my address.

The conversation continues.

NEXT DAY

Jennifer was calling for Steven but the house phone was busy. She manages to still find his place and shows up a little hot and tired. She has been knocking at the door, as Steven was in the shower who could not hear it. Brad, in his room with some girl, gets up and answers the door with a towel wrapped around him.

INT. BRAD, HOUSE - MORNING

BRAD  
Jesus Christ, I'm coming. Hold on  
one second.

JENNIFER  
Sorry, I have been trying to call  
for Steven.

Even before Brad speaks, after a couple more glances, she is paralyzed with fear. Jennifer just realized that the same guy she hired to dance at Trisha's party, is standing right in front of her. Brad, fucked up that night, per usual, doesn't even really put it together.

BRAD  
Yeah, sorry. People call here all  
the time, so I took the phone off  
the hook. You look familiar. Do I  
know you?

She quickly looks down.

JENNIFER  
No I don't believe so.

BRAD  
Oh! You're the girl he's been  
talking about.

JENNIFER  
Who?

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

Come on in. Listen, I have company  
and Steven is in the shower.

Just as he says that, Steven comes out of the bathroom.

STEVEN

Hey, what's up? You found it ok?

BRAD

Sorry bro. I had the phone off the  
hook. Ok guys Have fun.

STEVEN

Sorry, I haven't introduced you  
guys. Brad, this is Jennifer.  
Jennifer, this is my roommate Brad.

Steven just looks at her.

STEVEN

You okay?

JENNIFER

No, I'm fine. Just tired from all  
the driving that's all.

BRAD

Oh shit, you're the friend from  
Phoenix. Sorry about that.

STEVEN

What? What you talking about?

BRAD

Nothing bro. I just thought it was  
Cheyenne.

STEVEN

Oh.

BRAD

We'll see you two later. Have fun.  
Nice to meet you Jennifer.

Looks at both of them, then whispers to Steven.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Dude I don't know what it is, man.  
It's driving me crazy. She looks so  
familiar.

Brad walks off.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Steven, we definitely need to talk.

STEVEN

Okay, I'm gonna get some clothes on.

INT. BRAD, ROOM

Brad is in bed, fully making out with a girl and both are naked. From out of nowhere, it sounded like an explosion. The door is taken right off of it's hinges as Steven plows through it.

Brad and the girl are both startled and she screams. Brad looks over his shoulder to see what happened, but it is too late. Steven is on top of him, donkey-punching him in the back of the head. Steven is furious with anger.

Steven plows him off the girl and off the side of the bed, on to the floor. All we see his Steven whaling on Brad and we hear the contacts that are made. Steven is shouting at him with every punch that is being thrown.

STEVEN

You think it's cool, mother fucker?! Huh! You think it's cool to fuck married women?! Ruin people's lives! Huh?!

As it continues both girls are screaming and hysterical. The girl with Brad is balled up in the blanket as far in the corner as she can get.

Jennifer is in the door entrance SCREAMING and jumping up and down yelling at Steven to stop it. Brad, we see is trying to fight back and get control, but is having a hard time. He manages to get his legs between him and Steven and like that, "WHAMM," Steven is hurled back into the wall.

Like a cat, Brad is up on his feet, with his hands around Steven's throat, pressed against the wall. Things are smashed everywhere.

Brad is not just angry, but confused beyond all belief. As some do when they see their own blood, he is a little bit in shock. He is bleeding really bad from his nose and mouth. It's all over his hands, which he just grabbed Steven with and it is running down his neck and bare chest. He starts to raise his fist back, which he appears as going to strike Steven.

(CONTINUED)

BRAD

What the FUUUUUCKKKKKK!!!!  
What is wrong with you?!

He is close to Steven, in his face the whole time. As he is speaking and moving his head due to him being so hostile, the blood is going everywhere.

Steven is hurt, but more emotional. Jennifer came to see him not to talk, but to show him the photo that she had grabbed out of the girls hand the night of the party. Steven has them in his hand. His eye's swollen up as he shows Brad.

STEVEN

What is wrong with me? Right now,  
you're what the fuck is wrong with  
me?!

He shows Brad. Brad just looks at it, but is getting more confused.

BRAD

Yeah? And?  
(takes a closer look)  
What the fuck? Okay?! It's me  
banging some chick. Is this what  
this is about?!

STEVEN

Not just some chick Brad. That's my  
wife. Well, was my wife!

There is silence. It is almost painful how quiet it is. Everyone is just looking at each other. The only thing you can hear, is Steven trying to fight it back. He's trying to keep from breaking. Because for him, what were the chances.

The chance of him moving in with the same guy that slept with his wife. Brad rips the photo from Steven's hand. He slowly lets him go. Steven is rubbing his neck.

Brad looks at the girl that was with him who is still curled up in the blanket in the corner.

BRAD

Go on. Get out of here.

GIRL

What?

BRAD

Bitch, I said get the fuck out  
here! What? You got a dick in your  
fucking ear?! I said leave.

(CONTINUED)

She is startled, protecting her naked self, as she does her best, grabbing her things and goes. Jennifer moves out of her way. Brad just looks at Jennifer.

BRAD

Okay. I see. You were at this girl's party. Yeah, this all makes perfect sense now. So am I the bad guy? Am I the FUCKING BAD GUY! Like always?!

(pacing)

Guys, guys, guys. It's always the FUCKING GUY!

(holding up the photo)

But what the fuck about this chick?! Huh, Steven? You proceed to beat the FUCK outa me, but it was your wife that cheated. Not me Steven. YOUR wife!

Steven looks at Jennifer.

STEVEN

I'm okay. Why don't you wait outside for me.

Brad went and sat on the corner of the bed. Almost condescending in his remark.

BRAD

Yeah, Jennifer. Go ahead. He's ok.

Jennifer leaves Steven and Brad. Both don't know what to say. Steven realizes that as fucked up as what his wife did, Brad was not entirely responsible.

BRAD

Bro, I know this is a little fucked up, but you know, Steven,  
(pause) there was no way for me to know this. That it was your wife. Hell, we didn't fucking even know each other! You act like I fucking betrayed you or something.

Brad shakes his head in confusion and rubs his hands over his head and face. Out of nowhere Donovan, who is stoned out of his mind, who had been in his room the whole time getting high watching TV, came down to Brad's room and is standing in the doorway with a bong in his hand. He is completely oblivious as to what had happened.

(CONTINUED)

DONOVAN

Hey, I thought I heard something.  
Everything okay?

Brad and Steven just look at him.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Holly shit bro. You okay?

BRAD

Yeah dude. I'm cool. Can you give  
us a second?

DONOVAN

No problem. You want a hit before I  
go?

BRAD

No. dude. Listen, just a second  
okay. Just give me and Steven a  
second. Please.

He leaves saying nothing. You can hear him coughing as he  
leaves down the hall.

BRAD

This is pretty fucking weird for me  
too, Steven. You think I like this  
any better than you do?

Steven just looks at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Okay, Steven. I get it. It sucks.

(pause)

What do you want me to do?  
Apologize for your wife? Will it  
make it better? Make it go away?  
What do you want from me man?!

Steven says nothing. Stands up leaving Brad to sit by  
himself on the bed. As Steven is leaving, he stops but never  
turns around.

STEVEN

I used to be just like you, you  
know that? I used to love this life  
that you live. Running around,  
sleeping with God knows who, when  
and wherever. Taking none of my  
actions into consideration. Then,  
thankfully I started to realize  
something. I realized that just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN (cont'd)  
because you can do something,  
doesn't necessarily mean that you  
should.

Steven leaves. Never seeing Brad again. Steven comes outside, leaving the house and sees Jennifer standing out front.

EXT. STEVEN/JENNIFER, BRAD'S HOUSE

STEVEN  
Shit. I thought you probably left.

JENNIFER  
You okay, hun?

STEVEN  
(chuckles)  
Probably as good as I'm gonna be  
for a while. It's gonna be hard to  
move past all of this.  
(beat)  
I honestly don't know what I'm  
gonna do, Jennifer.

JENNIFER  
Steven, maybe you should come back  
to Phoenix with me for a while and  
get out of here.

STEVEN  
I don't know, but let's get out of  
here though. I don't want to be  
here. I'll come back another day to  
get my things.

INT. STEVEN/JENNIFER, VEHICLE

Jennifer is not quite sure about what she should or could do at this point.

JENNIFER  
So what do you want to do? You want  
to stay with us at the hotel.

STEVEN  
No. I'm  
okay. (pause)  
think I'll call Cheyenne after I go  
get a room.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

That's silly, Steven. Why pay for a room when I already have one? If you want, you can come back with me to Phoenix. Stay with me for a while until you get your head straight. Please Steven, wake up and think about what you're doing! You're not doing well.

STEVEN

Jennifer, I really need to be alone for a couple of days. I need time to think and figure out what I'm gonna do.

They continue driving until they find a low budget in North, Las Vegas.

EXT. PARKING LOT, HOTEL-DAY

Jennifer just pulled in and Steven is getting out of the car.

JENNIFER

You sure you want to do this?

STEVEN

I'll be fine. I promise. I'll call you tonight.

JENNIFER

Okay, hun. I'll talk to you soon.

Steven goes to the office to check in.

EXT/INT. HOTEL, ROOM

Steven just checked in and is struggling to get the door to his room open. As he comes in, he leaves the door open behind him, to air the place out, which has a lived-in staunch smell throughout.

Flopping down on the bed, he looks around the room. The place is old and run down. He lies back, reflecting.

STEVEN (VO)

*"Paybacks." My favorite part of dancing. As a dancer, you were very good at this part of the hustle, or you weren't. The pay-back was the inside hustle to our job. I always*

(CONTINUED)

*told the girl as I'd be dancing for her, "Can you believe your friend bought you a dance?" That's what I would say to her. The conversation was my set up for my next victim. I would finish the dance by saying, "paybacks are a bitch" and there I go, with another dance as she "pays back" her friend.*

As Steven lays there on the bed in the Motel, he starts to remember things.

FLASHBACK:

Steven is standing at a bar with his friends.

STEVEN (VO)

*Yes indeed, I was not a nice guy. I remember once I was out with my friends, standing at this bar. A girl that I had been talking to for a while, asks, "Would you mind buying me a drink." I just looked at her and I said to her, "You know what, I don't think you recognize me without my dick in your mouth." The guys were all laughing. She walks off mumbling "fuck you." Yup, I went through women like underwear. Going through one woman after another.*

TIME CUT: FLASHBACK - INT. ROOM, STEVEN/WOMAN

WOMAN IN BED

(waking up)

Where you going? You leaving?

STEVEN

Yeah I'm leaving. I got shit I gotta do... Late.

WOMAN

Do you want to call me later or something?

STEVEN

Uh, yeah. Sure. I'll get right on that.

Steven leaves and shuts the door behind him. He hears her and just kinda laughs as he leaves.

WOMAN

Asshole!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. STEVEN, MOTEL

STEVEN

Paybacks... Looks like I'm getting mine.

He reaches for the phone to call Cheyenne. He lets it ring for some time and then a computerized message proceeds...

COMPUTERIZED MESSAGE

"I'm sorry, you have reached a number that has be..."

He just looks at the phone. He tries again and again and still nothing.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That's weird. Humm.

LATER

Couple hours have gone by so he decides to go over to Cheyenne's place to make sure she is okay. Out of options, he decides to take a bus.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

God, I'm thirsty.

Realizes he is thirsty and goes across the street to the local market to get something to drink before getting on the transit.

EXT. BUS STOP/STORE

Just as Steven comes out of the store, the bus is pulling up to the stop. Steven quickly hurries and stands behind the group of people waiting to load. A man looks back noticing Steven.

PERSON

You know they won't let you on with that, right?

STEVEN

Are you serious?

(CONTINUED)

PERSON

I'm serious. You better hide that  
shit.

The bus is pulling up and Steven hides it in the back of his pants, covering it with his shirt.

EXT. BUS LEAVING

LATER

Steven just got off the bus and is in Cheyenne's neighborhood.

EXT. CHEYENNE'S HOME - DAY

Steven has just made his way to Cheyenne's and finally got to her house. It is an unusually warm day and he is tired, slamming the water. Knocking and ringing the doorbell he sees someone coming to the door.

WOMAN

Can I help you?

Steven is just set back for a second. Caught off guard. He looks around.

STEVEN

Yeah, is Cheyenne here?

WOMAN

Who?

Behind her, a man comes up. Both are in their late 60's.

MAN

Hun, is everything alright?

Steven takes another drink. It is hot and he is looking around wondering if he got the wrong address. The houses do all look the same in the urban developments.

INT/EXT. STEVEN

STEVEN

You know, I'm sorry, I must have  
the wrong house.

INT/EXT. WOMAN, HOUSE

WOMAN

Are you okay?

MAN

Son, why don't you sit down for a second and get out of the heat for a while. It's hot as heck today.

STEVEN

No. No, that's okay. Sorry to bother you.

WOMAN

Young man, why are you running around with that in your hand?

STEVEN

Huh?

WOMAN

You shouldn't be drinking on a hot day like this.

STEVEN

What? What are you talking about? It's hot!

MAN

Yeah, but alcohol? Kinda early, isn't it? And, you don't look so good.

Steven, almost as if having a brief moment of clarity, sees things as they are around him. He looks at the bottle in his hand and once what he thought to be a water bottle, realizes it is a bottle of Vodka. In shock, he drops it and it shatters everywhere.

As he stands there, the couple continue to talk to him, sound fades and he is over taken by the sound of a faint heart beat. He struggles to catch his breath.

He looks as if he is about to pass out. Everything is spinning around him. Heartbeat sounds.

She is looking at Steven. Steven can barely make her out, or what she is saying and then from out of nowhere...

WOMAN

BREATHE!

(CONTINUED)

She screams at him. Steven is trying to take a breath but can't.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(scared)

Oh my God... Call the ambulance,  
Frank!

Steven catches his breath... Gaspings.

STEVEN

No! No, don't do that. Please.

Reaches to stop her. Breathing now. Steven, having an anxiety attack is sitting on the front door step. He is sweating, his eyes are watering and he is apparently shaken.

FRANK

Son, do you need a doctor? Do you  
have a family member that we can  
call?

Sweating, trying to stabilize his breathing. Almost exhausted as he speaks.

STEVEN

Do you mind if I use your phone,  
please.

FRANK

Sure. Hun, can we get this man some  
water and please get me the phone.

Woman comes back with both.

FRANK

You okay?

STEVEN

I'll be fine. Thank you.

Steven uses their phone and calls the only person that he knows to trust.

STEVEN

(into phone)

Hey, Listen.

(totally breaks  
down)

to come get me.

(Pause)

am I at?

That's the problem, bro. I don't  
know where I'm at.

Bro, I need you

Where

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

The man reaches over and takes the phone from Steven. We see him begin the conversation.

FRANK

Hi, who is this? Hi Nathan...

LATER

EXT. NATHAN, VEHICLE - DAY

Nathan just pulled up at the address that the man gave to him. We see Steven sitting on the front patio and the lady is cleaning up the glass mess of the bottle that was dropped by Steven and broke. Nathan gets out.

NATHAN

Dude, what is going on with you?  
Now you got me worried. I mean why  
you here, dawg? At this place no  
less?

STEVEN

Dude... (trying  
to keep it together) I came  
to see Cheyenne. She lives here.

NATHAN

Okay... Hold on, hold on. Who?  
Who's Cheyenne?

STEVEN

She lives here, or well she did and  
I tried calling her today and the  
phone was...

NATHAN

(interrupts) Okay...  
Slow down. (looks  
at the couple)  
Thank you. He's gonna be okay. He's  
just had a bit of a rough period.  
Thank you for your help. Bye.  
(looks at Steven)  
Come on, bro. Let's go.

The two walk off as Nathan helps Steven into the vehicle. Nathan is curious as to why of all places, Steven is there.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Dude, do you know whose place this is?

STEVEN

Yeah, it's Cheyenne's house!

Both are inside and Nathan is trying to figure out how to talk with Steven.

NATHAN

Listen. I'm not sure what's going on, Steven and all I can do is be here as a friend, but that won't help, unless you help yourself here. (beat)  
fell off the wagon, didn't you?

STEVEN

What are you talking about? I think we need to find Cheyenne.

NATHAN

That's really why your wife left you, isn't it, Steven? You started drinking again huh?

(beat)

Your really loosing it, man?

(thinking how to explain)

Steven, that's you and your ex's old house. She sold the house, dawg, like 2 months ago.

Steven just can't seem to put things together. NOTHING is making sense to him. He just sits there. Staring out, off to the side.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Steven, we need to get you some help.

(beat)

When did you start drinking again?  
Can you tell me that?

Nathan sees a convenient store ahead and pulls in.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I'm getting you some water.

STEVEN

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

I'll be right back. Don't move.

As Nathan leaves, Steven looks over and is just starrng down at the floorboard of the drivers side. He always knew Nathan packed.

He sits there looking and glances back to see if Nathan has come out of the store or not. In one fail swoop, he digs under the driver side seat and finds Nathan's gun.

In a hurry, he puts it in the back of his pants covering it, as he sees Nathan come to the vehicle.

INT. VEHICLE

NATHAN

You're gonna be okay, my man.

STEVEN

Yeah, I know.

NATHAN

You gonna st...

STEVEN

(cuts him off)

Listen. Here is the deal... I'll go get some help. Fine. I just wanna be alone for a couple of hours okay, Nathan. Please.

NATHAN

Alone? Where though? I haven't heard from you in what feels like weeks. What happened with you? You were supposed to call me a while back and I never heard from you. I tried calling your place and the number was disconnected. I stopped by a couple times, but no one ever answered the door.

STEVEN

I need you to take me Downtown.

NATHAN

What?!

STEVEN

I'm staying at this hotel for right now.

(CONTINUED)

NATHAN

Okay... what is going on now?  
(just looks at him)  
Boy, the shit doesn't end with you,  
does it.

STEVEN

Drop me off. Let me get a little  
rest and have some time alone. Come  
back in a couple hours and I'll  
just go stay with you. Is that  
okay?

NATHAN

Alright, bro. Whatever you want,  
man.

EXT/INT. MOTEL

Nathan has just pulled in. Dropped Steven off and we see him pulling away.

Steven has got back to the hotel. He is still disoriented. He shuts the door, looks around and starts to wonder what, if anything is real at this point. Steven is sitting on the bed, but before he sits, he pulls out the gun. Steven begins to reflect on the many aspects of his life.

Flashbacks of him getting married, walking in the park with his wife. Good times. Reflective. He sits there staring at the gun.

INT. NATHAN - DRIVING

Nathan is driving. He feels under his seat and realizes his gun is missing and is stricken with fear instantaneously. Knowing Steven took it and is putting it together on why Steven was wanting to be left alone, he turns around, driving as fast as he can.

EXT. HOTEL

Nathan, pulling into the Motel, comes to a screeching stop, jumps out of his vehicle and runs as fast as he can to the room. Just as he gets his hand on the door, we see a flash through the window and hear, "BANG!" as the window is shattered, spraying glass and blood everywhere.

For a second it stopped Nathan. He wipes the glass from his and looks down at his hands covered in blood. He regains

(CONTINUED)

himself and is screaming and knocking at the door. Everything slowly goes to black, only hearing Nathan screaming Steven's name over and over.

Nathan's voice slowly fades with what appears to replace his voice, is the sound of a woman's voice. The sound becomes stronger and stronger and it becomes apparent that she too is screaming Steven's name. The vision of her is blurred.

We can make out a woman as she appears to be standing over Steven, looking straight at him.

END NIGHTMARE- TIME CUT- PRESENT

CUT BACK - INT. RESORT/HOTEL - VEGAS STRIP -NIGHT

Feet wet, Trisha gets out of the shower. She comes out of the bathroom, seeing Steven asleep at the computer and sees something all too familiar.

TRISHA

Oh my God noooo, Steven! No, don't do this to me now! Please! OMG!

Crying, frantic, runs to the phone, calling hotel operator.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello, this the hotel operator?! Oh God please, I need help. I need 911. Please, hurry! Please, hurry!

(beat)

My husband, he has nightmares and I can't get him to wake up.

(beat)

Yes, he takes medication!

She looks at Steven and realizes that he is not coming around, drops the phone and runs back to him.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

STEVEN! Noooo, baby, please wake up, please wake up, baby!

She is slapping him at this point, trying to get him to come around.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Don't you do this to me. Please!  
(crying, sobbing)

DISSOLVE TO: LAPTOP

On the screen of the laptop still reads, "What a nightmare."

TIME CUT: PRESENT DAY - INT. HOSPITAL, STEVEN

Steven is still in the corner of the hospital. Still rocking back and forth. He is tranquil from the medication that the nurse just gave him. He is etching something into the wall with his finger nail.

He continues to mark on the wall and we see the name Cheyenne. He sits there, slightly rubbing the paint from his nail. Rocking, dazing out into nothingness.

STEVEN (VO)

*Maybe some things really are better left alone. Maybe some things are never meant to be talked about. I don't know. But what I do know is, is that what had happened to these couples, and what I thought happened to me,*  
(pause) *Just be glad that it never happened to you.*

THE END.