

EM EVOL

Written By

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INT. "CLUB CHAOS" - NIGHT - AERIAL VIEW

The nightclub is packed. It has a large dance floor with a balcony second level, styled like a historic opera house, high vaulted ceiling, beautiful chandeliers. Strobe lights flash. Dub step/trance music pulsates through the speakers.

DAME, male, mid 20s, wearing a beanie, headphones hang off the back of his head, stands in a DJ booth, in the middle of the dance floor, gogo girls around him dance.

INT. CLUB FLOOR

CHRIS, 20s, makes his way through the large crowd.

Chris reaches the bar, neon lights are everywhere, bottles of liquor glow, pulsating LEDs flash, he squeezes in between two patrons.

He yells out to an androgynous BARTENDER, with piercings in their face, lip.

CHRIS

A shot of crown, and a cranberry
vodka!

The bartender doesn't seem to hear.

Chris uses a rail at the bottom of the floor to step up, leans across the bar. He throws up his hand, the bartender sees him. Chris holds up two fingers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

A shot of crown, and a cranberry
vodka!

The bartender cups his ear with his hand.

BARTENDER

What?!

CHRIS

A shot of crown, and a cranberry
vodka!

The bartender gives a thumbs up, grabs glasses.

Chris looks back at the dance floor where a couple of girls dance seductively together, he watches, they smile at him, he smiles back.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Twenty one!

Chris turns back to the bar, pulls out his wallet, removes his credit card, gives it to the bartender.

CHRIS

Put it on my tab! Chris Jacobs!

Chris picks up the drinks, turns, walks away, leaves his WALLET on the bar.

While navigating his way back through the crowd the person in front of him is bumped, drops their drink.

Chris steps into the spilled drink, slips.

He falls in slow motion:

TIME LAPSE

-- The drinks leaves Chris' hands into the air.

-- Chris thuds to the ground hits his head.

-- One of the drinks falls down on top of him.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRIS - POV

Chris groggy, looks up, only sees blurred images, music continues to pump, people gather around him. A distorted voice speaks to him but is unclear, everything fades to black.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chris wakes up, drags out of bed, makes his way through a dark apartment. Behind him strobe lights flash, muffled music plays, smoke comes from the room. Picture frames line the wall, but there are no pictures in them, only white backgrounds.

Chris turns back to see the smoke, strobe lights flash, confused.

As Chris turns back around, a dark figure walks past the door frame through the smoke in the room behind him.

He reaches a door, fumbles around to turn on the light.

INT. BATHROOM

Chris stares in a large mirror over the sink. He turns on the water, gathers some in his hands, splashes it in his face closes his eyes.

Beat.

A black glove pulls back the shower curtain. A black boot steps out the shower on to the floor as a figure in a dark robe emerges from the shower, it positions itself behind Chris, and raises a Beretta to Chris' head.

Chris opens his eyes.

EM EVOL is now scribbled on the mirror in big red letters.

The room is silent. The only sound comes from the hammer on the Beretta as it COCKS back. CLICK!

Beat.

BAM!

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Chris jumps up in bed.

CHRIS

NO!

Phone rings on a nightstand. "Hey! Yo Phone Ringing!, Hey! Yo Phone Ringing! "

The phone stops.

Chris looks around the room, confused.

Chris gathers himself, picks up the phone, there are several missed calls from an unknown number.

He dials the number back.

INTERCUT - CHRIS ON BED/SAMANTHA SHOPPING

High end boutique, racks of clothing, cubbies on the wall with clothing stacked neatly inside.

The back of SAMANTHA'S head, early 20s, expensive attire, brunette. She rifles through clothing on a rack.

SAMANTHA

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

She holds a dress in front of her in a mirror, disapproves,
grabs another, approves, drapes it across her arm.

CHRIS

Had a long night, I'm sorry who is
this?

SAMANTHA

Who do you think this is?

Beat.

CHRIS

I don't have time for your games
Rebecca.

SAMANTHA

Uh... this isn't Rebecca.

CHRIS

Wait, who is this?

Samantha walks to the register, she has on red lipstick.

STORE EMPLOYEE

How are you today?

SAMANTHA

(to store employee)
I'm fine,

She reaches into her purse, rests the phone on her shoulder,
pulls a card from her wallet, gives it to the employee.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to store employee)
Charge.

Removes the phone from her shoulder, signs the receipt.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to Chris)
Sorry, I'm shopping. Samantha...
from club Chaos.

Chris pauses to think... pretends to remember.

CHRIS

Oh yeah, Samantha.

SAMANTHA
Who's Rebecca, your girlfriend?

CHRIS
Ex actually... wait I met you at
Chaos?

The store employee gives her a bag.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, last night, hold on one
second.

Samantha makes her way outside, puts on designer sunglasses.
She walks down the sidewalk.

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

She goes into another shop.

CHRIS
Wow, sorry about that. Was it a
nice shirt?

SAMANTHA
De Marcus.

She looks at shoes.

CHRIS
Who?

SAMANTHA
It's a designer.

CHRIS
Oh.

SAMANTHA
Any way, you dropped your wallet, I
picked it up, but I forgot to give
it back to you.

A store employee walks up to her.

A pair of jeans are draped over the foot board of Chris' bed.
He grabs them, checks the back pocket. Realizes his wallet is
gone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Size 6 please.

The employee walks off.

CHRIS

I must have been really trashed.

Samantha walks around the store, looks at accessories.

SAMANTHA

We've all been there once or twice,
but I wanted to return your wallet.
That's why I called.

CHRIS

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

The store employee brings the shoes back, Samantha has a
seat.

SAMANTHA

K How about lunch?

She tries on shoes.

CHRIS

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

SAMANTHA

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

CHRIS

True, 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 Monday, I'll be at E.
Rivers Elementary in the
auditorium. You can meet me there,
let's say around one.

CHRIS

Works for me.

SAMANTHA

If you can't find it you can call me.

CHRIS

I'm familiar with the area.

SAMANTHA

Great, come in the door on the right side of the building.

CHRIS

Cool, see you then.

SAMANTHA

K, bye.

They end the call.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM

CHRIS

Did I give her my number too?

Dame walks in the room, bites into an apple.

DAME

(muffled)

What's up douchebag? The phone rang like twenty times.

CHRIS

I was out cold. I dreamed someone was about to kill me.

DAME

Dream? More like a premonition. Maria was just about to come in here, and do some damage if your phone kept waking her up. She was all (Mimicking Maria) "If ju don't stop Chris' phone from ringing, I will", so you're welcome, I saved your life.

Dame takes a huge bite of the apple.

CHRIS

That's not how she sounds.

DAME

She does in my mind. I hate that ring tone. "Hey!

(MORE)

DAME (CONT'D)

Yo phone ringing!" I thought you grew up in the suburbs, not the "hood".

CHRIS

You put that ring tone on my phone.

DAME

(laughs)
Touche'.

CHRIS

That was a crazy bad dream.

Dame stares at him as he chews.

DAME

You mean nightmare?

Dame has a disapproving expression on his face. He spits out chewed bits of apple, they fall to the floor.

Dame puts the apple on Chris' dresser, pulls a banana from his pocket.

Chris looks at the apple bits Dame spit on the floor, then back at Dame who peels the banana.

Beat.

CHRIS

You know you're gonna pick that up right?

DAME

Please stop projecting your anger on me because you had a nightmare.

CHRIS

The only thing "projected" is pieces of chewed apple on my floor, and bad dream, nightmare, there's no difference.

DAME

Oh there's a difference, dreams don't make people scream like that, but nightmares do.

Dame takes a bite out of the banana.

CHRIS

Whatever, it doesn't matter,

Grabs his head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
My head is killing me.

DAME
I got some pain killers in my room.

CHRIS
Thanks, and before I forget, did you see me with anyone at Chaos?

DAME
Not that I remember. Why?

CHRIS
Because this girl called that I supposedly met. She has my wallet, says I dropped it or something, and now she wants to return it.

DAME
You don't remember her?

CHRIS
No.

DAME
Good luck, hope she's hot.

CHRIS
Even if she's not, I still have to get my wallet back.

DAME
What if she's a serial killer, or a sociopath or somethin' crazy like that?

CHRIS
Thanks for the vote of confidence.

DAME
Hey, I'm a realist.

Dame leaves the room.

Chris' message indicator goes off on his phone, he picks it up.

PHONE

INSERT MESSAGE

Social network friend request from Samantha.

Chris looks at his phone uneasily.

He places it on the dresser, exits the room.

HALLWAY

MARIA, Dame's girlfriend, 20s, Hispanic, is in Dame's room's doorway.

She watches as Chris cautiously makes his way through the hallway to the bathroom.

He makes it to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Chris silently counts to three, jerks the shower curtain back, fists raised.

Beat.

It's empty, he lowers his fist.

MARIA (O.S.)
(slight accent)
Good morning Chris.

Chris jerks around.

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

He closes the bathroom door.

Dame walks out of Chris' room.

INT. HALLWAY

MARIA
Is Chris OK?

DAME
He had a nightmare.

Chris yells from the other side of the door.

CHRIS (O.S.)
It was a bad dream!

DAME
Nightmares are bad dreams Chris!

MARIA
Aren't they the same thing?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Finally, a voice of reason!

Chris washes his face.

DAME
There is a difference, we've been
through this already!

MARIA
Leave him alone.

DAME
I'm just messing with him.

MARIA
Try to be more sensitive to his
situation. I'm sure he would be if
the shoe was on the other foot.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Maybe you two could move away from
the door while talking about me!

Chris brushes his teeth.

MARIA
Just trying to be a friend.

CHRIS (O.S.)
(muffled)
Well thanks, but I'm over it!

Chris spits in the sink, puts away his tooth brush.

MARIA
Okay. I'll let you deal with it on
your own, but if you need me I'm
here.

Dame, unconcerned, flosses his teeth. Maria pushes him in the
chest.

DAME
What...?

Maria's eyes widen, she motions to the bathroom door.

DAME (CONT'D)

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

They walk off together.

MARIA

You're not funny, and I don't sound
like that.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I told him that too!

INT. BATHROOM

Chris looks at the toothbrush holder, there's a pink
toothbrush. He turns, sees an extra towel hanging on the back
of the door.

CHRIS

Hey Maria, have you been using my
bathroom?!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dame and Maria are on the sofa together, play xbox.

MARIA

N...

Dame quickly interrupts her.

DAME

Yeah bro I had to take a vicious
dump yesterday. She must have left
some stuff in there!

Dame gives Maria a stern look.

MARIA

(whispers)

Sorry.

She raises her voice.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Lo siento Chris!

Maria's phone rings. She puts down the xbox remote, answers.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Hey! Oh my God when did you get in?

INT. BATHROOM

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

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

Beat.

He stops, checks behind the door. Nothing is there.

Chris breathes a sigh of relief, walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dame, intense, plays xbox.

Maria is still on phone.

MARIA
That's great, and you can meet
Dame's best friend I've been
telling you about... I'll pick you
up, and we'll meet the guys
there... ok, I can't wait to see
you. Muah.

Maria hangs up.

CHRIS
So what are you two doing today?
Arguing about who's got first dibs
on call of duty?

DAME
Aww, you know that's our thing boo.

CHRIS
Just when I thought you didn't care
anymore.

Beat.

Maria looks at Chris, then Dame.

MARIA
I genuinely worry about you two.

CHRIS
You're just jealous.

MARIA
Not at all. (grabs her chest) I
have breasts.

Beat.

DAME
She's right you know. I'm sorry
Chris, it's over.

MARIA
Anyhow we have couple's therapy
this morning, and tonight I want
you, and Dame to come to V bar so
you can meet my bestie.

CHRIS
Why? What's wrong with her?

MARIA
What's that supposed to mean?

CHRIS
I'm just saying if she comes in
with a Lebron James Hairline we
gone have some problems.

MARIA
Trust me, you'll like her, you
should be more worried about the
opposite.

CHRIS
What's that supposed to mean?

MARIA
Look she's beautiful, and a great
girl. She just moved to town, and I
think you two would really hit it
off.

CHRIS
Dame?

DAME
She's cool.

CHRIS
Ok, but if this goes south I blame
you.

DAME
Dude she's cool, promise.

CHRIS
Must I remind you of Sasha.

Beat.

Dame pauses the game, reminisces.

DAME
Ahhh, the Alamo. Good memories man.

MARIA
Wait, what? The Alamo?

CHRIS
Good memories my ass. This chick
named Sasha drugged me, stole my
car, and drove it to Mexico!

DAME
It's not like you didn't get it
back, and the goat was still alive.

Short Beat.

MARIA
There's so much I don't know about
you two. No matter, I need you both
at V bar around five thirty, six.
That will give you time to get off
from work right Chris?

CHRIS
Dammit work! What time is it?

DAME
Like, eight fifteen I think.

CHRIS
I'm gonna be late, again.

Chris runs to his room.

Seconds later Chris runs back out.

He is dressed in a white v-neck shirt, jeans and a blazer.
Chris makes his way to the front door where he grabs a dark
brown leather laptop bag that's on the floor, throws it over
his shoulder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Anyone seen my keys?

DAME

Did you check your pockets?

Chris reaches into his inside blazer pocket, pulls out his keys.

CHRIS

Of course.

He opens the door, leaves.

MARIA

Don't forget about tonight!

The door closes.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT

Chris scrambles down the steps, sprints across the parking lot to a gold late model Honda Accord.

He hits the unlock button on his car remote, tries the door handle, it won't open.

Chris hits the lock button. A horn echoes, Chris looks around, hits the button again, his car which is identical is parked a few spots down, Chris looks confused.

He gathers himself, sprints to his car, gets in, pulls off.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING

The car is old but in decent shape.

"Erase Me" by Kid Kudi plays on the radio. Chris adjusts the rear view mirror, rubs his teeth with his finger.

He turns up the radio, sings along with the chorus.

Chris looks at his car's display, next to his odometer on the left side he notices some sticky residue, rubs it with his finger, takes his attention off the road.

He drifts over into the other lane.

A loud horn blows. He jerks the wheel to get back in his lane, just an eighteen wheeler that whizzes by barely misses him.

CHRIS

Shit!

Chris regains his composure.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Chris pulls into the parking lot of a tall building, the sun reflects off it's mirrored surface.

Chris parks, jumps out, closes the door, and runs in.

EXT. ELEVATOR DOORS

The doors open, Chris rushes out.

INT. OFFICE

Machelon' Architecture, upscale, modern design, cubicles, side offices.

Chris walks past a break room area, where people stand, converse. A couple of people drink coffee, others eat breakfast.

TIBAULT, mid 30s, hair styled with pomade, wears an ugly vintage sweater, corduroys, sits at a desk in a cubicle, drags the mouse for his computer as he scrolls through a website.

INT. CUBICLE

Photos of Tibault, and cats dressed in various outfits line the wall of the cubicle, also a cat theme calendar.

TIBAULT

Those shoes are horrendous.

Chris walks by, Tibault sees him.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

(to chris)

Late again I see!

Chris reluctantly stops, steps into Tibault's cubicle.

CHRIS

I was getting coffee.

TIBAULT

So said the guy with no coffee.

Short Beat.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

No worries I will make sure Mr. Sherman knows that his little dream team's flunkey is still not living up to expectations.

Chris adjusts the strap on his mail carrier bag.

CHRIS

Look, I know you don't like me--

TIBAULT

--You're right.

Beat.

Chris winces.

CHRIS

As I was saying. I know you don't, but what if I told you I knew someone at Vanity Fair that could help you get some exposure for your fashion blog you're always talking about.

Tibault smiles, becomes attentive.

TIBAULT

(excited)

Vanity Fair?

CHRIS

Yep, and we're good friends, but... who wants help from the office flunkey you know?

Tibault's face turns red, he clinches his jaw.

Chris smiles, walks out the office, flips Tibault off.

TIBAULT

Your V neck is too low! I can see your he vage!

CHRIS (O.S.)

You wish!

TIBAULT

Asshole.

INT. OFFICE

As Chris makes his way through the office people stare, and converse behind his back. He also gets waves, and smiles at every corner.

Chris tugs on the strap of his bag, stops, turns around, people that were staring walk off, go back to what they were doing etc.

Chris turns, bumps into a LILY, 20s, petite, quirky. She drops some paperwork. Lily squats to pick up the papers, Chris squats, helps.

LILY

Sorry about that, good to see you
Chris.

CHRIS

No I'm sorry. I bumped into you,
and thanks.

Beat.

They finish picking up the papers, stand.

Lily looks stiff, beads of sweat form on her forehead. She swallows hard, tries not to make eye contact.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Is everything ok?

Lily chuckles, quickly stops. She looks around the office. Chris notices her strange behavior.

LILY

Yeah, yeah. I'm, I'm good.

Beat.

A CO WORKER passes, gives Lily a stern stare.

LILY (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

Lily hurriedly walks off.

CHRIS

Guess she's back on coke again.
Damn shame.

Chris walks around a corner to his cubicle.

INT. CHRIS' CUBICLE

Chris tosses his bag on the desk, sits, and begins looking through stacks of paper. He logs into his computer, and on to a social media site, goes to his friend requests, clicks on Samantha's page.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No photos? Let's see. A
photographer, twenty five.

Beat.

Chris leans back in his seat, stares at the screen.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Who are you?

INSERT - CLOCK FACE

The clock hands move, hours pass.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CHRIS' CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Chris shoots wadded up paper balls into a waste basket next to his desk.

He yawns, stands, stretches.

NATASHA, late 20s, very sexy, dressed in a tight skirt, and button up blouse passes his cubicle.

Chris, walks out, catches stride with her.

CHRIS
Tasha, I wanted your opinion on
some ideas to make the condos more
eco friendly, like energy efficient
windows, using recycled materials
for construction--

NATASHA
--We're selling to
multimillionaires. I'm sure they
won't care if we save them money on
energy bills.

CHRIS
Maybe, but this will help Hikomoto
Industries image, and make the
project more appealing to the city.

Natasha stops. Chris stops as well.

NATASHA
(condescendingly)
I see promote going green.

CHRIS
Exact--

NATASHA
--Millionaires don't care about
that they just want three thousand
square foot sex pads, and a place
to live out their disgusting
fetishes, and shit.

Short Beat.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
I mean what kind of sick fuck likes
sewing needles stuck in his balls
anyway?

Beat.

Chris looks at her strange.

CHRIS
Whaaatt?

NATASHA
It doesn't matter, just focus more
on the design, and less on saving
the environment. You wanted my
opinion you got it.

CHRIS
So that's how it is?

NATASHA
Nothing personal.

She walks off.

CHRIS
Nothing personal, ok, so this has
nothing to do with me not returning
your advances at the Christmas
party last year.

Natasha stops, walks back to Chris, gets in his face, they
are nose to nose.

Chris can feel her breath against his face.

Her lips almost touch his.

NATASHA

(low serious tone)

I was drunk, and you're lucky that
I even gave a guy like you the time
of day.

Natasha takes a step back.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Buy me lunch, and I'll listen to
your "going green" idea. Noni's at
noon, see you there.

She walks off.

EXT. "NONI'S" OUTDOOR TABLE - AFTERNOON

Half eaten meals on table. Natasha finishes a vodka martini.

She collects an olive from the glass with her fingers,
seductively bites down on it.

Chris, and other men behind him watch in awe.

Beat.

Chris collects himself. Natasha smiles.

CHRIS

So what do you think?

NATASHA

I still feel the same way, but
thanks for lunch.

She stands, walks off, passes a brunette who's taking
pictures. Natasha looks back at her when she passes, turns,
continues on her way.

A man with a woman at a table behind Chris stares at Natasha
as she leaves. The woman throws her drink in his face.

Chris watches Natasha's ass as she walks out of sight.

CHRIS

Such a good body wasted on such a
small brain.

INT. OFFICE

Chris walks back through the office after lunch. He sees TODD, 30.

CHRIS

Todd!

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Dude are you avoiding me?

TODD

Chris it's not a good time. I have some serious stuff going on right now.

CHRIS

Like what?

Todd looks around suspiciously.

Beat.

TODD

Not out here, come on.

They walk to Todd's office. Todd gestures Chris to hurry in.

Todd closes the door.

INT. TODD'S OFFICE

There's a desk with a computer. A small sofa, a mini fridge. A medium window with a view overlooks the city.

Todd looks nervous.

CHRIS

What's up with you?

Todd pulls off his blazer, unloosens his tie.

TODD

(distraught)
I got the fever man!

CHRIS

What are you talking about?

TODD
I did something really, really bad.

CHRIS
Look calm down, what happened?

TODD
I got the fever man. I hooked up
with Hikomoto's daughter.

Beat.

CHRIS
Is that it? No big, just a little
business with pleasure.

Chris walks over to the mini fridge, grabs two waters, he
walks back over, gives one to Todd.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Look no harm no foul you had a one
night stand so what, it happens all
the time.

Todd is concerned.

TODD
Small problem.

CHRIS
Yeah what's that?

Chris takes a drink of water.

TODD
I banged her, and her stepmom at
the same time.

EXT. TODD'S OFFICE DOOR

Lily walks by.

CHRIS (O.S.)
What is wrong with you!

Lily is surprised, hurries past the door.

Chris closes the blinds.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I mean very impressive.

Chris gives Todd a fist bump.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
But seriously dude!

Todd jumps up, pats sweaty. He paces, tugs his clothes, and hair like a junkie.

TODD
It's the fever man!, I couldn't
stop myself, every since I saw
uncle's paradise I've been all
kinds of messed up.

Chris plops down on a love seat.

TODD (CONT'D)
It all started at this karaoke bar
the other night.

FLASHBACK

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

A small stage, tables lined throughout. A bar is tucked away in the back. Patrons watch Todd on stage, shirt unbuttoned, one side hangs loose.

He sings a cheesy love song with a beer in hand.

Two attractive Asian women, one older, one younger, sit at a table in front of the stage.

Todd catches the eye of the younger woman. He serenades her, she blushes. He notices the older woman is looking at him as well, winks, they flirt.

EXT. KARAOKE BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Todd, and the two women leave out the back door of the club.

Someone leaves out right behind them, but all that is seen is their loafers, and plaid pants legs. Todd, and the women climb into the back of an SUV.

Across the parking lot an outstretched arm catches their rendezvous on a cell phone video.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TODD'S OFFICE

TODD

I couldn't control myself man, they were on me like seaweed on California rolls.

CHRIS

Really? California rolls... Look you know if this gets out we're all screwed.

TODD

I know, I know, and I'm sorry it won't happen again.

CHRIS

Do you think it's going to be a problem?

Todd sits back at his desk.

TODD

No, they have more to lose than me.

CHRIS

Good, so get yourself together, and forget it happened.

TODD

(mesmerized)

But it was so beautiful.

Todd leans back in the chair smiles as he remembers the encounter.

Chris gets up walks over to Todd's desk, slaps him in the face.

TODD (CONT'D)

Ow!

Todd grabs his face.

CHRIS

Get it together man! We don't want a repeat of Hiroshima, and Nagasaki.

TODD

How does that have anything to do with this?

Chris slaps him again.

TODD (CONT'D)

Ow!

Todd guards his face with his hands.

CHRIS

It was the Japanese man!, and technically you're right it has nothing to do with this, but you got me stressed out, and that's all I could come up with.

Chris steps away, Todd lowers his hands.

TODD

Look I'm sorry it's, it's like a disease with Asian girls.

CHRIS

Just get it together we have a meeting in an hour, and you can't fall apart on us now, we're a team.

Todd collects himself, sits up, straightens his tie.

TODD

You're right. I have to get it together.

CHRIS

Focus, and I mean now. I need you at one hundred ten percent.

TODD

Thanks Chris I knew you'd understand.

Todd's phone RINGS, "me so horny" plays.

A picture of a cute Japanese girl pops up on the screen.

Beat.

CHRIS

That's one of them isn't it.

Todd hits the ignore button.

TODD

No.

Beat.

Chris crosses his arms. Todd drops his head.

TODD (CONT'D)

Yes.

CHRIS

Get it together now, and change
that ring tone! Have you no shame?

Chris walks towards the door, stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

The meeting is about to start. You
better be ready, we all need this.

Chris exits.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Chris, Natasha, Todd, and several others at a large table,
there's a projector hanging from the ceiling, the room is
otherwise empty. AD LIB CHATTER as MR. SHERMAN, male, 50,
enters the room.

The room falls silent.

MR. SHERMAN

I hope you have some good ideas to
throw at me.

Natasha stands.

NATASHA

What about us getting the city
behind Hikomoto.

MR. SHERMAN

And how do you propose we do that?

Chris observes.

NATASHA

I suggest pitching a green campaign
that would help the city embrace
the project.

Chris' concern turns to anger.

MR. SHERMAN

(interested)
Go on.

Natasha smiles.

NATASHA

Let's go with eco friendly designs, use recycled materials for construction, and so on. We go high end design with an emphasis on going green.

MR. SHERMAN

Anyone else.

The room is silent.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Natasha I'm impressed. I was honestly leaning towards someone else as lead designer on this project, but the title is yours. Get a pitch together, and have it on my desk by Tuesday.

Natasha smiles, has a seat.

Chris clinches his fists.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I honestly hoped for more, but it's a good start. Get with Tasha on your ideas, and she'll bring them to me. Meeting adjourned.

Mr. Sherman leaves the room. Chris stands, walks over to Natasha as she gathers her things in her arms.

CHRIS

You screwed me!

NATASHA

Oh boo hoo. (mockingly) *You screwed me.* Welcome to the big leagues.

Natasha walks out of the conference room, Chris walks out behind her as she struts off into the office.

Chris walks with purpose towards Mr. Sherman's office.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You can do this Chris, you're gonna march in here and tell Mr. Sherman that Natasha stole your ideas, and you're gonna get lead designer.

Chris reaches Mr. Sherman's office door, FRANCESCA mid 20s, sexy brunette, Mr. Sherman's receptionist sits at her desk, shops online.

She looks up at Chris.

FRANCESCA
(Seductively)
Hey Chris.

CHRIS
Hey is he in his office?

FRANCESCA
Yeah hold on.

She dials the phone on speaker.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
David. Chris would like to see you.

MR. SHERMAN (V.O.)
Francesca, it's Mr. Sherman at
work.

She picks up the receiver.

FRANCESCA
(low voice)
Yes daddy, I mean sir. I'm sorry
I'm just being a bad girl.

She giggles.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
Mmmhhh, oooh, you'd like that
wouldn't you,? huh. Ok.

Chris watches uncomfortably.

She hangs up the phone.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
He said you can come in.

CHRIS
Thanks.

FRANCESCA
No problem.

Francesca continues to shop online.

INT. MR. SHERMAN'S OFFICE

The office is large. It's decorated wall to wall with
expensive portraits of buildings.

There is a large window with an exquisite view of the city's skyline. Mr. Sherman sits at a large desk, he is scrolls through something on his computer. A bookcase is nestled in the corner lined with books.

Chris walks in the door.

CHRIS
Great meeting today sir.

MR. SHERMAN
I expected more from you.

Mr. Sherman continues to scroll. Chris walks over to the bookcase, pretends to show interest in the books.

CHRIS
Sooo, how's life?

Mr. Sherman stops, looks up at Chris.

MR. SHERMAN
Let's see, I'm divorcing my third wife, my girlfriend spends two thousand dollars a week on clothes, and I can't come up with enough excuses to stay away from either one of them. How would you be Chris?

CHRIS
Ummmm.

Beat.

Mr. Sherman gives Chris a blank stare. Chris starts to back out of the office.

MR. SHERMAN
How can I help you Chris?

Chris stops.

CHRIS
I just wanted to come by, and see how you were today sir.

MR. SHERMAN
You going to put on some lipstick while you kiss my ass?

CHRIS

What? No, I'm not kissing your ass
sir.

MR. SHERMAN

Good because I only like women
doing that.

CHRIS

Right... I'll be leaving now sir
lot's of work to do.

Chris turns to walk off.

MR. SHERMAN

Chris.

Chris stops, but doesn't turn around, his back turned to Mr.
Sherman.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Save the ass kissing for Hikomoto.

Mr. Sherman goes back to his computer.

Chris drops his head, sighs, leaves the office, shuts the
door.

INT. OFFICE

Francesca is plays a video game on a tablet. A fail tune
plays from the tablet. Wunnh, wunnh, wunnh.

INT. "V BAR" - NIGHT

TVs line the walls. A large bar sits in the middle of the
room. Tables, and booths are spread throughout.

Chris and Dame sit at a table, AD LIB CHATTER throughout the
bar. Upbeat music plays on a jukebox.

A waitress walks up to the table with a pitcher of beer, and
four mugs, places it on the table, smiles, walks off.

DAME

Thanks.

Dame grabs the pitcher, fills a mug with beer.

CHRIS

So how'd couple's therapy go?

Chris grabs a mug, holds it out.

DAME
It was bullshit. The therapist said
I was selfish.

Dame puts down the pitcher, grabs his mug, turns up his beer.
Chris looks at the pitcher.

Beat.

CHRIS
Yeah, bullshit.

Chris grabs the pitcher, pours his own drink.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Are you going back?

DAME
Of course, Maria ate that crap up.

CHRIS
Sucks to be you. I got ninety nine
problems, and a chick ain't one.

DAME
Neither is running out of condoms.

Dame takes a sip of beer.

CHRIS
(dry)
Ha, ha.

Chris takes a drink. Maria walks up, kisses Dame.

MARIA
Hey babe.

Chris looks around.

CHRIS
Where's your friend?

MARIA
She's in the bathroom. Oh so you're
interested now?

CHRIS
Just figured the earlier the
bleeding starts, the earlier it can
stop.

Beat.

DAME
You're a really dark person
sometimes.

MARIA
I need a real drink, come with me.

DAME
Bay, I'm chillin.

MARIA
You see, selfish.

Maria walks off to the bar. Dame reluctantly gets out of his seat, sighs.

DAME
Thank you therapy. Guess I'm off to
be an unselfish boyfriend.

Dame walks off. Chris sips on his beer.

He looks around at various women at the bar.

A voice comes from behind him.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
Still drinking I see.

Chris turns around to see Samantha. Her hair down,
effortlessly pretty.

Beat.

Chris stares.

CHRIS
I'm sorry do I know you?

Beat.

SAMANTHA
You really don't remember me do
you?

CHRIS
I don't, I mean I wish I did, but
no.

SAMANTHA
Maybe this will jog your memory.

She reaches into her purse, and pulls out his wallet. She walks closer to the table, gives it to Chris.

CHRIS
Wait, you're Samantha?

SAMANTHA
Yep, my whole life.

CHRIS
Thanks... sorry I'm just surprised.

SAMANTHA
I guess fate just wanted you to have your wallet back. I'm actually here to meet up with a friend.

INT. BAR

A bartender places a drink in front of Maria, waits for payment. Maria looks at Dame.

Beat.

She bucks her eyes. Dame frowns, reaches in his pocket, pulls out money, pays the bartender.

MARIA
Keep the change.

The bartender nods. Dame frowns, scrunches his nose.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that.

They walk back over to the table.

DAME
Sam!

Dame hugs Samantha.

Beat.

Chris looks confused.

CHRIS
Wait Maria is your friend?

SAMANTHA
Only since we were six.

MARIA

Five but close enough. Samantha helped me with my english when I moved here from Bogota. We've been besties ever since.

DAME

So, you two getting along?

CHRIS

We kind of already know each other.

DAME

No way. How?

SAMANTHA

Yeah we met at club Chaos last night.

MARIA

He's the drunk jerk that threw up on you?

CHRIS

Wait, what?

SAMANTHA

I didn't call you a jerk, but you did throw up on me.

MARIA

Ok, maybe I embellished a little, but looks like it was meant for you two to meet.

CHRIS

Maybe. You need a drink?

SAMANTHA

Sure. But you should know this doesn't cover my shirt.

CHRIS

Lunch probably won't either, but I'd still like to take you.

SAMANTHA

Ok, but only because you're kinda cute.

CHRIS

Just kinda.

SAMANTHA

A little.

Chris, and Samantha both smile. Maria pokes Dame. They all sit at the table together.

ADLIB conversation.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Dame laid out on the sofa watches television.

Chris walks out of his room.

CHRIS

Morning dude.

DAME

Sup. It's crazy how you already knew Samantha.

CHRIS

Technically I don't know her, but she seems pretty cool. I'm about to go meet her for lunch now.

DAME

A date?

CHRIS

Lunch.

DAME

If you say so. It sounds like a date to me. Just have a good time, she's a cool chick.

CHRIS

Alright I'm out.

He gets ready to walk out the door, but stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You know one thing bothers me about all this.

Dame sits up.

DAME

What's that?

CHRIS

You're gonna think I'm crazy but how is it that Maria, and her are best friends but you didn't see me with her?

DAME

Dude that DJ booth is another world. I didn't even see Maria until the club ended. She told me Samantha left with some guy, I didn't know the guy was you, evidently neither did she.

CHRIS

Yeah that makes sense.

DAME

You alright?

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Things are just a little cloudy that's all. I'll catch up with you later.

Chris goes outside closes the door. He stops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Wait... Samantha just got to town.

He opens up the door again.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT

The television is off, Dame is not on the sofa.

A bedroom door opens, Dame walks out of his room yawns, stretches.

DAME

Sup.

Beat.

Chris is confused. He doesn't say anything. Dame lays down on the sofa, turns on the tv, flips through channels.

He looks over at Chris.

DAME (CONT'D)

You alright?

CHRIS
I don't know... I gotta go.

Chris turns to leave out the door.

DAME
Have fun on your date.

Chris stops turns back to Dame.

CHRIS
It's just lunch, but how did you
know about that?

DAME
Conspiracy much dude? I was at the
bar with y'all.

CHRIS
Oh yeah.

DAME
Anyhow, have fun.

Chris leaves the apartment, closes the door.

He quickly opens the door again, Dame looks at him like he's
crazy.

Chris closes the door again.

INT. E. RIVERS ELEMENTARY AUDITORIUM

Chris enters a large auditorium's side door, several rows of
theater seats lead to a stage, where children, and parents
are seated throughout the auditorium. A young girl, 12, is on
the stage tap dancing.

A man, and woman with clip boards sit at a table in front of
the stage. Chris sits three rows behind them.

Chris notices a camera flash with his peripheral vision, he
turns to his right. The camera flashes again, Samantha takes
pictures of a girl on stage as she dances. Samantha turns as
if she feels him looking at her.

Chris smiles. She smiles back, and holds up her hand to
signal five minutes. Chris nods.

ARMONDO, 30s, five o' clock shadow, Spanish accent, walks
over to Samantha, he's dressed in leather pants, and a silk
shirt.

ARMONDO

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

Samantha turns back to the stage, snaps a photo.

SAMANTHA

No, that's just a guy I helped out the other night.

She takes another picture of the girl on stage.

ARMONDO

Mmmhhh. I wouldn't mind helping him with a few things.

Armondo looks over at Chris, and waves flamboyantly. Chris shifts awkwardly in his chair, Samantha laughs.

SAMANTHA

I don't think you're his type.

ARMONDO

Baby I am every man's type. Anyway what's next?

SAMANTHA

We have to take pictures for the boy's husky line, and then we're done.

ARMONDO

What's the child's name?

Samantha grabs a small notebook from her pocket.

SAMANTHA

You know I'm supposed to be the photographer, and you're supposed to be the art director.

ARMONDO

Just give me his name girl.

SAMANTHA

David Jane.

Armondo bucks his eyes, puckers his lips.

ARMONDO

Lord help him. David Jane!

DAVID JANE, a husky boy, about eleven or so walks out on the stage dressed in khaki shorts, and a tight button up shirt.

A crew wheels in a summer theme set behind him.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)
Ok, just give us some natural
poses, and we'll be out of here.

Armondo looks down at his clipboard, and David starts to sing.

DAVID
(singing off key)
Little bunny fufu,

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

Armondo looks at Samantha in disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(singing)
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 he stares out at the crowd posed like a bunny, hands up wrist bent downward.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

DAVID
This is how I get into character.

ARMONDO
Into character? This is a photo
shoot, not a talent show, and no
offense but it looks like you lied
about being a medium, somebody get
him a large shirt please!

SAMANTHA
Armondo!

David's FATHER, 30s, fit, runs up, and grabs him, covers his ears, looks at Armondo in utter disgust. Samantha addresses the mother.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(sincerely)
I am so sorry. Armondo apologize.

ARMONDO

I will not, that shirt is too
little, and they need to get some
bigger shorts while they're at it.

FATHER

(pointing at Armondo)
You better watch who you're talking
to fairy boy!

ARMONDO

(making his accent
heavier)
Oh ju want to see a fairy!

Grabs his crouch.

ARMONDO (CONT'D)

I got jour fairy right here!

The father jumps down from the stage, and goes after Armondo.
Samantha, other crew members try to restrain Armondo.

Chris runs over to help.

EXT. SIDEWALK LITTLE FIVE POINTS

Samantha, and Chris travel down the sidewalk. A Canon digital
camera hangs from Samantha's neck.

SAMANTHA

Sorry about Armondo.

CHRIS

No apologies necessary. You forget
Dame is my best friend.

They laugh, smile.

SAMANTHA

Point taken.

They stop. Samantha opens her purse, pulls out Chris'
license.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I believe this belongs to you.

Chris takes it from her hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I guess it dropped in my purse.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Chris reaches to grab his license, touches Samantha's hand in the process.

Beat.

Samantha slowly draws her hand away.

SAMANTHA

Don't mention it.

She tucks a strand of hair behind her ear. They begin to walk again.

CHRIS

So, you're a photographer?

SAMANTHA

Freelance, but I really want to do more with it though. I'm hoping this magazine hires me on full time. I moved here for a change of pace.

CHRIS

I'm sure they will, I haven't seen your work, but you looked like you were enjoying yourself. That usually that means you're good at whatever you're doing.

SAMANTHA

Thanks.

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. PACIFIC KITCHEN

Chris, and Samantha have lunch al fresco. Others sit at tables around them. People pass them on the sidewalk, there is minimal traffic on the street.

Chris laughs as he chews, almost chokes on his food.

CHRIS

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

SAMANTHA

Shhh. Not so loud. Are you ok?

CHRIS

I'm fine, sorry that's just crazy.

Samantha puts down her fork, wipes her mouth.

SAMANTHA

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

CHRIS

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

SAMANTHA

I said virgin, not unexperienced,
but we're just work friends he
tells me all about his life, I
don't really discuss mine with him.

CHRIS

Yeah I have friends like that.

Samantha looks at him, smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What?

Samantha shakes her head, looks away shyly.

SAMANTHA

Nothing.

CHRIS

Trust me I know a nothing look, and
that was a something look. What are
you were thinking.

She looks at Chris.

SAMANTHA

It's probably going to be weird.

CHRIS

Try me.

Beat.

SAMANTHA
I want to take your picture.

CHRIS
Ok.

SAMANTHA
Really?

CHRIS
Sure, just get my good side.

Samantha pulls up her camera, takes his picture. She looks at it.

SAMANTHA
Nice.
Shows it to Chris.

CHRIS
Not bad, and I take bad pictures,
so I guess you are as good as you
look at this whole picture thing.

Samantha pulls the camera back. Smiles, looks at her watch.

SAMANTHA
Wow. I have to get back.
She gathers herself, stands. Chris stands too.

CHRIS
I hate that you have to rush. Maybe
we can do this again sometime?

SAMANTHA
I'd like that.

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

SAMANTHA
I sure do, and you've got mine. So
call me.

They hug. Samantha smells him, closing her eyes, lingers.
Chris pulls away.

CHRIS
Later beautiful.

Samantha walks off, Chris watches. She turns around to look at him. Chris waves, she waves back.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Chris walks in.

Dame stands, headphones on, plays Call of Duty.

DAME
How was your date?

CHRIS
For the last time it wasn't a date.

DAME
Well y'all need to date!

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

Dame removes his headset, stands in front of Chris.

DAME
Oh I see... Playing defensively...
weighing your options.

CHRIS
Exac--

DAME
--You ain't got no options! You
better jump on that chick! It's
hard to meet nice girls, and you
meet a girl that likes you, she's
nice, pretty, and you wanna play
defensively.

Chris sits down, pulls his laptop from his bag.

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

Dame walks back towards the tv, calms down.

DAME
What? No, I don't even know her
that well, but she's cool. That's
all I'm saying, 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.

Chris logs into his computer.

DAME

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

Dame walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The next morning Chris finds Dame cleaning his television.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

DAME

The big fight is tonight.

Maria walks out of Dame's room to the kitchen. She opens the fridge, grabs milk.

INT. KITCHEN

MARIA

Samantha seems to really like you. She said you two might set up another date.

Maria grabs a bowl from the dishwasher.

DAME (O.S.)

Ha, Date! Told ya!

CHRIS (O.S.)

She's actually seems like she might be my type, so yeah we might hang out some more.

Maria grabs cereal from the cupboard, pours it in a bowl, pours milk in.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Maria walks into the living room, eats cereal.

MARIA

Good, but if you hurt her heart I
know where you live.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

I know. You never leave, but no
worries.

Chris' phone rings on the table. Dame grabs it, answers.

DAME

Hello. (covers the mouth piece)
It's for you dude.

CHRIS

Why are you... give me my phone.

DAME

It's Samantha.

Chris snatches his phone. He goes into his room.

DAME (CONT'D)

You better get on that!

INT. CHRIS' ROOM

Chris shuts his door.

CHRIS

Hey.

INTERCUT: SAMANTHA WALKING/CHRIS IN HIS ROOM

SAMANTHA

Hey what are you doing?

CHRIS

Nothing just got up how about you?

SAMANTHA

I was running errands when I
realized I was in your
neighborhood, and was wondering if
maybe I could stop by.

CHRIS

Sure.

SAMANTHA
I'll be there in like ten ok.

CHRIS
OK.

They both hang up.

MINUTES LATER...

The doorbell rings.

Chris comes out of his room walks by Dame's door, his door is shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chris walks out into the living room.

He answers the door it's Samantha.

SAMANTHA
Hey.

She hugs Chris, then kisses him on the cheek.

CHRIS
Thanks, come in.

Samantha enters the apartment, closes the door. There are papers strewn across the table. Chris' laptop is on. Samantha gestures to the table.

SAMANTHA
Did I come at a bad time?

Chris walks over tucks the papers into the laptop, closes it.

CHRIS
What that? Nah it's just work stuff.

SAMANTHA
Funny I pegged you for the all play no work type guy.

CHRIS
Don't let club Chris fool you. I normally don't get drunk like that. I've had a lot of deadlines at work lately so maybe I overdid it to take the edge off.

Chris steps into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Chris grabs a water from the fridge.

CHRIS
Want something?

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

CHRIS
There aren't anymore bottled
waters, but the cups are...

Samantha walks in the kitchen, opens the exact cabinet where the cups are, grabs one. She opens the fridge, pours herself a glass of water, begins to drink.

She stops when she notices Chris staring.

SAMANTHA
What?

CHRIS
How did you know where the cups
were?

Beat.

SAMANTHA
(cup to her mouth)
Uh, Cosmo.

CHRIS
What?

She pulls the cup from her mouth.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, I read an article in Cosmo
that said guys all keep cups in the
cabinet that's the closest to the
fridge.

Samantha takes another sip of her water.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You ok?

CHRIS

Yeah, I just thought the cups were above the sink. I could have sworn they were.

SAMANTHA

Maybe Dame reads cosmo, and moved them?

CHRIS

Maybe. Who knows with Dame.

SAMANTHA

So, do I get a tour?

CHRIS

Sure.

They walk around the apartment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's Dame, and you might as well say Maria's room because she never leaves.

SAMANTHA

I bet, she really seems to love Dame.

CHRIS

Same for Dame. This is the longest relationship he's ever been in.

INT. DAME'S ROOM

Dame, and Maria listen at his door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chris, and Samantha walk through to his to his room.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM

Samantha sits on Chris' bed, he leans against his dresser.

SAMANTHA

So this is where the magic happens?

CHRIS
Sorry to disappoint, but there
hasn't been any abra cadabra or
anything close in here lately.

SAMANTHA
Guess that's a good, and bad thing.

Beat.

There's an awkward silence.

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

Chris concerned.

CHRIS
What kind of confession?

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

CHRIS
Ok.

SAMANTHA
How about next Thursday after you
get off work?

Samantha puts her water on his night stand, lays back on his
bed, spreads her arms out.

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.

Beat.

Chris gives her an awkward look.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Your license.

CHRIS
Oh yeah.

She sits up on the bed.

SAMANTHA
So a birthday dinner for my new
friend?

Chris is silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
My treat.

Beat.

CHRIS
I'm game.

SAMANTHA
Great, next Thursday then. You can
pick me up.

Samantha's phone goes off. She checks her messages.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I have to run sorry work beckons.

Samantha texts something. Seconds later Chris' phone chimes.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
That's my address. Just call
tonight if you get the time.

CHRIS
Will do.

They leave the room, and go to the front door. Chris opens
the door, Samantha steps out.

She stops, turns back around, pecks Chris on the lips.

SAMANTHA
Call me ok.

Samantha walks away. Chris closes the door.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Chris wakes up to music playing, smoke is on the floor.
Strobe lights flash, he walks through his apartment to the
bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He fumbles to turn on the light, walks in, checks behind the bathroom door, shower curtain. There's no one there.

He turns back around, looks at the mirror where EM EVOL is scribbled in red lipstick. A figure in a dark robe points a Beretta at him from inside the mirror.

The figure pulls the trigger.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM

Chris jumps up in bed.

He rubs his head, face.

CHRIS
What the fuck?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dressed for work Chris 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 (O.S.)
(groggy)
Yeah.

CHRIS
Could you have this place clean,
and your boys out before I get
home.

DAME (O.S.)
Yes mother.

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

Chris leaves the apartment.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

Chris gets to work, lays his briefcase on his desk in his cubicle, sits. His phone rings.

FRANCESCA (V.O.)
Dav... I mean Mr. Sherman would
like to see you.

CHRIS
Thanks, on the way.

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

INT. MR. SHERMAN'S OFFICE

The door opens.

MR. SHERMAN
Have a seat Chris.

Mr. Sherman sits at his desk, the back of his chair faces
Chris. He looks out his window as he talks.

MR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)
I heard you're quite the idea man
here in the office.

CHRIS
Really, who told you that?

Mr. Sherman swivels around.

MR. SHERMAN
Just know that I heard, and I've
decided to make you and Natasha co
lead designers on the Hikomoto
project.

Beat.

CHRIS
What that's amazing! I swear you
won't regret this.

MR. SHERMAN
I hope not.

CHRIS
I won't let you down sir.

MR. SHERMAN
You better not. Francesca will be
out shortly to show you to your new
office, It's temporary for now, but
nail this, and it's yours.

INT. CHRIS' WORKSPACE

Chris heads to his desk where his things are already in a box. Natasha sits on his desktop with a cock grin on her face.

NATASHA
Got the axe eh?

CHRIS
I wouldn't exactly say that.

Chris' computer chimes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hold that thought.

He reaches around her, checks his email.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Looks like we'll be having another meeting today.

NATASHA
To announce that this is your last day.

She laughs.

CHRIS
Actually, I think it's a meeting to announce me as the co lead designer on the Hikomoto project.

Beat.

NATASHA
(frantic)
Co lead.

Natasha looks like she's going to have an anxiety attack. Francesca, walks over to Chris' desk.

FRANCESCA
Are you ready to see your new office?

CHRIS
Am I ever. I think I'm gonna like the big leagues.

Francesca, and Chris walk off.

Natasha goes into a rage, swipes some papers, and the computer's keyboard off the desk, screams.

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

Chris, and Francesca reach a work space.

INT. CHRIS' NEW OFFICE

Chris looks around.

CHRIS

Damn! (Clearing his throat) I mean
wow.

FRANCESCA

Does that mean you approve?

CHRIS

Definitely.

FRANCESCA

Good. David... I mean 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.

FRANCESCA

And congratulations, I was pulling
for you.

Francesca winks.

CHRIS

Thanks.

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

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)

Look at this desk,

Chris runs his hand across the desk. He feels the material on
his chair.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Leather.

He has a seat, spins his chair around, looks out the window.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And this view. I got a view!

While Chris looks out his window Mr. Sherman comes in the office.

MR. SHERMAN

Let's hurry with this meeting. I have a situation with Francesca that needs some immediate attention.

Chris falls out of his chair, quickly bounces right back up straightens his clothes.

CHRIS

Ready when you are sir.

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Chris makes it home where he finds the apartment spotless. He walks over to the coffee table which shines. Chris wipes his finger across it, smells it.

CHRIS

Is that pledge?

Maria walks out of the kitchen. Chris turns around, sees her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I should've known Dame didn't clean up.

MARIA

Well I can't take all the credit, I had help.

Samantha walks out of his bathroom.

SAMANTHA

Oh hey Chris. I hope it's ok that I used your bathroom. Dame is in his.

CHRIS

Yeah it's fine.

SAMANTHA

I couldn't find a towel to wipe my hands though. There was only one, and I didn't want to use your towel.

CHRIS

You sure, there were two behind the door.

SAMANTHA

I only saw one, but it's ok now.

Samantha wipes her hands on her jeans.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

See, I know how to improv.

She winks at him.

CHRIS

Thanks for helping Maria clean.

SAMANTHA

No problem I needed something to do, but I gotta go I'm--

Chris phone rings.

CHRIS

--Hold that thought.

He answers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello sir. One moment. (To Samantha) Sorry it's my boss, but it was good to see you.

Chris walks off to his room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Sorry. Yes I can email them to you.

Chris closes his door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

MARIA

So... how are things between you two?

SAMANTHA

Ok I guess, I cant really read him.
But I plan on taking things to
another level Thursday.

MARIA

Just be careful.

SAMANTHA

I know, I will be. Love you, I have
to run by my dad's place.

They hug, Samantha leaves.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - AFTERNOON

Chris closes the blinds in his room to shut out some light.
He grabs his laptop, sits on his bed.

LATER

Chris types, he stops, stretches, and notices it has gotten
dark outside. He looks over to his window, notices the
silhouette of a person.

He puts his laptop on the bed, goes to the window. The
silhouette runs off.

Chris runs through the apartment outside, no one is there.

CHRIS

Is anybody out here?

No one answers. He walks out further to have a look around.

The night is silent. He goes back inside. When the door
closes Samantha emerges from some bushes in front of the
apartment.

She runs to her car, gets in, speeds away.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Chris sits at his desk, there's a knock at 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
Funny.

DAME
Look at my face. You're starting to
look like the guardian from that M.
Night Shyamalan movie. (movie
announcer voice) Time is running
out for a happy ending.

Dame takes a seat.

DAME (CONT'D)
So what you got planned for the big
two, five?

CHRIS
You're disturbed, and nothing just
more work.

Chris looks at the clock.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Samantha. I gotta go, but thanks
for stopping by. Take a look
around, and lock up when you leave.

DAME
Ok.

Chris rushes out the office. Dame decides to get up and have
that look around. He plops down in Chris' chair.

DAME (CONT'D)

Nice.

He smells the back of the chair.

DAME (CONT'D)

Leather.

Dame nods for approval.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Samantha walks out of her apartment, looks at her phone.

Moments later Chris pulls up right in front of her, 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 swung by my place before dinner?

SAMANTHA

Not a problem.

CHRIS

Great.

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

INT. AN UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is very posh, large tables, a live band, chandeliers the whole nine. The lights are dim. The band plays soft music.

A waiter is picks up their plates.

SAMANTHA

You look very sexy in a suit.

CHRIS

Thanks. You'd look sexy in sweat pants.

Beat.

Chris pauses for a second. Samantha notices it's awkward.

SAMANTHA

You ok?

CHRIS

Yeah, sorry brain freeze or something, maybe it's from all the working.

SAMANTHA

(laughs)

Well maybe tonight is just the break you need.

CHRIS

I agree.

SAMANTHA

I'm glad you showed. 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.

Samantha gets up, 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, goes back to her seat.

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. My parents were too busy working.

SAMANTHA
I know...

Chris looks at her strange.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I mean I know how that feels, my parents didn't have a lot of time for things like that after a while either.

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.

Samantha gets out of her seat.

CHRIS
Again.

SAMANTHA
Just do it.

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

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

You like?

CHRIS

I like.

Chris starts to kiss her, pulls her into his lap. The waiter walks up, blows out the candle.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Samantha carries a piece of cake wrapped up in aluminum foil.

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.

Samantha leans in, kisses 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.

Chris watches her walk into the building. Samantha turns around waves, he waves back.

Chris goes to his car.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Chris stars out a window while he waits in line for coffee. A black BMW pulls up, parks outside in front of the coffee shop. Mr. Sherman gets out of the car, walks around to the passenger side, opens the door, a hand reaches out. It's Samantha.

Chris is in shock.

The two of them walk off together.

COFFEE STORE EMPLOYEE
Tall, Iced, Caramel Latte, Non-Fat,
Add Whip..., Tall, Iced, Caramel
Latte, Non-Fat, Add Whip!

Chris turns around.

CHRIS
Sorry, that's me.

Chris grabs the coffee, leaves the coffee shop. He follows Mr. Sherman, and Samantha to a restaurant down the street.

He watches through a window as they sit down for lunch.

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

INT. OFFICE

Chris stands by a water cooler at work with Todd, and some other co workers.

CO WORKER
So Chris how'd you pull off getting
co lead?

Chris is in a daze.

CO WORKER (CONT'D)
Earth to Chris.

CHRIS
Huh? Oh, co lead, um honestly I
have no idea. It was as big a
surprise to me as it was everyone
else.

TODD
Well I'll tell you why, because
Chris is the man my friend.

Todd pats Chris on the back.

All of a sudden the group goes silent.

CO WORKER
Good morning Mr. Sherman.

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

MR. SHERMAN
Good afternoon 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.

SAMANTHA
Hey handsome.

CHRIS
(confused)
Hey.

MR. SHERMAN
We just had lunch to celebrate my
little girl's new job as a full
time photographer.

CHRIS
Wow, congrats. I told you it would
work out.

SAMANTHA
Thanks.

MR. SHERMAN
Well we gotta run, Samantha just
wanted to run over to say hello,
and I wanted to share the good
news. Get back to work, I don't pay
you to stand around.

CHRIS
Yes sir.

They walk off. Samantha turns around to blow Chris a kiss.
Chris turns around to his co workers who all smile.

CO WORKER
You son of a bitch. You're giving
it to the boss' daughter. No wonder
you got a promotion.

TODD

Like you said, nothing wrong with mixing a little business with pleasure right?

CHRIS

I had no idea she was his daughter.

CO WORKER

Sure you didn't.

They walk off. Chris stands alone.

CHRIS

His daughter?

Tibault watches in the distance. Chris looks in Tibault's direction as he is walking off.

EXT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT BALCONY - LATER THAT DAY

Dame holds a pack of cigarettes.

CHRIS

Did you know Samantha was Mr. Sherman's daughter?

DAME

Yeah didn't you?

CHRIS

No. Why didn't you tell me?

DAME

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

Dame pulls out a cigarette, and lights it.

CHRIS

This is no conspiracy. I'm really starting to like her, but first she brings me home from the club, then she's Maria's friend, then you know her, and now she's my boss' daughter. Stuff like this doesn't just happen.

Dame takes a drag of his cigarette.

DAME

So what you think Samantha is stalking you?

CHRIS

I don't know what she's doing, but something weird is going on unless I'm crazy.

DAME

You ever considered you're just over thinking things?

CHRIS

What! Have you been listening to me at all? Just give me a cigarette please.

DAME

Why would I give you another cigarette?

CHRIS

What do you mean another cigarette?

DAME

Seriously dude? Look in your hand.

Chris looks down. There's a lit cigarette in his hand.

DAME (CONT'D)

You're losing it dude.

Dame walks off. Chris stares at the cigarette in his hand.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - DAY

Chris looks over some papers. Frustrated he tosses them to a side, grabs his phone from his nightstand, makes a phone call.

INTERCUT: SAMANTHA IN PAJAMAS/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. Sherman's your dad?

SAMANTHA

Of course, but you knew that already.

CHRIS

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

Beat.

The conversation goes silent.

SAMANTHA

Chris?

CHRIS

(dry)
Yeah.

SAMANTHA

(concerned)
He met my mom when I was three months old, I never knew my biological father, he married my mom, signed my birth certificate, and raised me. I'm always telling this story. I kind of figured Maria would have mentioned it.

Beat.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

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

CHRIS

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

He looks at all the papers strewn across his bed.

SAMANTHA

So I hear Mr. Co Lead Designer. 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,
looks like we're both going places.

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

SAMANTHA
Believe it or not he is very fond
of you.

CHRIS
Yeah well maybe you can help me
with something.

SAMANTHA
Maybe, what is it?

CHRIS
I met you around the time things
started looking up for me, at work
I mean.

SAMANTHA
So.

CHRIS
Did you happen to influence your
father's decision in any way?

SAMANTHA
Trust me my father doesn't mix
business, and pleasure. Well
outside of Francesca anyway. If he
gave you co lead 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 to celebrate?

CHRIS

Can't tonight, but I'll be over later 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.

CHRIS

I don't know any other way. Good night.

SAMANTHA

Good night.

Chris hangs up the phone, falls back on the bed. Stares at the ceiling.

CHRIS

Maybe I'm the one that's crazy.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The team is set up, ready to do the presentation.

Mr. Sherman walks into the conference room where MR. HIKIMOTO, 50s, three other Japanese businessmen, MRS. HIKIMOTO, 30, and RIKO, 20, Mr. Hikimoto's daughter already seated.

Mr. Sherman walks over to the group.

MR. SHERMAN

I hope we're ready for this?

CHRIS

We won't let you down sir.

Mr. Sherman walks over to the table, greets Mr. Hikimoto, and his group.

Chris, Natasha, and Todd stand in front of the projector. Mrs. Hikimoto, and Riko both wink at Todd. Chris looks at Todd who looks off.

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 some unique designs, and a few surprises that we think you may like.

MONTAGE

-- Chris, Natasha, and Todd all have input on different parts of the presentation.

-- They go through slides on the projector, they reveal a 3D model of the apartments.

-- The faces at the meeting are like stone, there is no real way to determine if they are bombing the meeting or nailing it.

END MONTAGE

Beat.

The room is silent.

MR. HIKOMOTO

We have seen many proposals this week, and we knew it was going to be a hard decision to make.

CHRIS

And we understand that you need time to look at everyone's proposal Mr. Hikomoto--

Mr. Hikomoto interrupts.

MR. HIKOMOTO

--You did not let me finish.

Mr. Sherman glares at Chris.

Mr. Hikomoto pauses for a moment, the tension is obvious as people wait on his answer.

MR. HIKOMOTO (CONT'D)

We were wrong.

Beat.

NATASHA

So is that a yes?

MR. HIKOMOTO
(smiles)
Yes. You have our business.

Mr. Sherman stands, and shakes hands with Mr. Hikomoto.

MR. HIKOMOTO (CONT'D)
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.

Mr. Sherman shakes hands with the other businessmen.

Mrs. Hikomoto walks over to Todd to shake his hand, grabs his crotch groping him. Todd's body stiffens, he grunts.

She whispers in his ear.

MRS. HIKOMOTO
Congratulations, maybe we can talk about another merger soon.

She walks off. Riko passes him slowly, whispers to him.

RIKO
Call me.

Pinches his ass as she passes, he jumps. Todd takes a deep breath, closes his eyes.

Off to the side Natasha talks to Chris.

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

Chris starts to interrupt her.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
But you did a good job.

Chris is speechless.

CHRIS
Thanks, and 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.

Todd walks over.

MR. SHERMAN

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

INT. SPORTS BAR - EARLY EVENING

The group sits in a booth, drinks in hand.

MR. SHERMAN

I liked our confidence today. You all did a great job I knew I had the right team in place.

CHRIS

Thank you sir.

MR. SHERMAN

I propose a toast. To Machelon, and the team that will lead us into the future.

In unison "cheers"

Japanese flute music plays, it's Todd's phone. He answers, leaves the table. Chris looks at him as he gets up.

TODD

What, I changed it.

Todd answers, walks away.

MR. SHERMAN

(to chris)

Can we talk in private for a second Chris?

CHRIS

Sure.

They both slide off the booth, walk over to the bar.

INT. BAR

Mr. Sherman points to his glass, a bartender walks over, and fills it.

MR. SHERMAN

I just wanted you to know she truly had nothing to do with this opportunity, but if you hurt my daughter I can make you disappear.

Beat.

CHRIS

(fearfully)
Yes sir.

MR. SHERMAN

I'm glad you understand.

Mr. Sherman walks back to the table. Chris loosens his tie, follows.

INT. HALLWAY TO CHRIS' OFFICE

Chris stops back by his office.

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

INT. OFFICE

Chris continues to flick the light switch, stops, sniffs the air. The back of his chair faces him, smoke rises from it.

CHRIS

Hello?

His desk lamp turns on, shines in his face, temporarily blinds him.

The light moves. Chris looks towards his desk.

TIBAULT

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

CHRIS
How did you get in here, and what
do you want?

The chair spins around, and it's Tibault. He puts out his
cigar on Chris' desk.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What the hell.

TIBAULT
(normal voice)
I'll leave that for the clean up
crew. You see I know this
acquisition of the Hikomoto account
means the fast track for you.

CHRIS
Ok, but what does that have to do
with you?

TIBAULT
I'd just hate to see your good
fortune end on a sour note.

CHRIS
What are you talking about?

TIBAULT
I believe I have something that
you'll be interested in.

CHRIS
I doubt that.

TIBAULT
You sure? Because a cell phone
video of a certain architect you
know in the alley behind my
favorite karaoke bar might be of
interest to you.

QUICK FLASH

-- Tibault in a plaid suit records Todd with the Hikomotos.

END FLASH

CHRIS
How did you get that?

TIBAULT

I just said "behind my favorite
karaoke bar" and "it's on my cell
phone" which implies I was there...
pay attention to the details Chris!

CHRIS

You son of a...

Chris walks towards him angrily.

Tibault 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, stares at him.

TIBAULT

Back up! Before you enter the
dragon!

CHRIS

This is ridiculous Todd did the
dirt, but you're trying to sabotage
me. Why?

TIBAULT

Because I don't like you, you're
just some intern that came in here
and thinks he runs things. I've
slaved at this company for years,
and I'm still right where I
started. Somebody has to pay, and
that somebody is you.

Tibault comes out of Kung Fu mode.

CHRIS

I can't believe this.

TIBAULT

Well start believing. I'll be in
touch.

He leaves the office, makes sure to walk by Chris cautiously.

Once past Chris he stops in the doorway to fix his clothes,
fluffs his hair, exits into the hallway.

Chris stares motionless in the direction of his desk shocked.

INT. SAMANTHAS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris sits on the sofa.

Samantha lays her head across his lap.

The apartment is empty with the exception of a tv, sofa, and packed boxes.

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

CHRIS
Still moving in I see?

SAMANTHA
Yeah Maria is supposed to come help me finish up next week. I moved kind of quick so things have been hectic.

Chris dissatisfied with the answer.

CHRIS
Oh.

SAMANTHA
You can stay tonight if you want, you know.

CHRIS
Ok.

SAMANTHA
(smiles)
Good.

Samantha attempts to convincingly fake a yawn.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'm getting tired, you ready to lay down?

CHRIS
Yeah, I'm tired too.

Samantha stands, reaches out her hand. Chris grabs it, stands. She leads him to the bedroom.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM

The light in the bedroom is dim with the exception of one small lamp.

Samantha stops at the foot of her bed, she presses her body against Chris', she starts to kiss him softly.

Chris politely pulls away.

CHRIS

Are you sure you want to do this?

Samantha steps back, pulls off her shirt, pulls down her shorts. She stands in front of him in nothing but her bra, and panties.

SAMANTHA

(seductively)

Abra cadabra.

Chris pulls off his shirt, slowly pushes her back on the bed, they kiss, caress one another. Chris reaches over to the lamp, and turns it off.

SAMANTHA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Chris in the shower.

He turns off the water, steps out, wipes the fog from the mirror. He sees a black figure, turns quickly to see a black towel hanging on the back of the door.

CHRIS

Get it together man.

He opens a drawer to look for a toothbrush, finds several unused pink toothbrushes.

Chris stares for a second, but uses one.

He walks into the kitchen, fully dressed for work.

INT. KITCHEN

CHRIS (CONT'D)

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. He examines, then quickly eats his food.

He finishes, and makes his way to the door, he knocks over a box, pictures, and mail fall out.

He bends over to pick it up, and sees a picture of him asleep, then other pictures of him, one of him leaving his job, another from when he had lunch with Natasha at Brewhouse.

QUICKFLASH

Natasha bumps into a girl taking photos.

END FLASH

There's also a red lipstick.

Chris looks at the mail, it has his name on it.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Chris! You still here?

He quickly picks up the box, puts it back in place. Stuffs the pictures, mail in his pocket, tosses the lipstick back into the box.

CHRIS
Uh yeah, I'm about to leave now!

She runs from her room jumps into his arms, kisses him.

SAMANTHA
Have a good day at work.

CHRIS
Thanks.

Chris opens the door, leaves her apartment. He shuts the door. He rubs his head, looks worried.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
She's crazy.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - MORNING

Chris chews on his pen as he stares out the window.

There's a knock at his door. 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 it is mine.

Mr. Sherman sits down.

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

CHRIS
I say the same thing every morning.

Mr. Sherman enjoys the chair, a little too much.

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

MR. SHERMAN
Sorry what was that?

Francesca walks through the door.

FRANCESCA
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.

FRANCESCA
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.

Mr. Sherman jumps up out of his chair, hurries to the door,
pinches Francesca's butt on his way out.

She giggles.

CHRIS
But sir.

Mr. Sherman doesn't hear him. He turns to look back out of
his window.

Tibault spins smoothly in the door, almost falls.

He regains his balance.

TIBAULT
Hey there fortune five hundred?

CHRIS
Screw you.

Tibault checks the hall, closes the door.

TIBAULT
(mockingly)
Awww Mr. I can do whatever I want
is angry. Well no one cares Chris.

CHRIS
What do you want Tibault?

Tibault makes his way closer to Chris' desk.

TIBAULT
Have you given my proposal any
thought?

CHRIS
I really don't have a choice in the
matter do I? I either do it or The
Hikomoto project is dead, and I
need my promotion so... Yes, tell
me what you want, and you got it.

TIBAULT
I love it when people see things my
way. Just write me a check every
month for fifteen hundred, and
we're good.

CHRIS
Fifteen hundred!

TIBAULT
That's chump change for you now
don't sweat it just write the
check. See you soon.

Tibault opens the door, leaves the office. Chris drops into his seat.

Moments later, STAN, 30s, short, dorky, resident computer geek, walks past Chris' door.

A light bulb goes off in Chris' brain.

CHRIS
(to himself)
I got something for you Tibault.

He catapults from his seat towards his door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey computer guy.

Stan stops, 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 chuckles.

STAN
And why would I want to do you a
favor?

CHRIS
What if I told you I could get you
a date with Natasha.

STAN
Natasha, oh sweet Natasha.

Stan goes into a trance.

INT. OFFICE - DAYDREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

Stan watches Natasha at a water cooler. She grabs a cup of water. The song "Cherry Bomb" by The Runaways comes on.

SLOW MOTION

Natasha 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, the water sprays backwards. Stan looks at her in awe. She blows him a kiss, gives him flirtatious looks.

Stan crushes a paper cup he's holding.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Stan!

STAN

(low voice)

Ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, cherry
bomb.

Stan snaps out of his trance.

END DAYDREAM

Stan grabs Chris by the collar.

STAN (CONT'D)

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

CHRIS

That's what I wanted to hear, and
you're wrinkling my shirt.

STAN

Sorry.

Stan let's go of Chris.

Chris puts his arm around Stan, closes the door as they talk.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE

Chris sits at his desk, there's a knock at his door.

CHRIS

It's open.

Stan walks in, closes the door behind him.

Chris stands.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Stan, please tell me you got something.

STAN
Do I, but first what about our deal?

CHRIS
I told you, if you do this for me then I guarantee you a date with Tasha.

STAN
So when do I go out with Tasha?

CHRIS
I'm a man of my word Stan, she'll be all over you soon.

STAN
She better be.

Stan pulls a flash drive from his pocket, plugs it into Chris' computer, opens a file.

STAN (CONT'D)
Why are you after this guy anyway?

CHRIS
Let's just say Karma's a bitch.

STAN
I resent that! She is a nice young lady, as a matter of fact I just saw her the other night, and she gave me two lap dances for the price of one.

Chris looks at Stan confused.

STAN (CONT'D)
You aren't talking about the stripper from Club Onyx are you?

CHRIS
No Stan.

Beat.

STAN

Well, back to business. I found a false account that I traced back to Tibault, it seems he was quoting clients higher than the jobs cost, and he put the money he overcharged in his own personal acct.

CHRIS

You sure?

STAN

I'm positive. He was using the money to fund a fashion blog, and even though I don't know much about fashion it's pretty bad, it's just a bunch of pictures of him in suits holding cats.

INSERT PICTURES

Tibault strikes various poses with different cats that wear various. Tibault is shirtless in one. The background is a starry sky.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRIS

What's up with this dude, and cats?
(Beat) Ok. Did you get the video?

STAN

That took a little extra work, but I was able to hack his cell phone, and extract it.

CHRIS

Perfect, you're the man Stan.

STAN

Doesn't that guy in the video work here?

CHRIS

Some things just don't have an answer Stan, but you'll be hearing from Natasha soon.

STAN

I better.

Stan closes his computer, leaves.

INT. TODD'S WORKSPACE

Chris, and Todd are in the office.

CHRIS
Call her.

Todd picks up his office phone.

TODD
Hey, I have those designs you asked
for. Ok.

Todd hangs up.

TODD (CONT'D)
(to Chris)
She's on the way.

Seconds later Natasha walks in.

TASHA
Ok, where is it?

TODD
(to Tasha)
That was quick, hold on Chris.

He grabs some paper work off his desk, gives it to Natasha.

TODD (CONT'D)
Here you go.

Todd turns back to Chris.

CHRIS
Dude he said he was pulling in a
hundred k a year, and that doesn't
even count what he makes here.

TODD
I can't believe he really bought
that chick a beamer.

CHRIS
Yeah, must be nice to have it like
that.

Natasha listens.

NATASHA
Who are you two girls gossiping
about?

CHRIS
Nobody. Just Stan the IT Analyst.

TODD
Aka the Cap'N.

Chris sits back on a small table, knocks something over. He bends to pick it up, when he looks back at the door Natasha is gone.

CHRIS
Hook, line, and sinker.

TODD
Was any of that even true?

CHRIS
Who cares?

TODD
You've become a real cut throat go
getter man. It makes me proud.

He pats Chris on the back.

INT. TIBAULT'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Tibault, fumbles around on the internet when two security officers walk up behind him.

Tibault turns his head, looks at the officers.

TIBAULT
Uh, can I help you?

OFFICER #1
We're here to escort you from the
building.

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

OFFICER #2
Then yes, we do have the right
person. Please pack your things,
and leave the premises.

TIBAULT
I will do no such thing.

OFFICER #1
Sir don't make this any harder than
it has to be.

TIBAULT

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

The officers look at one another.

INT. HALLWAY

The officers drag Tibault down the hall. Employees stop what they're doing to see what's going on.

TIBAULT

Help security brutality! Security brutality! Call 911!

Mr. Sherman waits in the hallway. A crowd has formed behind him. The security guards stop, Tibault stops yelling, looks at Mr. Sherman shocked, misty eyed.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

I don't understand. Why are you firing me?

MR. SHERMAN

It has come to my attention that you've been using company dollars to fund a horrible fashion blog, and what's the deal with the cats?

TIBAULT

(sincerely)

Because... a cat's eyes are the windows to the soul.

The crowd goes silent for a moment.

Beat.

They all burst out in laughter much to Tibault's disliking.

The officers begin to drag him off again.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

Wait! I have a video of Todd sleeping with Hikomoto's wife, and daughter!

Todd sinks back into the crowd.

MR. SHERMAN

Stop!

TIBAULT

The video is on my cell phone. Just take it out of my pocket, and you'll see.

The security officer takes the phone out of Tibault's pocket.

Mr. Sherman walks over.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

See for yourself.

Mr. Sherman grabs the phone. Chris looks at Stan who gives him a nod. Chris looks back at Mr. Sherman with the phone.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

The fourth video down.

Mr. Sherman plays the video. A parody of a popular music video with cats in the place of humans plays. Mr. Sherman gives the phone back to the officer.

MR. SHERMAN

Please take this man away.

They begin to drag him again.

TIBAULT

No it was there, what happened. NO!
NO!

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

Chris crosses his arms, and smiles.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

(upset)

You! I know you did this somehow!

Chris waves goodbye.

TIBAULT (CONT'D)

Mr. Sherman you don't understand
I'm being framed! I didn't do this.
Mr. Sherman!, Mr. Sherman!

Tibault 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

I just start paying attention to the details sir, and things didn't add up with that one.

MR. SHERMAN

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

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

CHRIS

One down.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chris is in the refrigerator looking for something as he talks 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

Yeah, ok.

DAME

Hey, went back to therapy today.

CHRIS
And, how'd that go?

Maria walks in the kitchen.

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

CHRIS
Fiance? Wow congratulations guys.

Dame wraps his arm around Maria. Chris hugs them both.

DAME
Yep. She's gonna be stuck with me
now.

MARIA
We were just about to go get some
drinks, and dinner to celebrate.
You, and Samantha should come with.

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

MARIA
I can't make any promises.

They prepare to leave. Dame stops.

DAME
Hey babe, I need to talk to Chris
real quick.

MARIA
Ok baby.

She kisses Dame, exits.

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

I just wanted to tell you something I learned in counseling. Your past is important but it is not nearly as important to your present as the way you see your future.

CHRIS

I don't even know what that means.

DAME

Hopefully you will. Gotta go, but sometimes in the long run things make sense even if we can't see it at first.

CHRIS

Who are you again?

DAME

Your best friend... douchebag.

Dame leaves. Chris has a seat.

CHRIS

A few counseling sessions, and he's Deepak Chopra now.

He turns on the TV, a hospital scene is on the tv screen. He begins to fall asleep. Chris is awoken by the sound of his phone ringing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT - CHRIS' APARTMENT/SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT

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's on my mind.

SAMANTHA
Is something wrong?

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, heads out the door.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha waits outside her apartment. She gets up, hugs him. Chris 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
It's like you know me, I mean literally not in a figurative sense, can you tell me why that is?

SAMANTHA
Because I helped you get home, you talked a lot, but you don't remember, and I know Maria so I picked her brain.

CHRIS

I doubt the Maria part because she doesn't know me that well, and as far as me talking a lot that night, I'm not sure if that night even happened the way you're telling me.

SAMANTHA

What are you saying?

CHRIS

Let's look at the facts, you're my best friend's girlfriends's best friend, you're my boss' daughter, you popped up in town mysteriously, and into my life just as mysteriously.

Samantha now upset starts to tear up, sits back down.

SAMANTHA

Chris you don't understand you're confused.

CHRIS

(laughing in disbelief)
I'm confused! No you're the one that's confused!

Chris pulls out the mail, and pictures tosses them on the step next to Samantha. Samantha stares at them.

Beat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure there's no explanation for that one.

SAMANTHA

I can explain, but...

CHRIS

But?

Beat.

SAMANTHA

I can't.

CHRIS

That makes perfect sense. Now I'll tell you what I think. I think you've got issues.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And that for whatever reason you chose to follow me, and take pictures, then when that wasn't enough you took it a step further.

SAMANTHA

But...

CHRIS

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 hope you work out your problems, but I can't see you anymore. Goodbye.

Chris walks off, tears stream down Samantha's face. He walks almost out of sight.

SAMANTHA

(quietly)

But, I love you.

She drops her head, continues to cry.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Chris exits the store, cigarettes in hand. He walks down the sidewalk.

He packs the cigarettes, opens them, pulls out one, lights it.

A car passes that plays the song from club Chaos when he slip, and fell.

Chris follows the car with his eyes, seconds later he is bumps into an ANDROGYNOUS MAN. He falls to the ground hits his head on the curb.

FLASHBACK

CHRIS' APARTMENT

Chris is asleep in bed, a camera flashes in his face.

He opens his eyes, Samantha holds a camera, smiles at him.

SAMANTHA

You look so innocent when you're sleeping.

CHRIS

You know I hate to get woke up before my alarm goes off.

Samantha's smile disintegrates.

SAMANTHA

I just thought you looked peaceful sleeping.

Samantha gets up, walks towards the bedroom door.

CHRIS

Samantha, look I'm sorry.

She walks out to the bathroom.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, I know. I thought we were doing better, but obviously we're still in a funk.

CHRIS

I'm trying to make this right, but it takes time.

BATHROOM

Samantha puts on RED lipstick in the mirror.

SAMANTHA

Every time I make an effort it's like you shoot me down, so I don't know what you want me to do.

BEDROOM

Chris gets out of bed, throws on a shirt.

CHRIS

I'll try harder. I don't even know what's wrong with us honestly, I know I've been working a lot but I have to if I ever plan to get ahead in the company.

Chris walks past Samantha on his way into the living room.

SAMANTHA

(frustrated)

I'm so tired of talking about this all the time, I just want to get ready so we can go.

BATHROOM

CHRIS

I can't even talk to you without you getting frustrated lately.

The door opens, it's Maria.

MARIA

Hola, where's Sammie?

CHRIS

She's in the bathroom.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Maria come tell me how this looks!

Maria goes to the bathroom.

CHRIS

Tell her it's beautiful we're already late.

Moments later Maria, and Samantha walk out into the living room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You ready?

SAMANTHA

(sarcastically)

You look nice too, thanks.

Chris walks towards the front door, stops.

CHRIS

I'll be in the car.

He closes the door.

MARIA

Are you two still fighting?

SAMANTHA

I don't know what we're doing. You know he used to always say you'd look good in sweat pants, but he doesn't say things like that anymore.

MARIA

It'll get better, it did for me, and Dame, and you two are a way more compatible than us.

SAMANTHA

(smiles)

Thanks.

MARIA

Now come on let's go, let's go, vamonos.

INT. CLUB CHAOS - NIGHT

Chris sits in a booth alone when two girls walk up to him.

GIRL #1

Can we sit here?

CHRIS

Actually.

GIRL #1

Thanks, come on.

The girl, and her friend have a seat.

CHRIS

Sorry ladies my girl...

Before Chris can finish Maria, and Samantha walk up.

MARIA

Permiso!

GIRL #1

In English, this is America boo.

SAMANTHA

Look you're in our seats.

GIRL #2

Says who?

MARIA

If you two puntas don't move!

The girls don't move.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Now!

Intimidated the girls move. Samantha, and Maria sit down.

SAMANTHA

Rude, Why couldn't you do that
Chris?

CHRIS

I tried, but it's loud in here, and
they sat down right before you two
walked up.

SAMANTHA

You should have stopped them.

CHRIS

Are you serious?

SAMANTHA

You act like you don't have a
backbone sometimes.

Chris looks at her in disbelief.

CHRIS

(Irritated)
You know what, I'm going to get a
drink. You want something Maria?

MARIA

Yeah, a cranberry vodka.

Samantha notices he's upset.

SAMANTHA

Chris I was just trying to say...

CHRIS

Nah don't worry about it I heard
you loud, and clear.

He walks off.

MARIA

A little harsh don't you think?

SAMANTHA

It just came out wrong.

FAST FORWARD

Chris walks through the club with the drinks. He is bumped, slips, falls to the floor.

Samantha, and Maria rush over.

MARIA

Oh my God! What happened?

SAMANTHA

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

Maria calls 911.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Samantha talks to a doctor at the room's door. Chris is out of it, but still remembers hearing them talk.

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 everything right away. If that's the case the best thing to do is let him find those memories on his own. 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.

Dame walks up, puts his arm around Samantha. She starts to cry.

SAMANTHA

I wish I hadn't been so mean lately, and fighting all the time.

DAME

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Samantha rubs Chris' hand. He starts to move. She gets excited, rushes out to the lobby to get Dame, and Maria. The doctor sees them run down the hall, follows.

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

DAME

Chris.

CHRIS

Is that you Dame?

DAME

Yeah dude it's me.

MARIA

I'm here too Chris.

CHRIS

That you Maria?

MARIA

Yes it's me.

SAMANTHA

I'm here too baby.

Chris has a blank look on his face.

CHRIS

Baby?... I... I... don't. Who are you?

Samantha is speechless. 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 Maria, but I
don't think I know their friend.

Samantha walks off.

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

Chris falls asleep. The doctor talks silently to Samantha
who is in the doorway crying.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Chris' head injury, and memory loss
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
blocks out hurtful memories, and
the people associated with them. He
might not even remember today at
first, he'll go in, and out of
remembering things. At least he
remembers two people now, although
he could forget them while he's
asleep. I'm sorry.

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

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

END FLASHBACK

Chris rubs his head.

CHRIS
What have I done?

Chris gets to his feet.

ANDROGYNOUS MAN
Dude! Are you ok?

Chris collects himself.

CHRIS
No, I'm not.

He runs off.

ANDROGYNOUS MAN
That was a weird dude.

Chris runs down the sidewalk. The world around him slows down, eventually freezes. A car that's rolls down the street is frozen in time. Chris slows down as he notices everything around him is frozen, a couple that's walking, a dog that was running is motionless, caught in mid stride. Chris walks over to the couple, waves his hand in their face. They don't respond. He looks at the world around him, nothing moves. He looks back to the couple.

CHRIS
Hey!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

NURSE SAMANTHA
Hey!

A nurse turns off a television in a patient's room. Her badge reads Maria.

NURSE SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Hey! We're supposed to leave that on at all times.

NURSE MARIA
Why?

NURSE SAMANTHA
Watch this.

She walks over to a brain monitor.

Chris is in the hospital bed, scarred, bruised, and unconscious. He's hooked to a ventilator.

NURSE SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Turn it back on.

When Nurse Maria turns on the movie the brain activity spikes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Suddenly the couple starts to move. Chris scared half to death falls backwards. The dog runs past him, the car speeds by. The couple looks at Chris like he's insane.

CHRIS
What the hell is going on?

He gets to his feet, looks around, gathers himself, runs off.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHRIS
What's going on? I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy.

Chris rings for Samantha, no answer. He rings again, and again.

Beat.

Samantha answers the intercom crying.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Stop crying baby, I remember now.

Samantha buzzes him up.

The door opens, and Chris runs to her apartment, opens her door, grabs her, kisses her.

SAMANTHA
Wait, stop!

He continues to kiss her.

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

SAMANTHA
Chris!

Samantha pushes him away.

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.

SAMANTHA

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

CHRIS

It's OK now I remember.

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

Stop it! You don't get to do that! I've been going through hell to be with you!

CHRIS

Babe I'm sorry, what do I have to do to fix this?

SAMANTHA

I don't know if you can, can you promise me you won't forget me tomorrow, or that I won't be up crying all night, fighting the urge to call, and tell you everything, sleeping alone tossing and turning because you aren't there?

CHRIS

Sam...

SAMANTHA

No you can't.

CHRIS

But...

SAMANTHA

Chris just leave!

Chris looks at her hurt, dejected. He turns, walks out of the apartment.

EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Chris walks up. Dame is on the balcony smoking.

Chris expression grows angry.

DAME

You OK Chris?

Chris rushes Dame, rams him against the wall.

CHRIS

Why didn't you tell me!

Maria comes outside.

MARIA

Chris get off him! What the hell is wrong with you?

CHRIS

Of all people, Why didn't you tell me!

MARIA

He couldn't tell you! No one could!

Chris let's Dame go, breaks down.

CHRIS

I lost her.

Dame tries to console him.

DAME

Dude I'm sorry, you know I would never hurt you, you're my brother.

Chris collapses in a corner next to the door.

Maria goes in the apartment, seconds later she comes out with a letter.

She holds it in front of Chris.

MARIA

Samantha told me to give you this
when you remembered.

Chris looks up, and takes it from her hand.

He opens it.

INSERT LETTER

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Chris, If you're reading this that
means you've remembered. I can
imagine all this is a lot to
process, but I wrote this in hopes
I could fill in some blanks.

INT. MACHELON OFFICE - DAY

The whole office with the exception of Tibault.

QUICKFLASH

Tibault conducts a photo shoot with his cats.

END FLASH

Mr. Sherman stands next to Samantha, his arm around her.

SAMANTHA

I want to thank you all for coming
in on your day off. Chris is ok, we
talked to the doctor last night,
and they expect him to make a full
recovery.

Everyone claps.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But there's one problem...

She pauses, collects herself.

MR. SHERMAN

It's ok baby girl.

SAMANTHA

Thanks daddy, (sigh) it seems Chris has a rare form of amnesia called selective amnesia, and the only thing that he forgot is... me.

People look concerned.

AD LIB CHATTER from the crowd.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It may or may not be permanent, but for now I need you all to act like nothing has changed when he comes in, and no one is to mention me. The doctor said that he will have to remember on his own, and I need all your help to make sure he can.

Samantha starts to cry, hugs her father.

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT

Samantha puts tape on a box. There are several other boxes by the door.

Dame comes in.

DAME

Is this it?

Dame grabs a few of the boxes.

SAMANTHA

Yeah this is the last one.

Maria walks up behind Samantha, hugs her.

MARIA

You ok Sammie?

SAMANTHA

I'm trying, I just don't know what to do if he doesn't remember.

Maria turns her around.

MARIA

How could he not remember you?

SAMANTHA

I hope you're right.

Maria squeezes her tight.

MARIA
I know I am.

Samantha reaches in her pocket, pulls out a letter. Gives it to Maria.

SAMANTHA
Look if... no, when Chris remembers
can you give him this?

MARIA
Of course.

SAMANTHA
Thanks.

Dame walks back in, grabs the last of the boxes.

DAME
Hey babe I'm gonna get the rest of
these boxes, can you check the
rooms to make sure all of Sam's
stuff is out.

MARIA
Ok.

SAMANTHA
I'll check the bathroom.

MARIA
Ok, I'll check the bedroom.

They both walk off. Samantha walks to the bathroom. She grabs her toothbrush that's in a holder, but stops, and leaves it.

Samantha walks out, grabs a towel from the hallway closet. She goes back into the bathroom, hangs it behind the door, holds on to it as she speaks.

SAMANTHA
(low voice)
You have to remember me.

Samantha leaves the bathroom, shuts the door. Maria comes out of the bedroom.

MARIA
Is the bathroom clear?

SAMANTHA
Yeah, you ready?

MARIA

Yeah, Dame's waiting on us.

They both walk off.

INT. MOVING TRUCK

Dame, Maria, and Samantha travel down the road.

MARIA

You know you could have hired
someone to do this for you.

SAMANTHA

I know, I just needed to stay busy,
I appreciate you two helping me.

MARIA

You know we're always here for you.

Samantha smiles.

SAMANTHA

I know.

DAME

Speaking of doing things for you I
was thinking about something.

MARIA

Dios mio.

DAME

Just hear me out. The doctor said
that we couldn't force a memory on
Chris right?

MARIA

Dame she doesn't need this right
now.

DAME

No listen he said we couldn't force
a memory on him, but he didn't say
we couldn't help it along.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean? Help it how?

DAME

What I'm saying is if he fell for you once, what's to stop him from falling for you again? Especially with a little help from us.

MARIA

You know what, I think you just had a good idea.

Samantha looks over at Dame.

SAMANTHA

You think it'll work?

DAME

You either fight to win him back or you lose him fighting.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Chris still reading.

SAMANTHA'S (V.O.)

So I took Dame's advice. I got your wallet from the bartender so I could have a reason to meet you, and I erased myself from our home, your phone, your life, and it was the hardest thing I've ever had to do, but it was the only way to get us back. I had to try to get you to remember me, and I was willing to do anything. I'm sorry for the way things became between us, and maybe I would've forgotten me too, but please know that I love you.
Samantha

Chris drops the letter. Dame sits next to him.

CHRIS

(to Dame)

What am I supposed to do now?

Beat.

Chris looks up to see Dame, and Maria frozen, non responsive. Chris yells out at the top of his lungs.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nurse Maria turns the tv back off. Nurse Samantha is in front of the brain monitor which barely has any movement.

NURSE SAMANTHA

See every time the movie goes off his brain activity stops. Doctor Damion noticed it one day when it came on, and decided to buy it. He researches how it effects the patient's brain function.

NURSE MARIA

What happens if I fast forward it?

NURSE SAMANTHA

I don't know.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Dame, Maria, and Chris move at high speeds, day turns to night, the scenery changes. Suddenly the world freezes again.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE

Chris sits at his desk dressed for work, confused.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

NURSE MARIA

What happened to him?

A doctor walks in. His badge reads Damion.

DOCTOR DAMION

Mr. Jacobs was in a head on collision with an eighteen wheeler.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - MORNING

Chris' alarm wakes him up. He's in a significantly downgraded apartment than the apartment we've seen throughout. It's small, cramped. Chris sits up in bed slowly, sighs grabbing his outdated phone turning off his alarm.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

Chris checks his messages, there are none.

INT. BATHROOM

Chris brushes his teeth. Spits in the sink. He looks at the mirror, frowns.

EXT. APARTMENT DOOR

The door opens, a bright sheet of paper that hangs from it flies in the wind. Chris walks out. He closes the door, pulls the paper off, it reads LATE NOTICE. Chris crumples it up, tosses it down.

INT. CAR - TRAVELING

Chris drives to work. A square piece of PAPER that reads "You are somebody" that is taped next to the odometer starts coming unstuck, flickers in the wind. Chris reaches for it, looks away from the road. He drifts into the opposite lane.

Beat.

A loud horn is heard.

Beat.

Chris' car is demolished by an eighteen wheeler.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

DOCTOR DAMION

He had no brain activity until that movie was on last week. I've decided to leave it on, and monitor him since it's the only thing that gets his brain to show any kind of response.

NURSE SAMANTHA

What about his family?

DOCTOR DAMION

He has none that we can find, well living at least.

(MORE)

DOCTOR DAMION (CONT'D)

All we know is that he worked as a customer service representative for a phone company.

NURSE MARIA

But why leave the movie on?

DOCTOR DAMION

Because it stimulates his brain waves, so theoretically it may be the only thing that can bring him back, unless he doesn't want to come back. Maybe where he is better than the life he left behind.

Doctor Damion turns the tv back on.

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Chris looks around confused, realizes he's back in his office.

CHRIS

That's not real. (beat) Samantha...
I gotta call Samantha.

Chris pushes a button on his phone that gives him a dial tone. He quickly dials a number.

It rings several times , Samantha's VM picks up.

INSERT

SAMANTHA'S VOICEMAIL MESSAGE

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

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

CHRIS

Samantha, I don't what's going on, my mind is scrambled, but I know that I'm in love with you.

Chris hangs up the phone. Gets up from his desk, leaves his office, makes his way to Mr. Sherman's door. Francesca is not at her desk.

Chris knocks as he opens the door.

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.

Chris paces around the office.

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... live
without them?

MR. SHERMAN
Of course I have. That's true love.

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

Chris continues to pace around the office.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I love Samantha. So much that even
when I had amnesia, I still
couldn't help but to find myself
crazy about her, butterflies when
she kissed me.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But now with her not wanting to be with me anymore I must regretfully resign with the company. I can't be here knowing she could come in at any time.

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

CHRIS (CONT'D)

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

A voice comes in from behind him.

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 already?

Chris turns to see Samantha in Mr. Sherman's doorway.

CHRIS

Did you hear all that?

SAMANTHA

I heard enough.

CHRIS

Sam...

SAMANTHA

Let me talk this time.

Chris is silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I thought about this long, and hard, and I realized no matter if you forget me tonight, or tomorrow, or if you remember me the rest of my life, I love you, and nothing will ever change that.

Samantha smiles at him.

He runs up to her, pulls her into his arms, kisses her. Mr. Sherman clears his throat. They stop, 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,

Chris looks at Samantha.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

long time.

They leave the office. Mr. Sherman's door closes. Francesca
lifts her head from under his desk.

FRANCESCA

That was so romantic, why don't you
ever say things like that to me?

MR. SHERMAN

How about we go to Nordstrom today.

FRANCESCA

(smiles)

That's why I love you.

MR. SHERMAN

As you were.

Francesca goes back under the desk.

HALLWAY

Walking down the hall Chris, and Samantha see Stan, and
Natasha making out like horny teenagers trying to get into a
storage closet.

Stan sees them, and gives Chris a thumbs 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. Chris stops too.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What?

SAMANTHA

So not funny.

She starts to walk again. Chris jogs to catch up with her, cuts her off. Samantha stops.

CHRIS

Not even a little funny?

SAMANTHA

No, I will beat you.

Samantha pretends to be mad but laughs, they kiss.

INT. CHRIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris gets out of bed, heads to the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY

Picture frames some with photos of Chris, and Samantha, others blank, line the wall of the hallway.

INT. BATHROOM

Chris turns on the light, EM EVOL is scribbled on the mirror in red lipstick. He turns around to see the figure in the black robe. It points a beretta at his forehead.

The figure lowers their arm, pops the clip out of the gun, pops a bullet out of the chamber. It hands the gun over to Chris. The hood of the robe comes off, it's Samantha.

SAMANTHA

You have to figure this out.

CHRIS

But it makes no sense.

SAMANTHA

You just have to look closer.

Samantha exits the bathroom. Chris stares at the mirror. He grabs a pad, and pen that's on the counter, begins to write. Chris scribbles for a few moments, stops. He stares at the pad.

Beat.

He turns it around, lifts it chest high so it faces the mirror, and it reads LOVE ME.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM

Chris wakes up to an empty bed. He looks around for Samantha, but she is no where to be seen. He searches the apartment, going from room to room, but nothing.

CHRIS
Samantha!

Chris wakes up, and Samantha is in bed with him. She is awoken by him yelling.

SAMANTHA
Are you ok?

He grabs, embraces her.

CHRIS
Thank God, I dreamed that I lost you again.

SAMANTHA
I'm right here, it's ok.

CHRIS
I'm still having those bad dreams.

SAMANTHA
You mean nightmares?

Chris has a disturbed look on his face.

CHRIS
I said bad dreams.

He pulls away from her.

Samantha has on red lipstick, and a dress. EM EVOL is written all over the walls of the room in red lipstick.

Smoke rises from the ground surrounding the bed.

Dub step/trance music plays.

SAMANTHA
Nightmares are bad dreams Chris.

Strobe lights start to flash in the room.

Beat.

Samantha vanishes, darkness consumes the room.

INT. PACKED NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - AERIAL VIEW

Strobe lights flash.

Dub step/trance music pulsates through the speakers.

DAME stands in a DJ booth, scantily dressed girls dance around him.

CLUB FLOOR

CHRIS makes his way through the crowd. He reaches the bar, squeezes between two patrons. He yells out to an ANDROGYNOUS BARTENDER, with piercings in their face, lip.

CHRIS

A shot of crown, and a cranberry
vodka!

Chris looks around.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The brain monitor spikes, other machines make beeping noises. As we draw in on Chris' face, a small smile forms.

The machines continue. Beep -- beep -- beep.

FADE OUT: