

SAMANTHA'S WATCHING ME

Written By

Neal Adams

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INT. A DIMLY LIT PUB - NIGHT

CHRIS JACOBS, 23, drinks it up in a dimly lit bar. Engaged in conversation with a BARTENDER, an older white male, New York accent.

He slams another shot.

A couple argues at a nearby table.

WOMAN

You wait until Valentine's to tell me!

MAN

It seemed like a good time.

WOMAN

You're an asshole!

MAN

Baby, come on!

Chris turns to see the couple arguing, turns back to the bartender.

The couple continues in the background.

BARTENDER

Ain't love a bitch.

CHRIS

I'll drink to that.

Chris turns up another shot, and puts the empty glass down next to the others.

BARTENDER

Long day?

CHRIS

How'd you tell?

BARTENDER

It's just that whenever a guy comes in here, and drinks a whole bottle of rum he's probably had a long day.

CHRIS

Well you're right, my job is one long day I relive over, and over.

BARTENDER

I might have something that will help you feel better.

The bartender walks over to the jukebox.

He plays a depressing oldie.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah.

He snaps his fingers, and does a spin move.

Returns behind the bar.

CHRIS

That's depressing.

BARTENDER

In an uplifting kind of way though... Another drink?

CHRIS

Keep em' coming.

(sarcastically)

You know, I used to think you were being an asshole when I'd come in here with my problems, and you'd play some sad song, but you really care.

BARTENDER

Chris you're one of my top customers. Your problems helped put my daughter through freshman year at state, and remodeled my kitchen. For that I owe you a drink.

CHRIS

In that case I propose a toast.

The bartender pours them both drinks.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(slurred speech)

To my job may they appreciate me one day, and to women love them or hate them, I wish we could live without them... and to your kitchen.

BARTENDER
I'll drink to that.

They toast, Chris kills his shot then collapses to the floor hitting his head.

People rush over to help, the bartender hurries from behind the bar.

Chris looks up at them his vision blurred, while trying to focus he passes out.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chris wakes up. He makes his way through his dark apartment to the bathroom. Pushing the door open he fumbles around to turn on the light. Turning on the water, he gathers some in his hands, splashes it in his face closing his eyes.

A figure in a dark robe steps from behind the door, and positions in behind Chris.

It raises a Beretta to Chris' head.

Chris' eyes open to the gun being pointed at him. He notices there's something written on the mirror in red that he didn't see before, EM EVOL.

The room is silent. The only sound comes from the hammer on the Beretta cocking back.

(Inaudible dialogue) Chris pleads for his life.

BAM!

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chris jumps up in bed to the sound of the phone ringing, which coincides with the gunshot from his dream.

CHRIS
NO!

He looks around the room.

What the hell.

He realizes the phone is ringing, and answers.

INTERCUT: CHRIS ON BED/SAMANTHA IN HER CAR

CHRIS

Hello.

We see the back of SAMANTHA'S head, she's a petite brunette. She gets out of her car carrying a leather briefcase, closes the door, and begins to walk through a parking lot.

SAMANTHA

We don't like to answer the phone
in the morning I see?

CHRIS

Had a long night. Who is this?

SAMANTHA

We forget fast huh? Who do you
think this is?

CHRIS

Rebecca?

SAMANTHA

No, Samantha.

CHRIS

Who?

As she walks she merges with groups of children going into a school.

KIDS

Good morning!

Samantha waves to them.

SAMANTHA

Samantha... from the bar last
night.

CHRIS

(pretending to remember)
Oh yeah, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Who's Rebecca, your girlfriend?

CHRIS

Ex actually, wait a minute I met
you at a bar?

She makes her way through an army of kids in a hallway.

SAMANTHA

You'd think a guy would remember you after blowing chunks on your shirt, and you put him in a cab.

CHRIS

Sorry about that. Was it a nice shirt?

SAMANTHA

Yeah probably one of my more expensive ones.

CHRIS

I must have been pretty drunk, how did you know where to send me home?

SAMANTHA

You dropped your wallet, and I got it off your license.

She walks into a classroom, and places her briefcase on top of a desk.

CHRIS

Damn I must have been really trashed.

Removing her jacket.

SAMANTHA

You were totally smashed. Anyway I wanted to return your wallet.

CHRIS

Thanks. I don't know how, but maybe I can make it up to you.

SAMANTHA

How about lunch?

CHRIS

So I take you to lunch, and then I can get my wallet back?

SAMANTHA

Or you just come get the wallet. Lunch is optional, but since you ruined my shirt it would probably help your karma.

CHRIS

Yeah, I do feel pretty bad about the shirt. How about today at noon?

SAMANTHA

I'm actually a little tied up today.

CHRIS

Well, what day is good for you?

SAMANTHA

How about tomorrow at one, I'll be at the Wilshire community center you can meet me there, let's say around one.

CHRIS

Works for me.

A bell rings, and children begin pouring into the classroom.

SAMANTHA

Come in the door on the right side of the building.

CHRIS

Cool, see you then.

SAMANTHA

I look forward to it.

They both hang up.

CHRIS' BEDROOM

CHRIS

Did I give her my number too?

DAME, brown skinned, 20s, Chris' roommate, and best friend, walks into the room eating an apple.

DAME

Dude what's up? The phone rang like twenty times.

CHRIS

I was in a coma dude, dreaming someone was about to kill me.

DAME

Dream? More like a premonition. Lameika was just about to come in here, and do some damage if your phone kept waking her up.

He takes a huge bite of the apple.

CHRIS

I'm serious. I had a bad dream that somebody was in the bathroom, and they shot me.

Dame stares at him.

DAME

(while chewing)
A nightmare?

CHRIS

I said, bad dream.

DAME

Yeah... like I was saying, you woke up screaming like a girl because you had a nightmare.

CHRIS

Whatever, it seemed real, and on top of all that I have this splitting headache.

DAME

You know what was unreal? That scream that came out of this room. It sounded like a little girl that saw a monster under her bed.

Chris stares at Dame obviously not amused.

DAME

Who was that on the phone?

CHRIS

Good question, I supposedly met a girl at the bar, threw up on her shirt, and I was so drunk she put me in a cab to make sure I got home.

DAME

You don't remember her?

CHRIS

No.

DAME

You should really stop drinking.

CHRIS

Probably.

Dame leaves the room, Chris stands, follows.

HALLWAY

Chris cautiously makes his way through the hallway to the bathroom.

LAMEIKA, Dame's girlfriend, a light skinned black girl, is in Dame's room's doorway.

She looks at Chris strange as he is creeps through the hall.

He makes it to the bathroom, stopping at the door.

Silently counting to three he looks behind the door. The only thing there is two bath towels.

LAMEIKA (O.S.)
Hey Chris.

Chris jerks around.

CHRIS
(Startled)
Lameika! Don't do that!

He closes the bathroom door.

Dame walks out of his room.

LAMEIKA
Is Chris OK?

DAME
He had a nightmare.

Chris yells from the other side of the door.

CHRIS (O.S.)
For the last time, it was a bad dream!

DAME
Nightmares are bad dreams Chris!

LAMEIKA
Leave him alone.

DAME
I'm just messing with him.

LAMEIKA

Just try to be more sensitive to his situation baby. I'm sure he'd be if the shoe was on the other foot.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Maybe you two could move away from the door when talking about me... and what situation!

LAMEIKA

(nervously)

Uh... with your nightmare... I, I mean bad dream.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Well thanks, but I'm over it.

LAMEIKA

OK. We'll let you deal with it on your own Chris, but if you need me I'm here.

Dame is flossing his teeth, Lameika pushes him in the chest.

DAME

(unconcerned)

What...?

Lameika bucks her eyes.

DAME (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Me too Chris! I'm here for you man!

They walk off together.

LAMEIKA

You're so insensitive to be his best friend.

BATHROOM

Chris reaches for his toothbrush. There's two of them, one is black, one is red.

CHRIS

Hey Lameika, have you been using my bathroom?!

LIVING ROOM

Dame and Lameika on the sofa together.

LAMEIKA

N...

Dame quickly interrupts her.

DAME

(yelling to Chris)

Yeah, she must have left some stuff
in there!

DAME (CONT'D)

(low stern voice)

You were supposed to make sure the
bathroom was clear.

LAMEIKA

(whispers to Dame)

Sorry.

She raises her voice.

LAMEIKA (CONT'D)

Sorry Chris.

BATHROOM

CHRIS

It's cool. I was just wondering,
saw an extra toothbrush, and towel
in here.

He rinses out his mouth, and begins to leave the bathroom.

Before stepping out he checks behind the door one more time.
Still no one there. Relieved he walks out into the living
room.

LIVING ROOM

Dame, and Lameika on the sofa arguing.

CHRIS

So what are you two doing tonight?
Arguing about who's got first dibs
on XBOX?

DAME

Ha!

He shoots Chris a bird, Chris smirks.

LAMEIKA

Actually I'm glad you asked, my cousin is coming into town, and I told her I'd have somebody for her to hang out with.

CHRIS

Why? What's wrong with her?

LAMEIKA

What's that supposed to mean?

CHRIS

I'm just saying.

LAMEIKA

Trust me, you'll like her.

CHRIS

Alright, but you better not be lying.

LAMEIKA

Great! I'll get her to come by here around five thirty, six that way you can meet her when you get home from work.

CHRIS

Damnit work! What time is it?

DAME

Like, seven thirty I think.

CHRIS

I had to be at work early for my eval today.

Chris runs to his room.

DAME

I thought you were off or something drinking like that, you better hurry!

Dame turns back to Lameika.

LAMEIKA

Baby, we don't argue that much do we?

DAME

You wanna do this today?

LAMEIKA

Just answer please.

DAME

Yeah, but it's what we do. That, and it always makes for great make up sex.

She shoves him flirtatiously, smiles.

A few seconds later Chris runs out of his room.

He is sloppily dressed in a white collar shirt, tie, and khaki slacks, his belt in hand.

He makes his way to the front door where he grabs a briefcase that's on the floor.

CHRIS

Have either one of you seen my keys?

DAME

Did you check your pockets?

Chris reaches into his pocket, pulls out his keys.

CHRIS

Of course.

He opens the door, leaves.

LAMEIKA

Good luck on your evaluation!

The door closes.

EXT. OUTSIDE - MORNING

Chris scrambles down the steps, sprinting across the parking lot to old honda.

He tries to open the door, but drops the keys. Then he picks up the keys hitting the panic button.

CHRIS

Argghhh!

Finally he gets the car unlocked, gets in, cranking the car.

He backs out, pulls off.

INT. CAR - MORNING

A talk radio show is on.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I can't believe this, of all the days to oversleep. I had to pick one of the most important days of my life.

He adjusts the mirror, rubs his teeth.

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

I'll get Chesca to change my time, so I'm good with that. Maybe Mr. Sherman will wait till nine to call me in for the eval.

He changes the radio station.

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

Who am I kidding? Even if Chesca changes my time I'm probably screwed. I just can't win lately. I'm probably gonna be stuck being Mr. Sherman's assistant for another year. Maybe I should drive head on into an eighteen wheeler, and end the pain now.

An eighteen wheeler whizzes by him on the freeway.

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

Maybe not.

Chris pulls into the parking lot of a tall rectangular building.

He parks, jumps out of his car running in.

EXT. ELEVATOR DOORS - MORNING

The doors open, Chris rushes out into an upscale office environment, with cubicles, and side offices.

Chris stops by an office right off the elevator. CHESCA, a short light skinned guy with a perm in his hair, sitting at a desk typing on his computer.

CHESCA
Oh you're nasty.

He types something.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
I bet you'd like it if I did that
to you.

He hits the send button on the keyboard with authority.

CHRIS
Chesca.

Chesca jumps up shocked. His hair flies into his face.

He shields the computer screen with his body.

CHESCA
Chris! You can't sneak up on a
killer like that I could've been
strapped!

He clears the hair out of his eyes.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
And Chesca don't hesitate to pop-a-
cap.

CHRIS
Sorry, I just need you to adjust my
time.

Chris leans forward, peeking around Chesca so he can see the screen.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Mr. Goodtongue69 is it?

CHESCA
That is research, anyhow bad
timing. We got a few big heads in
here this morning, and it's too
risky to be messing with that right
now.

Chris reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a twenty dollar bill.

Chesca grabs it.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
(unimpressed)
I said it was a **few** big heads in
here today.

Holding the twenty up he folds it open and close.

Chris hands him another twenty.

CHRIS
You're killing me Chesca.

CHESCA
I'm just a squirrel trying to get a
nut.

CHRIS
I see, you got me by both of mine.

Chris begins walking off.

CHESCA
Don't be like that Chris. You know
we go way back, it's Chesca baby!

Chris walks around the corner to his desk which is virtually empty with the exception of his computer, a phone, and two stacks of documents.

He sits, and begins looking through stacks of paper on his desk.

INSERT - CLOCK FACE

The clock hands move, passing two hours.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. OFFICE/CHRIS' DESK - AFTERNOON

Chris is shooting small paper balls in a waste basket next to his desk.

Yawning, he stands, stretches, and begins to take a walk around the office.

TASHA, a very attractive blonde co worker, dressed in a tight skirt, and button up shirt, passes him.

He catches stride with her.

CHRIS

Morning Tasha, I had some ideas for that account you've been working on.

TASHA

(disinterested)
Shouldn't you be doing some paperwork or something.

CHRIS

No worries, I got that handled. Look, I came up with this idea for you it's...

She stops walking, interrupts him.

Chris stops as well.

TASHA

(overdramatic)
Let me guess. Leave the marketing to the actual marketing executives.

CHRIS

Funny. But it's more like, my boss' assistant did all my financial predictions for the costs on my last three ad campaigns, and I took all the credit for it.

TASHA

(angry)
You wouldn't dare.

CHRIS

Try me.

TASHA

Fine, and I'll just say you're lying, and you're mad because I wouldn't sleep with you.

CHRIS

I already have.

TASHA

(distracted)
That was two years ago after the Christmas party, and I was drunk and vulnerable.

They have a stare down.

TASHA (CONT'D)
You want to grab some lunch?

CHRIS
I could eat.

TASHA
You'll pay. Cafe at noon, see you there.

They walk off in separate directions.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - AFTERNOON

The two of them finished eating.

CHRIS
So you want to hear my ideas now?

TASHA
Maybe later, but that was delicious.

She stands, and walks off.

A man with a woman at a nearby table is staring at Tasha as she leaves. The woman throws her drink in his face.

Chris watches her ass as she turns the corner. Shakes his head.

CHRIS
Such a good body wasted on such a small brain.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Chris is walking back through the office.

He sees another co-worker TODD, early 30s, wearing a suit.

CHRIS
Todd!

Todd turns around, walks in the opposite direction. Chris catches up with him.

TODD
Chris now is not a good time. Maybe Monday.

CHRIS
 (discouraged)
 Monday, but when you needed my help
 I was there. Now that I need some
 in return it's "Maybe Monday".

TODD
 You're right, and I'm sorry. But
 honestly I can't risk letting
 Sherman see me talking to you.
 Rumors you know.

CHRIS
 Rumors? You mean the truth about me
 helping you? Dude I do your work,
 yours and like five other people
 here.

TODD
 Could you keep it down Chris. Look
 we're friends, and I have a rule
 for friends and work. I keep my Fs
 separated.

CHRIS
 What?

TODD
 I don't let friends fuck up my
 funds. Sorry, maybe Monday.

Todd walks off.

Chris is standing in shock.

He walks over to an empty desk, and turns facing people in
 the office.

CHRIS
 OK. I see how it's gonna be, Chris
 doesn't know anything he's just
 Sherman's assistant!

People in the office hear him, and take notice.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 All he's good for is whatever Mr.
 Sherman says needs to be done or
 passing out someone's mail! I got a
 degree in marketing too you know!

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD
 Marketing was your minor!

CHRIS

So what! I know the fundamentals! I know all about direction, appeal, and brand building!

He uses a chair to step on top of the desk.

He begins to draw a crowd.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

As of this moment everyone in this office is gonna give me my due respect. From now on nothing goes down unless I'm involved. No taglines, no mottos, no nothing! Sherman puts out a new campaign, I want in! You all have gotten fat off my ideas, while I starved to get experience!

A MAN IN THE CROWD

Aww stop with the whining, and get down!

CHRIS

You see that? That's disrespect. I helped him with a pitch three weeks ago, and now he doesn't want to hear what I have to say?

The man drops his head in shame.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm here to tell you if you're low on the office totem pole, and you're tired of lazy bums like that guy taking credit for all your hard work, come see me Chris Jacobs, I'll be sitting at the desk in front of Mr. Sherman's office. You're welcome... you're all frickin' welcome.

One random person starts clapping which ignites a chain reaction. A few people walk off, but most stay and applaud Chris.

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD

You're my hero Chris!

Chris steps down off the desk.

Walking through the parting crowd he receives pats on the back, and handshakes.

He walks through the office to Mr. Sherman's door, and knocks.

A raspy voice speaks.

MR. SHERMAN (O.S)
Come in.

INT. MR. SHERMAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Chris opens the door. We see MR. SHERMAN sitting at his desk, he is a tall, sharply dressed, well groomed man in his 50s.

CHRIS
How are you today sir?

Mr. Sherman is shuffling paperwork, and marking on the pages.

MR. SHERMAN
Let's see, I'm divorcing my third wife, my girlfriend is irritating, and I can't come up with enough excuses to stay away from either one of them. How would you be Chris?

CHRIS
You have a girlfriend sir?

He stops shuffling papers, and gives Chris a blank stare, the moment is awkward.

Chris tries to sneak back out of the office.

MR. SHERMAN
What do you want Chris?

CHRIS
I need some work sir. I'm done with everything I had on my desk.

MR. SHERMAN
What about my expense reports from Friday? You couldn't have finished them.

CHRIS
Done sir.

MR. SHERMAN
Well go inventory some office supplies or something.

CHRIS

Done sir.

MR. SHERMAN

Wow Jacobs, this eval has really got you kissing ass. Normally you'd be complaining that you have too much work.

CHRIS

I've just been really focused lately.

MR. SHERMAN

Just go look busy then. You've earned the break.

Chris leaves Mr. Sherman's office, and sits at his desk. He logs into his computer.

While typing a pop up appears on the screen.

CHRIS

Damn pop ups.

He begins to click on them.

One catches his attention with a woman dancing half naked. It says:

INSERT:

Pop up that reads click yes now for your own virtual strip tease.

Chris clicks no. A message pops up on the screen.

INSERT:

Message on screen.

By clicking no you are agreeing to the following:

"No, I can't pass up an opportunity for a virtual strip tease".

A loading bar comes on the screen, and it starts to download.

BACK TO CHRIS

Chris panics.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No, no, no.

He clicks the mouse, tries to turn off the computer.

Then he notices people in the office doing the same to their computers.

Hearing Mr. Sherman's door open he turns off the monitor.

MR. SHERMAN
Looking sharp Chris.

CHRIS
(His voice cracks)
Thanks, (clears his throat) I mean
thanks sir.

MR. SHERMAN
You might wanna get a throat
lozenge or something to take care
of that.

CHRIS
Sure thing sir.

Mr. Sherman walks off.

One of the employees is struggling with their computer.

Mr. Sherman glances at the employee's computer while walking by, stopping when he sees the stripper on the screen.

MR. SHERMAN
What the hell!

EMPLOYEE
(nervously)
Sir I don't know what this is. It
just popped up on my screen. I
swear, I don't know where it came
from. One minute I was sitting
here, and out of nowhere bam!
Titties.

The person's computer in the next cubicle is affected.

PERSON (O.S.)
It's true sir I have the same
issue!

Followed by another, and another.

Mr. Sherman looks closely at the screen where he sees a small box on the bottom.

He drags the cursor to it, opening it he reads the words in big bold letters.

INSERT MESSAGE

Thanks for downloading the virtual stripper Mr. Jacobs.

BACK TO MR. SHERMAN

MR. SHERMAN
Chris! In my office now!

Chris sinks down to the floor in his chair.

INT. CHRIS HOME ON HIS SOFA - EVENING

Chris is sipping on a beer talking to Dame.

CHRIS
So now no raise, and instead of Mr. Sherman's assistant, I'm the new office inventory manager... Maybe it's a sign.

DAME
What kind of sign?

CHRIS
That I am what I'm always gonna be... nobody.

DAME
Yeah well thanks for the invitation to the pity party, but no thanks. We both know you'd kill as an ad executive.

CHRIS
Yeah, but us knowing doesn't mean much. I'd rather have gotten fired than work as the office inventory manager. I already get no respect as Mr. Sherman's assistant now they're really gonna have a field day with me.

DAME
That really sucks dude, but I have something that will make it all better, and it should be here any minute.

Chris looks at Dame confused.

The doorbell rings.

DAME (CONT'D)
There it is. The piece le
resistance.

He opens the door.

DAME (CONT'D)
Come right in fellas.

Two delivery guys come in carrying a plasma television.

DAME (CONT'D)
You can put the racks on the wall
over there.

CHRIS
What's that?

DAME
Just a gift from a patient's
daughter. He brags about me, but
it's only because I bring him
candy, and porn.

CHRIS
Don't you think it's a little
unethical to accept an enormous tv
as a gift for a job you're supposed
to be doing anyway?

DAME
... No, and did you just say what I
think you said?

CHRIS
Yeah, it's unethical.

DAME
No you just called my sixty inch
plasma a TV.

Chris is dumbfounded.

DAME (CONT'D)
This is more than a TV my friend
this is a state of the art
entertainment device. It's got
1080p resolution, I could look at a
football game from down the street
on this.

CHRIS
I just hope there's nothing behind
this t...

Dame holds up his hand to stop him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Entertainment device, than what
you're telling me.

DAME
All I know is it's gonna make
watching anything an event, beyond
that nothing really matters to me.
Anyway we can talk about this some
other time, right now you need to
start getting ready.

CHRIS
For?

DAME
Lameika, and her cousin.

CHRIS
Damn! I had forgotten all about
that. What time are they gonna be
here?

DAME
In thirty minutes.

CHRIS
I don't know D, after today I just
feel like kicking back, and having
a few beers.

DAME
Well you already agreed, and she's
on her way so you need to go get
ready.

CHRIS
(sighs)
Yeah.

Chris gets up, and heads to his room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
But I'm gonna tell you now I'm not
in the mood to front tonight. Y'all
say she's pretty, but if she's cock
eyed with bad teeth or something I
will not play nice.

DAME

I told you she was hot, now trust
your boy, and get ready.

BATHROOM - 30 MINS LATER - EVENING

Chris is dressed brushing his teeth.

He hears the front door open, and voices coming from the
living room.

He peaks around the corner, and can't help but to stare at
ELISHA, who's tall, with long brown hair, standing in the
doorway with Lameika.

Chris stares.

Elisha notices.

Chris ducks back into the bathroom.

He rinses out his mouth, glances in the mirror quickly then
leaves the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lameika, and Elisha are talking, beers in hand.

CHRIS

Hey ladies.

LAMEIKA

Chris, you got a little.

She gestures to the corner of her mouth.

He tries to wipe his mouth.

CHRIS

What?

LAMEIKA

Toothpaste on the side of your
mouth.

Embarrassed he pauses.

CHRIS

Oh... uh excuse me I'll be right
back.

He leaves the room, and the girls laugh.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Chris looks in the mirror.

CHRIS
Smooth Chris, real smooth.

LAMEIKA
Chris is Dame in here?

CHRIS
No I guess he stepped...

Dame walks in the door.

LAMEIKA
Hey baby!

DAME
Hey baby, hey Elisha.

Projecting towards Chris' direction.

DAME (CONT'D)
You ready to go man?

CHRIS
Yeah now that I've walked out with toothpaste on my face, and made an ass out of myself I think I'm ready to go.

DAME
Cool, so Chris, Elisha, Elisha Chris, and I guess we're ready to head out.

LAMEIKA
Yes, I am starving.

The TV on the wall catches Lameika's attention.

LAMEIKA (CONT'D)
Wow! Chris I guess a congratulations is in order.

CHRIS
Actually no.

LAMEIKA
So what's the deal with the TV?

CHRIS
Ask Dame.

LAMEIKA
Baby you got a new TV?

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Actually it's a state of the art
entertainment device, right Dame.

He gives Chris a dirty look, turns back to Lameika.

DAME
It's only a 60" plasma screen with
a blu ray player built in, and
surround sound.

LAMEIKA
So it's yours?

DAME
Not only is it mine, I also went
out and bought that blu ray you
wanted to see.

He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a blu ray.

LAMEIKA
You got Baby Momma Street Fights!

DAME
Director's Cut.

He gives the blu ray to Lameika.

LAMEIKA
Awww baby.

She tosses it on the sofa, and they begin to makeout.

CHRIS
Yeah this just got awkward.

He turns to Elisha

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So you're a model?

She laughs.

ELISHA
Yes, and you're a marketing
executive?

CHRIS
Not quite, but I was almost one
today.

Confused look on her face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
It'll make good dinner
conversation.

Dame, and Lameika still making out.

DAME
(out of breath)
You think you two could go ahead,
and we'll meet you there?

CHRIS
That might be more appropriate than
us watching this.

Lameika starts walking into Dame's bedroom seductively. Dame
watches intensely.

She gets in the room, and he turns back to Chris.

DAME
(excited)
We'll meet you there in like twenty
minutes.

Chris gives him a look of disbelief.

DAME (CONT'D)
OK thirty.

CHRIS
You better show up.

DAME
We will. Look the sooner I get
started the sooner I'll get
finished.

CHRIS
Whatever.

Dame runs to his room door, stopping.

DAME
You are going down Ms. Jones!

He pulls off his shirt, and leaps into the room.

They start making a lot of noise.

CHRIS
I think that's our queue to leave.

ELISHA
Yeah.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant has dim lighting, and large booths, it has a good crowd.

Chris, and Elisha are having a conversation in their booth.

ELISHA
Let's me get this right, you think that God is a man?

CHRIS
Only me, and the majority of the world's population.

Chris takes a sip from his wine glass.

ELISHA
(confidently)
But he's not.

CHRIS
That's your opinion.

ELISHA
(offended)
It's a fact.

CHRIS
(confidently)
It's an opinion.

ELISHA
Why do you think she's a man?

CHRIS
Because everyone knows **he's** a man.

ELISHA
That's probably the dumbest thing I've ever heard someone say.

CHRIS
Weird I was just thinking the same thing.

ELISHA
You're a real asshole, you know
that.

CHRIS
Yeah... and this date is officially
over.

At that moment Dame, and Lameika walk in. Chris gets out of
his seat, he leaves money on the table.

He passes Dame, and Lameika on his way out.

DAME
Where are you going?

CHRIS
Anywhere but here. Someone thinks
I'm an idiot to think that God is a
man, oh and they think I'm an
asshole too so I'm leaving. You two
can take her home.

DAME
Dude.

CHRIS
A little advice, never discuss
politics or religion with someone.

He turns looking at Elisha.

ELISHA
Asshole!

CHRIS
Twice now with the vulgarity. Come
on what would God say if he heard
that?

Chris walks out the door.

DAME
Chris! Wait.

Dame runs out after him.

LAMEIKA
Dame!

Lameika walks over to the table, and sits down.

ELISHA
Told you I was good.

Lameika laughs.

LAMEIKA
At being bad.

They toast, and take a sip of wine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chris is woken by Dame, and Lameika arguing.

LAMEIKA
You must think I'm slow or
something?

DAME
What are you talking about?

LAMEIKA
Why didn't you answer the phone?

DAME
Because I didn't know the number.

LAMEIKA
Nah it's because I'm here, and
it's probably the girl you're
cheating on me with.

DAME
Are you serious?

Chris walks through the room into the kitchen. He grabs
something to drink from the fridge.

DAME (CONT'D)
Chris tell this girl that I am not
cheating on her!

CHRIS
(dispassionate)
He's not cheating on you.

LAMEIKA
Like I'm gonna listen to Chris when
Elisha said he was trying to
get into her pants last night.

Chris comes out of the kitchen.

CHRIS
She what!

LAMEIKA

Oh don't she what me! What if she had given it up? Then two weeks from now you'd be crying to me talking about "Why didn't you tell me your cousin had herpes?"

CHRIS

She's got herpes!

LAMEIKA

No, But what if she did, and you hit that...? Men you all think with your penises. Neither you or Dame can be trusted you're both some lying, cheating, sneaky, cheating, cheaters.

CHRIS

You should know your cousins a liar, and you used the word cheat in that sentence way too many times.

LAMEIKA

You're the liar, and I was emphasizing my point!

Dame hops up from the sofa.

DAME

Dude walk outside with me real quick.

Dame, and Chris walk out the door.

LAMEIKA

Yeah go ahead and see what lies you can...

Dame shuts the door while she's talking.

EXT. OUTSIDE BALCONY - DAY

CHRIS

Why am I outside in my boxers?

DAME

Because last night after I gave La the business she started asking questions about my plasma.

CHRIS

So, tell her, if you don't think it's unethical surely she won't.

DAME

You see that's the problem. I wasn't completely honest about how the whole plasma offer came about.

CHRIS

Really? Why am I not surprised.

DAME

You see what happened was my patient's daughter thought I was cute, and I gave her the impression I was single, and...

CHRIS

You slept with her.

DAME

Calm down, I just flirted, and gave her my number that's all. The problem is Eventually she's gonna call, and Lameika will answer.

CHRIS

You gave her your real number.

DAME

I really wanted that TV, Chris you gotta help me figure a way out of this one.

CHRIS

Simple give the plasma back, and tell the other chick you aren't available.

DAME

That's blasphemy.

CHRIS

You asked.

DAME

How bout you pretend to be my gay lover.

CHRIS

... Wow, you are a disturbed man.

DAME
So.. Is that a no?

CHRIS
I gotta go get my wallet back, good
luck.

DAME
Best friends, Chris.

Chris opens the door to the apartment hitting Lameika in the head accidentally.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LAMEIKA
Ow!

Dame walks in to Lameika holding her head.

DAME
You're listening to my
conversations now?

LAMEIKA
(attitude)
No...! I couldn't hear you two
through that thick door.

She goes back to the sofa, and Chris heads to his room.

EXT. OUTSIDE BALCONY - DAY

Chris heads back outside where Dame is smoking a cigarette.

DAME
Hope she's not busted.

CHRIS
Thanks. Anything beats psycho
Elisha.

Chris heads down the stairs to his car, he gets in and pulls off.

Dame flicks his cigarette then goes to open the door, but it's locked.

DAME
Oh no she didn't. Lameika! Lameika!
Open the door!

She cracks the door which is being held open only by a chain. Dame slides his hand in the opening.

LAMEIKA

First tell me what you had to go outside to talk to Chris about.

He positions himself so he is speaking through the crack in the door.

DAME

That was man business.

LAMEIKA

Well if you want back in you better come up with something.

DAME

Look Lameika it was just something I had to tell him about. I don't ask you to tell me every single thing you talk to your friends about do I? Anyway it's very disrespectful to lock a man out of his own home.

LAMEIKA

You're right.

DAME

I know I'm right.

LAMEIKA

Dame.

DAME

Yeah.

LAMEIKA

You want your fingers?

DAME

What? Yeah I want my fingers.

LAMEIKA

Then you better move your hand.

She gives him a brief death stare.

Dame quickly jerks his hand out right before Lameika slams it shut.

DAME
 No she didn't. Lameika!
 Lameikaaaaaaa!

Dame beats on the door.

INT. WILSHIRE COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Chris enters a large auditorium's side door, several rows of theater seats lead to a stage. 50-60 Children, and parents are seated throughout the auditorium.

A 10 year old is on the stage performing.

Samantha, who's dressed casually, another teacher and ARONDO, the arts teacher, wearing a fitted shirt, and leather pants sit at a table in front of the stage.

Chris sits three rows behind them.

An awkward looking white woman, unattractive, wearing glasses, turns around in Chris' direction.

Chris cringes, she smiles, waves, and turns back around.

The woman across from her notices her waving, and turns around seeing Chris..

It's Samantha, Chris stares as she waves.

CHRIS
 (to himself)
 Wow.

Chris mouths the name Samantha, she nods in agreement, and gestures with her hands "ten minutes". She smiles, turning back around.

ARMONDO
 Who's the handsome stranger? Is that the guy you've been dating?

SAMANTHA
 No, that's over. He had some unresolved issues. That's a guy I helped out the other night.

ARMONDO
 Ummh, I wouldn't mind helping him with a few things.

He looks back at Chris, and waves flamboyantly. Chris shifts awkwardly in his chair. Samantha, and the other teacher laugh.

DAVID, a husky 11 year, takes the stage to audition.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)
David Jane?

Armondo covers his mouth with a clipboard, and turns to Samantha.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)
(Speaking lowly)
A husky kid with two first names,
as if he didn't already have it bad
enough.

SAMANTHA
(stern)
Armondo.

He removes the clip board, and directs his attention back to the stage.

ARMONDO
What will you be performing?

DAVID
Little bunny fufu.

ARMONDO
Of course you will. Go ahead.

DAVID
Little bunny fufu,

He takes three bunny hops, makes motions with his hands.

I don't wanna see you... catching
all the field mice, and boppin'
them on the head, Lit...

ARMONDO
Stop! Stop! Stop!

David stops, and is motionless on stage.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)
What part are you auditioning for?

DAVID
Christopher Columbus.

ARMONDO

Yeah - I don't think so. Look to be honest as chubby as you are the only part you'll get in this play is probably gonna be the ship.

SAMANTHA

Armondo!

David's parents run up, and grab him, covering his ears, as they look at Armondo in utter disgust.

Chris is in the audience enjoying the show he can barely contain his laughter.

Samantha addresses the parents.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

I am so sorry. Armondo apologize.

ARMONDO

I will do no such thing for two reasons. One he is too chubby to play that part, and two what the hell does little bunny fufu have to do with 1492?

PARENT FATHER

(pointing at Armondo)

You better watch who you're talking to fairy boy!

ARMONDO

Oh you want to see a fairy!

Grabbing his crouch.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)

I got your fairy right here!

The father jumps down from the stage, and goes after Armondo.

Samantha, and the other teacher try to restrain Armondo. Chris jumps in to help.

EXT. SIDEWALK DAY - DAY

Samantha, and Chris walking down the sidewalk.

SAMANTHA

That was an interesting way to meet someone for the second time.

CHRIS

Yeah it ranks up there with the best.

SAMANTHA

Oh I almost forgot.

She opens her purse, and pulls out Chris' wallet holding it up in front of him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I believe this belongs to you.

Chris takes the wallet from her hand.

CHRIS

I appreciate you holding on to that for me.

SAMANTHA

Don't mention it.

CHRIS

So I owe you lunch, and you my friend get to pick the place.

SAMANTHA

You're such the gentleman when you're not tanked.

Chris smiles.

EXT. SMALL CAFE - DAY

Chris is laughing while chewing, and almost chokes on his food.

CHRIS

So let me get this straight, Armondo is a gay virgin?

SAMANTHA

Shhh... Not so loud.

CHRIS

Sorry that's just classic.

Samantha puts down her fork, and wipes her mouth.

SAMANTHA

I will admit I laughed when I first found out too, but maybe he just isn't ready.

CHRIS

But how can he know he's gay if he's a virgin?

SAMANTHA

I said virgin, not unexperienced.

CHRIS

Say no more.

She looks at her watch.

SAMANTHA

Wow. I have to get back.

She gathers herself, and stands. Chris stands with her.

CHRIS

This was fun.

SAMANTHA

I had a good time too.

CHRIS

Maybe we can do this again sometime.

SAMANTHA

That would be nice.

CHRIS

Great. I would give you my number, but you already have it.

SAMANTHA

I sure do, and you've got mine on caller id. So call me.

They hug.

CHRIS

You'll hear from me soon.

SAMANTHA

Looking forward to it.

She walks off, Chris watches.

She turns around to look at him. He waves at her, she waves back.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

When he gets to the door Dame is sitting asleep with his head against the door.

CHRIS
What are you doing?

Dame wakes up, sees Chris, throws his hands in the air.

DAME
Thank you God! Finally!

CHRIS
How long you been out here?

DAME
Since you left.

CHRIS
Why?

DAME
(towards the door)
Because Lameika is crazy!

CHRIS
She locked you out?

DAME
Yeah, because I wouldn't tell her
what we were talking about.

Lameika looks through the blind. The door opens, and she storms out.

LAMEIKA
(attitude)
Hey Chris, bye Chris.

DAME
Lameika why are you tripping?

LAMEIKA
Go to hell Dame.

She continues walking off.

CHRIS
Ouch... I'm headed in.

Chris walks through the door, and looks around. Dame follows behind him closing the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
At least she left it neat this time.

Chris sits down, loosens his tie, and starts flipping through the channels on the television.

DAME
As far I can tell there aren't any clothes out the window, or broken dishes, she's can't be that mad.

He looks through the caller id.

DAME (CONT'D)
Weird she didn't even call her mom this time. Anyway how did the lunch go?

CHRIS
It was ok.

DAME
She was that busted huh? Well at least you got your wallet back.

CHRIS
Actually the opposite, she was beautiful, smart, and she's a teacher.

DAME
Wait so she wasn't busted, but the date was only ok? I'm confused.

Chris doesn't say anything. He only shrugs.

DAME (CONT'D)
Man you better jump on that girl!

CHRIS
I'm not throwing in all my ante on one hand. I'm playing defensively.

DAME
(as if he understands)
Oh I see... Playing defensively... weighing your options.

CHRIS
Exac...

DAME

You ain't got no options! You better jump on that chick! Do you realize you haven't had a girl over in forever, and now you got a girl that likes you, she's nice, pretty, and got a good job, and you wanna play defensively.

Chris stops flipping channels.

CHRIS

Dang, you sure you don't want to date her?

DAME

What? No, I don't even know her, but she sounds cool, and I try to look out for you.

CHRIS

Thanks Captain overdramatic, I mean I'm still gonna play defensively, but don't think I wasn't listening.

He begins flipping channels again.

DAME

You see that' what I'm talking about. You or Lameika never listen to me, but you'll learn.

Dame walks off to the bathroom. The phone rings Chris answers.

CHRIS

What's up Lameika. He just went into the bathroom. Hold on.

He walks to the door, and knocks on it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey man your better half wants you!

DAME

(voice cracking)
Tell her I'll call her right back!

CHRIS

He said... hello. She hung up!

Chris goes to the sofa, and few seconds later Dame comes out of the bathroom.

DAME
I got a personal question.

CHRIS
Like what?

DAME
You ever had trouble peeing.

CHRIS
Not personally, but that sounds
like an STD.

DAME
Not possible, I haven't messed with
anyone except Lameika.

CHRIS
Yeah, OK.

DAME
I'm serious.

CHRIS
You reap what you sow is all I'm
saying .

DAME
Whatever. I'm gonna get a doctor's
opinion on that.

Chris gets up, and heads to his room.

CHRIS
When they give you a shot with that
big needle you better ask for a
medical doughnut to bring home.

Dame walks out the door.

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Dame is sitting in a small clinic. Soft rock plays, and
people are spread throughout with everything from broken
legs, and arms, to sick children.

Dame grabs a clip board, and begins to fill out his patient
information.

DAME
Let's see. Name, Damion Edwards
Age, 23, ailment... can't pee.

He looks at the pad, and nods for self approval. He sees a man in a full body cast.

DAME (CONT'D)

Ouch.

He takes the clipboard back to the receptionist, then goes back to his seat.

A nurse comes out a door, and calls his name.

NURSE

Mr. Edwards.

He gets up, and walks over to the nurse.

DAME

That's me.

She smiles at him flirtatiously.

NURSE

You look too healthy to be at a doctor's office.

They begin walking back to the examination room.

DAME

I work out a little.

The nurse looks at his chart, and her eyes buck slightly. She quickly changes subjects.

NURSE

(speaking hurriedly)
Oh, well here we are. Have a seat,
and the doctor will be with you
shortly.

She quickly leaves closing the door.

The door closes.

Dame looks around and begins messing with stuff on the counter. He is pocketing wet wipes, and tongue depressors when the door begins to open.

Dame hurries back to the examination table.

DOCTOR PUNABS, a middle aged Indian doctor comes in the room, closing the door behind him.

DOCTOR PUNABS
Hello, Mr. Edwards.

DAME
Hey doc.

DOCTOR PUNABS
Afternoon Mr. Edwards, I've looked at your chart, and it seems you've had trouble urinating, and painful urination.

DAME
Yeah it hurts like death, that's why it's so hard to pee.

DOCTOR PUNABS
Mr. Edwards I'm just throwing this out there, but have you given any thought to the possibility that you might have an STD?

DAME
Hadn't crossed my mind, but my best friend mentioned it. I'm in a monogamous relationship.

DOCTOR PUNABS
Only one way to be sure. Mr. Edwards go ahead, and drop your pants so I can swab you please.

Dame drops his pants, and the doctor reaches into a utensil container pulling out a large wooden q tip.

DAME
What's that for?

DOCTOR PUNABS
Take a deep breath. This may sting a little.

Dame let's out a blood curdling scream.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - EVENING

DAME
A urinary tract infection! No way Lameika is gonna believe this.

CHRIS
I thought only women could get those.

Dame stares at Chris with a serious look on his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What I did.

DAME

I guess, at least it's not an STD.

CHRIS

Might as well be. Lameika won't believe it.

DAME

I know that's why I'm not going to tell her.

CHRIS

So you really think you can hide this from her? What about her wanting to have sex?

DAME

I'll just avoid it.

Chris grabs Dame's bottle of medication.

CHRIS

Did they subscribe you crack or something? Dude you two have sex like everyday, don't you think if you start turning it down she's going to know something is wrong.

DAME

Nah, I'm gonna be smooth about it. Maybe say work is stressing me out or something.

CHRIS

Good luck.

Chris stands up, and walks towards his room. Dame gets up leaving a MEDICAL DONOUGHT on the sofa.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The next morning Chris finds Dame cleaning his television.

CHRIS

What's up D.

DAME
Just cleaning the tube for the big
game tonight.

CHRIS
You can't wait to show off can you?

DAME
Of course.

CHRIS
So you're still not going tell
Lameika?

Lameika walks out of Dame's room having overheard him.

LAMEIKA
Tell me what?

CHRIS
(shocked)
That he... needs some help cleaning
up after the game.

LAMEIKA
Help, I always end up cleaning. To
get some help would be great news.

She walks over, and kisses Dame who bucks his eyes at Chris.
He shrugs his shoulders.

Lameika turns back around, and Chris plays it off.

The phone rings.

Dame answers.

DAME
It's for you dude.

CHRIS
Who is it?

DAME
Samantha.

CHRIS
I'll take it in my room.

Chris runs into his room, and picks up the phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Got it D! Hello.

INTERCUT: SAMANTHA WALKING/CHRIS IN HIS ROOM

SAMANTHA
Hey what are you doing?

CHRIS
Nothing just got up how about you?

SAMANTHA
Actually I was in your
neighborhood, and was wondering if
maybe I could stop by.

CHRIS
Sure. It's apartment 8C.

SAMANTHA
I remember. I'll be there in like
ten ok.

Chris is a little uneasy with her statement.

CHRIS
OK.

They both hang up.

TEN MINUTES LATER...

The doorbell rings.

Chris comes out of his room walking by Dame's door hearing
arguing. He answers the door it's Samantha.

SAMANTHA
Hey.

Hugging Chris.

Dame and Lameika are still arguing off screen in his room.

She enters the apartment, closing the door.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Did I come at a bad time?

CHRIS
What that? That's just how those
two say I love you.

SAMANTHA
Your roommate, and his girlfriend?

CHRIS

Yeah. Come on in I was just about to grab something to drink.

In the kitchen Chris grabs a beer from the fridge.

SAMANTHA

Isn't it early to be drinking?

CHRIS

In the famous words of Jimmy Buffet it's five o' clock somewhere.

SAMANTHA

That's an alcoholic anthem.

CHRIS

Yeah, but I'm no alcoholic just felt like a beer. Want something?

SAMANTHA

Yeah some water would be great it's hot out there.

CHRIS

The cups are...

Samantha walks in the kitchen, and opens the exact cabinet where the cups are, then she opens the fridge, she pours herself a glass of water.

She begins to drink.

She stops when she notices Chris staring.

SAMANTHA

What?

CHRIS

How did you know where the cups were?

SAMANTHA

Lucky guess?... I mean most guys keep cups in the same cabinet. Seriously it's a known fact.

CHRIS

Interesting, I never knew that.

SAMANTHA

Yeah it's true all you guys are the same when it comes to cups.

She takes another sip of her water.

Lameika comes out of Dame's room in rage. Dame runs out behind her.

She picks up a vase threatening to throw it at the television.

Chris, and Samantha sneak by to his room.

LAMEIKA

(attitude)

You either tell me who she is or I'm gonna put this vase through that TV!

Dame jumps in front of the television to protect it.

DAME

Who is who? I told you I'm just stressed out I'm not having sex with anyone else, and it's a plasma not a TV!

LAMEIKA

(attitude)

Oh I see, so now I got Dame's dummy tattooed on my forehead!

DAME

Baby look I have a stressful job, long hours, patients that need something all the time, that's a lot for one person to take on.

LAMEIKA

(attitude)

Before you couldn't wait to have sex with me whenever you got home from work, now all of a sudden it's the other way around? That's not stress that's another woman!

She draws back to throw the vase.

DAME

No!

LAMEIKA

You know what. Forget it, I'm done.

She drops the vase.

LAMEIKA (CONT'D)
It's over Dame. You're cheating,
and I know it you don't have to
admit it.

She leaves, Dame plops down on the sofa he looks hurt.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - DAY

Samantha's on Chris' bed, and he is leaning on his dresser.

SAMANTHA
So this is normal behavior with
those two?

CHRIS
Yeah sort of, but that may have
been the last argument. I've never
seen her that mad before.

SAMANTHA
That's crazy...

There's an awkward silence.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Hey... I have a confession to make.

Chris looks at her as if he's waiting to hear the worse.

CHRIS
What kind of confession?

SAMANTHA
The real reason I came by is
because I really wanted to take you
up on that offer about going out.

CHRIS
Awesome. Just name the day, and
time.

SAMANTHA
How about next Thursday after you
get off work?

She puts her water on his night stand, and lays back on his bed.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Your bed is really comfy.

CHRIS
Random, but thanks, and Thursday is
my birthday.

SAMANTHA
I know that's why I asked.

Chris gives her an awkward look.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(nervously)
Your license.

CHRIS
Oh yeah, I forgot about that.

SAMANTHA
So a birthday dinner for my new
friend?

Chris is silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
My treat.

CHRIS
I'd be insane to say no.

SAMANTHA
Next Thursday then. You can pick me
up. Here's my address.

Samantha pulls a piece of paper from her purse, and writes it
down.

CHRIS
Cool.

SAMANTHA
Well I'm sort of in a rush so give
me a call tonight if you get the
time.

CHRIS
Will do.

They leave the room, and go to the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dame is still sitting on the sofa staring off into space.

SAMANTHA
Is he going to be OK?

CHRIS
Yeah he's on meds.

SAMANTHA
Ok?

CHRIS
Call you later.

She leaves.

Chris closes the door, and turns to Dame.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
There's something weird about
Samantha.

DAME
Who?

CHRIS
Dude, Samantha. She just walked out
of here.

DAME
Samantha was here?

CHRIS
Never mind, are you still going to
have that party?

DAME
Yeah everybody is supposed to be
here at seven thirty. Dude I think
La just broke up with me.

CHRIS
Nah, look I have some reports that
are gonna take me all day, and
night to finish then I plan to
crash, and La always breaks up with
you.

DAME
I really think she might be gone
this time.

CHRIS
(shocked)
Really.

DAME
Just messing with you.

CHRIS
Ha, funny... You know what I'm
about to do?

DAME
What?

CHRIS
(intensely)
I'm about to go take a nice,
smooth, long, relaxing, piss. Oh
just the thought of those warm
golden fluids passing through my...

Dame stops him.

DAME
I got you. How about... Uh... You
know what...

CHRIS
That's what I thought.

Chris walks off.

DAME
I had one. Dammit.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Chris wakes up the next morning. He gets dressed for work.

He walks into the living room where beer cans, food trays,
and three of Dame's friends are on the floor passed out.

Chris knocks on Dame's door.

DAME
(groggy)
Yeah.

CHRIS
Could you have this place clean,
and your boys out sometime today.

DAME
OK mom.

CHRIS
 Whatever just clean it up, I'm
 headed to work.

DAME
 Aight.

He closes his door.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Chris gets to work, and as he is sitting down at his desk Mr. Sherman's sexy receptionist calls.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
 Mr. Sherman would like to see you.

CHRIS
 Thanks, on the way.

Chris adjust his clothes, takes a deep breath, and walks down the hall Mr. Sherman's office.

INT. MR. SHERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. SHERMAN
 Have a seat Chris.

Mr. Sherman is sitting at his desk, he has a view of the whole city, looks out his window while talking to Chris.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)
 You know after the whole virtual
 stripper incident I thought long,
 and hard about firing you.

CHRIS
 Again sir I'm real sorry about
 that...

Mr. Sherman turns around in his chair.

MR. SHERMAN
 But... I've recently had a change
 of heart. not only have I decided
 to keep you on with the company
 I've also decided to give you that
 promotion.

CHRIS
 What!... I swear you won't regret
 it, I'll do whatever it takes.
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So this promotion means I'm back to my old job?

MR. SHERMAN

I was getting to that. We have a new client which is an adult diaper company, Her Secret. If you land this account you'll never have to worry about being fired.

CHRIS

(excited)

I won't let you down sir.

MR. SHERMAN

You better not. My receptionist will be out shortly to show you to your new office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Chris heads to his desk his stuff is already packed. Tasha is sitting on his desktop.

TASHA

Got the axe eh?

CHRIS

I wouldn't exactly say that.

TASHA

Too bad, all the office inventory will be off now.

His computer chimes.

CHRIS

Hold that thought.

Reaching around her he Checks his email.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Looks like we'll have a meeting today.

TASHA

What a meeting to announce that this is your last day.

She laughs.

CHRIS
Actually, I think it's a meeting to
announce my promotion.

TASHA
(frantic)
Promotion? Fired people don't get
promotions.

Tasha looks like she's going to have an anxiety attack.
Sherman's SEXY RECEPTIONIST, walks over to Chris' desk.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
Are you ready to see your new
office?

CHRIS
So ready. Excuse me Tasha.

Tasha in shock swipes some paper off the desk that Chris
left, and screams.

As Chris walks through the office he gets stares, thumbs up,
and whispers from people throughout.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Chris looks around.

CHRIS
Damn! (Clearing his throat) I mean
wow.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
Does that mean you approve.

CHRIS
Definitely.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
Good. Mr. Sherman said to get
settled in, and then he'll meet
you, and your team in the east
conference room for a briefing in
about a half hour.

CHRIS
Alright.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
And congratulations, after that
little speech you gave I was
pulling for you.

She winks.

CHRIS
Thanks.

She walks off seductively, closing Chris' door behind her.

Chris sits in his chair putting his arms behind his head, he
begins to admire the room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(in disbelief)
Look at this desk,

Chris runs his hand across the desk.

Italian leather chair,

He has a seat.

and this view. I got a view!

While Chris is looking out his window Sherman comes in the
office.

MR. SHERMAN
Chris. I have a situation with my
receptionist that needs some
immediate attention so we need to
go ahead with the briefing asap.

Chris falls out of his chair, and bounces right back up
straightening his tie.

CHRIS
Ready when you are sir.

MR. SHERMAN
Alright let's go.

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Chris makes it home where he finds the apartment cleaner than
it's ever been. He walks over to the coffee table which is
shining. He wipes his finger across it then smells it.

CHRIS
Is that pledge?

Lameika walks out of the kitchen.

Chris turns around and sees her.

LAMEIKA

Shocked to see me right.

CHRIS

Pretty much.

LAMEIKA

I figured I overreacted about the whole sex thing, and maybe I needed to work things out with Dame. But even before I could call him he was outside my window with a dozen roses saying he loved me, and just wanted me to understand. So here I am.

CHRIS

I'm not sure what to say to all that, but you did an awesome job of cleaning up.

Chris heads to his room.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - AFTERNOON

He turns on his computer.

MONTAGE

Chris is looking at the diaper package. He opens it, pulls out a diaper, he sniffs it.

Dames walks in the room when Chris isn't looking, takes a diaper.

Chris is slaving at his computer.

He is reading out loud.

He bangs on his keyboard in frustration.

Chris is looking at his computer smiling with approval.

END MONTAGE

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - EVENING

Chris in his office when there's a knock on the door.

CHRIS

Come in!

When the door opens it's Dame.

DAME

Happy Birthday hombre, came by
since you were working late.

CHRIS

Dang dude I've been so busy I
totally forgot.

Dame hands Chris a box of condoms with a bow on it.

DAME

I figured this was a fitting gift
considering.

CHRIS

Considering?

DAME

That you need to get laid my
friend.

CHRIS

Forever with the jokes.

DAME

Look at my face, I am not joking.

Dame takes a seat.

DAME (CONT'D)

So what you got planned for the big
2,5?

CHRIS

Just more work.

He looks at the clock, and realizes he would have been off
ten minutes ago.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Samantha. Dame I gotta go, but
thanks for stopping by. Take a look
around, and lock up when you leave.

DAME

(confused)
Alrighty.

Chris rushes out the office, and Dame decides to get up and have that look around which ends with him in Chris' chair.

DAME (CONT'D)

Nice.

He smells the chair.

Italian Leather.

He nods for approval.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Samantha is standing in front of her apartment.

Chris pulls up right in front of her, and jumps out of the car.

CHRIS

Hey beautiful. Sorry I'm late.

SAMANTHA

It's more like perfect timing. I just walked out of the door.

He opens the door for her.

CHRIS

You look amazing.

SAMANTHA

Thanks you look like shit.

CHRIS

Yeah I know. Would you mind if we swing by my place before dinner?

SAMANTHA

Not a problem.

CHRIS

Great.

He closes the door, and runs around to the driver side. Getting in they pull off.

INT. AN UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is very posh, large tables, a live band, chandeliers the whole nine.

A waiter is picking up their plates.

SAMANTHA

You look very sexy in a suit.

CHRIS

Thanks. You'd look sexy in a potato sack.

SAMANTHA

(laughs)

Thanks? I think. I'm glad you chose to spend your birthday with me. After I didn't hear from you all week I wasn't sure if you were going to show.

CHRIS

Yeah I'm sorry about that, but I've been busy with work.

SAMANTHA

I can understand that. I thought I was going to have to go hunt down the girl that stole my date.

Chris laughs. She doesn't.

CHRIS

You're kidding right?

SAMANTHA

Maybe.

She has a serious expression, but after a few seconds cracks a smile.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Of course I'm kidding, what do you think I'm crazy?

CHRIS

(laughing awkwardly)

No. Of course not. So how was your food?

SAMANTHA

Good, but I saved room for dessert.

She gets up, and covers his eyes.

CHRIS

What's this all about?

SAMANTHA
Just be patient you'll see.

A waiter brings a small birthday cake with a lit candle on it.

Samantha uncovers his eyes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Happy birthday!

CHRIS
A cake.

SAMANTHA
What's a birthday without a cake?

CHRIS
Thanks. I haven't had a cake on my birthday since I was like sixteen.

SAMANTHA
That just makes it that much better then.

CHRIS
You know what tonight seems almost perfect. I feel good around you.

SAMANTHA
It's not over yet. I have one more present for you. Close your eyes again.

CHRIS
Again.

SAMANTHA
Just do it.

Chris closes his eyes, and Samantha plants a kiss dead on his lips. She stops kissing him, and he opens his eyes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You like?

CHRIS
I like.

He starts to kiss her again, and pulls her into his lap.

The waiter walks up, and blows out the candle.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Samantha has a piece of cake wrapped up in aluminum foil in her hands.

SAMANTHA
So you want to come up?

CHRIS
As bad as I want to say yes I'm
swamped at work, and I have to get
up early in the morning.

SAMANTHA
OK maybe later this week.

CHRIS
For sure later this week.

She leans in to kiss Chris. She speaks with her eyes closed.

SAMANTHA
(sweet low voice)
I could get used to that.

CHRIS
Yeah me too.

SAMANTHA
Good night.

CHRIS
Good night.

He watches her walk into the building. She turns around and waves he waves back. Chris goes to his car.

INT. OFFICE WATER COOLER - AFTERNOON

Chris is standing by a water cooler at work with some co workers.

CO WORKER
So Chris how'd you pull off getting
a promotion after almost being
fired?

CHRIS
Honestly I have no idea. It was as
big of a surprise to me as it was
everyone else.

All of a sudden the guys stop talking.

CO WORKER
 Good morning Mr. Sherman.

Chris turns around to greet him, but is surprised to see Samantha with him.

MR. SHERMAN
 Good morning gentlemen. I'd like
 you all to meet my little girl
 Samantha. Chris I believe you two
 already know one another.

He winks at Chris. Samantha kisses Chris on the cheek, his co workers give strange looks.

SAMANTHA
 Hey cutie.

CHRIS
 (confused)
 Hey.

MR. SHERMAN
 We're off to lunch, Samantha wanted
 to run over to say hello. Keep up
 the good work.

CHRIS
 (still in shock)
 OK sir.

They walk off, and Samantha turns around to blow Chris a kiss.

He turns back around to his co workers who are smiling.

CO WORKER
 You are something. You're giving it
 to the boss' daughter. No wonder
 you got a promotion.

ANOTHER CO WORKER
 Doing the boss' daughter. I don't
 blame you she's hot.

CHRIS
 (still in shock)
 His daughter. I had no idea she was
 his daughter.

CO WORKER
 Sure you didn't.

They walk off leaving Chris standing alone.

CHRIS
(still in shock)
His daughter?

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT BALCONY - LATER THAT DAY

CHRIS
Man this girl might seriously be
crazy. It's like she's toying with
me.

DAME
What kind of conspiracy are you
cooking up in your mind?

CHRIS
Dude! She's my boss' daughter!

Catching Dame's attention.

DAME
Oh damn.

CHRIS
Exactly. I was at the water cooler
when they walked up behind me. She
even acted like it was normal
kissed me, and everything.

DAME
(smiles)
Doing the boss' daughter. I was
wondering how you kept your job
after that whole virtual stripper
incident.

CHRIS
What! Have you been listening to
me? I didn't know she was his
daughter.

DAME
Sure you didn't.

CHRIS
You're no help you know that.

Chris walks off.

DAME
You want a beer?

CHRIS

No!

DAME

(to himself)

Good, more for me. (Smiles) doing
the boss' daughter.

He turns up his beer.

DAME (CONT'D)

Ahh that's rich. (Burps)

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - DAY

Chris is in his room looking over some papers.

Frustrated he throws down the papers, and decides to make a
phone call.

INTERCUT: SAMANTHA IN PAJAMAS EATING A POPSICLE/CHRIS ON BED

CHRIS

Hey.

SAMANTHA

Hey I'm glad you called. I hope you
didn't catch too much hell after I
kissed you at work today.

CHRIS

Nah... well maybe a little.

SAMANTHA

Sorry about that.

CHRIS

No worries, but back to the whole
office thing Mr. Shermans your dad?

SAMANTHA

Of course you knew that already.

CHRIS

Uh... no I didn't. I think I would
have remembered you saying "Hey and
by the way my dad, your boss, same
guy".

SAMANTHA

Oh. Sorry but I could have sworn I
told you that.

Chris goes back into conspiracy mode.

CHRIS
I see. If I didn't know any better
I'd think you were stalking me.

SAMANTHA
Of course not, what am I psycho?

The conversation goes silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Chris?

CHRIS
(dry)
Yeah.

SAMANTHA
(concerned)
I'm sorry we had a little
miscommunication, but hopefully
that doesn't cause a problem with
our friendship... Chris?

CHRIS
Look I'm sorry I've just had a lot
going on lately.

He looks at all the papers spread out on his bed.

SAMANTHA
So I hear Mr. Project manager. You
should have told me.

CHRIS
(under his breath)
I figured you already knew.

SAMANTHA
What was that?

CHRIS
I said I didn't wanna brag to you.

SAMANTHA
You wouldn't have been bragging,
that's something to be proud of.

CHRIS
Yeah I'm extremely proud of it, but
I wonder why I got the job. I
thought Mr. Sherman hated me.

SAMANTHA

Believe it or not he is very fond of you, well minus the virtual stripper thing.

CHRIS

Told you about that did he?

SAMANTHA

He mentioned it.

Finishing her popsicle.

CHRIS

Yeah well maybe you can help me with something.

SAMANTHA

Maybe I can, what is it?

CHRIS

I met you around the time my job was on the verge of being over, and no shot at the career of my dreams.

SAMANTHA

So.

CHRIS

Did you influence your father's decision?

SAMANTHA

Trust me my father doesn't mix business, and pleasure. If he gave you this promotion it's because he felt you earned it.

CHRIS

That makes me feel better.

SAMANTHA

I'm glad I could answer. So you want to come over my place tonight?

CHRIS

No, but I'll be over this week. I promise. I really need to finish this stuff for your dad.

SAMANTHA

I'll hold you to it. Don't work too hard Mr. Project manager.

CHRIS
I'd lie if I said I won't. Good
night.

SAMANTHA
Good night.

Chris hangs up the phone, and falls back on the bed.

CHRIS
Maybe I'm the one that's crazy.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chris is set up, and ready to do his presentation.

Mr. Sherman walks into the conference room followed by some other suits.

MR. SHERMAN
Are you ready for this?

CHRIS
I was born ready for this sir.

MR. SHERMAN
I like that attitude. Now let's go
make these ladies wet their pants.

Mr. Sherman starts to laugh, and out of fear Chris laughs along.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Just a little humor, but don't tell
anybody.

CHRIS
No problem.

Chris is joined by his two team members in front of a projector.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I would like to thank you for the
opportunity to possibly lead your
company into the future. We have
come up with a campaign that we
think you may like.

INSERT VIDEO

A woman is sitting in at the park while her children run about, and play.

A little boy sneaks up behind her, and scares her.
Startled, she grabs her chest then she looks down.

WOMAN

Oh no.

Her pants wet. She wraps her sweater around her waist, and tell the kids it's time to go.

WOMAN VOICE (V.O.)

If you've ever had this happen to you then you know how embarrassing it can be. It puts a strain on your relationship with the kids, on your marriage, on your life.

Her Secret plans to change that, for good.

The rest is non audible, but the reps, and Mr. Sherman all look impressed.

END OF MEETING

The reps are leaving the meeting, and shaking hands.

A rep speaks to Mr. Sherman.

REP

You have a bright young man on your hands, and we look forward to working with your company. Better watch him though someone might steal him away.

MR. SHERMAN

Don't worry I plan to keep him around.

Off to the side Tasha, and Todd talk to Chris.

TASHA

I know you got this because you're banging Mr. Sherman's daughter you corporate prostitute.

Chris starts to interrupt her.

TASHA (CONT'D)

But you did a good job.

Chris is speechless.

TODD

I was impressed too, and you're boning the boss' daughter?

CHRIS

Thanks, and no we're just friends.

Mr. Sherman walks up behind Chris.

MR. SHERMAN

Good job to you all, and Chris I was impressed.

CHRIS

Thanks sir.

MR. SHERMAN

Let's all get out of here to go grab some drinks.

INT. SPORTS BAR - EARLY EVENING

They're all seated in a booth.

MR. SHERMAN

I liked the confidence in your pitch today.

CHRIS

Years of practicing in front of a mirror will do that for you. But I can't take all the credit, my supporting cast deserves some of the praise.

MR. SHERMAN

In that case I propose a toast. To the brightest new member of the Machelon team, and old members too.

CHRIS

I'll drink to that sir.

In unison "cheers"

MR. SHERMAN

Can we talk in private for a second Chris?

CHRIS

Sure.

They go off to the side.

MR. SHERMAN

I understand you have plans with my daughter tonight.

CHRIS

I do plan to stop by, and see her yes.

MR. SHERMAN

I just wanted you to know she truly had nothing to do with this promotion, but if you break my baby's heart you will answer to me.

CHRIS

(fearfully)

Yes sir.

INT. HALLWAY TO CHRIS' OFFICE

Chris stops back by his office.

When he reaches for the door handle he notices it's cracked. Pushing it open he tries to turn on the light it doesn't work.

CHRIS

What the...

He continues to flick the light switch.

He smells smoke.

The back of his chair is facing him, smoke rises from it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing in my office?

CHESCA

(a bad Italian accent)

You've done good for yourself Chris. Look at this office, this is nice, the oak, the Italian leather, and the view... wow now this, this is a view.

CHRIS

Dude number one how did you get in here, and two what do you want?

The chair spins around, and it's Chesca.

CHESCA

I thought you knew that Chesca could get in anywhere, and what I want is exactly why I'm here. You see I know this promotion means a significant raise for you. I mean it's my job to know how much everyone makes.

CHRIS

Yeah I'm making more money, but what does that have to you being here?

CHESCA

The reason I'm here is because every now, and then the lowly HR man comes up short. You see this fabulous hair, the clothes the jewelry? This takes money.

CHRIS

And?

CHESCA

And you have plenty of money now, and I'd hate for that money to be jeopardized by let's say a skeleton in the closet.

CHRIS

You mother...

Chesca stands, and puts his back against the window. He starts making kung fu gestures with his hands, he also kicks a few times.

Chris stops, and stares at him.

CHESCA

Back up! Before you enter the dragon!

CHRIS

So basically you've been doing all this talking to say you're blackmailing me.

Chesca comes out of Kung Fu mode.

CHESCA

(looking distressed)
Blackmail... blackmail...
(MORE)

CHESCA (CONT'D)

Chris I am hurt by the nature of that statement. I look at it more as concealing the truth for a fee.

CHRIS

I can't believe this.

CHESCA

Well start believing. I'll be in touch.

He leaves the office, making sure to walk by Chris cautiously. Once past Chris he stops in the doorway to fix his clothes, and hair then leaves into the hallway.

Chris stands staring in the direction of his desk shocked.

INT. SAMANTHAS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the sofa, and Samantha's head is in his lap.

The apartment is really empty, it even has boxes still packed.

Samantha is really into the movie, but Chris is preoccupied.

CHRIS

Did you just move in here?

SAMANTHA

More like still moving in. I had a situation that caused me to move pretty quick, and I'm still unpacking things. It's a long story.

Looks dissatisfied with the answer.

CHRIS

Oh.

SAMANTHA

You can stay tonight if you want.

CHRIS

I could do that.

SAMANTHA

(smiles)

Good.

He spends the night for the first time, and wakes up to the smell of breakfast cooking. He goes to the kitchen.

CHRIS
Something smells good.

SAMANTHA
It's bacon, eggs, and oatmeal.

CHRIS
That's what I eat for breakfast every morning.

SAMANTHA
Really?

CHRIS
(awkwardly)
Yeah, really.

She walks off, and he examines then quickly eats his food.

He finishes, and makes his way to the door where he notices mail with what looks like his name on it on the table. He grabs it, and sees that it is his name.

He tucks it into his pocket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Samantha, I have to head to work early.

SAMANTHA
Wait!

She runs from her room, and jumping in his arms she kisses him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Have a good day at work.

CHRIS
Thanks.

Chris opens the door, and stands outside of her apartment now even more freaked out than ever.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - MORNING

Chris looks stressed out he's chewing on his pen, and staring out the window. There's a knock at his door, and Mr. Sherman walks in.

MR. SHERMAN
So how's the new office treating you?

CHRIS
It's more than I expected.

MR. SHERMAN
You get that with hard work.

Mr. Sherman walks around to Chris' chair.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)
(pointing to the chair)
You mind?

CHRIS
Of course not it's your chair more than mine.

Mr. Sherman sits down.

MR. SHERMAN
Ahh there's nothing that compares to fresh leather on your ass early in the morning. Don't you agree?

CHRIS
I say the same thing every morning.

Mr. Sherman looks like he's enjoying the chair too much.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sir... sir. I wanted to ask you.

MR. SHERMAN
Sorry what was that?

Mr. Sherman's sexy receptionist walks through the door.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
Excuse me. I need your signature on some very, important paperwork.

MR. SHERMAN
Is it **very**... important? Because I'm a little busy with my newest executive.

SEXY RECEPTIONIST
Yes, it's **very, very** important. You need to get these signed **now**.

MR. SHERMAN
(hurriedly)
Gotta go Chris, but keep up the
good work.

He jumps up out of his chair, tickling the receptionist on
his way out.

CHRIS
Alright sir.

Chris turns to look out of his window.

Chesca spins smoothly in the door.

CHESCA
Hello old friend?

CHRIS
You're blackmailing me. So drop the
friend routine.

Chesca looks in the hall, and closes the door.

CHESCA
Chris didn't we talk about this
already?

CHRIS
What do you want Chesca?

Chesca makes his way closer to Chris' desk.

CHESCA
Have you given my proposal any
thought?

CHRIS
Yeah, and I think it sucks.

CHESCA
For you maybe, but for me it's
music to my diamond toating ears.

CHRIS
I really don't have a choice in the
matter do I? I either do it or I
lose my job, so yes Chesca you just
tell me what you want, and you got
it.

CHESCA
I love it when people see things my
way.

(MORE)

CHESCA (CONT'D)

Just write me a check every month
for fifteen hundred, and we're
good.

CHRIS

Fifteen hundred!

CHESCA

That's chump change for you baby,
gas money for the Beamer don't
sweat it just write the check.
Later, and remember it's Chesca
baby, and it's all good.

Chesca leaves the office.

Chris sees STAN, a short dorky guy, the resident computer
geek walking by his office.

He jumps out of his seat like a light bulb went off in his
brain.

CHRIS

I got something for you Chesca.

He runs out to the hallway.

Hey computer guy.

Stan stops, and turns around.

STAN

You talking to me?

CHRIS

Yeah.

STAN

Well the name is Stan, and how can
I help you?

CHRIS

I'm sorry Stan, I need a favor.

STAN

And why would I want to do you a
favor?

CHRIS

What if I told you I could get you
a date with Tasha.

STAN

Tasha, oh sweet Tasha.

Stan goes into a trance.

INT. OFFICE - (DAYDREAM SEQUENCE) DAY

Tasha is at a water cooler getting a cup of water when the song "Pour some sugar on me" by Poison comes on.

In slow motion she pours water on her hair, it runs down her body, and down a white button up shirt that she's wearing with a skirt.

She throws her head back, and the water sprays backwards. Stan is looking at her amazed, she blows him a kiss then gives him flirtatious looks.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Stan!

Stan snaps out of his trance.

END DAYDREAM

STAN

If you can get me a date with Tasha then I'll do whatever you want.

CHRIS

That's what I like to hear.

Chris puts his arm around Stan, and closes the door talking to him.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Chris is sitting looking out of his office window when he gets a phone call.

CHRIS

Stan, how are you? - Good. -
Really? - That's great. - Alright
just drop it by my office when you
get the chance, and Stan could you
keep this a secret between the two
of us. - Thanks.

He hangs up the phone. He picks the phone up to make another call.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello, is Mr. Sherman available?
Good morning sir, is it possible
that I could show you something
later. Yes it's pretty important.
Something I think you should see.
Alright I'll be by your office
before the end of the day.

He hangs up, and smiles.

INT. CHESCA'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Chesca, fumbling around on the internet when two officers
walk up behind him.

Chesca turns his head, and looks at the officers.

CHESCA

Uh can I help you Mr. Police
officer?

OFFICER #1

We're here to escort you out of the
building.

CHESCA

I don't think you have the right
person. My name is Chesca Mayne.

OFFICER #2

Then yes we do have the right
person. We'll give you a minute to
pack up your things.

CHESCA

Oh hell no you won't.

OFFICER #1

Sir don't make this any harder than
it has to be.

CHESCA

All I know is if you want me to
leave this office you're gonna have
to drag me out screaming.

The officers look at one another.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Chesca being dragged down the hall by the two officers.
Employees all stop what they're doing to see what's going on.

CHESCA
 Help police brutality! Police
 brutality! Call 911!

Mr. Sherman is waiting in the hallway. Chesca stops yelling,
 and looks at him shocked.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
 (looking pitiful)
 I don't understand. Why are you
 firing me?

MR. SHERMAN
 It has come to my attention that
 you've been stealing company time,
 and created a false employee to
 draw checks so you could cash in.
 So basically you're fired.

CHESCA
 (stuttering)
 But... but... but...

The officers begin to drag him off again.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
 (low hurt tone of voice)
 But it's Chesca baby.

As they get down the hall Chesca is still looking at Mr.
 Sherman when Chris walks out.

Chris crosses his arms, and smiles.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
 (upset)
 You!

Chris waves goodbye.

CHESCA (CONT'D)
 Mr. Sherman you don't understand it
 was him not me! He was the one, not
 me! It was him! You can't do this
 to me! It's Chesca baby! (crying
 now) It's Chesca baby!

He continues to yell as he is pulled around the corner.

Mr. Sherman puts his arm around Chris.

MR. SHERMAN

I knew it was a good decision giving you a bigger role in this company. I can't believe he offered you a piece of the pie, and you turned it down.

CHRIS

Yes sir I felt like him stealing from Machelon was like him stealing from us all.

MR. SHERMAN

Keep it up, and you'll go far in this company young man.

Mr. Sherman shakes Chris' hands, and walks off. Chris turns around, and walks down the hall.

CHRIS

One down.

INT. CHRIS' KITCHEN - DAY

Chris is in the refrigerator looking for something, and talking to Dame.

DAME

Maybe you should just talk to her about things. Maybe there's a logical explanation to everything.

CHRIS

I don't think so.

DAME

OK, but before you blow up on her maybe you should try to find out a little more information.

CHRIS

Why does it always seem like you are on her side?

DAME

I'm not I'm just saying things aren't always as they seem.

CHRIS

Whatever.

There's a knock at the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Who is that?

DAME
It's the TV guys.

CHRIS
Don't you mean the plasma guys, and why are they here?

DAME
I decided that I love Lameika, and I want to do whatever it takes to make sure things work out. Plus it's just a TV right?

CHRIS
And the work chick.

DAME
I told her about Lameika, and told Lameika about her. Then she admitted to sleeping with a co worker that she used to have.

He spits out his juice.

CHRIS
What the...?

DAME
Yeah so we sat around for a minute, and even thought about ending it. But in the end we both messed up, and it's about time we did something right.

Lameika walks in the kitchen.

LAMEIKA
Are you trying to keep my fiance away from me on purpose?

CHRIS
Fiance?

Dame wraps his arm around Lameika.

DAME
I told you it was about time we did something right.

The two kiss with Lameika's back facing Chris. They stop kissing, and hug. Dame mouths the words I'm cured to Chris.

LAMEIKA

We were just about to go get some drinks, and dinner to celebrate. You coming with us?

CHRIS

Nah you two go, and have a good time together, just don't celebrate too much when you get home.

LAMEIKA

I can't promise it, but yeah ok.

They prepare to leave. When Dame stops right before walking out of the door.

DAME

Baby go downstairs, and warm the car up. I need to talk to Chris right quick.

LAMEIKA

OK baby.

She kisses Dame, and walks off.

CHRIS

What's up?

DAME

You asked me why I was taking up for Samantha, or at least why it seemed I was, and I never answered.

CHRIS

Yeah so?

DAME

Yeah so I wanted to tell you something. This is totally random, but in the near future I hope your life changes. I hate seeing you so paranoid, and unhappy.

CHRIS

But I'm paranoid for good reason.

DAME

Maybe, just be careful whatever decision you make is the right one.

CHRIS

What are you, a life coach now?

DAME

No but trust me on this one. Maybe there's a really good explanation for things.

CHRIS

I'll keep that in mind.

DAME

I hope you do.

Dame leaves, and Chris has a seat. He sets the old TV back up, and falls asleep.

Chris is awoken by the sound of his phone ringing.

CHRIS

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN CHRIS ON THE SOFA SAMANTHA ON HER SOFA

SAMANTHA

Hey, what are you doing?

CHRIS

Nothing, I was actually asleep.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry I didn't mean to wake you.

CHRIS

It's fine I just had a long day. I needed to talk to you anyway.

SAMANTHA

About?

CHRIS

Just something that was on my mind.

SAMANTHA

Is it bad?

CHRIS

Can we talk about it in person? I'd feel better that way.

SAMANTHA

Sure, you wanna come over?

CHRIS
Yeah, I'll meet you in the front of
your building in fifteen.

SAMANTHA
OK, but you have me worried.

CHRIS
I just wanna talk to you about some
things. I'm on the way.

Chris hangs up the phone, and heads out the door.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha is already outside waiting. She gets up, and hugs
him. He halfheartedly hugs her back.

SAMANTHA
What's wrong?

CHRIS
Can I ask you something, and you
have to promise to answer honestly.

SAMANTHA
(confused)
OK? I promise.

CHRIS
When you came by my apartment after
we first met that day at the
auditorium how did you know you
were in my neighborhood?

SAMANTHA
Because I helped you get home.

CHRIS
Yes but by putting me in a cab
which meant you wouldn't have known
my neighborhood.

SAMANTHA
But...

CHRIS
Wait a second I let that slide, but
you're my boss' daughter, then you
cooked my favorite breakfast which
was way more than a coincidence.
Even though that really freaked me
out that wasn't the worse thing.

Samantha now upset starts to tear up.

SAMANTHA

Chris you don't understand you're confused.

CHRIS

(laughing in disbelief)
I'm confused! No you're the one that's confused because I found my mail in your apartment that morning after I stayed over, and I'm pretty sure there's no explanation for that one.

SAMANTHA

If I could only tell you something it would explain it all.

CHRIS

Then I advise you tell me now because now would be the time to explain.

SAMANTHA

I can't.

CHRIS

That makes perfect sense. Now I'll tell you what I think. I think you're some crazy girl that for some reason chose me to follow, and learn things about.

SAMANTHA

But...

CHRIS

No it's no more buts. I went along with it at first because I thought it was just all in my mind, and for some reason I couldn't help but like you. I see now it's not just a figment of my imagination. I came here to tell you I hope you work out your problems, but I can't see you anymore. Goodbye.

He walks off, and Samantha is balling she is so hurt, by the things he said.

He walks almost out of sight.

SAMANTHA
(quietly)
But, I love you.

She drops her head, and continues to cry.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Chris walks into the same bar he was in when he fell.

BARTENDER
Stranger! How are you.

CHRIS
I'm good.

BARTENDER
I haven't seen you in a while.

CHRIS
It hasn't been that long.

BARTENDER
Yeah the last time you were here
you got trashed, fell off the bar
stool, and your girlfriend had to
take you to the hospital.

CHRIS
Now I know you have got me mixed
up. I'm single, and I can't
remember the last time I was in a
hospital.

BARTENDER
Hold on I'll even tell you her
name, Stacy, no... Sarah maybe...
no... I remember Samantha yeah
Samantha. And boy is she a hottie,
sweet girl too. You're a lucky man.

Chris looks at the bartender confused.

CHRIS
Did you say Samantha? I don't have
a girlfriend named Samantha.

BARTENDER
I'm sorry to hear that why'd you
two call it quits?

CHRIS
I'm sorry, but I think you just
have me confused.

BARTENDER
No I'm sure it's you. You OK kid?

While Chris sit's there thinking about what the bartender
said, someone in the bar plays a song on the jukebox.

Chris turns around in his seat staring at the jukebox.

FLASHBACK

INT. BAR - EVENING

Chris is at the bar toasting when he falls off the bar stool.
The bartender, and the arguing couple try to help Chris up.

That same moment Samantha walks through the door.

SAMANTHA
Oh my God! What happened?

BARTENDER
I think our friend had one drink
too many.

SAMANTHA
Baby!, baby!. He's not responsive.
Call 911!

The bartender calls 911.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha talking to a doctor. Chris is out of it, but still
remembers hearing them talking.

SAMANTHA
You're saying he might not wake up?

DOCTOR
More than likely he will, but when
he does there's a possibility for
some memory loss. He may not
remember some things right away. If
that's the case the best thing to
do is let him find those memories
on his on. No one should force a
memory on him.

SAMANTHA

So you're saying he might forget me?

DOCTOR

It's possible.

SAMANTHA

But we live together.

DOCTOR

In that case it would be in his best interest for you to move out until we know what he remembers, and what he doesn't. But we'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

Dame walks up, and puts his arm around Samantha.

She starts to cry.

SAMANTHA

I wish we never had that argument.

DAME

You can't go blaming yourself. It'll be OK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Samantha is rubbing Chris' hand when he starts to move. She gets excited, and rushes out to the lobby to get Dame, and Lameika, the doctor sees them running in the hall, and follows.

They get back to the room, and Chris is groggy, but awake.

DAME

Chris.

CHRIS

Is that you Dame?

DAME

Yeah dude it's me.

LAMEIKA

I'm here too Chris.

CHRIS

That you Lameika?

LAMEIKA

Yeah.

SAMANTHA

I'm here too baby.

He has a blank look on his face.

CHRIS

Who, who are you?

Samantha is speechless, you can tell the exact moment when all the life drains from her face.

The doctor walks in the room.

DOCTOR

Hello sir I'm happy to see you're awake. I have some questions to ask starting with what's your name?

CHRIS

(struggles)
Chris.

DOCTOR

And do you know these people?

CHRIS

(groggy, and struggling)
Yeah that's Dame, and Lameika, but I don't think I know their friend.

Samantha leaves the room.

DOCTOR

OK well try to get some rest you're doing just fine.

Chris falls asleep, and the doctor goes out into the hall where Samantha is crying.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

After reviewing the brain scans, Chris' head injury looks to be consistent with what's called selective amnesia, it might take him a little longer to remember everything but more than likely he will eventually, when he's ready.

SAMANTHA

But I'm his girlfriend, how could he forget me?

DOCTOR

With selective amnesia the brain seems to block out hurtful memories, or things that anger the person. But that may not be the case here, only time will tell. He might not even remember this at first, he'll go in, and out of remembering things. But it's good that he remembers at least two people now, although he could forget them while he's asleep. Until he can remember fully it's imperative that no one forces a memory on him. You should let that be known to everyone that knows him, and you should find a temporary place to stay until he gets better. I'm sorry.

The doctor walks off as Dame, and Lameika walk into the hall with Samantha.

Chris barely awake again looks over at them all in the hallway. He stares at Samantha, confused.

END FLASHBACK

Chris rubs his head.

CHRIS

What have I done?

BARTENDER

You OK kid? Or is that bump on your noggin still bothering you.

CHRIS

That bump may have ruined my life.

Chris storms out of the bar.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chris calls her cell phone, even rings the buzzer to her apartment.

She answers the buzzer crying.

CHRIS

Stop crying baby, I remember now.
Let me up!

The door opens, and Chris runs to her apartment, opening her door grabbing her, and kissing her.

SAMANTHA

Wait, wait.

He continues kissing her.

CHRIS

I'm sorry baby, I'm sorry for acting so crazy.

SAMANTHA

Chris. Chris!

CHRIS

Huh.

SAMANTHA

I can't do this right now. It's too much for me.

CHRIS

But I remember. I know we're together, I know we're in love, and even though I thought you were crazy I'm still nuts ab

SAMANTHA

But what happens if you forget tomorrow? Then what? Am I this psycho woman again that's stalking you?

CHRIS

But it's OK now I remember baby.

SAMANTHA

That doesn't mean you will tomorrow Chris. I need some time to think about it, I have to clear my head.

CHRIS

Time? How much time?

SAMANTHA

I don't know.

CHRIS

But don't you still love me?

SAMANTHA

I'm not sure, maybe, I don't know. I thought I did.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I'm just confused right now. Please leave, and I'll talk to you soon.

Chris stares at Samantha for a second, and then he leaves the apartment.

He slowly walks outside, and when he gets to the sidewalk he turns to look back at her apartment then slowly turning back around he walks off.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

DAME

You OK Chris?

CHRIS

I remembered Samantha.

DAME

You did! That's great, Lameika!
Lameika!

LAMEIKA

What baby?

DAME

Chris remembers.

LAMEIKA

Are you serious?

CHRIS

Yeah.

LAMEIKA

Oh my God! We have to call
Samantha.

CHRIS

It won't do any good.

DAME

I doubt that, she's gonna go nuts.

CHRIS

She already knows, and I said some really messed up stuff before I remembered that's making her think twice about staying with me.

Chris breaks down. Lameika, and Dame walk over to comfort him.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Chris is on speakerphone, and Samantha's answering machine picks up.

INSERT

SAMANTHA'S VM

Hey you've reached Samantha, you know what to do. Beep!

CHRIS

(sad demeanor)

Hey baby I know this is my fourth time calling today, but not talking to you or being able to see you is killing me. It's been a week since I remembered, and I still remember. I will always remember. I love you.

He hangs up the phone. Getting up from his desk he leaves his office, and makes his way to Mr. Sherman's door. He knocks.

MR. SHERMAN

Who is it?

CHRIS

It's me sir.

MR. SHERMAN

Chris come in.

CHRIS

Good afternoon sir.

MR. SHERMAN

How are you?

CHRIS

Not so good. I was wondering whether or not you had heard from Samantha?

MR. SHERMAN

Yes we talked today actually.

CHRIS

Is she OK?

MR. SHERMAN

Honestly she's pretty broken up over the whole situation.

CHRIS

Oh that's understandable.

He paces around the office for a minute.

MR. SHERMAN

Is there something on your mind
Chris?

CHRIS

Mr. Sherman, have you ever had such a deep connection with someone that you couldn't sleep without that person, couldn't eat without that person, you couldn't do any regular normal everyday tasks without that person in your life.

MR. SHERMAN

Of course I have that's love.

CHRIS

Exactly, and that's how I feel about your daughter.

He paces around the office.

I love Samantha. So much that even when I had Amnesia, and forgot her I still couldn't help but to find myself crazy about her, amazed at how beautiful she was, butterflies when she kissed me. But now with her not wanting to be with me anymore I must regretfully resign with the company. I couldn't bear watching the woman I love walk through here, and not want to see me.

He stops in front of Mr. Sherman's desk.

I'll have my office cleaned out by the end of the day.

Chris makes his way to the door, but stops when he hears Samantha's voice. He turns so see her walk from a corner in Mr. Sherman's office.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

So I waited all that time, doing whatever was necessary to work my way back into your life, but you're ready to give up on me in a week?

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I came here to tell you something,
and you're ready to give up on me?

CHRIS
But...

SAMANTHA
No buts I'm not finished. I came
here to tell you I love you, I came
here to tell you I'll always love
you.

She smiles at him. He runs up to her grabbing her in his
arms, and kissing her.

Mr. Sherman clears his throat.

They stop kissing, and look at Mr. Sherman.

MR. SHERMAN
So about your resignation.

CHRIS
What I meant to say is I think I'll
be staying around for a long,

He looks at Samantha.

long time.

They leave the office into the hallway where they see Stan,
and Tasha making out like horny teenagers trying to get into
a storage closet.

Stan sees them, and gives Chris a thumb up.

Samantha notices.

SAMANTHA
That's an unlikely couple. Why do I
think you had something to do with
that?

CHRIS
It's a long story, but basically
she got inside info on Stan's
salary.

SAMANTHA
Must be a lot for Tasha to date
him. How much money does he make?

CHRIS
(smiles)
Honestly... I can't remember.

Samantha stops walking.

Chris stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What?

SAMANTHA
So not funny.

She starts back walking.

Chris runs in front of her back pedaling.

CHRIS
Not even a little funny?

SAMANTHA
No, I will beat you.

She tries to pretend to be mad but laughs, he stops her they kiss.

INT. CHRIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He walks in, and sees the words EM EVOL scribbled on the mirror.

He turns around to see the figure in the black robe with the gun pointed at his head.

Instead of pulling the trigger this time the figure pops the clip out of the gun, and pops a bullet out of the chamber.

It hands the gun over to Chris. The hood of the robe comes off, and it's Samantha.

SAMANTHA
You have to figure this out.

CHRIS
But it makes no sense.

SAMANTHA

You just have to look closer.

Samantha leaves the bathroom. Chris stares at the mirror.

He looks confused, grabbing a pad, and pen that's on the counter he begins to write.

He scribbles for a few moments, stopping he stares at the pad.

He puts it down, and it reads LOVE ME.

He wakes up in bed rolling over he puts his arm around Samantha's stomach. She's pregnant, and there is a wedding picture of them on the dresser.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END