

The Sugar Baby

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

GREGORY, late twenties, regular build, conventional face, desperate demeanor, sits in a coffee shop at a table with STEPHANIE, who never appears on camera and whose curt replies reveal discomfort at being present. This is essentially a man having a conversation with himself.

GREGORY
I'm so glad you agreed to come.

STEPHANIE
Mhmm.

GREGORY
How have you been?

STEPHANIE
Alright.

GREGORY
Can we talk about it?

STEPHANIE
Mmm.

GREGORY
Why did you do it?

STEPHANIE
I...

GREGORY
I mean I know we had our problems.

STEPHANIE
Uh huh.

GREGORY
Was it something about me?

Stephanie breathes just audibly.

GREGORY
Was it something I did?

No reply.

GREGORY
Was it something I didn't do?

No reply.

GREGORY

Is it because I have to look at my laces when I tie my shoes?

No reply.

GREGORY

I'm clumsy. I know I'm clumsy.

No reply.

GREGORY

You're gonna tell me, right?
You're gonna tell me. You gotta tell me. Tell me. Tell me. Tell me!

STEPHANIE

I really have to go. I shouldn't have come.

GREGORY

Why did you do this to me? We had everything. We had everything?

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

SUPER: FIVE YEARS LATER

From inside GREGORY'S refrigerator we see impeccably neat stacks of Tupperware containers filled with assorted foods that comprise the entire inside. On each container is a duct tape sliver with the names of Greg's paramours and the type of dish contained therein: the first reads BERTHA, CHILI; the second reads MARGARET, BRISKET; the third reads AGATHA, CASSEROLE.

On and on the dishes stack up, each with a meal and a name.

From outside, a hand reaches in to pick out the Tupperware titled Margaret.

The hand belongs to Greg, and he traipses to the landline telephone on his wall to press the button that plays his messages.

MARGARET

Thirteen new messages. First new message:

MARGARET

Hi, Greg. I hope you had a wonderful day at work.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

And I hope you built up an
appetite for the brisket I left in
your refrigerator on the top shelf
next to Sheila's fish stew.

Like clockwork, Greg looks at the calendar on the wall to see today's date with the name MARGARET: BRISKET. He opens up the Tupperware and places it in the microwave, pressing REHEAT 2.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Make sure you put it on reheat 2,
not reheat 1 like you did last
time, which is for casseroles.

GREGORY (To himself)

You can't say I don't learn my
lessons.

Margaret ends her message with a loud smooch. The next message begins:

AGATHA

Hey, Greg. I hope this message
finds you in fantastic health
after a long, productive day at
work.

Greg is already at the refrigerator, where he removes the AGATHA Tupperware from its spot and places it in the fridge

AGATHA

I just wanted to remind you to
take my Tupperware out of the
freezer and place it next to
Margaret's Tupperware in the
fridge, where Sheila's fish stew
was likely sitting until just a
few minutes ago. That way it'll
be thawed out and ready to be
eaten in two days.

GREGORY (To himself)

Am I not the man?

AGATHA

P.S. - I just want you to know how
wet I am thinking about you.

Greg is now on the couch, the Tupperware dinner balanced on his stomach, iPhone in hand. He bets on a football game. A new voice mail begins:

VIOLET

Hey there, my Gregory, it's Violet, not to be confused with your harem of other admirers. I hope you've had a fantastic day and are not gambling on the National Football League.

Greg smirks to himself.

VIOLET

I want you to know I just finished making a pot of chili large enough to feed the Ukrainian army but they're not going to have it, bless their souls, because it's all for my Greggy-poo.

Greg looks over the 50 dollar bet he considers making:

VIOLET

And don't make that bet, Greggy-shmeggy. I may have cataracts but my eyes see all.

Greg laughs to himself as another message begins from SHIRLEY

SHIRLEY

Hello, Greg. Wait till you hear about the dinner I'm preparing for you.

Abruptly, the landline rings. Greg reluctantly walks to his landline from the couch to pick it up. It's his buddy DANNY.

GREGORY

I told you not to call me on this. It's exclusively a landline for lovers.

DANNY

And are we not lovers, my Greggy-poo.

GREGORY

What's up?

DANNY

What's up is that I love you so much I'm asking you out on a group-date for this Friday with Jared and Johnny at the usual place. No excuses.

GREGORY

But I have plans with Irma.

DANNY

Nice try but you told me last week that Irma's scheduled for a colonoscopy Saturday morning and had to cancel on you.

GREGORY

Do you keep a calendar with all my dates?

DANNY

I told you I loved you.

GREGORY

What time?

INT. SUMMERSIDE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY,

Greg works as a social worker here and attends to the catheter of an elderly man as a coterie of elderly female admirers watch.

From across the room, PLIMPTON, overweight, sweaty, balding, whose face screams jealousy, observes Greg being sociable with the women while he does his job. Plimpton's eyes hone in on Greg's and he finger gestures "I have my eyes on you."

Startled, Greg completes work on the catheter and mozies over to WALTER, an old man with sunken eyes, a haggard complexion, and an I've-seen-it-all default grimace.

GREGORY

How goes it, Walt?

WALTER

The women here look like fossils.
That's how it goes.

GREGORY

Oh, it's not that bad. What about Lesley?

WALTER (Gesturing toward her)

She looks like a rotting corpse.

GREGORY

What about Siobhan?

WALTER (Gesturing toward her)

Bride of the rotting corpse.

GREGORY
What about Clara?

WALTER (Gesturing toward her
decrepit visage)
Well, what about her?

Just then a young, sexy black nurse, DESTINY, walks in to take his vitals.

WALTER
What do you want from me? I'm
still alive.

DESTINY
Should I go check on Peter then?

WALTER
Leave me for Peter! That might be
what kills me.

She laughs at their banter. It's routine. She takes his blood pressure as he sneaks a glance at her cleavage.

WALTER
You know, Greg, when I was your
age I had a resting blood pressure
of 90/60. That's what cavemen's
blood pressures were before
today's processed diets and
sedentary lifestyles ruined the
modern man.

Destiny laughs. Walter sighs.

WALTER
Now they got me on beta blockers
and Crestor and I'm being served
macaroni and cheese for every meal
and they wonder why my bp is what
it is.

DESTINY
Nobody makes you eat that. We
have a healthy option here.

WALTER
The salad is soggier than my
balls. I'll take the Mac and
cheese.

Destiny smiles.

DESTINY
120/81, almost perfect.

Destiny winks at Walter and walks away. She drops a pen and bends over to pick it up.

WALTER (To Greg)
See that ass, now THAT'S almost perfect.

From across the room, an old lady sneezes so that snot covers her shirt.

WALTER
Lemme guess, you think she'd be great for me.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - LATER

Greg puts on his "date face" in the mirror. He musses his hair haphazardly, picks up his razor and then puts it down.

GREG
Nah.

That's all for his pre-date preparation. He slips into a pair of regular fit jeans and a vintage Allen Iverson jersey.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER

Greg is seated apart from Margaret, who wears an evening gown, blush, eyeliner, lipstick and a coif. They are a model of contrasts.

MARGARET
Did you have the brisket?

GREGORY
I did.

MARGARET
Did you enjoy it?

GREGORY
I did.

MARGARET
Did you microwave it on reheat 2?

GREGORY
I did.

MARGARET
Did you even eat the baby carrots?

GREGORY
I'd be a fool not to.

MARGARET
You're nobody's fool.

GREGORY
Do you know what you're getting?

MARGARET
I know what I'm starting with - a
tall glass of water.

She winks at him. They look deep into the other's eyes.
Onlookers watch with confusion and disgust.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Greg dismounts Margaret, missionary style. He rolls to his side of the bed as she lights a cigarette. He wears a look that is half content, half yearning.

INT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - THE NEXT DAY

Greg wears identical clothes, except the Iverson Jersey is now replaced with a Michael Jordan jersey. His friends dress similarly. The bar is crowded with local townspeople because this is the local bar. As a gimmick, hired modern day burlesque dancers trot across the bar for cash tips wearing lingerie. The four men sit at a table away from the action.

DANNY
That's why you have to date no fewer than 3 women at a time, like our friend-of-the-Asians, Jared (Danny and Jared perform a mock "cheers" with their drinks). One is using you for drinks, one is using you for compliments and one is using you for a reason you only discover after you're done dating.

JARED
A green card.

GREGORY
I presume that none date you because they're interested in you.

DANNY
Listen, I date nineteen-year-olds, you date I-don't-know-how-olds.
(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

There is no Venn diagram overlap between the ladies we date and the motivations they have for dating us.

JOHNNY

Only nineteen-year-olds?

DANNY

There comes a time in every man's life that he learns every woman over eighteen and under twenty is a ten.

The group laughs. Greg stands up.

GREGORY

I'm gonna go use the bathroom.

He leaves the table and also leaves his phone on the table. Once out of eyeshot, Danny intercepts it.

JOHNNY

What are you doing?

DANNY

Saving our dear friend's life.

JARED

Maybe he doesn't wanna be saved. Maybe Stephanie did such a number on him that he is looking to live in geriatric limbo for the rest of his life.

Danny opens up Tinder and peruses all his matches. They are all old women. His face betrays disgust.

DANNY

As an outsider looking in, I can tell you that limbo is aging him to the point that he's almost indistinguishable from the women he sleeps with.

He goes into Greg's settings and resets the age-range from 55-70 to 18-35. Then he starts swiping right in a frenzy.

INT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE, MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg absentmindedly pisses, his gaze fixed on the wall where a heart with two lovers' names, Adam & Ashley, are etched.

Inside the heart is inscribed the word "forever." He reaches into this pocket to take out his phone but closes his eyes in disbelief when he registers its absence.

INT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - CONTINUOUS

Greg returns to the table just as he left it, his phone face up.

GREGORY

Johnny, how much money you blow on Fanduel while I was gone.

JOHNNY

Dude, I'm 3 wins away from hitting a monster parlay. Just need Bryce Harper to hit a triple, Verlander to pitch a shutout and Fabio Fognini to beat Nadal, which we all know he's capable of.

The group laughs together.

GREGORY

Good luck.

Greg picks up his phone and checks his Tinder. He finds that a young, attractive, half-black lady, DAWN, has matched with him. He looks like he's seen a ghost.

DANNY

You have a stroke?

GREGORY

Huh? Oh, it's nothing.

JARED

What's nothing?

GREGORY

Nothing, it's just a girl I matched with on Tinder.

JOHNNY

They're called geriatrics, not girls.

GREGORY

No, this one's a girl.

DANNY

Lemme see.

Danny snatches the phones from Greg before he can secure it. He starts perusing photos of Dawn.

DANNY

Damn. This chick is hot. Since when did you start swiping right on hot chicks.

JOHNNY

Lemme see.

Johnny snags the phone to look at Dawn.

JOHNNY

God damn!

Jared snags the phone to do the same.

JARED

Holy shit!

DANNY

She swiped right on you?

Gregory snags his phone back.

GREGORY

Lemme see her.

Greg starts perusing pictures when a message alert comes across the screen.

GREGORY

Holy shit.

DANNY

Holy shit what?

GREGORY

She messaged me.

DANNY

Message her back.

GREGORY

What should I say? I shouldn't say anything.

JOHNNY

She knows you're on Tinder. You two just matched and it tells her you're online now. Reply.

Greg looks around with vigilance, suddenly suspicious Dawn is in the bar.

DANNY
 We need to craft him a message.
 What'd she say?

Greg reads:

GREGORY
 Hey, cutie!

The whole table gasps.

JOHNNY, DANNY, JARED
 Cutie?!

JOHNNY
 This is perfect. You already date
 old, blind broads. Now you can
 date a young blind broad.

DANNY
 There will be no jealousy at this
 table. We are here for our
 friend. We are going to get him a
 date.

GREGORY
 I don't believe this. She sent me
 another message. I don't even
 know how we matched!

JARED
 You did not get a double message?

JOHNNY
 This brutardo just got a double
 message.

DANNY
 Will we see the elusive triple
 message?

JOHNNY
 There is no such thing as the
 triple message. It is a unicorn.

GREGORY
 Guys...triple message.

The guys' upper bodies fold in half and their faces collapse at
 the table.

GREGORY (Reading)
 First, hey cutie. Second, you
 live around here?
 (MORE)

GREGORY (Reading) (CONT'D)
 Third, I love that pic of you with
 the old people.

His friends start kicking the table.

JOHNNY
 You gotta reply with a triple
 message.

DANNY
 Shut up, he's typing.

GREGORY
 Done.

DANNY
 Done?

GREGORY
 I went for it.

JOHNNY
 Went for it? Went for what?

Gregory smirks at his phone. She has already replied to his reply. He starts typing again. The friends are flummoxed at what they are witnessing.

JARED
 Is this happening in real time.
 Are we actually present for this?

Greg just continues to read and type. Then Danny looks at Johnny. Johnny looks at Jared. Jared looks at Danny. Time stands still.

GREGORY
 It's done.

JOHNNY
 Again? It's done again?

GREGORY
 It's done...I have a date with
 her.

DANNY
 Have mercy.

The whole table erupts in applause.

DANNY
 I always knew this day would come.

He clears mock tears from his eyes.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We zoom out from Greg on his bed, post-coital, lying on his back. Revealed next to him is BERTHA. After a moment of stillness, Bertha reaches to the bedside table and grabs her dentures.

BERTHA

Can I heat you up some of my
chili, maybe pour you a glass of
red wine?

Greg looks dazed, his gaze fixed at the ceiling.

BERTHA

Another blowjob?

She flashes her toothless grin. Greg nods no.

Bertha slowly sits up in bed, pushes on her palms to adjust her position so that her legs are swinging off the side of the bed and stands up. Her naked body is revealed and her boobs are saggy and her ass even saggier. Greg looks out the corner of one eye, then returns his gaze to the ceiling. He is not happy.

Greg then gets a notification on his phone. It is Dawn. It reads "Hey, cutie, hope you're having a good day. Just wanna make sure we're still on for Friday."

Greg considers whether to reply. He appears uncertain and begins typing, "I'm not sure I can make it."

Just then, Bertha drops her dentures on the floor. She bends over to pick them up and farts audibly. Greg looks over as this happens and winces at the peccadillo. Bertha notices.

Greg erases his message and retypes, "Absolutely."

BERTHA

I'm sorry.

GREGORY

For what.

BERTHA

You know...I'd rather not say.

GREGORY

I don't know what you're talking
about.

BERTHA

Before, you didn't seem...present.

Gregory looks around the room, craning his neck side-to-side, then up-and-down.

He fakes a smile.

GREGORY

Nope, I'm here.

BERTHA

Are you not attracted to me anymore?

He looks away from her.

GREGORY

Of course I am...it's just that...I guess I'm just having my quarter-life crisis

BERTHA

Well, I've had my quarter, my mid, even my late-life crisis. Now I'm just living carefree. Maybe I can help you.

Gregory, starts, stops and then takes a composing breath.

GREGORY

It's just that - Maybe I'm supposed to do something different with my life, something with greater purpose.

BERTHA

Like dating girls your own age?

GREGORY (Shocked)

Well, uh, yes.

BERTHA

You absolutely should. For the life of me, I don't know what you see in me.

GREGORY

Your kind. You're generous. You're a great cook.

Bertha walks in front of the body-mirror hanging on his bedroom door and stares at her nude body.

BERTHA

You're right. I am those things.
And so much more. But as I stand
here, looking at myself in the
mirror, staring at a face and body
that I hardly recognize, I realize
that I am one more thing. I am
old. And I know that you can see
that too.

Greg swallows.

BERTHA

And let's not pretend this is more
than it is. Did you know that I
speak fluent French?

He nods his head "no."

BERTHA

J'étais presque danseuse étoile.
Or that I was nearly a prima
ballerina.

He nods his head "no." Bertha performs a seamless pirouette.

BERTHA

Or that I'm thrice divorced.

He again nods. She muses over her ring finger.

GREGORY

You must have been quite the catch
in your younger days. You'd be
way out of my league.

BERTHA

Peut-être à cause des limites que
vous vous imposez.

GREGORY

Huh.

BERTHA

Perhaps because of the limitations
you impose on yourself.

Greg looks down in contemplation.

BERTHA

Gregory, I enjoy our time
together. Maybe too much. You
make me feel like I am young
again.

(MORE)

BERTHA (CONT'D)

But this mirror tells me differently and I don't know you well enough to know why you spend your time with me and with others like me. I just know that you need to follow your heart into the next chapter of your life.

He swings his body off the side of the bed to console her but she walks to the bathroom, clutches a robe from a hook and wraps it over her nude, aged body.

She walks out of his bedroom as Greg's mouth hangs agape.

BERTHA (O.S.)

Oh, I brought over a casserole. I left it in the freezer next to Elizabeth's mutton chops. Think of me when you eat it.

INT. SUMMERSIDE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY

Greg paces nervously around Walter. Plimpton keeps a cautious eye on the two of them.

WALTER

Kid, you're making me uncomfortable. Why do you look so nervous?

GREGORY

Nervous, no, why do you think I'm nervous. I'm not nervous.

WALTER

The lady doth protest too much, no?

GREGORY

I'm just preoccupied with this date I'm supposed to go on later.

WALTER

A date? You?

GREGORY

What do you mean "A date? You?"

WALTER

I just didn't think of you as the dating kind.

GREGORY

What's that supposed to mean, "the dating kind."

WALTER

Kid, would you sit down? You're scaring us olds.

Greg stops pacing. He sits in a chair next to Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

That's better. Now there's no real easy way to say what I'm about to say.

GREGORY

I'm not asexual. I date.

WALTER

I don't think you're asexual, though that would be reassuring compared to what I think.

The two look deep into each other's eyes.

GREGORY

What are you saying?

WALTER

I'm saying...I'm saying you're a reverse pedo.

GREGORY

A what?!

WALTER

A reverse pedo, you know, a young lad who only sleeps with older ladies.

GREGORY

A reverse pedo, like reverse pedophile...no, who told you that. Why do you think that?

WALTER

People talk. You learn things. For example, Plimpton's a reverse pedo.

They look at Plimpton who is looking at them.

WALTER (CONT'D)

He's also a regular pedo.

GREGORY

I'm not a reverse pedo. I work with, with geriatric patients because the elderly deserve as much support and dignity of life as younger people. Anyways, what I was trying to tell you is that I'm preoccupied with this date I'm supposed to have with a young lady named Dawn.

WALTER

I still think you're a reverse pedo but I support you and Dawn 100%.

Greg's phone pings. It's a message from Dawn with a smiley emoji and the question: "We still on for tonight? Where and when should we meet?"

GREGORY

That's her. She's asking where and when we should meet.

WALTER

Based on your sexual proclivities, why don't you tell her right here in 50 years.

GREGORY

C'mon.

WALTER

Return her text, you bum.

Greg crafts a message: "Absolutely. How about Summerside Bar at 7 o'clock."

She replies on the spot: "Perfect."

Gregory moans/howls in exultation.

GREGORY

Now would a reverse pedo go on a date with a 27-year-old?!

He clenches his fist and pumps his elbow to his knee with his fist clenched. He locks eyes with Walter.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Oh man...I'm going on a date with a 27-year-old.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Greg sits on his couch, chowing on fish stew from a Tupperware with the name Sheila written on it. He watches a football game that fails to capture his attention. He receives a group video chat with Danny, Jared and Johnny, all of whom chat from their apartments from a couch watching the same football game:

JARED

I've got a scheme for you
brutardos if you're smart enough
to listen: the sports books
haven't caught up with Jannik
Sinner and I'm getting
preposterous odds for him to win
the Australian Open. Drop a
hundo ,make 3 Gs.

GREGORY

Didn't you bet on Jannik Sinner to
win it all last year and didn't he
lose in the round of 16.

JARED

He was only 21. And he wasn't
done with puberty. He's Nordic.
They mature late. I'm telling you
this is the year.

DANNY

Pretty sure he's Italian you
degenerate fiend.

JOHNNY

Fellas, there is no such thing as
a sure thing in this world, but
if you're looking for the next
best thing I have two words for
you that are not Jannik Sinner:
Meat Hook.

DANNY

Did you name your cock and are you
planning to place a bet on it?

JOHNNY

Almost. It's the best meet-and-
fuck app on the planet. You are a
piece of meat, you meet your piece
of meat and you hook up.

JARED

Johnny, we all know you haven't
gotten laid in three years.

(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)

Fellas, if you want to get laid, ditch the conventional dating apps and get on the ethnic ones. I've banged four fresh-off-the-boat Asians this month and two of them cooked me dinner.

JOHNNY (TEXT MESSAGE)

And you can have all of them. Not my cup of green tea.

DANNY

And what's going on with my man Greg? Is he going to do the unthinkable and bang a girl his own age???

GREGORY

It's just a date but I'm about to get ready. We're supposed to meet in an hour. I don't know what to wear. I can't remember feeling this way.

JOHNNY

Stop being a bitch. Wear what you always wear and tell this broad to take it or leave it.

GREGORY

I'm telling you guys, I've got butterflies in my stomach.

DANNY

You don't have butterflies in your stomach. You are a butterfly! You were a caterpillar and have undergone metamorphosis. Now go and fly.

Greg is now in his room in front of the mirror on his door, placing different jerseys in front of the white t-shirt he's wearing. He can't settle on a jersey and opts for a button down to go over the tee.

DANNY (CONT'D)

By the way, does Dawn have a younger sister, maybe a pre-Dawn.

JOHNNY

Still boggles my mind we have a pedophile and a reverse pedophile in the same group.

GREGORY
 What the fuck! Old man Walter
 also called me that.

JARED
 Can we get the odds that Gregggy
 backs out of this date?

Greg putters with the razor and shaves around his neck to clear
 off his stubble.

JOHNNY
 I'll put the odds at 4:1 that he
 shows up.

JARED
 Sign me up to take those odds for
 25 buckaroos.

GREGORY
 Would I be doing this if I wasn't
 gonna show?

He tousles his hair for the boys to see and straightens his
 collar.

JARED
 I still say he turns the car
 around.

GREGORY
 Later, fellas.

Greg ends the call and walks to his landline to check for
 messages. The voicemail responds:

VOICEMAIL
 11 new messages. First new
 message:

He considers listening but walks out the apartment as MILDRED
 begins her voicemail:

MILDRED
 Gregory, oh Gregory, guess what I
 just cooked for you!

Gregory slams the door shut.

EXT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - LATER

Greg swings his Toyota Corolla into a tight parking spot.

INT. GREG'S CAROLLA - CONTINUOUS

Greg reaches to grab his phone from the center console. He opens the driver side door.

EXT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - CONTINUOUS

Greg exits his car and walks toward the main entrance.

INT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - CONTINUOUS

Greg walks into his old stomping ground to the HOSTESS.

GREGORY

Hey, do you have a booth...

He interrupts himself after catching a glimpse of a young, attractive woman's partial profile as she turns to face the bar from her spot in a booth.

HOSTESS

I think we have...

Greg walks by her as though possessed and continues ever-so-slowly as though caught in time's web toward the attractive woman. He clenches his right hand and then opens it wide, places his hand in his pocket and takes out his phone. He opens up his Tinder app and looks at a picture of his date. Then he looks at the attractive girl sitting alone at the booth and realizes it's her.

He quickens his pace and she catches his eye and waves to him as he approaches. He reaches the table and does not know whether to sit next to her, as there is enough space for awkward intimacy, or to sit across from her. She begins to stand up as he decides to sit across from her. She sits down and smiles sheepishly.

From across the table he awkwardly extends his hand to hers. At first she does not reach out to reciprocate but quickly does just as he pulls back his hand. There is no handshake.

GREGORY (BLURTING OUT)

I'm new to this.

DAWN

Online dating?

GREGORY

Uh, yeah. It's awkward isn't it.

DAWN

To be honest, I almost cancelled on you. Then I took another look at the photos of you working with senior citizens and said "what the hell; give this guy a chance. He's gotta be one of the good ones."

Greg laughs awkwardly.

GREGORY

Yeah, I mean old people are people too. They need what we need. Love and care just like us.

He swallows hard but she eats it up.

DAWN

My grandma is 94 years young and still kicking. Well hardly still kicking but she's hanging in. She lives at Summerside.

GREGORY

Her name's Mallory, isn't it?

Dawn bangs the table.

DAWN

It IS Mallory. How did you know?

GREGORY

You have the same eyes, really the same features.

DAWN

Oh my God. You work at my grandma's nursing home.

GREGORY

We call it assisted living, but yeah. I don't list the name of the residence on Tinder but I love our sweet Mal-o-mar.

DAWN

The next time I see her I'm absolutely blowing up your spot and telling her I went on a date with you. True, she won't know what I'm talking about, but I'm still telling her.

GREGORY

So you know what I do. What do you do?

DAWN

I'm actually an urban planner. Recently I helped incorporate a wheelchair accessible ramp at Summerside train station.

GREGORY

That's you!!! I take old man Timothy on that ramp once a month to go into town.

DAWN

No way!

GREGORY

Yeah! We hit up the cannabis dispensary and then get groceries. He picks up a lot of weed, but consequently, he picks up even more groceries.

DAWN

I don't blame old man Timothy. When I'm his age it's nothing but dispensaries and munchies for me.

She smiles. They get into talking and laughing, talking and laughing. After the passage of some time, and the replacement of their original beers with new ones, a fat, sweaty body enters the frame. It's Plimpton and he stares at them, shooting daggers at Greg. Greg receives one of these daggers amidst a laugh and momentarily loses focus before returning to his conversation.

Plimpton removes his phone from his pocket.

PLIMPTON (TEXT)

I don't know what your game is but I know you're up to something, you reverse pedo.

Gregory resumes his conversation with Dawn.

GREGORY

It's really not that bad, though sometimes the odor makes you second guess your life decisions.

They laugh. Greg's phone vibrates and he picks it up.

Greg reads the text, his face goes flat and he recognizes that Dawn has just registered his change of expression. He quickly turns his flat affect into one of fatigue and fakes a yawn.

DAWN
Are you getting bored?

GREGORY
Bored?! This is the best date
I've been on in ages. Just
feeling the day catch up with me
is all.

DAWN
Yeah, it has been a nice date.
See, my hunch about you turned out
correct.

GREGORY
I'm going to go to the bar and
settle our bill. Be back in a
sec.

Greg walks to the bar where burlesque dancers are shaking their asses. He catches the bartender's attention and hands him his credit card. Next to Greg are two overweight men who shove dollar bill after dollar bill in the elastic band of one of the dancer's panties. Greg looks back at Dawn who waves at him. Then he takes a dollar bill out of his pocket and makes eye contact with the dancer who reciprocates it. In the most reluctant, asexual manner possible, he stretches back the band of her panties and places a dollar inside before allowing the band to retract along her thigh. Dawn watches amusedly and laughs.

EXT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - CONTINUOUS

The two walk shoulder-to-shoulder laughing. He motions to his car and she to hers on the other side of the lot.

GREGORY
I'm over there.

DAWN
I'm in that direction

GREGORY
Actually...

DAWN
Yes...

GREGORY

I'm...not sure I should be driving.

DAWN

Oh my God, me neither. I gotta be honest - I wasn't sure this date would progress beyond the first drink.

GREGORY

Split a cab?

DAWN

I'd love to. And not an UBER, right, you mean an old school cab.

GREGORY

If it doesn't have a medallion I refuse to enter.

Dawn smiles.

DAWN

Those guys have gotten raked over the coals by UBER and Lyft and it's seriously not cool.

Dawn rifles through her purse until she finds a business card.

DAWN

Charlie has been driving me to and from the airport since I was three. He's available 24/7.

She dials the number as Greg places his hands in his Letterman jacket. He looks over Dawn's shoulder and sees Plimpton standing just outside the entrance to the bar, his haunting eyes penetrating Greg's. Greg becomes entranced before snapping out of it.

DAWN

5 minutes.

GREGORY

Huh.

DAWN

2 minutes. He'll be here in 2 minutes. And he lives 5 minutes away. Now THAT's service

Greg smiles at Dawn and she back at him. Greg looks up at the sky.

MOMENTS LATER

Charlie's cab arrives. The two get in. Plimpton is dismayed to see them leave. He shakes his head

PLIMPTON

Oh what a tangled web we weave
when first we practice to deceive.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Charlie drives through a neighborhood that appears strikingly familiar to Greg.

GREGORY

I know this street.

DAWN

Have you been here before.

GREGORY

I think so, maybe a childhood
friend.

He's not positive how he knows the street. The cab slows down and turns onto a flat driveway in front of a split ranch.

GREGORY (TO HIMSELF)

This house...

DAWN

Is mine.

She smiles. He surveys it further. He eyes the roof, the shingles, the front door.

DAWN

Hey, drunkie, I had a great time
tonight.

She moves in to kiss him as the front door to the house opens. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a woman. It's Margaret, his number one paramour. He slinks away from Dawn as her eyes also peer in the direction of the open door. Dawn is unfazed by the near kiss and opens the door to exit the cab. After leaving, she turns back to the door whose window is ajar. Greg shrinks down in his seat.

DAWN

Am I going to see you again?

Greg nods, his head stuffed into his neck like a turtle's. She gives him a sideways glance but ignores the awkwardness, turns around and walks to the front door where she embraces Margaret, her mother. They clearly possess a close mother-daughter relationship.

As he surveys the scene, the cab reverses out the driveway and drives down the street.

INT. SUMMERSIDE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY

Greg assists two elderly women, ANITA and DEBORAH, who are working on an arts & crafts project. Anita struggles to squeeze glue out of a tube.

GREGORY

Just squeeze gently. It'll come out.

She squeezes but to no avail. Gregory places his hand over hers and squeezes. A glop of white glue spurts out.

ANITA

My Lord, I did not expect so much to come out.

From across the room, Walter observes the scene. He looks at Gregory with dismay.

Gregory motions as if to say it's not what you think.

GREGORY

Anita, I think Walt over there needs my help. I'll be right back.

Greg walks across the room to Walt.

WALTER

Shooting your load with the olds again, I see.

GREGORY

Anita needed my help.

WALTER

I'll bet she did.

GREGORY

I thought about you last night.

WALTER

You're into old dudes too.

GREGORY (peevd)
Nooo. I almost cancelled my date
with Dawn but I thought about how
disappointed in me you'd be and I
went through with it.

WALTER
You went through with it. Was
this a date or a colonoscopy.

GREGORY
It was a date. And it went
amazingly.

WALTER
You sure you didn't dream this
date while you were nestled in the
bosom of a corpse after a bout of
necrophilia.

GREGORY
And guess which lady here is her
grandma.

WALTER
I'm an old man, not a soothsayer.
Just tell me.

GREGORY
Mallory.

WALTER
You went out with the
granddaughter of Mal-o-mar.

GREGORY
I went out with the granddaughter
of Mal-o-mar.

WALTER
Damn, Malomar gave the best head
in Summerside seven decades ago.

GREGORY
She what.

WALTER
You heard me. I know there's not
much left to her now but she was
quite the sexual adventuress in
her day. Did the granddaughter
have big lips.

GREGORY

She di...you know, why are you asking about her lips. I'm trying to tell you I went on an amazing date and you are talking about blow jobs.

WALTER

Did you get a blow job?

GREGORY

What? No.

WALTER

Then it wasn't that amazing of a date...Listen, I'm just proud that you found an age appropriate girl and cut out the reverse pedo shit.

Gregory motions Walt to shush.

GREGORY (whispering)

Would you stop with this reverse pedo shit. I'm not a reverse anything.

WALTER

If it makes you feel any better, I can tell you had a good date.

GREGORY

How so?

WALTER

Because you're glowing and usually you're melting.

Just then Greg gets an alert on his phone. It's Dawn.

DAWN (TEXT MESSAGE)

I know it's last minute but are you free tonight?

Gregory hesitates.

GREGORY

It's her.

WALTER

What's her?

GREGORY

My phone. She just messaged. She wants to know if I'm free tonight.

WALTER

I'm sure you can cancel on Irma or Beatrice or whoever you were supposed to see tonight. Us olds get over being cancelled on because we have no other options.

GREGORY

I AM free tonight. I'm just nervous. I know I'm going to fuck this up. The first date went too perfectly.

WALTER

You know how you fuck this up? By telling her you're not free.

GREGORY

You're right.

WALTER

Of course I'm right. You don't get to be my age by being wrong.

Greg picks up his phone and return Dawn's message.

GREGORY (TEXT)

I'm free after 5.

Promptly, Dawn replies with a smiley emoji.

GREGORY

Boom!

Greg's phone goes off again. He checks it eagerly but this time the message is from Margaret.

MARGARET (TEXT MESSAGE)

I miss you my Gregg.

Gregory motions to Walt with wide eyes.

GREGORY

This one's quite a texter. Better go where it's quiet where I can craft a good message.

Greg sneaks into a nook of the facility without giving Walt a proper goodbye. He resumes texting.

GREGORY (TEXT MESSAGE TO MARGARET)

Free for a last minute lunch today?

Margaret texts back.

MARGARET (TEXT MESSAGE)
 Certainly. I really am your
 favorite (wet emoji).

EXT. THE FLOWER'S BLOOM CAFE - DAY

Greg sits across Margaret. He is again wearing a basketball Jersey, Allan Houston's, and she again exudes class, wearing a sundress, a made up face and a coif.

MARGARET
 I must admit that I did not expect
 to see you so soon, even if you
 did admit I was your numero uno.

GREGORY
 I did say that.

MARGARET
 Well, pleasant surprises are the
 best surprises.

GREGORY
 Anything that catches your eye on
 the menu? Maybe the baby spinach
 salad with baby carrots. You are
 always using them in my brisket.

MARGARET
 Yeah, but that's for brisket. I
 don't even see them on the menu.

GREGORY
 Speaking of babies, that gets me
 wondering. Did you ever have a
 baby?

Margaret starts to well up.

MARGARET
 Well no...well yes

She forces a smile.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Where is this coming from?

GREGORY
 I'm just taking an interest in
 you. After our conversation at
 dinner the other night, I wondered
 if I should know more about you.

MARGARET
What conversation?

GREGORY
Exactly.

MARGARET
This is starting to feel more like
an interrogation.

GREGORY
My father likes to say, every
conversation is an interrogation
if done right.

Margaret laughs in the form of a HAH!

MARGARET
Your father sounds like a wise
man. Yes, I do have a child but
not one that I conceived. I could
not conceive, which ended my
marriage but which did not end my
journey to becoming a mother. I
adopted a newborn baby when I was
thirty-three. I called her Dawn
and she became my everything. And
she remains so until this day.

Greg gulps hard.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - LATER

Greg rests on his couch and tosses a nerf football up and down,
up and down. He's on the phone with Danny, who himself is in
his own apartment pacing and tossing a nerf football.

GREGORY
So yeah, she just asks me out of
the blue if I'm free tonight. I
told her I am. This is a good
thing.

DANNY
This is not a *good* thing. This is
a *great* thing. This is the best
thing.

GREGORY
I know. I feel the same way. I'm
just waiting for the other shoe to
drop.

DANNY

Whose shoe? What shoe?

Just then, Greg gets a Tinder text from Dawn

DAWN (TEXT MESSAGE)

Can we grab an early dinner at The Flower's Bloom Cafe, say 5ish. I guess they call that the early bird special haha (smiley emoji).

GREGORY

Holy shit, there's the shoe. Delivered first class, postmarked Fuck You Gregory.

DANNY

What, what happened?

GREGORY

She just messaged me. She wants to get dinner tonight at the Flower's Bloom at 5:00.

DANNY

Isn't that where Margaret goes.

GREGORY

Margaret and Agatha and Bertha and Shirley, Edna, Violet, Ida, Maude, Lottie, Eda, Charlotte. Oh and Clarice.

DANNY

Can't forget Clarice.

GREGORY

I'm fucked.

DANNY

You're not fucked.

GREGORY

I'm fucked.

DANNY

Invite her over to your place. Say you have a steak that you defrosted and need to cook.

GREGORY

A steak. That's not a bad idea.

DANNY
A steak, a baked potato, some red wine, maybe a blow job.

GREGORY
I'm gonna do this.

Greg opens Tinder to message her back.

GREGORY (TEXT TO DAWN)
I actually defrosted a steak for tonight. Not to appear premature, but would you want to come over to my apt for dinner?

GREGORY
Alright, I just made my gambit.

DANNY
Will she accept or decline?

Greg looks down and sees three dots, indicating that Dawn is texting back.

DAWN (TEXT MESSAGE)
Sounds good. Where do you live?

GREGORY
Accepted. She accepted the gambit! Garry Kasparov couldn't have pulled off such an opening move.

DANNY
Steak and blowjob gambit accepted. Woohoo!

Greg resumes typing to Dawn:

GREGORY (TEXT MESSAGE)
32 Canary St. apartment 3B.

GREGORY
Dude.

DANNY
What.

GREGORY
I just realized something crucial.

DANNY
Yeah...

GREGORY

I don't have a clue how to fucking cook.

DANNY

You gotta be able to make a steak.

GREGORY

Stephanie used to cook steaks. She used to cook everything. She used to do everything. And now, well now you've seen what my fridge looks like.

DANNY

You realize that's the first time you've said *her* name since shit went down.

GREGORY

You're right.

DANNY

Listen, dude, you can't fuck up a steak. You know what they call a steak that you fuck up? A steak well done. I'm telling you - it's unfuckupable.

GREGORY

Let's hope you're right.

INT. DECICCO'S GROCERY STORE, SUMMERSIDE, LATER

Greg remains on the phone with Danny. He is in the meat section of the store.

DANNY

First you're gonna need a baller steak.

GREGORY

How can I tell if the steak is a baller steak? Does the USDA have a baller designation?

DANNY

Ask the butcher.

Greg spots a man slicing roast beef behind a counter. He approaches him.

GREGORY

Excuse me, sir, I'm, uh, looking for a baller steak.

BUTCHER

A baller steak?

GREGORY

Yeah, something impressive, something that says I know my meat.

BUTCHER

A baller steak, huh. I have just the right steak for you. You know what a brontosaurus is?

GREGORY

It's a dinosaur.

BUTCHER

Wrong, boy. It's' a steak. It is the finest cut of steak we carry in the store. You can travel 100 miles in either direction and you will not find a cut of steak as baller as this cut.

GREGORY (TO DANNY)

Dude, I think I found my baller steak. Time to get my baller potatoes and baller wine and call it a day.

Abruptly, the butcher drops a hefty packaged bag of steak in the arms of Greg. It is a humongous steak with a giant rib large the size of a handlebar sticking out.

DANNY

Holy shit.

BUTCHER

Dinosaurs wish they produced ribs this size.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Greg drops a supermarket bag on his kitchen counter and takes out the brontosaurus ribeye, the bone of which takes up the entire bag, two baked potatoes and a bottle of red wine.

GREGORY

I can't believe how much a
brontosaurus costs. This is
fucking ridiculous.

DANNY

Hey, you get what you pay for.
This dinner is going to be epic.

GREGORY

Yeah, sure.

Dawn messages him. It's 3:30.

DAWN (TEXT MESSAGE)

I know I said I'd be there at 5
but it's a slow day and I'm
running early, so see you at 4:30?
(Smiley face).

GREGORY

Fuck, dude, she's coming early.
Says she's gonna be here by 4:30.
And I don't have the faintest idea
how to cook. Maybe this is all a
sign. Maybe this is the universe
telling me that Stephanie fucked
me good and I'm not ready to move
on. Maybe I should just cancel.

Greg panics

DANNY

You're fine, my man. We got this.
You are not cancelling. I repeat,
you are not cancelling. It's salt
and pepper time.

Greg takes a composing breath.

CUT TO:

Greg finishes salting and peppering his steak, which sits atop
a baking tray on his counter next to his stove. The
brontosaurus bone hangs assertively off the tray and over his
floor, hovering like a sword in a stone.

GREGORY

Alright, man, this thing is salted
and peppered. Bout to butter her
up.

DANNY

Remember, there is no such thing
as too much butter.

GREGORY
Oh, fuck, the butter.

DANNY
Don't tell me you don't have
butter.

GREGORY
I don't know. All my food is
prepared for me. Why would I have
butter?

DANNY
Why wouldn't you have butter.

Danny checks his fridge for butter. Nothing.

GREGORY
Fuck, I'm fucked. She's gonna be
here in an hour and I have no
butter. I don't have time to go
back to the store. I'm
cancelling. I'm cancelling.

DANNY
You are not cancelling. I repeat,
you are not cancelling.

Just then, his landline rings.

GREGORY
Fuck, what now.

DANNY
What?

GREGORY
It's my landline.

DANNY
Don't pick it up. Don't pick it
up.

GREGORY
I gotta pick it up. What if it's
Margaret? I gotta know if she
knows about Dawn.

DANNY
Fool.

It's too late. Greg jogs to his landline.

GREGORY
Yellow.

AGATHA
Gregory! Oh my Gregory!

GREGORY
Agatha?

AGATHA
Was that a question mark at the
end of your sentence.

GREGORY
No, I just wasn't expecting your
call.

AGATHA
But it's Friday. I always call
now to remind you to defrost my
Tupperware for Sunday night.

GREGORY
That's right. Agatha, I'm sorry.
I'm just a little overwhelmed
right now.

AGATHA
My Gregory can't be overwhelmed.
He's too beautiful to be
overwhelmed. What can Agatha do
for you?

GREGORY
Well...do you by any chance know
if I have a stick of butter
anywhere in the apartment?

AGATHA
Of course you have a stick of
butter. It's in your cupboard in
the porcelain dish next to your
salt and pepper.

GREGORY
In my cupboard? Next to my salt
and pepper?

AGATHA
Yes.

Greg skips to his cupboard. He opens it and sees a porcelain covered tray next to his salt and pepper. He opens it up to a stick of butter and then rushes back to the landline.

GREGORY
How come the butter isn't in the
fridge?

AGATHA
You don't refrigerate butter.

GREGORY
You don't refrigerate butter?!

AGATHA
Not the stick you are currently
using.

GREGORY
Agatha, you've saved my life. I
love you.

AGATHA
You love me. Greggy-poo I love
you too.

He abruptly hangs up on Agatha. He shuffles back to his cell
phone and resumes talking to Danny.

GREGORY
God bless Agatha.

DANNY
Huh?

GREGORY
She told me I have butter. I
checked. I have butter.

DANNY
I told you to check your fridge.

GREGORY
It wasn't in the fridge.

GREGORY
Wasn't in the fridge. Where the
fuck was it?

GREGORY
In the cupboard.

DANNY
The cupboard. The fuck. Do you
keep your beer there too. Are you
British now.

GREGORY

It smells fine. Maybe you don't need to refrigerate butter.

DANNY

Why the fuck have I been storing my butter in the fridge for the last decade?

GREGORY

Ok, time to slather this baby up.

Greg massages his stick of butter over the front and back of the ribeye. He then slices chunks of butter and places them atop the ribeye.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I think I'm ready to cook this bad boy.

Greg lifts the tray and bends down to open the tray of the broiler. There is a problem. The brontosaurus bone is so large that he cannot fit the steak in the broiler. He tries. He tries again at a different angle. He tries yet again by facing the bone toward the outside of the broiler. It's no use.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

DANNY

What now.

GREGORY

This baller fucking steak you told me to get.

DANNY

Yeah.

GREGORY

It might be too baller for my broiler.

DANNY

What do you mean?

GREGORY

I mean it won't fit. It doesn't fucking fit.

DANNY

Wait, you didn't get the bone trimmed?

GREGORY

No I didn't get the bone trimmed.

DANNY

Well you gotta get the bone trimmed. Would you bring your newborn son home without consulting a mohel? NO! You can't just take home a brontosaurus ribeye without first trimming the bone.

GREGORY

You told me to get a baller steak. The butcher told me this was a baller steak. I don't need a baller steak. I just need something to put on her dinner plate. Fuck! I'm cancelling. That's it. I'm cancelling.

DANNY

You are not fucking cancelling. Do you have a carving knife?

GREGORY

A what?

DANNY

A carving knife. A really baller sharp knife.

GREGORY

If you use the word baller again I'm gonna carve you.

DANNY

You need a knife to carve off the bone on the ribeye.

GREGORY

I don't know if I have a carving knife.

Abruptly, Greg's landline rings again.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Hold on a second. It's the landline again.

Danny shakes his head. Greg trots to his landline and picks it up.

SHIRLEY

MY GREGGGGGGYYYYYYY.

GREGORY
Shirley!

SHIRLEY
Yes, Gregggy-shmeggy.

GREGORY
Oh Thank God it's you. I have a question. Do I have a carving knife?

SHIRLEY
Do you have a carving knife? You have every knife in the book. You're ready for the wilderness with the knives you have.

GREGORY
Great. Shirley - Where are they?

SHIRLEY
Why they're in your cupboard next to the salt and pepper and porcelain butter tray.

Greg runs to his cupboard, opens it up and, voila, there is a kit of cooking knives in front of him, including a giant carving knife.

GREGORY
Holy shit that's baller.

Greg runs back to his landline and picks up the phone.

GREGORY
Shirley.

SHIRLEY
Yes.

GREGORY
I gotta run.

SHIRLEY
But wait.

GREGORY
What?

SHIRLEY
I'm making you dinner for next Tuesday. Do you want a casserole or a burrito.

GREGORY
Surprise me.

Greg hangs up and runs back to the kitchen counter and picks up his cell phone.

GREGORY
You won't believe it.

DANNY
What?

GREGORY
I have a baller carving knife.

DANNY
Time to castrate this bull.

CUT TO:
Greg carves the bone from one angle. Then another. Then another. It's no use. The landline rings. He runs to the phone.

GREGORY
What!

LORAINÉ
Gregory.

GREGORY
Yes.

LORAINÉ
What's with the snippy tone.

GREGORY
I don't have time, Loraine. Do I have a chain saw?

CUT TO:
Greg carves through the brontosaurus rib with a chain saw, sweating profusely with perspiration enveloping every inch of his clothing and draining from every pore.

CUT TO:

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

The doorbell rings. Dawn waits outside. Greg opens the door, resplendent in a pair of relaxed fit jeans, button up shirt, moused hair and fresh appearance.

GREGORY
Heyyy. Great to see you again.

He lets Dawn in and she walks toward his couch.

DAWN

Oh my God. It smells like Peter
Lugers in here.

GREGORY

Noooo. Yeah?

He walks into his kitchen and produces two plates, each with a hefty chunk of steak and a half stick of butter melting on top. Greg looks at Dawn who looks at the butter melting on top of the steaks.

GREGORY

Oh that, old family recipe. So
how was your day?

DAWN

Great. Totally relaxing. We're
in between projects at work so I
figured I'd hit you up to see if
you were free.

She locks eyes with him. He meets hers and is frozen by their penetrative force. He snaps back to reality and carries the two plates to a glass coffee table in front of a cheap fabric couch. He places them down about two feet apart.

Greg sits on the couch in front of his plate and she sits in front of hers. There is an awkward distance between the two. Dawn cuts the tension by smiling.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I guess I remove the stick of
butter before eating the steak.

GREGORY

Yep, just place it on the side of
your plate to use with
the...potato, where are the
potatoes.

They each sniff. Greg looks toward his kitchen. Plumes of smoke rise from the broiler. Greg leaps to the kitchen and slides out the broiler pan, which is on fire. He bends down to blow it, to no effect. Dawn jumps in and throws her cardigan on top to suffocate it. It works.

Dawn wears only her white tank top underneath, replete with ample cleavage.

CUT TO:

The two sit back on the couch. As they each take their seat, still two feet apart, in front of plates with steak and burnt potatoes, Greg sputters:

GREGORY

I forgot. Can I offer you a drink, wine or beer?

DAWN

I'll have a glass of wine

Greg gets up and walks to his kitchen. He approaches a nearly empty wine caddie, with only the bottle of red brought by Bertha.

Gregory bluffs.

GREGORY

Would you like red or white?

DAWN (O.S.)

They say red is great for a steak.

GREGORY (TO HIMSELF)

Thank you, Bertha. Now, please God, let there also be glasses in the cupboard.

He looks up. There is salt, pepper, butter, a knife collection and, yes, wine glasses.

GREG (TO HIMSELF, CONT'D)

Thank God.

He pours two generous glasses and walks back to the couch. This time, he places the glasses closer together so that he can sit closer to her. He takes his seat at a more proximate distance.

Dawn leans in for a bite of steak.

GREGORY

Bon appetit.

DAWN

Oh my God.

GREGORY (V.O.)

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

DAWN

This is incredible. Are you a chef or something.

GREGORY

Really?

DAWN

For real, this is the best steak I think I've ever had.

Greg does not betray his lack of confidence. He leans in and takes a bite himself.

GREGORY (V.O.)

Holy shit, this is amazing.

GREGORY

It's pretty good. I could have used a little more pepper.

Dawn lifts up her glass and smiles.

GREGORY

So, what should we toast to?

DAWN

How about the steak. The potatoes aren't looking so good. Oh, and grandmas - for they teach their grandchildren to become great chefs.

He laughs uncomfortably, but she laughs generously. It breaks the tension and he relaxes his countenance. They clink their glasses.

We see the evening progress in fast-forward, every bite eaten, all the wine drunk and refilled, laughs shared, playful touching, etc.

We rejoin them again mid laugh. After, their eyes lock deeply and Greg looks into her eyes, briefly into her cleavage, and then again into her eyes.

GREGORY

You're so beautiful.

At first, Dawn looks startled and uncertain. Greg's face processes the blunder but before he knows it, Dawn lunges toward him for a kiss. She pulls away and they briefly study each other. Then, she makes the move, jumping on him and straddling his waist with her legs. They make out hardcore for ten seconds before he stands up with her wrapped around him.

He makes it about a foot before his paltry body cannot support the weight of her slim body. It's awkward but they're too horny to care. This time they make out while walking laterally to the bed.

Once there she removes her tank top to reveal absolutely perfect breasts. Greg is mesmerized by them.

GREG

Dear lord.

She laughs. He buries his head in her cleavage and then she unbuttons his pants. Before we know it, he's in his boxers and she's in just her panties.

DAWN

Do you have a condom.

Greg thinks to himself.

GREGORY (V.O.)

Where would the condoms be.

He staggers to the kitchen to his cupboard.

GREGORY (V.O.)

Please oh please, cupboard, don't let me down now.

His eyes dart to the salt, then the pepper, then the porcelain butter tray, then the knives, then the wine glasses. Finally he sees it: a box of Trojan condoms

GREGORY (V.O.)

Thank you, God!

He leaves the kitchen and sees Dawn, who reclines on her side, elbow on her ear, breasts bare, ready to have him. She is the picture of elegant, sexy, youthful beauty.

GREGORY

Oh, Madone!

She smiles and he runs to the bed. They start going at it, her on top. Within seconds, he's grunting a little too zealously. She looks at him amidst thrusting, as if to say hold it, but he cannot. He blows his load.

GREGORY

Fuck.

Instead of being disappointed, she rolls off him and smiles.

DAWN

You really do think I'm beautiful.

Greg laughs modestly but she kisses him on the mouth.

DAWN (CONT'D)
 Don't be ashamed. I take it as a
 compliment.

She reaches underneath the sheets to touch him again.

DAWN (CONT'D)
 If it makes you feel better, I
 really like the equipment. With
 my urban planning and design
 degree, I feel I could really put
 it to good use.

They resume kissing again. It gets intense quickly.

DAWN (CONT'D)
 Already.

GREGORY
 Uh huh.

They make love again. As the camera zooms out, it catches his
 kitchen sink, which is overrun with uncleaned Tupperware
 dishes.

INT. SUMMERSIDE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY

Greg facilitates a game of Bingo for a cadre of old ladies and
 Walter.

GREGORY
 Remember, this is a free game.
 We're here to enjoy each other's
 company and meditate on the
 letters and the numbers.

OLD LADY 1 hands a ten dollar bill to OLD LADY 2.

OLD LADY 1
 I'll take five more cards, please
 and thanks.

Greg observes the transaction and sighs.

GREGORY
 Alright, ladies, we'll be
 beginning the game now.

Greg turns the lever on the BINGO console and ball after ball
 roll out onto the affixed ball tray. Once ten or so balls are
 ready to be called he stops rotating the lever.

GREGORY
 B, eight

LADY 1 (SHOUTS)
G 8...There is no G eight.

GREGORY
B, B as in boy

LADY 3
I no speak English.

GREGORY
Beh, ocho.

LADY 3
Muchas gracias, mi amor.

GREGORY
De nada. N forty-four, enye
cuarenta y cuatro.

The old hispanic ladies ooh and ahh at Greg's bilingualism.

LADY 4
You is muy inteligente.

LADY 5
quien te enseñó español?

LADY 6
¿Por qué mi nieto no puede hablar
español?

Greg laughs to himself.

GREGORY
O, sixty-nine, O sesenta y nueve.

LADY 5
O sesenta y nueve, mi posición
sexual favorita

LADY 6
I always have an O when I sixty-
nine.

WALTER
Speaking of 0 sixty-nine, you're
still glowing rather than melting.
How'd that date go with the
granddaughter of our Miss Universe
of blow jobs?

GREGORY
You mean Dawn. It was out of this
world.

WALTER

The date or the blow job.

GREGORY

The date...and the sex...and the
blowjob. G, fifty-two, G
cincuenta y dos.

LADY 6

I've never tried G-fifty-two, but
I'd be willing to with you,
Greggy-poo.

WALTER

See, the olds can smell the young
pussy on you and they're not
having it.

GREGORY

Can't you just be happy for me.

WALTER

So does this mean your reverse
pedo days are in the past?

GREGORY (HUSHED)

Why are you insinuating that. I
never admitted to that.

WALTER

And OJ never admitted to murder.
Are you seriously going to deny to
my face you're not a reverse pedo.

GREG

G forty-nine, Hey, cuarenta y
nueve.

WALTER

Kid, I may be blind but I still
can see. I know a guy who's
plowing expired pussy when I see
it and you've definitely plowed a
few whose sell-by dates have come
and gone.

GREGORY

If I admit to it, will you stop?
B, four. Beh, cuatro.

WALTER

YES!

GREGORY

Well it's not happening because
I'm not a reverse pedo. I
nineteen, Achay, diecisiete.

OLD LADY 1

BINGO! I've got Bingo.

OLD LADY 2

She's a cheat. She buys a dozen
cards and then gets BINGO on the
eighth letter.

OLD LADY 3

It's the seventh letter!

Old lady 1 begins collecting money from the other old ladies.

GREGORY

This is a no cash game. I repeat,
this is a free game.

Old lady 6 sticks out her tongue and places her pointer and
middle fingers on either side.

OLD LADY 6

Fuck me, Greg, fuck me.

WALTER

Well, are you telling me she can't
smell the reverse-pedo dripping
off you.

INT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE - NIGHT

The four boys sit at their usual spot and have their phones
out.

JOHNNY

This is the night fellas. Ohtani
is pitching a shutout AND hitting
a homer, Bryce Harper is hitting a
double in the 5th and UCLA is
winning by exactly 5. It's
happening. Lock it in. Show me
the money. A parlay for the ages.

DANNY

Speaking of parlays, you haven't
told us yet, how'd the date go?
You get parlayed?

Greg unfurls a sheepish grin.

GREGORY
Well, I didn't not get laid.

JOHNNY
No fucking way.

JARED
Are you saying?

DANNY
Did our boy just jack a homer in
the first inning of opening day
after five of the most
disappointing seasons on record?

GREGORY
I fucking knocked it out of the
park, 500 feet. The ball is still
traveling.

JOHNNY
Am I supposed to be imagining your
jizz just floating in orbit
through the city sky.

They laugh.

GREGORY
It was amazing. I gotta admit.

JARED
I mean, we never say it around you
but it was becoming depressing to
avoid talking bout your sex life
because it has been so depressing.

GREGORY
Fellas, I'm going to say it right
now.

They all crouch around Greg.

GREGORY (Triumphantly)
Stephanie who?!

The table erupts in applause.

JOHNNY
It's about damn time.

JARED
Fina-fucking-lly.

DANNY

Are we done with this geriatric social experiment? Can we lay it to rest. Can we bury it and eulogize it and never talk about it again.

Gregory starts to tear up.

JOHNNY

Are you crying?

JARED

Maybe he's sad he'll never lick a seventy-two year old clit again.

JOHNNY

I hear they've finally grown into full blown cocks by that age.

DANNY

Quiet. Gregory, my Greggy-poo, what's going on.

Greg looks at them for a long time. Then:

GREGORY

I'm just so...happy. I'm just so happy.

DANNY

SHOTS! We needs shots over here, pronto.

He gestures to the girls dancing on the bar.

DANNY

What do we want? Tequila? Do we want tequila? I think we want tequila.

GREGORY

I want tequila.

Danny yells loudly.

DANNY

We want tequila. And by God, we will have tequila.

Abruptly, a lady wearing lingerie and holding a tray with four shot glasses of tequila arrives at their table. The boys each remove a glass and JOHNNY lasciviously places a five-dollar bill in the elastic band of the waitress's panties, pinching her ass in doing so.

DANNY
What are we drinking to?

GREGORY
Our youth. Let it not be wasted
on the young.

The four men clink their shot glasses and pound their shots.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Greg and Dawn lie in bed, presumably post-coital.

DAWN
I feel like doing something crazy.

GREGORY
I have an edible in the fridge

DAWN
Something exhilarating.

GREGORY
I have multiple edibles in the
fridge.

DAWN
Have you ever gone rock climbing

GREGORY
I've climbed on rocks before. I
don't think that's what you mean.

DAWN
I mean real rock climbing - a
giant cliff, a harness, on belay,
belay on.

GREGORY
I have never on belayed in my
life.

DAWN
We should on belay together.

GREGORY
If I agree, will this get me on
belaid?

She rolls on top of him to kiss him. He mutters:

GREGORY

There's still time to choose the edibles.

EXT. GIANT ROCK FACE CLIFF - DAY

Greg cranes his neck up vertically to see a severe, imposing cliff face ahead of him. An unassuming, fairly dorky looking instructor stands before him and Dawn, modeling how to put on a harness. Next to him is a short hispanic looking man.

INSTRUCTOR

So as you see, you're going to put each leg through the corresponding leg loop.

Greg and Dawn follow along as the instructor demonstrates.

INSTRUCTOR

Good, it's just like putting on a pair of pants, easy as 1-2-3.

Dawn effortlessly places her legs through the loops. Greg trips over the loops and almost does a face plant, catching himself by the palm to avoid a broken nose.

INSTRUCTOR

Okay, maybe not so easy. Maybe a little harder than easy.

He regroups and carefully finesses his legs through the loops.

INSTRUCTOR

Now take your waist and clip yourselves into the buckle, easy as one-two-three.

Dawn clips the buckle around the waist. Greg struggles to click the buckle in. He repeatedly looks at Dawn's buckle, then his own, then Dawn's, trying to clip it in. Noticing his struggle, the instructor walks to Greg and assists, patting his hands against Greg's pelvic region to sure up the waist slack. He then buckles Greg in.

INSTRUCTOR

Like I said, easy as one-two-three.

Greg snarls at the repetitive, condescending dig.

INSTRUCTOR

Now you're gonna push back on the second part of your buckle and go through here.

He models the behavior.

INSTRUCTOR

And then you're going to double it back. Easy as one-two-three.

Dawn effortlessly follows the instructions. Greg is even more lost than before, redoubling his glances at Dawn's buckle to imitate her success. As before, the instructor walks to Greg and assists in the matter.

INSTRUCTOR

Easy as 1-2-3. Alright, who's ready to climb a mountain.

Greg and Dawn smile at him.

INSTRUCTOR

Alright, now if you'll follow me to the base, we will begin our climb. Dawn, I'll be belaying you and our amigo Ricardo will be belaying Señor Greg.

RICARDO

Hola, señor.

The two follow the instructor to the face of the cliff.

INSTRUCTOR

Alright, my rope is clipped into the carabiner. Ricardo?

RICARDO

All good, señor.

INSTRUCTOR

On belay.

RICARDO

On belay.

DAWN

Belay on.

Greg says nothing. Dawn urges him with her eyes.

GREGORY

Belay on.

Dawn begins climbing the face. She identifies a lip to place her left foot and ascends. Within five seconds she is ten feet off the ground.

INSTRUCTOR

Great job, Dawn. Easy as one-two-three.

Greg is still on the ground, looking for a placement for his foot.

GREGORY

I'm not sure where to start. Dawn is on the only path that looks feasible.

RICARDO

Señor, put your right foot over there.

Ricardo points in the cliff's direction.

RICARDO

Then push up with your arms over there.

Ricardo again points in the cliff's direction.

Greg sees the path outlined by Ricardo. He places his foot in the jutting rock and then attempts to thrust himself up, placing his hands on two more protrusions. He does not have the upper body strength.

RICARDO

Come on, señor, easy as uno-dos-tres.

Greg again attempts to thrust himself upward and again fails. The instructor face gestures to Ricardo to tighten the rope and give Greg an artificial start. Ricardo tightens the slack and Greg finds himself suspended a few inches off the ground, holding onto the rock face with greater ease.

RICARDO

Muy bien, señor.

Dawn looks down at Greg. She is already a quarter of the way up the cliff. Her face conveys humor and pride.

DAWN

You're doing great.

GREGORY (TO HIMSELF)
Yeah, great, easy as one-two-three.

Greg lifts himself up further with the assistance of the tightened rope.

RICARDO
On belay.

GREGORY
Belay on.

From the base of the cliff we see Dawn ascend the cliff fairly quickly. This occurs in fade shots wherein we see her twenty-five feet higher with each fade. Correspondingly, Greg only ascends twenty five feet total by the time Dawn has summited the mountain.

From the top of the mountain, Dawn looks at the sweeping vista.

DAWN
My God, it's beautiful. Greg, you gotta see this.

She turns around and notices Greg's rope is still hanging below the lip of the summit. She walks to the lip and looks down.

DAWN
You're doing great.

Greg looks up.

GREGORY (TO HIMSELF)
What the fuck did I get myself in to?

RICARDO
Muy bien, señor, muy bien, easy at uno-dos-tres. On belay.

Greg attempts to further ascend but finds himself stuck. He reaches for a crag but cannot grasp it. He searches for a foot placement but cannot find it. He is perturbed.

RICARDO
On belay!

Greg recomposes himself and tries again. No hand placement. No foot placement. No progress.

RICARDO
On belay.

GREGORY

You can take that on belay and shove it up your ass.

RICARDO

What, señor?

GREGORY

Nothing, just searching for where to put my foot.

Ricardo points to a crevice in the rock that heretofore is unseen by Greg. Greg puts his foot in the crevice, reaches for a jagged jut and clasps it. He pushes himself up and, to his surprise, elevates himself.

RICARDO

Muy bien. Muy bien.

RICARDO, GREGORY

Easy as uno-dos-tres.

Greg releases an exasperated breath and trudges upward. Surprisingly, he finds himself ascending the face.

Now with just one more lunge upward, Greg finds himself about to summit the cliff.

RICARDO

On belay.

GREGORY (CONFIDENTLY)

Belay on.

He reaches for the lip of the peak and with all the strength he can muster, overcomes the final stretch to reach the summit. He is a ball of sweat pants like a dog, but he is there.

Before he can figure out where he is, Dawn finds him and plants a big kiss on him. Greg reaches down and picks a beautiful wildflower and places the stem in her hair. Then she holds his hand and they look out at the surrounding vista. It is majestic. The moment sears itself into Greg's eyes.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARDS - DAY

Greg climbs an apple tree. He looks fit and confident as he swings himself up. From atop he tosses an apple to Dawn. Then another. Then another. She laughs and struggles to catch all of them as they drop.

EXT. WHITEWATER RIVER - DAY

Greg paddles vigorously with Dawn by his side paddling as well. They are on a raft populated by eight other people. Their raft collides with an imposing rapid, but Greg steers them over it without the raft overturning.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Greg and Dawn wait at a terminal headed toward Hawaii.

We see a plane follow the trajectory from mainland USA to Hawaii on a map, which indicates the passage of their flight.

EXT. SANDY BEACH, MAUI - DAY

Greg is out in the ocean, resting his stomach on a surfboard. A wave approaches and he paddles forward to catch it. He attempts to stand up on the board but tips over backward and is submerged in the wave. Dawn watches from the shore.

Greg is again on his stomach on a surfboard. A wave approaches and he paddles forward and stands up briefly only to crash again. His body submerges again but we see him pop his head up with a toothy smile. Dawn returns the smile.

Again Greg is on his stomach on a surfboard. A wave approaches and he paddles forward. This time he successfully stands atop the board and rides the wave to the shore where he greets Dawn. He jumps off the board as the wave fizzles out and leaps into her hands. They kiss.

EXT. VOLCANO, MAUI - DAY

Greg runs up a steep trail on a volcano. Dawn watches him run from behind, giggling and panting just a bit.

EXT. VOLCANO SUMMIT - DAY

Greg and Dawn take in another impressive vista. They look at each other and kiss. Then they look up at the sky and then at each other again.

INT. CESSNA 182 PLANE NAMED CLOUD 9 - DAY

DAWN

Are you sure we want to do this.

Gregory smiles at her. He easily places one foot in a harness loop and then the other. He is ten pounds lighter, fit and limber

GREGORY

If we don't do this now, when will we ever?

Dawn smiles at him. She loops her feet into the harness.

MOMENTS LATER

Dawn is strapped to her instructor and Greg to his. They stand at the edge of the open plane door.

DAWN

Greg?

GREGORY

Yes.

Before she can speak, the instructor jumps out of the plane with Dawn. Moments later Greg leaps as well.

They plunge fast and furiously, separated for the first leg of the trip. Dawn screams with exhilaration, Greg as well. Once the initial shock has worn, a smile erupts over both of their faces.

Dawn commandeers her instructor closer to Greg and his instructor. Greg does the same.

Finally, in mid air, they meet. Dawn looks into Greg's eyes and Greg into hers. Then they kiss passionately.

GREGORY

(INVOKING JACK FROM TITANIC)

I'm on top of the world!

INT. DELTA 747 PLANE - DAY

Greg and Dawn are nestled together, Dawn in the middle seat, Greg in the window seat. They appear collapsed in exhaustion. A movie plays in the headrest ahead of them.

GREGORY

I had a great trip.

DAWN

The best trip.

GREGORY

The volcano was beautiful.

DAWN
You're beautiful.

They kiss.

GREGORY
The beach was beautiful.

DAWN
You're beautiful.

They kiss.

GREGORY
The sky was beautiful.

DAWN
You're beautiful

They kiss.

GREGORY
You're beautiful.

They kiss again.

GREGORY
I don't know the last time I was
this active. It's gotta be at
least five years.

DAWN
Why did you stop being active?

GREGORY
Oh, I don't know. Life.

DAWN
Well next time don't let life get
in the way of living.

He kisses her to end the interrogation. They resume watching
the in-flight film.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Greg enters his apartment with luggage. Out of habit, he walks
to his landline and checks his machine.

MACHINE
Forty-seven new messages. First
new message, Tuesday, 5:00 PM.

MILDRED

Hiii, Gregg, it's Mildred. Just calling because I made you a chicken pot pie that would put Stouffer's out of business. I'll be over tomorrow to deliver the pie and oh so much more.

MACHINE

Next message. Tuesday, 5:01 PM.

Fear begins to unravel across Greg's face. Greg listens to message after message with escalating fear. He assumes different fetal positions on the ground, each message a gut punch.

VIOLET

Gregory, where are you? I haven't spoken to the machine in months. I hope you are okay. I'm just sitting here thinking about how I have too much food and not enough Greg.

EDA

Gregory, it's Eda, not to be confused with Edna. I miss you and I want you. And if you want Edna here too, I can accommodate that.

MACHINE

Final message, Tuesday, 9:59 PM.

Greg's face conveys pure panic.

He walks to his freezer and opens it to find a dozen Tupperware containers. He breaks into a manic laughter.

MARGARET

It's me. I don't know where you've been and I don't want to know. I'll be over tomorrow, Wednesday, at 7:00 sharp.

Greg uses his hands to indicate today's date:

GREGORY

The flight was Monday at 9. We're five hours ahead. I just got in an hour ago. So...tomorrow is Wednesday...Wait, what time is it?

He darts to his microwave and sees 5:56.

GREGORY

Holy shit, tomorrow is today. I'm due at work in an hour.

INT. SUMMERSIDE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY

Greg is seated next to Walter in a folding chair. Walter scans The New York Post. There is tension.

WALTER

For fuck's sake kid, what the hell is wrong with you today.

GREGORY

You're right! You've always been right! You're right about everything. I'm a reverse...I'm a reverse...(whispering) I'm a reverse pedo, but not really, I swear.

WALTER

Kid, I knew you were a reverse pedo from the moment I laid eyes on you.

GREGORY

You don't get it. I, I was once engaged to be married, just five years ago actually, to a young woman. One day I get home from work early to find my fiancé in bed with a much older man. I was devastated. This girl, Stephanie, was my whole world - and my whole world collapsed on me. I was already working here. The old ladies loved me. And I realized something - they would never betray me. They would always be there for me. And *that's* how I became (whispering) a reverse pedo.

Walt takes it all in with a deep breath.

WALTER

You sure you weren't always a reverse pedo.

GREGORY

Walt, I'm wild about this girl Dawn. Wild.

(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

I thought I could never fall in love after Stephanie again. Only now do I know that I'm in love for the first time.

WALTER

Well then I have just one piece of advice for you, kid.

GREGORY

Yeah.

WALTER

Don't fuck it up.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Greg reclines on his couch and tosses the nerf football up and down, up and down. He picks up his phone and clicks on FanDuel. He types in a bet for \$1,000,000 on the Yankees to win the World Series. He then deletes the last three zeroes. Then he deletes the previous three zeroes - and then the one. He stands up and paces around the apartment. He sees out of the corner of his eye that it is 6:30 on the microwave.

The intercom buzzes.

GREG (To Himself)

Jeez, Margaret, you said seven.

He goes to the intercom.

GREGORY

Yeah.

AGATHA

Greggy-pie.

GREGORY

Agatha?

AGATHA

It is she.

She giggles as Greg buzzes her up.

GREGORY (TO HIMSELF)

What the hell.

The intercom buzzes again. Gregory attends to it.

GREGORY

Agatha, I let you in already.

To his shock, it is not Agatha but Edna.

EDNA
Oh, Greggy-Greg.

GREGORY
Umm, Edna?

EDNA
That would be me.

GREGORY
Umm, okay.

He buzzes up Edna.

He walks away from his intercom when it buzzes again.

GREGORY
What the hell?

He approaches his intercom and presses the button.

GREGORY
Yes.

CHARLOTTE
Is that how you say hi to me.

GREGORY
Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE
Yes?

He buzzes her in. He walks to his window and looks out to the street. One by one, a procession of his paramours march toward the building, wearing only lingerie, holding Tupperware.

There is a knock on the door. Greg opens it. There is Agatha, Edna and Charlotte, all wearing lingerie, all toting Tupperware.

AGATHA
Look who I ran into in the lobby.

CHARLOTTE
Fancy meeting you ladies here.

EDNA
But always a pleasure.

This banter is broken up by the intercom again. Greg does not say hi and merely holds down on the buzzer for 10 seconds. Then he decides upon:

GREGORY
Please, just hold the door open
after you welcome yourselves.

A procession of women follow Edna into Greg's apartment. First comes Shirley.

GREGORY
Hi Shirley.

Then Violet.

GREGORY
Violet.

Then Ida.

GREGORY
Ida.

Then Maude.

GREGORY
Maude.

Then Lottie.

GREGORY
Lottie.

Then Eda.

GREGORY
Eda.

Then Irma.

GREGORY
Irma.

Finally Clarice.

GREGORY
And who can forget Clarice.

Before Greg can begin a conversation, the intercom buzzes again. Greg walks to the intercom and presses the button.

GREGORY
Yes.

MARGARET
It's me. It's 7:00.

Greg presses the button to let her up. Greg faces his bevy of waiting women.

GREGORY
Hello there, ladies.

LADIES
Hello, Greg.

GREGORY
I can't say I expected this.

From behind him Margaret enters. She is fully nude, with a Tupperware covering her breasts and a smaller Tupperware covering her vagina.

MARGARET
I did.

Greg turns around and gulps.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Just what has happened to you this past week.

GREGORY
What do you mean?

MARGARET
What do I mean? For starters, you missed your Tuesday night with Eda and then your Wednesday night with Violet. You can imagine the terror Eda must have felt when she couldn't reach you, or the terror I felt when Eda called me, or the terror Violet felt when I called her about you being MIA. Or the terror each of us felt when none of us could get in touch with you.

GREGORY
I can explain.

MARGARET
Can you.

GREGORY
Wait...How did you know I'd be home today?

MARGARET
Plimpton told me.

GREGORY (V.O.)
Motherfuckin' Plimpton.

MARGARET
Who have you been on vacation
with?

Just then the intercom buzzes again.

MARGARET
Now who could that be? I didn't
invite anyone else.

Greg rushes to the intercom and presses the button.

GREGORY
Yes.

DAWN
Hey, it's me. Thought I'd
surprise you with a bottle of wine
for some Netflix and chill.

GREGORY
Oh God, Oh God, Oh God, Oh God, Oh
God, Oh God.

MARGARET
Did I just hear Dawn's voice.
Gregory, do you know my daughter?

GREGORY
I can explain. Fuck, no I can't.
Umm, you see five years ago I was
engaged to be married to a young
lady named Stephanie. She
cheated on me with an older man.
Ever since then, I've been dating
women like you, older women who
would never hurt me.

As he says this, Dawn walks into this tableau with a bottle of red wine in hand. She sees her mother and drops it on the floor where it shatters. Margaret drops both Tupperware containers revealing her nude body.

DAWN
Mom!

MARGARET
Dawn!

GREGORY (To Dawn)
I can explain.
(MORE)

GREGORY (To Dawn) (CONT'D)
 Okay, I can't explain but I'm
 going to try.

AGATHA
 Casserole, anyone.

MOMENTS LATER

All the women are seated on Greg's couch, love seat, ottoman, bar stools adjoining his kitchen countertop and a few are scattered on the floor. Margaret wears an oversized sweatshirt. Dawn stands with her arms crossed.

GREGORY
 And that's how she broke my heart
 and destroyed my confidence with
 women.

MARGARET
 I'm so sorry, Gregory.

DAWN
 I'm not! Mom! You're literally
 sitting in here wearing his
 oversized sweatshirt, which is
 what I'm supposed to be doing.

MARGARET
 It's a sympathetic story. And it
 brought us closer in a new way.
 Before we were just mother and
 daughter, but now we are eskimo
 sisters, I believe they're called.

DAWN
 EWWW! Mom!

Dawn storms out of the apartment.

MARGARET
 I suppose I said that too soon.

INT. THE SUMMERSIDE SOIRE- NIGHT

DANNY
 Listen, Dawn is too old. Twenty-
 seven year old girls are already
 thinking of settling down and
 having kids. She feels you wasted
 her time. That's why I only date
 nineteen-year-olds.

JARED

Don't listen to this perv. Just date fresh-off-the-boat naturalized Asians. They're so happy to be in America that they don't care if you don't plan to marry them.

They turn to Johnny for his advice but he's nose deep in his phone gambling.

JOHNNY

Honestly, I haven't gotten laid in three years. I'm too busy with my parlays.

GREGORY

I didn't just like her. I loved her.

DANNY

Did you tell her.

GREGORY

No, I almost did, but I chickened out.

DANNY

Gentlemen, sit back and let me regale you with a story you've never heard. Eight years ago I banged Natasha's cousin.

JOHNNY

Natasha Joy Klein?

DANNY

Yes.

JARED

You fucked Natasha Joy Klein's hot-as-fuck college-aged cousin.

DANNY

She was nineteen, but I digress.

A woman walks by.

WOMAN

Gross.

DANNY

Anyways, we got hot and heavy really quickly - even made plans to coordinate Halloween costumes as slutty Barbie & Ken. But just before Halloween, she starts banging a new guy. I still have my slutty Ken costume hanging up in my closet.

GREGORY

What's the moral of this story?

DANNY

No moral. Just wanted to get off my chest that I banged Natasha Joy Klein's hot-as-fuck younger cousin. No, the moral of the story is that I kept slutty Ken because it represents the hope that one day Julianne Klein will come back to me. You need to have hope. And you know what, Natasha Joy Klein's cousin was never in love with me. It appears Dawn is madly in love with you. And if she is, there'll be something of yours that she still keeps.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Greg checks his voicemails.

VOICEMAIL

No new messages.

He checks his cell. No new text or voice messages there either.

He goes to his wine caddie. It's empty. He slaps it with his wrist.

GREG

Fuck you.

He walks to his cupboard and takes out a wine glass anyways and pours it to the brim with water. He chugs it and stumbles to his couch in mock drunkenness. He looks back at this cell phone and brings up Dawn's contact info. He decides to call her.

INT. DAWN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dawn, lying down in bed, receives Greg's call and considers picking up but, with disgust, throws her phone onto her bed.

INT. GREGORY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Greg goes back to his sink, pours the wine glass to the brim with water once again, chugs it, puts the glass down in the sink, stumbles toward his bed and collapses face first like a drunkard.

Just then his landline rings. He snaps out of it and picks up the phone.

BERTHA

Hi there.

GREGORY

Bertha?

BERTHA

I know. I didn't think I'd be calling you again but here I am.

GREGORY

Yeah, of all the women in my life, you're the last I'd expect to hear from. Well, maybe not the last.

BERTHA

Yeah, I heard about you and Dawn. What a shame...she lost out on a great guy - and a not so bad lover.

Greg's ears perk up.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

What are you up to tonight.

GREGORY

Drinking tons of water and hoping it turns to wine in my belly.

BERTHA

I can't say I know what you mean but I am lonely.

Gregory hangs on her words for a second, torn between inviting her and ending the call.

BERTHA (CONT'D)

I know I put an end to us last time, but I wonder still if you think of me.

GREGORY

Remember when you said to think of you when I ate my casserole.

BERTHA

Yes.

GREGORY

I did.

BERTHA

On a scale of one to ten, one being completely secure and ten being completely lonely, where are you right now?

GREGORY

A one hundred and seven.

BERTHA

Should I come over?

Greg mulls it over.

GREGORY

I don't think so. No.

BERTHA

That's the right answer. Go win her back.

GREGORY

Thanks, Bertha.

He hangs up the phone.

GREGORY

God, I drank too much water.

INT. SUMMERSIDE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY - DAY

Greg attends to the catheter of an old woman. In her face there is nothing, no recognition of where she is or what is happening to her. It is MALLORY'S FACE. Greg knows this.

GREGORY

You know, Mal-o-mar, you have quite the graddaughter.

Mallory's eyes are glazed over.

GREGORY

She's beautiful, boy oh boy is she beautiful, and she's smart. She's an urban planner. And she's a good person. She's a really good person. She's the best person I know. I don't really know too many good people, but she's the best of company wherever she goes.

Mallory's eyes remain glazed.

GREGORY

She transformed my world. Brought me back from the upside-down into the right side up. We were lovers. I hear you know something about that.

Only her chest rises and falls. Her face does not betray life.

GREGORY

And then I fucked it up. Because that's what I do. That's who I am, a fuck up. I took the greatest girl I ever met and made myself a stranger to her. And the saddest thing is that she's the only one who knows me. What do you think the odds are of her taking me back?

Greg stares into Mallory's eyes. Hers are nearly mirrors, as they are so still. Reflected in the iris of her eye is a woman standing behind Greg. It is Dawn.

DAWN

Minute

Greg spins around and his mouth drops to the proverbial floor. There she is, a ball of fury and sadness.

DAWN

I see you have been taking care of my grandma. I hope you don't have any ideas.

GREGORY

I deserve that.

DAWN

You don't deserve anything.

GREGORY

You're right. I don't.

DAWN

Why should I go back to you?

GREGORY

Because I love you.

DAWN

What? Love is not a word you just toss around. You were infatuated with me. My clear complexion, my perky tits and ass...you were infatuated with me.

GREGORY

Maybe you are right. Maybe I'm infatuated with you. But I've been infatuated with you since our first date. I was infatuated with you when I learned to cook to impress you. That's right, I have no idea how to cook. I was infatuated with you when I agreed to go rock climbing with you so that you'd think I was active. I was infatuated with you when we went apple picking and white water rafting. I was infatuated when we hiked up the volcano and when you gave me the courage to learn to surf. I was infatuated with you when we lept out of the plane from ten thousand feet in the air. I started infatuated with you and I remain infatuated with you.

Dawn is on the verge of tears.

DAWN

I guess I just have one more question: if you are so traumatized by Stephanie, why did you go out with me?

GREGORY

I don't know. I guess I knew I needed to move forward because I was dying inside where I was. But I think the real question is - how did you make me feel? And the answer is that you made me feel like I could trust myself again.

(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

They say a relationship is built on trust but they never talk about whether the individual already trusts himself.

Dawn breaks down in tears.

DAWN

And why should I trust myself? After all, I allowed myself to fall for someone who wasn't available? Maybe I'm the one who can't be trusted.

GREGORY

Do you have a harem of older men that you sleep with?

DAWN

No.

GREGORY

Were you engaged to be married to a cheater?

DAWN

No.

GREGORY

Do you eat every meal out of a Tupperware container prepared by someone else.

Dawn laughs.

DAWN

No.

GREGORY

I would trust you with my life. In fact, I already do.

Dawn mulls over the questions he's posed. She snuffles.

DAWN

Can I trust that you've changed?

Gregory looks at the sunflower in her hair.

GREGORY

I love you. What greater agent of change is there in this world than love?

Dawn's face unfolds into one big YES. She nods her head up and down and a smile forms where there was a frown. She leans in and kisses him passionately.

Behind them, Mallory's catheter is unplugged and leaks onto the floor. Urine breaches Greg's shoes and he jumps away from the kiss and breaks into laughter, with Dawn following suit.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 YEARS LATER

INT. NONDENOMINATIONAL CHURCH, SUMMERSFIELD - DAY

The pews of a crowded church are filled to capacity. The room is spacious with high ceilings and beautiful stained glass artwork.

PASTOR

We are gathered here today to join
Gregory Oldman and Dawn Bishop in
matrimony.

The two front pews are filled with all of Greg's ex paramours. Violet, Ida, Maude, Lottie, Eda and Charlotte fill the second row, along with Walter who holds hands with Destiny. Seated in the middle of the row is Plimpton, who holds Lottie's right hand and Eda's left. Margaret, Agatha, Sheila, Bertha, Shirley and Edna fill the first.

PASTOR

The couple has requested to share
their own vows, which they will
read now.

Greg and Dawn stand shoulder to shoulder at the altar under an arbor.

DAWN

Greg, when I first met you I
thought you were different. And I
was right.

The crowd laughs.

DAWN

You were sweet and funny and you
worked with old people, which
turned me on, but not as much as
it turned you on.

The crowd laughs again, led by Walter.

DAWN

As we got to know each other, I could tell you wanted to become a better man for me. Nobody had ever done that before. That really turned me on.

The crowd oohs and awws.

DAWN

There's a secret I have that I never told you. It remains a secret even now. I always wanted to tell you but it was never the right time, so I'm going to tell you now:

Greg tightens up, as he's not sure what is about to transpire.

DAWN

I had never been in love before you. I didn't know what it was or what it meant or how you fell into it. I only knew that I was some alien, some weirdo who couldn't experience it. I thought maybe it was because I was adopted, or because I was the only multiethnic girl in a white town. For whatever reason, I couldn't find love and love couldn't find me. But that all changed when I met you. The first night that we spent together was different from any experience I had before. I felt so comfortable with you that I hardly felt like I was even on a date. I wasn't nervous. I wasn't uptight. I left that to you.

The crowd laughs again.

DAWN

I was just me. And you embraced me fully. It was incredible. And that has allowed me to remain myself to this day. It's an incredible way to live life. And I can't wait to spend the rest of it with you.

The crowd roars in applause as Dawn tucks away her note.

GREG

When I met you, I thought love was a feeling. That's what we were always told when we were young. But that's not what you taught me. You taught me that love is a journey of self-discovery. It involves disregarding your old comfort zone so that you can embrace what scares you and make it your new comfort zone. Dawn, I've stepped out of my comfort zone with you more times than I have in all the rest of my life combined. I was scared and scarred when I met you and now I'm confident and happy. In fact, I'm confident that I'm the happiest man on this Earth. And I've never felt as comfortable as I do now with you because you are the reason I've completed this journey of self-discovery. Perhaps I've even assisted you with yours. And I know this is a cliché, but I don't feel I was even truly alive until we met. For me, our first date is not just our anniversary, but also my birthday. So, in a weird way, I'm only two going on three-years-old now. And you're wildly in love with me, a toddler, which kind of makes us the perfect couple: the reverse pedo and the, well...

He kisses her. The audience erupts in applause.

INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER

The camera pans out from the cocktail hour to the individual stations to reveal that each one is comprised of Tupperware containers. After each shot of a container we intersperse to a quick scene from the wedding.

The first says CHARLOTTE: SHRIMP GUMBO.

1) The guests make a "Love Train" to the hit song by the O'Jays.

The second says SHEILA: FISH STEW.

2) Margaret and Dawn lip sync to "Dancing Queen" by Abba.

The third says AGATHA: SHEPHERD'S PIE.

3) Plimpton dances creepily with Edna to Whitney Houston's "I Wanna Dance with Somebody."

The fourth says BERTHA: Casserole.

4) All dozen plus women smack each other's asses to Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun."

The fifth says SHIRLEY: BROCCOLI CHEDDAR SOUP.

5) Danny, Jared and Johnny go face-to-face singing Pharrell's "Happy."

The sixth says EDNA: CHICKEN POT PIE.

6) Greg pantomimes sex with a line of his old paramours, gyrating from behind, first with Margaret, second with Agatha and third with Violet, with the rest of the women waiting, butt out and bent over, for an implied simulated sex act.

The seventh says Violet: CHILI.

7) The dozen plus paramours dance with reckless abandon to Beyonce's "Single Ladies." Plimpton makes creepy eyes with Sheila, who returns them.

The eighth says IDA: chicken cordon blue.

8) The whole crew headbangs to AC/DC's "You Shook Me All Night Long."

The ninth says MAUDE: MEATLOAF.

9) Walt grinds with Destiny to "The Thong Song," by Sisqo.

The tenth says LOTTIE: BEEF STROGANOFF.

10) The whole crew croons the lyrics to Florence & The Machine's "You've Got the Love."

The eleventh says EDA: COUNTRY MAC N' CHEESE.

11) Different couplets of paramours dance to "September" by Earth Wind and Fire.

The twelfth says CHARLOTTE: POT ROAST.

12) Margaret and Dawn duet at the mic for Jennifer James's "I've Had the Time of My Life."

The thirteenth says IRMA: LAMB CHOPS.

13) Johnny makes out with Lottie to the tune of "Living on a prayer" by Bon Jovi.

The fourteenth says ELIZABETH: MUTTON CHOPS

14) Plimpton takes turns making out with Eda and Edna.

The fifteenth says MARGARET: BRISKET.

15) Greg and Dawn slow dance to Al Green's "Let's Stay Together." They kiss as the camera FADES TO BLACK.

THE END