CHEATING SEASON

by

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INT. LEONARD, LEHMAN AND LOWE, LLP - DAY

CLOSE ON a bouquet of red, heart-shaped balloons.

SUPER TITLE: VALENTINE’S DAY, 2005

A MESSENGER moves through the secretary pool with this bouquet of balloons. Heads turn. A SECRETARY surges past and spins the Messenger around. This is CHARLOTTE “CHARLIE” MILES (20s, a knockout). She’s been crying, but a steely resolve has taken hold. She heads towards an office at the end of the hall.

OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

PETER BRANDT (20s, serious, unobtrusive) sits at his desk, staring at his computer. On the screen is a document he created: QUITTING - PROS AND CONS

PROS: New Opportunities, Improved Mental Health, and This is your last, best chance. CONS: Loss of income, loss of security and NOT GETTING TO SEE CHARLIE EVERY DAY.

He looks up and sees Charlie headed his way. His look says it all. He closes the document, gets up and sits on the front edge of his desk.

PETER
Hey, Charles.

She pauses in his doorway. She’s about to break down.

PETER
You okay?

She buries her head in his chest. He holds her tight.

PETER
Isn’t it your lunch hour?

CHARLIE
I went home. And I found something. Which confirmed everything I’ve suspected...

PETER
What can I do?

CHARLIE
This was supposed to be it. We were supposed to be...
Peter eyes Charlie’s engagement ring. She’s running her finger over the band.

    PETER
    Forever?

    CHARLIE
    Cheesy, right?

Their eyes lock for just a moment.

    PETER
    Not if it’s the right person.

She pulls away and collects herself.

    CHARLIE
    Thanks, Peter.

    PETER
    You want to tell me what happened?

    CHARLIE
    He made the biggest mistake of his life.

She walks out. The Messenger is surrounded by Secretaries. Charlie pulls a clip out of her hair and pops one of the balloons with it, never breaking stride.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT


INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Whitney Houston’s “Saving All My Love for You” is on the radio. AMANDA MURPHY (20s, terribly pretty, a real ballbuster) is in the passenger seat.

    AMANDA
    (singing along, badly)
    ‘Cause tonight is the night. For feeling alright. We’ll be making love the whole night through. So, I’m saving all my love. Yes I’m saving all my love. YES I’M SHAVING OFF MY MUFF FOR YOU.
INT. BROWNSTONE - THAT MOMENT

Charlie furiously packs a bag. She zips it up and storms out of the room. She’s stopped in the hall by MR. X. He’s handsome and smug. You just want to punch him.

MR. X
Can’t we work this out?

He moves to kiss her.

CHARLIE
God!

Charlie side steps him.

MR. X
I know I was careless.

CHARLIE
Careless? Ya think? Did you figure I’d find these-

She grabs a leopard print thong off of a table and swings it around on her finger.

CHARLIE
—and just assume they were mine? And that I’d just stop right there...and not check the phone bill and your credit card bill, your e-mail...I mean, do you see what I’ve become?

MR. X
Like a fucking detective.

CHARLIE
You don’t get to be pissed. You’re the one who cheated. If you’re not groveling, you’re doing it wrong.

She moves past him, into their galley kitchen, towards the refrigerator. She pulls off magnet after magnet, papers falling to the floor. She stuffs the magnets in her bag.

MR. X
What are you doing?

CHARLIE
These are my magnets. They’re not your magnets. You never had any magnets.
MR. X
I’m sorry, okay?. I wish I could go back and...

CHARLIE
Yeah. I’d love to go back too. Get a little sexy. Feel those four inches struggling to stay inside me. Smell that rancid cologne you refuse to get rid of...probably because SHE likes it. Have Friday night dinner with your intolerable parents. Just bask in all that is you and me. Us. But, really, if I had the chance, I’d go back further. Go and find your mother, give her a coat hanger, and direct her to the alleyway, so I’d never have had the trouble.

Mr. X moves to her. They’re very close, his hand on her hip.

MR. X
Can’t we skip the fight and go straight to the make-up sex?

CHARLIE
You’re unbelievable.

He presses his crotch against her thigh.

MR. X
All this fighting’s got me excited.

Charlie smiles coyly, leading him on and then knees him in the groin. She steps over him and grabs her bag. She pulls off her engagement ring and slams it down on the counter. PUSH IN on the ring. Charlie is HEARD STORMING OUT.

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT

Charlie walks towards the Galaxie. She throws her bag in the trunk and then gets in on the driver’s side.

AMANDA
You okay? I brought eggs. We could egg the house. I find it can be cleansing. Like yoga.

CHARLIE
He called me a detective.
AMANDA
That’s your consolation prize. We caught him.

CHARLIE
What if...?

AMANDA
What?

CHARLIE
What if I just found out what I’m supposed to do with my life? Catch assholes like...

Mr. X runs out of the brownstone. He stands in front of the Galaxie, his legs flush with the bumper.

MR. X
Don’t go.

CHARLIE
Get out of the way.

MR. X
Charlie, we can work this out.

Charlie turns the key in the ignition and starts the car.

MR. X
What are you gonna do? Hit me? It was a mistake. It’s not like you’ve never made a mistake.

Charlie seethes.

AMANDA
If you want to tap him, it’s alright by me.

CHARLIE
This is why you’re my best friend.

AMANDA
My questionable moral character?

CHARLIE
Exactly.

Charlie puts the car in drive. Her foot hits the gas.

BLACK.

CHEATING SEASON
EXT. THE FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Establishing.

SUPER TITLE:  FIVE YEARS LATER

INT. THE FOUR SEASONS - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

A calendar hangs on the wall. It’s turned to January. Every
day is X’d, save for the 31st. Charlie emerges, still
fitting herself into a maid’s uniform. She pushes a
housekeeping cart towards the service elevator.

    CHARLIE
    Going up.

MAIN BALLROOM

A panel rests on an easel by the door. It reads: PHARMCO
SALES CONFERENCE. 8:30 AM - SALES FORCE STRATEGIES. 10 AM -
MANAGEMENT OF BUYER-SELLER RELATIONSHIPS. PUSH IN on 9 PM -
PRIVATE PARTY.

A flurry of name tags: BRITNEY. HEATHER. BETHANY. KRISTA.
TROUBLE. This last one belongs to Amanda. She’s in a room
full of PHARMACEUTICAL REPS (male pattern baldness, spare
tires, ugly ties) and HOOKERS. Amanda looks over to an
opposite corner of the room. THE EXEC (50, dyed jet black
hair, perma-tan) lounges with a BLONDE HOOKER. He runs his
hands through her hair. He has a wedding ring tan line. The
Hooker’s hand disappears down the Exec’s pants. She applies
a kung-fu grip to his package.

    AMANDA
    (to Charlie)
    You can take your time.

12TH FLOOR

Charlie exits the elevator and pushes the housekeeping cart.
She swipes a key card and enters room 1221.

    AMANDA
    (from Charlie’s earpiece)
    He’s not going anywhere.

MAIN BALLROOM

A handsome, athletic salesman corners Amanda. His name tag
reads “BRAD.” He clinks his drink with hers.
BRAD
Hi there.

AMANDA
Hi...

Amanda eyes his name tag and smiles politely.

AMANDA
Brad.

BRAD
Can I tell you something? I think you’re the hottest one in here.

AMANDA
You know that everyone in this room with a vagina is a hooker, right? Which would make me the hottest hooker in here. Do I look like a hooker, Brad?

Brad’s speechless. Amanda spies the Exec leaving with the Blonde Hooker.

AMANDA
(to Charlie)
He’s moving.

LOBBY

Charlie watches the Exec and the Blonde Hooker walk to the elevators, where they’re each handed a white robe by a BODYGUARD (black suit, black tie, built like a linebacker). PUSH IN on Charlie’s eyes.

INSERT: A series of photographs of the Exec and the Blonde Hooker making out in the hotel’s heated pool.

STAIRWELL

Charlie bursts through the door and hurries down the stairs, holding a camera. Seconds later, the Bodyguard bursts through the same door and hurries after Charlie.

KITCHEN

Charlie dashes towards the exit, dodging WAITERS and COOKS. She swipes a french fry from a passing tray and pops it in her mouth. The Bodyguard is close behind, in hot pursuit.
ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE HOTEL

Charlie exits the hotel and darts to the left. A black SUV comes to a screeching halt, blocking the way out. Charlie turns around. The Bodyguard emerges. He catches his breath and puts out his hand.

    BODYGUARD
    The camera. Now.

    CHARLIE
    Or what?

He pulls his pants up a little and rolls his shoulders.

    BODYGUARD
    We dance.

Charlie laughs and puts the camera down.

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT

Amanda runs like mad towards the Galaxie.

    AMANDA
    TIMMY. TIMMY.

TIMMY MILES (Charlie’s older brother) is behind the wheel of the Galaxie. He’s a big man. A former bouncer. He leans his head out the window.

    TIMMY
    What’s goin’ on?

    AMANDA
    START THE CAR.

He ducks back inside and starts the car. Amanda jumps in. The car speeds out of the lot.

ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE HOTEL

Charlie’s only a few feet from the Bodyguard now.

    CHARLIE
    I should tell you. I’ve taken lessons. I know all the steps.

    BODYGUARD
    I bet you do.
He takes a swing at her and misses as Charlie ducks down. She pops back up. He takes another swing, but this time, crouched down, Charlie rises up and rocks him with an uppercut. He flops backwards and hits the ground hard.

Charlie retrieves her camera. The Bodyguard stirs. He reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a fixed-length baton. He swings it with as much strength as he can muster and crunches Charlie’s left ankle. Her legs go out from under her. She hits the ground hard. So does the camera.

CHARLIE
MOTHERFUCKER.

The Bodyguard, still groggy, loses his grip on the baton. Charlie gets up. She hobbles, but fights through it.

CHARLIE
I hoped it wouldn’t come to this.

Two more BODYGUARDS emerge from the SUV at the end of the alleyway. Charlie eyes them. They eye her. Charlie smiles at one of them. His eyes narrow.

SLOW MOTION: Charlie taps her elbow, like she’s in the WWE. Both Bodyguards shake their heads. One mouths, “NO.”

Charlie lands a flying elbow to the Bodyguard’s jaw.

GALAXIE

Timmy and Amanda are at the end of the alleyway. They’ve just seen Charlie drop the elbow.

TIMMY               AMANDA
Oh fuck.           Oh fuck.

ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE HOTEL

Charlie runs towards the Galaxie, camera in hand. The two Bodyguards run after her.

CHARLIE
OPEN THE DOOR. OPEN THE DOOR.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING – THE NEXT DAY

Charlie shuts the Galaxie’s passenger door with her ass. She’s holding a bag of takeout from Zaftig’s Deli. Amanda gets out on the driver side, holding a piece of dry cleaning.
They both spot a WOMAN eyeing the directory at the front entrance. This is JANINE RANCZINSKY (40, in a home-made ensemble).

CHARLIE
Are you from the temp agency?

Janine turns, smiles and smooths her skirt.

JANINE
Janine Ranczinsky.

CHARLIE
Charlie Miles. This is my partner, Amanda Murphy.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MOVING towards the door at the end of the hall. Etched on its frosted glass window: M & M INVESTIGATIONS

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

The phone is ringing. Amanda pulls the plastic off of the dry cleaning. It’s the maid uniform that Charlie wore last night. She hangs it up in a closet with several other phony hotel uniforms. Charlie picks up the phone.

CHARLIE
(into the phone)
M & M, this is. Yes, Mrs. Halloren. I’ve got one of my best people on it.

INT. STRIP CLUB - THAT MOMENT

Timmy couldn’t be happier. An electric blue cocktail in his hand and boobs in his face. SYMPHONY (20s) gives him a lap dance. Suddenly, a thought strikes Timmy. He nervously scans the space around him. He doesn’t see who he’s looking for.

TIMMY
Shit. Symphony, you were supposed to help me keep an eye on my guy.

SYMPHONY
He left, like, three songs ago. I thought you knew.
INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Charlie and Amanda stand with Janine at the front desk. There’s an empty board behind the desk.

AMANDA
What did the agency tell you about what we do here?

JANINE
Not much.

CHARLIE
Today’s the first day of Cheating Season. That’s why we need you.

JANINE
Cheating Season?

CHARLIE
February first to Valentine’s Day. Accountants have tax season. Elmer Fudd has wabbit season. We have Cheating Season. It’s the one time a cheater has to cheat. Jewelry, candy, dinners. It’s a real Hallmark moment when you’ve got yourself a Valentine. But when you’ve got more than one.

AMANDA
Hallmark will fuck your S up.

M & M INVESTIGATIONS - LATER

Charlie, Amanda and Janine sit around the conference table together, eating Zaftig’s takeout.

CHARLIE
Our business usually slows around Thanksgiving, when everybody has to spend time with their families. And Christmas and New Year’s. They’re stuck.

AMANDA
But not now. Now, they’ve got to make everybody happy. The wife, the girlfriend, the mistress, the booty call. All of them.
CHARLIE
It actually makes the job kind of easy. Most people don’t have a lot of free time. So they double date. Have a romantic dinner with the wife. Make up some excuse about needing to swing by the office afterwards. And then book it to some motel off the Mass Pike.

AMANDA
And you’ll learn fast. There are all kinds of cheaters. A lot of it’s just emotional cheating.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MAX (30, puffy) looks longingly at KRISTA (20s, bottle blonde). Krista catches his glance and smiles.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Maybe it’s a not-so-secret crush.

INT. T.G.I. FRIDAY’S - NIGHT

Max sits across from Krista. He’s on his third Ultimate Margarita.

MAX
(slurring)
She doesn’t understand me. She thinks I should give up my music.

Krista puts her hand on top of his.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Or a shoulder to cry on.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

AMANDA
It’s usually nothing.

CHARLIE
Or it’s how it all starts.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A room full of PEOPLE try not to fall asleep watching a Power Point presentation.
Max and Krista sit next to each other in the back row. Max’s head is back. His eyes are shut. And Krista’s arm is working overtime.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
And your crush is giving you an OTPHJ at a weekend seminar.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

JANINE
OTPHJ?

CHARLIE
Over the pants hand job.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY
Max’s eyes burst open. He makes what sounds like some kind of mating call. EVERYONE turns and looks.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE
If it goes beyond just thinking about it, then it’s either a...mistake.

INT. BAR - BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT
A MAN and a WOMAN have sex.

AMANDA (V.O.)
One too many shots of tequila, maybe.

WOMAN
Fuck me, Dave.

He stops.

MAN
My name’s Dan.

WOMAN
Don’t stop, Dave.

They get back to it.
INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

BOB (50) and SHEILA (50) stand under a “CLASS OF 1979” banner.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Or re-connecting with an old flame.

INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Sheila stumble inside, removing each other’s clothes.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

BACHELORETTES (all wearing penis necklaces) dance on the bar. Save for one. STACY (20s, wearing a big purple penis necklace) guides some GUY’s shaky hand up her skirt.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Or it’s just some guy at some bar you shouldn’t be at because you should’ve gone home because you’re already wearing a necklace with a big fat dick on it and you should try to limit the number of stupid things you do in an evening to one.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE
And now you have a secret to keep or two lives to maintain. And maybe you pull that off the rest of the year. But for these two weeks, you are mandated to tell the people you love that you love them. And the hints and clues you’ve let slip, that your significant other might’ve missed last summer or in the fall...they will most certainly notice them now.

JANINE
Like what?

CHARLIE
Maybe she’s pulling an Eliza Doolittle.
AMANDA

CHARLIE
Or suddenly it’s like you’re living in Jonestown. Every story he tells revolves around someone you’ve never met.

AMANDA
Jane likes this. Jane likes that. Jane really got me into Thai food.

CHARLIE
Or they order a Whopper at McDonald’s.

JANINE
What?

CHARLIE
An unexplained sexual request.

TIMMY (O.S.)
And it’s usually some freaky shit.

They all turn.

CHARLIE
I didn’t even hear you come in.

TIMMY
‘Cause I’m a fuckin’ ninja.

Amanda walks over to him.

AMANDA
You smell like stripper.

TIMMY
That’s the sweat of my labor.

AMANDA
You’re disgusting.

TIMMY
You think the human body’s disgusting?

AMANDA
No. Just yours.
TIMMY
This is just my natural musk.

AMANDA
Cigarettes and pussy?

TIMMY
Only when I’m aroused.

Amanda storms off. Timmy looks back after her.

TIMMY
You’re smiling!

CHARLIE
Janine, this is my brother Timmy. Timmy, Janine’s our new secretary.

He shakes Janine’s hand.

TIMMY
Welcome to the show.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - LATER

Janine’s at her desk. The board behind her is now like a giant calendar, with fourteen boxes, one for each day of Cheating Season. February 1st - 4th have been X’d out with a red marker. The phone’s ringing off the hook.

JANINE
M & M, please hold.

A WOMAN bursts out of Charlie’s office, sobbing. She surges past Janine’s desk. Janine holds out a box of tissues. The Woman grabs a tissue, never breaking stride, on her way out.

WOMAN
MOTHERFUCKER.

The door slams behind her. Charlie emerges from her office.

CHARLIE
There goes the unluckiest woman in Boston.

JANINE
She didn’t seem too happy.

CHARLIE
That’s Mr. February’s fiancé.
JANINE
Who’s Mr. February?

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY - FLASHBACK

A MAN waits, turning a hotel room key card over and over again in his hand. He wears a dark suit, a white dress shirt (the top three buttons undone, exposing ample chest hair) and a red heart pin on the lapel. This is MR. FEBRUARY.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
A few years ago, we got hired by a dentist, who thought his wife...

A WOMAN enters through the revolving door. She’s in candy-colored dental hygienist scrubs.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...who also happened to be his hygienist...was cheating on him.

She rushes over to Mr. February. They kiss. He puts his arm around her and they head for the elevators.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mr. February tells a story with dramatic hand gestures.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Mr. February told her he was a travel writer.

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mr. February sits at a table, pouring through travel book after travel book, jotting things down, sticking Post-Its to particular pages, pounding a Venti Starbucks drink.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
That he’d been all over the world.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Mr. February and a WOMAN (50s, sultry) are in bed together.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Two years ago, he broke up a thirty year marriage.

Mr. February kisses up her body, starting at the ankles.
MR. FEBRUARY
Je veux vous faire cum. Rendez vos genoux faibles. Incitez-vous à crier mon nom.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
She never knew he wasn’t French.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS – CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE
Last year, we got hired by a groom, a week before his Valentine’s Day wedding. Turns out his future wife was fucking the wedding singer.

JANINE
No way.

CHARLIE
Mr. February had been posing as a wedding singer for over a year.

INSERT: Mr February’s wedding singer ad, featuring a photo of him shirtless, holding a microphone by its cord.

CHARLIE
For Mr. February, cheating’s a sport.

JANINE
And now he’s engaged?

CHARLIE
Not for long.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS – DAY

A WOMAN nervously taps her foot, the heel of her shoe click-clacking against the floor. This is REBECCA ABBOT (30s, pretty, wound a bit too tight). Amanda walks over to her.

AMANDA
Hi. You must be...

Rebecca stands. They shake hands.

REBECCA
Rebecca Abbot.
AMANDA
Amanda Murphy. Nice to meet you.
So, what tipped you off?

REBECCA
Excuse me?

AMANDA
What made you think your boyfriend was cheating? Find a bunch of receipts for flowers you never got? A trip you never took? Lingerie you never got to return for store credit? Does his voice go up an octave every time he calls to cancel your plans? Did you smell her on his dick?

REBECCA
You’re not the person I talked to on the phone.

AMANDA
That was my partner. She’s the romantic.

INT. RITZ CARLTON TOWERS - DAY

High end condominiums overlooking the Boston Common. An M & M PAINTING COMPANY van is parked out front.

INT. VAN - THAT MOMENT

Charlie and Timmy sit inside, watching surveillance footage: a MAN (50, balding) locks lips with a WOMAN (20s, sexy).

TIMMY
How does a guy like that get a girl like her?

CHARLIE

TIMMY
What kind of asshole keeps the receipt to a gift he bought for his mistress?
On the monitor: the Man (only wearing Valentine’s Day boxers) flops onto the bed. The Woman (wearing just a thong) stands at the foot of the bed.

CHARLIE
The kind that keeps us in business.

WOMAN
Mmm...let me see it.

CHARLIE
Showtime.

The Man slips off his boxers. He’s not what you would call well-endowed.

CHARLIE
Where is it?

Timmy points at the screen.

TIMMY
I think that’s it.

CHARLIE
What is that?

TIMMY
That’s sad.

Charlie points at the Man’s tiny dick on the screen.

CHARLIE
Boop.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - LATER

Janine answers one line after another.

JANINE
(into the phone)
M & M, please hold. M & M, please hold.

Amanda walks past. Charlie and Timmy enter, carrying surveillance equipment.

AMANDA
Hey, you guys.

CHARLIE
How did it go with what’s her name?
AMANDA
Her name’s Rebecca Abbot. Junior partner at Gelman and Schirn. Met her boyfriend in law school but they didn’t date until after. Been together three years. Long distance thing until a few months ago.

Janine walks over and hands Charlie the file. Charlie’s expression turns immediately upon opening it.

AMANDA
Boyfriend’s name is Peter Brandt. Works for the Sox. Special assistant to the general manager.

CHARLIE
(to herself)
He really did it.

AMANDA
What?

CHARLIE
I know him. I haven’t seen him in five years, but...when we worked together, he always said he was going to quit and become a baseball scout.

AMANDA
Wait a second. This is the guy, isn’t it? The one who wanted you but didn’t ever have a chance because you were committed to spending the rest of your life with assface.

TIMMY
This keeps getting better.

CHARLIE
He just doesn’t seem like the type.

AMANDA
Whatevs. If you’d have given him the slightest hint five years ago...

TIMMY
Not very bros before hoes of him.
AMANDA
Rebecca thinks he was a real road
dog when he was a scout. Might not
have someone new yet, but if we add
you to the equation. Have you bump
into him, wearing some sexy, barely
there dress that shows the girls
off, acting all flirty. Good way
to see his true colors. It’s not
like it hasn’t worked before.

Charlie flips through the file.

CHARLIE
Running a honey trap with nothing
to go on but...
(re: the file)
...random suspicions is just wrong.

AMANDA
You and your ethics.

CHARLIE
I’ll follow him. See where it
leads.

AMANDA
Oh, I know you will.

CHARLIE
F off.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Peter’s inside, talking to the CLERK. Photographs are taken.
Click-click-click.

Peter exits. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Charlie lowers her camera and watches him walk off.

INT. LEONARD, LEHMAN AND LOWE, LLP - DAY - FLASHBACK

Peter and Charlie stand together, looking out at the Boston
skyline, sharing the same bag of Swedish fish. It’s very
comfortable. A SECRETARY pops her head in.
SECRETARY

Charlie, those copies aren’t going
to make themselves.

Charlie turns. The Secretary’s gone.

CHARLIE

I want a snow day. There’s nothing
better than a snow day.

PETER

But it never snows in March.

CHARLIE

Peter, are you crushing my dreams?

PETER

(laughing)
Not intentionally.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Peter’s in a booth by the window, eating lunch alone.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Charlie’s parked across from the diner, surveilling him.

INT. LEONARD, LEHMAN AND LOWE, LLP - DAY - FLASHBACK

Charlie emerges from an elevator with a gaggle of
SECRETARIES. Charlie’s holding several gifts. She walks one
way, while the rest of the Secretaries go the other.

SECRETARIES (O.S.)
Happy birthday, Charlie!

Charlie spots Peter standing by her desk, a wrapped gift in
his hand. He’s debating whether or not to leave it there for
her. He puts it on the desk and then removes it more than
once. Charlie’s getting closer and closer to her desk.

MR. X (O.S.)
Charlie.

Charlie stops. Peter turns. His eyes meet with Charlie’s.
Neither of them say a word. He walks away from her desk,
with the gift still in his hand. She turns around to see Mr.
X.
CHARLIE
What are you doing here?

They kiss.

MR. X
It’s your birthday. And it’s happy hour. Let’s go.

She puts the gifts down on her desk. She looks back down the hall for Peter. His office door is shut.

INT. GYM - DAY

Peter jogs, iPod buds in his ears. Charlie’s a few paces back, trying to keep up with him. Around and around they go, mile after mile. This is a regular activity for Peter, but Charlie’s near death. She finally stops. She hunches over, trying to catch her breath. She pulls out her phone and dials.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - THAT MOMENT

Amanda answers Charlie’s call. She hears Charlie breathing heavily.

AMANDA
Charlie?

Cutting between them:

CHARLIE
Hey.

AMANDA
Why are you out of breath? You’re supposed to follow him, not fuck him.

CHARLIE
I hate you.

AMANDA
I love you too. What’s goin’ on?

CHARLIE
I think I’m just gonna run into him. Accidentally... on purpose. Catch up. See where that gets us.
AMANDA
(from the phone)
Is this your polite way of running a honey trap?

CHARLIE
(offended)
No.

AMANDA
(from the phone)
You’re so the honey.

CHARLIE
I’m so not.

Charlie ends the call. She catches her breath and starts jogging again.

CHARLIE
(to herself)
This is not a honey trap. You are not the honey.

She’s jogging side by side with Peter. He’s in his own world. Charlie waits for him to notice her, but he doesn’t.

CHARLIE
Peter?

He turns. He can’t believe it. He slows down and pulls his headphones out of his ears. And just as he does, another JOGGER slams right into him. He goes down. The other Jogger keeps on going.

JOGGER
Watch it, bra.

Charlie rushes over to help him up.

PETER
(after the Jogger)
Thanks for all your concern. DICK.

CHARLIE
(laughing)
Oh my God. Are you okay? I shouldn’t be laughing.

PETER
It’s been a long time, Charles.

CHARLIE
Five years.
PETER
Did you actually get hotter?

CHARLIE
Did you actually get game?
(beat)
Where’ve you been?

PETER
I did what I told you I was going to do.

CHARLIE
You didn’t steal me away from my shitty boyfriend.

PETER
Did I say I would do that?

CHARLIE
Once. At the Christmas party. You were really drunk.

PETER
I became a scout for the Red Sox.
I was in the Dominican. Venezuela. Korea for a little while. But now I’m back. Special assistant to the general manager.

She touches Peter’s forearm, affectionately.

CHARLIE
I’m really proud of you.

PETER
Can’t be miserable forever, right?

CHARLIE
Do you want to get lunch some time this week? Catch up?

PETER
Lunch...?

CHARLIE
It comes between breakfast and dinner.

PETER
(laughing)
Yeah. Right. When?
CHARLIE
Friday? How about Stephanie’s on Newbury at 1?

PETER
Yeah. I can do that.

CHARLIE
Perfect. Well, I have to get going, but...this was a really nice surprise.

PETER
Yeah.

Charlie walks off. Peter watches her go. He exhales, dramatically.

PETER
Charlie Miles.

He nearly gets bulldozed again by another JOGGER.

INT. GALAXIE - MORNING

Timmy and Amanda are parked across the street from Peter and Rebecca’s building. A black Volvo emerges from the building’s underground garage. Rebecca is driving.

TIMMY
There she goes.

AMANDA
He should be leaving any minute now.

As if on cue, Peter emerges from the building. He heads off.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Timmy picks the lock to Peter’s apartment. They go inside.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Peter walks towards the T station. He realizes he’s forgotten something and turns around.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - MORNING

Amanda bugs the telephone.
EXT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Peter runs up the steps and enters.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Timmy presses the “DOWN” button. He and Amanda wait for the elevator. The doors open, slowly. In an instant, Timmy spies Peter. Peter’s busy looking at his phone. He doesn’t see Timmy and Amanda. Timmy grabs Amanda, pulls her close and kisses her. Peter gets off the elevator, sees Timmy and Amanda kissing, thinks nothing of it and heads towards his apartment. Timmy and Amanda’s lips part.

   AMANDA
   What was that?

Timmy puts his hand over her mouth and gestures towards Peter. Amanda eyes Peter entering his apartment.

   TIMMY
   Never get recognized.

   AMANDA
   He’s never seen us before.

   TIMMY
   Exactly.

She shoves him away.

   AMANDA
   That was the last time I let you get away with this.

   TIMMY
   It’s just as horrible for me as it is for you.

The elevator arrives. They get in. As the doors are closing, Amanda slaps Timmy in the back of the head.

INT. GALAXIE - NIGHT

Charlie’s parked across the street from a French restaurant. Peter and Rebecca go inside. Charlie lowers her camera as she watches Rebecca reach for and clasp Peter’s hand.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Peter and Rebecca wait at the jammed bar.
REBECCA
I’ll be right back.

Rebecca walks off towards the bathroom.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

PETER!

Peter turns. VICTORIA QUINTERO (30s, sexy) surges towards him, arms extended, beaming. Peter’s happy to see her.

PETER
Hey, Victoria!

They hug. Victoria kisses him on both cheeks.

VICTORIA
How are you, honey? Glad to be back home?

PETER
Yeah. You here with Hector?

VICTORIA
No. Just some friends.

Rebecca walks back. She sees Peter talking to Victoria.

VICTORIA
You look good. Do the spin for me.

PETER
Are you kidding?

Victoria slaps him on the ass.

VICTORIA
(laughing)
Come on.

He spins around so she can get a better look at him.

VICTORIA
The bags under your eyes are gone.
And that stupid beard you kept trying to grow. Your special lady whipped you into shape real quick.

Peter spots Rebecca. She looks pissed.

PETER
I should...
VICTORIA
Yeah. Of course.

PETER
Tell Hector I said hi.

She gives him another kiss on the cheek and walks off. Rebecca makes her way over to Peter.

REBECCA
Who the hell was that?

PETER
Here we go again.

REBECCA
Y’know, you talk a big game about how nothing ever happened all this time we were apart but...

Peter’s exasperated.

PETER
I’d rather have my taint waxed than have this conversation again. That was Hector Quintero’s wife. I signed him out of the Mexican Fall League. Pitched a complete game shutout in Game 7 of the ALCS. Kind of the reason I got this job.

Rebecca’s embarrassed.

HOSTESS (O.S.)
Peter. Party of two.

REBECCA
I’m sorry.

PETER
You either trust me or you don’t.

REBECCA
I do.

He kisses her.

PETER
You better.
INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rebecca’s awake. Peter’s not. Rebecca’s staring at the tent that Peter’s morning wood is making of the top sheet. She slips out of bed and walks out into the living room. She spies Peter’s bag resting on a chair, a well worn Red Sox hat peaking out of it.

BATHROOM

Rebecca enters with Peter’s bag. She puts it on the counter and then turns on the shower. She sits on the covered toilet with the bag on her lap and rifles through it.

BEDROOM

Peter wakes up to the sound of the shower. He gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Rebecca empties the bag out onto her lap: paperwork, iPod, the well worn Red Sox hat, etc. Nothing incriminating. She grumbles. As she puts everything back in the bag, she realizes she never locked the door and Peter walks in, naked.

PETER

What the...?

Startled, Rebecca gets up too fast, the contents of the bag going up in the air and landing on the floor, except for the Red Sox hat. The hat’s left hanging on Peter’s hard-on.

PETER

Fucking ridiculous.

He takes the hat off of his boner, puts it on Rebecca’s head and storms out. Rebecca, crying now, runs after him.

REBECCA

(in between sobs)

Peter. Look. It’s just that.

PETER

God dammit. Stop. You know I can’t handle you crying. Why do I suddenly feel like I should be apologizing when you’re the crazy one?
REBECCA
I need to get over this. Because you’re amazing. And I love you. And if I push you away, I’ll never forgive myself.

PETER
This is the last time I’m going to say this. Nothing happened in the Dominican. Or Venezuela. Or anywhere else. I never cheated on you. And do you know why I never did?

REBECCA
Because you love me?

PETER
Yeah, dumbass. Because I love you.

REBECCA
I love you too.

He turns towards the bedroom.

REBECCA
Where are you going?

PETER
I need pants to argue.

She grabs him by the arm.

REBECCA
What can I do to make it up to you?

PETER
I don’t know. I...

She starts jerking him off. Peter is lost for words.

REBECCA
You were saying...?

PETER
I was...

REBECCA
I’m a bad girlfriend.

PETER
But getting better by the minute.
INT. FENWAY PARK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter sits at a conference table with three SCOUTS -- SCOTT (30s, nerdy), DAN (40s, a former jock) and ALEJANDRO (30s, paunchy). College baseball footage plays on a TV.

ALEJANDRO
Why did we draft a guy who can’t hit for shit?

Everyone laughs.

PETER
You guys all travel a lot. How do you convince your lady that you’re not fucking around?

DAN
For real not fucking around or I don’t want her to know I’m fucking around?

PETER
For real.

DAN
Oh. That’s not really my area of expertise.

ALEJANDRO
(to Dan)
I don’t think I’ve ever seen you turn down pussy.

DAN
That’s because I never have.

Dan puts his hand up for a high-five. He doesn’t get one.

SCOTT
It all depends on how you want to play it. You can string her along for a while. Keep her on edge. And if she’s like my wife, she’ll try to fuck that road strange right out of your mind.

Alejandro sighs.

ALEJANDRO
Peter. It’s almost Valentine’s Day. If you give a woman the Valentine’s Day of her dreams...she’s yours.
ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
And she’ll fuck the shit out of you
for no other reason than she really
wants to fuck the shit out of you.

PETER
You think?

ALEJANDRO
No, Peter. I know.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Janine’s at her desk. The entire first week is X’d out on
the Cheating Season board behind her. A box marked “M.E.A.
TRANSCRIPTIONS” is dropped onto Janine’s desk by Amanda.
Timmy’s with her.

JANINE
What the...?

AMANDA
Two days worth of transcribed phone
records. Cell, office, home.

JANINE
Who?

AMANDA
Charlie’s love interest.

Amanda opens the box and hands out stacks of paper.

AMANDA
Everybody gets some.

TIMMY
That’s your motto, isn’t it?

Amanda slaps him in the back of the head.

INT. STEPHANIE’S - DAY

Charlie and Peter sit across from each other. A WAITER
serves them their drinks.

PETER
Guess who I ran into on the way
over here...

CHARLIE
Who?
PETER
Bonnie Blaylock.

CHARLIE
I remember Bonnie.

Charlie pulls out her cell phone, as if she just got a text.

CHARLIE
Sorry. I hate when people do this.

PETER
Don’t worry about it.

Charlie texts “CHECK BONNIE BLAYLOCK - CALLS TO AND FROM.”

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - THAT MOMENT
Amanda receives the text.

AMANDA
Look for all calls to and from Bonnie Blaylock.

INT. STEPHANIE’S - THAT MOMENT
Charlie tucks her phone away.

PETER
Bonnie’s the one who started the rumor about us.

CHARLIE
There was a rumor about us?

PETER
We quit within three days of each other. Bonnie convinced half the office that we had run away together.

CHARLIE
Where’d we go?

PETER
I heard Mexico. Paris from a few people. I told her she was crazy.

CHARLIE
Crazy.
INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - THAT MOMENT

Amanda finishes reading. Timmy and Janine toss down their pages.

AMANDA
Anything?

JANINE
Nada.

TIMMY
No Bonnie Blaylock.

INT. STEPHANIE’S - CONTINUOUS

PETER
So, what do you do now?

CHARLIE
I’m a private investigator.

PETER
Really?

CHARLIE
When I found out my fiancé was cheating, it wasn’t because he confessed. I caught him. When I was doing it, I didn’t think...I’m good at this. This could be a career. But after I ended it, I realized exactly that.

PETER
That’s your specialty? Infidelity?

She nods.

PETER
Must be hard to not become jaded.

CHARLIE
Just because I make a very comfortable living off of people’s inability to commit to another person, doesn’t mean I don’t believe in love.

PETER
No, that’s not what I...
CHARLIE  
Because I do. And I get that love can be a transient emotion, but I just don’t think that when you’re not into it anymore, you have the right to be an asshole.

A long beat as Charlie and Peter are served their food.

PETER  
So, umm, feel free to say no to what I’m about to ask.

Charlie gets a text from Amanda. The text reads: “Nothing.”

CHARLIE  
Okay...

PETER  
My girlfriend and I...

CHARLIE  
Your girlfriend...

PETER  
Yeah. Didn’t I...? Oh. Did you...? You didn’t think...? I figured lunch was safe and wouldn’t, uh...

CHARLIE  
I didn’t think it was a date, Peter.

PETER  
Good. I mean...not “good,” but...any guy would be...

Charlie waits.

PETER  
Too lucky for his own good.

CHARLIE  
Why’s that?

PETER  
Are you fishing for compliments?

She laughs, smiles.
PETER
I think you know you’re ridiculously hot. And smart. And cool. I’m betting moms love you.

CHARLIE
Anyway. You were saying...

PETER
My girlfriend and I have been together for three years. Most of that time’s been long distance. And things have been...rocky, since I got back. And I have an idea that I think might solve a lot of our problems. I want to give her the perfect Valentine’s Day. A bunch of stuff. All over the city. But having been away a while, I think I need someone to show me around. Guide me in the right direction.

CHARLIE
And you thought of me?

PETER
I don’t know if you have the time to or the, uh, desire, but...

A long beat.

CHARLIE
Why not...

INT. THE T - NIGHT

Charlie’s packed inside with the rest of the sardines. She’s attempting to compile a “Perfect Valentine’s Day” list, but to no avail. The page is blank, save for the hand-written header.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie enters. She turns on the lights and enters her bedroom. She puts the still blank “Perfect Valentine’s Day” list on her bed. She strips out of her clothes. She puts her leg up and delicately pokes at the bruise on her ankle, courtesy of the Bodyguard’s baton.
INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rebecca’s packing a suitcase. Peter’s with her.

PETER
You sure you don’t want me to come? I could...

REBECCA
It’s just for a few days. And I’ll be in court every day anyway. But it’s really sweet that you want to.

PETER
I kinda like you.

REBECCA
I’m kinda special.

PETER
Shit. I almost forgot.

He leaves the room and comes back in with a stack of new magazines (*US Weekly, In Touch, OK*), a Sudoku puzzle book and some snacks.

REBECCA
Honey, you didn’t have to...

PETER

REBECCA
I don’t deserve you.

She kisses him.

REBECCA
I’ll be back on Valentine’s Day.

She puts everything in her bag and zips it up.

PETER
Well...good luck.

REBECCA
Thanks, babe.

She heads out.
INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie sits on her couch with her laptop. Suddenly, something she reads piques her interest.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter’s in front of his computer. Something he reads piques his interest.

EXT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Peter exits. Timmy’s parked across the street in the Galaxie. He gets out and follows after Peter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie walks, bracing against the cold.

INT. THE T - NIGHT

Peter stands amidst a crowd of commuters. Timmy stands at the other end of the car, keeping his eye on Peter.

INT. PANINI PALACE - NIGHT

Charlie pays for her sandwich.

EXT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - NIGHT

Charlie buys a ticket and walks inside. On the marquee: Billy Wilder’s *The Apartment*.

INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - NIGHT

Charlie sits by herself, with her wrapped sandwich resting on her lap. She looks around. There’s barely anyone there.

EXT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - NIGHT

Peter pays for a ticket and goes inside. Timmy watches him enter, but does not follow.
INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - NIGHT

Charlie sits by herself.

PETER (O.S.)
Don’t I know you?

Charlie looks up. Peter’s standing beside her. She smiles, but then hides it.

CHARLIE
I doubt it.

PETER
I’m sure I do.

CHARLIE
Didn’t you learn anything growing up? You’re supposed to avoid strangers at all costs. No talking. No checking out the inside of their van. No...

He sits down next to her.

PETER
You’re one to talk about rules.

CHARLIE
What?

He pulls out the sandwich he got at Panini Palace.

PETER
Bringing in outside food is strictly forbidden.

CHARLIE
Where did you get that?

PETER
Panini Palace.

CHARLIE
Me too. It’s the best.

PETER
Wanna swap? If it’s a disaster, we can...

CHARLIE
Okay.

They swap sandwiches. Charlie unwraps hers and pauses.
CHARLIE
You’re freaking me out.

PETER
What did I do?

CHARLIE
This is what I ordered.

Peter eyes his still wrapped sandwich.

PETER
Way to ruin the surprise.

Charlie laughs.

PETER
I always loved your laugh. Made me want to be funnier.

A beat. Charlie doesn’t know what to say.

CHARLIE
I was going to call you.

PETER
Is this about Valentine’s Day?

CHARLIE
I’m the last person you want helping you. I break up couples. I don’t help them stay together.

PETER
But this is a special case.

The lights go down, bringing an awkward halt to their conversation. The screen goes white and the lights come up. The THEATRE MANAGER enters.

THEATRE MANAGER
Sorry for the delay, folks. We’re having a little trouble with the projector, but we should be back up and running in a few minutes. Thanks for your patience.

The Theatre Manager exits.

CHARLIE
What makes your case so special?
PETER
Every girl I’ve ever dated has cheated on me.
(beat)
I can’t believe I just said that out loud.

CHARLIE
Every girl? How far back are we talking about?

PETER
It started in the sixth grade.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING - FLASHBACK
MEGAN CASSIDY (11, heart shaped berets in her hair) swaps spit with JOEY RANDANO (11, spiked hair).

PETER (V.O.)
With Megan Cassidy.

PULL OUT to reveal Peter (age 11) several yards away. He drops the heart shaped valentine he’d been holding.

PETER (V.O.)
On Valentine’s Day no less.

INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

PETER
And then the next summer. At band camp.

CHARLIE
Band camp?

PETER
Don’t pile on.

EXT. CAMP HORNS APLENTY - DAY - FLASHBACK
Peter (12, braces) sobs. KIMMY (12, pretty, in a pink Camp Horns Aplenty T-shirt) stands across from him.

PETER
Stan? Stan FUCKING Gable? You let him feel under your bra? But he’s not even first chair! I am!
INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

PETER
Then both high school girlfriends.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Peter (age 16) stands, in uniform, with the rest of the MARCHING BAND. He watches his CHEERLEADER GIRLFRIEND talk to a FOOTBALL PLAYER on the sidelines. They’re very close. She hands him a folded note and then whispers provocatively in his ear. The band begins to play and march. Peter’s frozen in place. It’s like falling dominoes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Peter sits on a bed, underneath a DC Talk poster.

PETER (V.O.)
Including the one who told me that we couldn’t make out because she was so religious.

Peter looks around and down a hallway to make sure no one’s coming. He pulls a leather bound diary down off of a shelf. He opens it and reads furiously. His expression worsens by the second.

FEMALE VOICE
I like Peter. But...I LOVE GREG.
Last night, I let him finger me. I CAME SOOOOOOOOOO HARD.

He snaps the diary shut.

INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE
What about college?

PETER
Three more times.

CHARLIE
Oh my God.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON a tattoo. In ornate, Gothic lettering: FUCK MACHINE.
MALE VOICE
YEAH. THAT’S IT. RIGHT THERE.
YEEEEEEAH.

PULL OUT to reveal a NAKED GUY (shaved head, muscular) whose back is adorned with this tattoo. Peter enters the room. He freezes. His eyes go directly to the FUCK MACHINE tattoo.

PETER
What the...?

JAMIE (19, naked and on her knees) peeks around Fuck Machine (who she’s been blowing) and sees Peter.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK
Peter (21) sits across from ADAM (also 21).

ADAM
Dude, she’s so fucking hot. She’s got this little rose tattoo right, y’know, there. Her initials are in the petals. So you gotta get real close. Know what I’m sayin’?

PETER
Are you fucking serious?

ADAM
Yeah, man.

Peter pulls out his wallet, removes a yearbook photo of a PRETTY BRUNETTE and slides it across the table to Adam.

ADAM
Why do you have her picture in your wallet?

PETER
Gee. I wonder.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK
It’s snowing heavily. Peter (21) walks along and then spots something: RACHEL (20, blonde, stunning) walking hand in hand with ERIC (21, wearing a ridiculously long scarf). Eric kisses Rachel’s hand. She puts her head on his shoulder. Peter’s shoulders slump. He turns and walks in the opposite direction, disappearing behind a curtain of snow.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
And then what?
INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

PETER
I stopped dating. Stopped looking. When you knew me, I was physically incapable of doing anything but having an unrequited crush. That’s why I liked you so much. Because there was no chance of it ever happening.

CHARLIE
Right.

The lights go down again. The movie starts.

Charlie and Peter watch the movie. Charlie focuses on how close her hand is to his.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Timmy’s at a table, by the window. He’s watching the entrance to the movie theater. He watches Charlie and Peter exit together, talking, laughing. He shakes his head.

TIMMY
God dammit, Charlie.

He pulls out his phone and dials.

EXT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - THAT MOMENT

Charlie laughs at something Peter just said. Her phone rings. She answers it.

CHARLIE
Hey, big brother.

Cutting between them:

TIMMY
What the hell do you think you’re doing?

Charlie covers the phone.

CHARLIE
(to Peter)
I’ll be just a minute.

She moves far enough away from Peter, that he won’t hear. She scans her surroundings, looking for Timmy.
CHARLIE
What are you talking about?

She spots Timmy sitting by the window of the coffee shop across the street. He catches her look. He waves.

TIMMY
We’ve been following this guy for a few days and nothing. And then the night his girlfriend goes out of town...

CHARLIE
She went out of town?

TIMMY
...guess who turns out to be his date?

CHARLIE
We bumped into each other.

TIMMY
Accidentally? On purpose? Charlie, it’s one thing to run a honey trap. It’s a whole other thing if you’re just stealing him away from his woman.

CHARLIE
Who do you think you’re talking to? What did I tell you five years ago?

TIMMY
That you were out. Done with all of it. That you believe in love but...

CHARLIE
It’s just not for me. (beat) Nothing’s changed.

TIMMY
You sure about that?

CHARLIE
Go home.

TIMMY
You should too.

CHARLIE
Planning on it.
She ends the call. She walks back over to Peter.

CHARLIE
Sorry about that.

PETER
No problem. Hey, do you want to go get a drink? There’s a great dive just a few blocks from here.

CHARLIE
I don’t know, Peter. There are rules about how much time you can spend with a guy with a girlfriend.

PETER
It’s just a drink.

CHARLIE
Just one.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Charlie and Peter sit together, a mess of empty glasses between them. They’re both drunk. They’re the only people there, save for the BARTENDER and a few sad DRUNKS at the bar.

PETER
So, how do you catch them?

CHARLIE
What?

PETER
Like, when a client comes to you, is it just because their husband or wife is acting distant or stopped having sex with them or...?

CHARLIE
Sure. But you have to dig deep for that. This time of year, it’s usually something cheaper, dirtier. Like, say, finding two Victoria’s Secret bags tucked in the corner of your closet, with a different set of initials on each.

PETER
People suck.
CHARLIE
Not everybody. But enough to make it shitty for the rest of us.

PETER
When you...umm...when you found whatever it was you found that day you came into my office...crying...

Charlie shoots up from her seat.

CHARLIE
I’m gonna go put something on the jukebox.

Peter digs a dollar out of his pocket and slides it across to her. She takes it and saunters over to the jukebox. She selects “I Don’t Want To Do Wrong” by Gladys Knight and The Pips. She sashays away from the jukebox, her eyes closed, grooving to the slow jam.

GLADYS KNIGHT
(singing)
Mmm, I don’t wanna do wrong. But you’ve been gone, baby, so long. And I hope I hope you’ll understand. That it’s really, it’s really. Oh yes it is. It’s out of my hands. But I don’t wanna do wrong.

Peter puts his hand on her hip. Charlie opens her eyes. They meet Peter’s. He grabs her hand. They dance a little. Peter’s foot lands on hers.

CHARLIE
(laughing)
You’re a terrible dancer.

PETER
I’m drunk.

CHARLIE
Somehow, I doubt it’s any better when you’re sober.

PETER
I can’t believe how long it’s been. I got used to seeing you every day.

CHARLIE
You’re better off.
PETER
I doubt that.

They’re very close now. Something could happen. One of them just has to make a move. Charlie stiffens.

CHARLIE
I have to go to the bathroom.

She frees herself from him and rushes to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Charlie’s on her cell phone. The sound of disco comes from the other end of the phone.

CHARLIE
(into the phone)
Amanda?

INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT – THAT MOMENT

Amanda dances to disco in her underwear. She presses the “SPEAKER” button on the phone.

AMANDA
Hey, Charlie. I hear you’re being bad.

Cutting between them:

CHARLIE
Fuckin’ Timmy.

AMANDA
What’s goin’ on?

CHARLIE
Peter’s not cheating. But I think he’d cheat with me.

AMANDA
How do you feel about that?

CHARLIE
I feel like a terrible person.

AMANDA
Why?

CHARLIE
Because I kinda want him to.
STEVE (O.S.)
Who are you talking to?

Amanda’s dancing across from STEVE (30, terribly handsome).

CHARLIE
(from the phone)
Am I on speaker?

AMANDA
I’m hosting a dance party. I can’t be on the phone as host of such an event.

CHARLIE
Dance party? Why wasn’t I invited?

AMANDA
It’s a two person party.

CHARLIE
Oh. HEY, GARTH.

Amanda stops dancing and picks up the phone.

AMANDA
(into the phone)
Did you fall down? Hit your head at some point in the evening?

CHARLIE
What?

AMANDA
Garth is Monday, Wednesday and Sunday. Thursdays are...

CHARLIE
That’s right. Sorry. Steve. HI STEVE.

AMANDA
Did you think I put you back on speaker?

CHARLIE
My bust.

EXT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

The Galaxie pulls up in front. Timmy gets out, stretches and heads inside.
INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT - MORNING

A knock at the door. Amanda answers. It’s Timmy.

AMANDA
Hey. I’ll be ready in a minute.

TIMMY
You talk to Charlie?

AMANDA
They went to a bar after the movie.

TIMMY
God dammit.

AMANDA
Nothing happened. Even though she kinda wishes something would. And considering how she’s been for the last...

TIMMY
Five years.

AMANDA
That’s kinda like progress.

TIMMY
Couldn’t she just sign up for E-Harmony or some shit?

Timmy becomes distracted by something in Amanda’s kitchen.

TIMMY
Is there a naked guy in your kitchen?

A NAKED GUY eyes the contents of Amanda’s refrigerator.

AMANDA
You know Steve.

Steve turns around and gives Timmy quite a good look at the merchandise.

TIMMY
Better than I did before. Do you know if he’s always been...

AMANDA
Manscaped?
TIMMY
It makes it look bigger, right? I mean...that’s what I’ve heard.

AMANDA
Yeah, no. That’s a total myth. It just makes it look sad and lonely.

Timmy laughs.

AMANDA
I’ll be right back.

Amanda walks off. Steve grabs her by the waist, pulls her close and kisses her. Her leg kicks back. Timmy watches, jealousy all over his face.

STEVE (O.S.)
Hey.

Timmy turns. Steve is suddenly right in front of him.

TIMMY
Hey, man.

STEVE
You’re Timmy, right? Amanda talks about you all the time.

TIMMY
Oh. That’s...

STEVE
It’s great to finally meet you.

Steve hugs Timmy.

TIMMY
DUDE.

Steve pulls away. Timmy looks down and sees shaving cream residue on his pants.

TIMMY
Aww, man.

STEVE
Shit. I thought I got it all. I usually shower after.

TIMMY
Don’t you have some...?
STEVE
What?

TIMMY
Pants?

STEVE
Does the male form make you uncomfortable? I mean, it’s just a dick. A rod. A...

TIMMY
Johnson?

Steve backs up, as if to give Timmy a better view.

TIMMY
What are you...?
(calling out)
Amanda?

STEVE
Did I miss any spots? I get these hairs on my shaft. Do you get those? I usually tweeze them. Don’t want to cut my shaft.

Timmy looks. He throws up a little in his mouth.

TIMMY
Looks awesome.

STEVE
You’re sure I didn’t miss any...?

He thrusts his crotch towards Timmy.

TIMMY
You’re thrusting. No thrusting.

Steve backs up, revealing Amanda. She’s cracking up.

AMANDA
Am I interrupting?

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - MORNING

Charlie, Amanda, Timmy and Janine sit around the conference table. Timmy taps his pen on the table, incessantly. Charlie reaches across, pulls the pen from his hand and tosses it across the room.
CHARLIE
What’s with you?

TIMMY
A naked man hugged me this morning. Right after he’d been shaving his junk. Then we had a conversation. During which he had a chubby.

Amanda laughs.

TIMMY
Did I say something funny?

AMANDA
Are you really that freaked out about this?

TIMMY
Me? I’m not the one dating the guy.

AMANDA
I don’t think what we do counts as dating.

CHARLIE
Are you two done?

Timmy sighs, angrily.

CHARLIE
Where are we with Dr. Happy?

JANINE
The plastic surgeon?

INSERT: A gauzy, oddly sexual commercial for the plastic surgery practice of Dr. R.J. Happy. Elevator music plays as DR. HAPPY (55, hair plugs) encounters MODEL after MODEL. He styles their hair and makes lewd shapes with his hands.

CHARLIE
The very one.

TIMMY
Played tennis yesterday with what’s his name...Feldman...the lawyer. No wives. No girlfriends.

CHARLIE
Locker room talk?
TIMMY
Twenty six minutes about the economy, the Celtics and a time share they’re going in on in the Bahamas.

CHARLIE
Maybe we should start following the mistress. I mean, we’ve been following him for months and nothing. Either Mrs. Happy’s super paranoid or her husband’s really clever.

JANINE
You know who she is?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

JANINE
If Mrs. Happy knows her husband is cheating, why bother hiring you?

CHARLIE
Because she only thinks he’s cheating with her. She needs proof. Without proof, it’s just paranoia.

JANINE
How often are people wrong?

CHARLIE
In my experience. About 1 in 10.

AMANDA
Great odds, huh?

TIMMY
(directed at Amanda)
Waaaah. Statistics make me date douche nozzles. Waaaah.

Amanda glares at him. She almost says something but then stops herself. She leans across the table to Charlie.

AMANDA
Tell me something. And be honest. Have you been thinking about him this whole time? Like behind the whole, I'm the boss, we have work to do front...have you just been...?
Janine leans in.

JANINE
Are we talking about Peter Brandt?

Now Timmy leans in.

TIMMY
No. We’re talking about Gary Coleman and how despite getting married, he remains a virgin.

JANINE
(to Charlie)
Wait. You're not a virgin, are you?

CHARLIE
Timmy. You know Janine’s always a step behind. And yet you insist on...

TIMMY
Admit it’s funny.

JANINE
I’m not always a step behind.

CHARLIE
(to Amanda and Timmy)
Why are you two fighting?

AMANDA
We’re not fighting. Are we fighting?

Timmy puts on a fake smile, much to Amanda’s chagrin.

TIMMY
What could we possibly have to fight about?

M & M INVESTIGATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone exits the conference room.

JANINE
(to Charlie)
I’ll get you all the Dr. Happy files.
CHARLIE
Thanks, Janine.
(to Timmy and Amanda)
You two are on Mr. February?

AMANDA
Lunch with the fiancé. Told her he was booked all day after that. We’ll let you know.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY
Mr. February and his Fiancé enter, hand in hand. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT
Amanda lowers her camera. She and Timmy are parked across from the restaurant.

AMANDA
Y’know, I’ve dated nice guys. I want a nice guy.

TIMMY
No, you don’t.

AMANDA
Because I don’t want you? Jesus, Timmy. I’m your sister’s best friend. Your parents call me their second daughter. I mean, we’re practically related.

TIMMY
You’ve heard of shrinkage, right? What you just said...made my dick crawl back inside my body.

AMANDA
I doubt it was a very long journey.

TIMMY
You’re just afraid to be hurt or disappointed.

AMANDA
Timmy...how many times are we going to have this same fight?

TIMMY
Until I win.
INT. PETER’S OFFICE – DAY

Peter’s on the phone, flipping his ticket stub to “The Apartment” over and over again in his hand.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS – THAT MOMENT

Charlie sifts through a box marked “DR. HAPPY.” Her phone rings. It’s Peter. She wants to ignore the call, but she can’t.

CHARLIE
(into the phone)
Charlie Miles.

Cutting between them:

PETER
Hey.

CHARLIE
Hey, Peter.

PETER
So, look, I know you said you couldn’t help me with Valentine’s Day...and that’s totally fine and I completely understand, but...

CHARLIE
What?

PETER
I’m no good at buying jewelry. And I know that’s what Rebecca wants and I just don’t want to fuck up. And if you could...

CHARLIE
Don’t you have any other friends?

PETER
Guys. Just as lost as I am.

Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE
You free this afternoon?

PETER
You’re a life saver.
CHARLIE

Lucky me.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Mr. February and his Fiancé kiss goodbye. They walk off in opposite directions.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Amanda gets out of the car.

AMANDA
(to Timmy)
I’ll call you.

She heads off after Mr. February.

INT. THE T - DAY

Mr. February is seated, reading *Rules of the Game* by Neil Strauss. Amanda is seated a few rows back, keeping an eye on him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Amanda follows Mr. February. He enters an Enterprise Rent-A-Car. Amanda pulls out her phone and dials.

AMANDA
(into the phone)

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Timmy starts the car, pulls out of his spot and speeds off.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Amanda spots the Galaxie. She waves him down. Timmy pulls up. She gets in.
INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

They’ve got a great view of the entrance and exit to the rental car lot. A Chrysler Sebring convertible comes to the lot’s exit.

AMANDA
There he is. Chrysler Sebring convertible.

TIMMY
That’s a douchebag car.

AMANDA
We’re following a douchebag.

TIMMY
This is the business we’ve chosen.

Mr. February pulls out of the lot. They follow after him.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS TURNPIKE - DAY

Mr. February’s Chrysler Sebring convertible takes an exit off the turnpike. The Galaxie follows.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

They follow Mr. February as he turns into the lot of the Twin Pines Motel.

EXT. TWIN PINES MOTEL - THAT MOMENT

Mr. February parks. He gets out. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

He heads up the stairs to the second level. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

He walks to Room 206 and knocks. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

The door opens. A WOMAN IN LINGERIE answers. She wraps her arms around him and kisses him, feverishly. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Amanda lowers her camera.
TIMMY
What did he tell his fiancé?

AMANDA
That he had meetings the rest of the day.

TIMMY
Well, I guess that’s kinda true.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Charlie’s headed for the door.

CHARLIE
Janine, I’m going out for a few hours.

JANINE
Where are you going?

CHARLIE
Don’t ask.

JANINE
Saying that only makes me want to know more than I ever would have in the first place.

CHARLIE
Let’s just say it reflects poorly on my decision making skills.

JANINE
Are you going somewhere with Peter?

CHARLIE
Jewelry shopping. For his girlfriend.

JANINE
Are you retarded?

CHARLIE
I might be.

JANINE
Are you planning on making a move? Y’know, to test him?
CHARLIE
No. He’s not a cheater. If I actually did make a move, it’d probably ruin any slim chance I have.

JANINE
That’s really sad.

CHARLIE
No. It’s just really stupid.

INT. T STATION – DAY
Charlie and Peter wait for the train. Awkward silence. The train rumbles past and comes to a stop.

INT. THE T – DAY
The doors open. Charlie and Peter get on. There are no seats available. Charlie reaches for a bar to hold onto. Another WOMAN grabs the same bar. Charlie instantly notices the Woman’s nail polish. It’s chipped but it’s clear that she has “NEW ENGLAND” spelled out in Patriots’ colors (red, white and blue) on her nails. Charlie lets go of the bar, grabs Peter and heads towards the other end of the train car.

PETER
What’s goin’ on?

She pulls out her phone and dials.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS – THAT MOMENT
The phone rings. Janine answers.

JANINE
(into the phone)
M & M Investigations.

Cutting between Charlie and Janine:

Charlie’s focused on the Woman with the chipped nail polish.

CHARLIE
Janine, send me a picture of Dr. Happy’s mistress.

PETER
The plastic surgeon? From TV?
Charlie nods to him.

PETER
Those commercials haunt my dreams.

Charlie laughs.

JANINE
He’s funny. Funny’s dangerous.

CHARLIE
Tell me about it.

Janine searches through photos of Patriots cheerleaders.

JANINE
Okay. You should have it.

Charlie receives the picture on her phone.

CHARLIE
Jackpot. She’s on the train with me.

JANINE
You’re kidding...

CHARLIE
What’s the name of that nail place at the Galleria?

JANINE
Koko’s?

CHARLIE
Yeah. Call them. Pretend you’re her boss or something. Just confirm her appointment time.

JANINE
How do you...?

CHARLIE
Trust me, Janine. I’m good at this.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Charlie and Peter follow Dr. Happy’s Mistress.

CHARLIE
I just want to see where she goes. If she meets anyone. And then...
Peter

Don’t worry about it. This is fun.

Peter hears footsteps behind them. He looks. A Woman (40, curvy, busting out of a pantsuit) is charging ahead.

Peter (re: the Woman)
She means business.

Charlie turns to look.

Charlie

Oh fuck.

Peter

What?

Charlie

That’s Mrs. Happy.

Charlie breaks from Peter and meets up with Mrs. Happy.

Charlie
Whatever it is you’re planning to do here, whatever it is you think you’re going to accomplish, just don’t. Okay? Just turn around.

Mrs. Happy
That’d be the right thing to do, wouldn’t it?

Charlie
But you’re not going to do that, are you?

Mrs. Happy
I might be wrong. BUT AT LEAST I’M NOT A WHORE.

Dr. Happy's Mistress stops and turns around. Peter slowly backs out of the line of fire.

Mistress
Probably what you said to Jenny Craig after that shit just didn’t work out.

Mrs. Happy
Should’ve followed your lead, I guess, low carb diet of nothing but dick.
MISTRESS
I don’t know why you’re mad at me.
I’m not the one who hung the do not disturb sign in front of your pussy.

Mrs. Happy pulls a gun out of her purse and with her trembling hand points it at her husband’s Mistress.

MRS. HAPPY
Keep talking.

Charlie spies two MALL SECURITY GUARDS walking over.

CHARLIE
We’re outside a Jamba Juice, Marilyn. Do you want to go the rest of your life being the Jamba Juice Killer? Have a boost named after you? Spend the rest of your days in some 8x10 with some bitch who looks like the ugly Indigo Girl making you moisturize her thighs every night? Over what? Some asshole who-

Mrs. Happy fires. The bullet whizzes by Peter’s head, taking a large chunk of his left ear with it. Peter goes down.

CHARLIE
Peter!

Charlie rushes over to him.

PETER
I hear sirens.

CHARLIE
She shot you in the ear.

PETER
WHAT?

She grabs his hand.

CHARLIE
You’re going to be okay.

PETER
If I die...

CHARLIE
You’re not going to die.
Peter
I just want you to know...

Charlie
What?

Peter
That...

He turns his head and sees something that scares him. Charlie follows his eyes and sees the rest of Peter’s ear lying nearby. Peter passes out. Charlie turns around and spies Mrs. Happy fumbling with the gun, trying to get it back in her bag.

Charlie
Marilyn, go get some ice from Jamba Juice.

Mrs. Happy heads towards Jamba Juice.

Charlie
And we’re gonna need your car.

INT. MRS. HAPPY’S CAR - MOVING

Charlie drives. Peter lies down in back. Mrs. Happy’s in the passenger seat holding up the bag of ice with the piece of Peter’s ear in it.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Peter (stoned on painkillers, sipping on a juicebox) gets his ear stitched back together. Charlie stands nearby.

Charlie
I think I’m gonna barf.

Charlie runs out.

EXT. TWIN PINES MOTEL - EARLY EVENING

Mr. February exits Room 206. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

INT. GALAXIE - THAT MOMENT

Timmy starts the car. They follow the Sebring out of the parking lot. Mr. February isn’t taking the exit back to Boston.
TIMMY
Shut the fuck up. He’s going for three.

They follow him back onto the Mass Pike, heading away from the city.

AMANDA
He’s really not that hot. I don’t get why so many chicks want to fuck him.

TIMMY
Word on the street is he’s a vagina whisperer.

Amanda cracks up.

TIMMY
And, anyway, you’re one to judge.

AMANDA
You’re right. I did fuck you.

TIMMY
No you didn’t.

AMANDA
You put it in.

TIMMY
For three seconds. And then you ran out of the room.

AMANDA
We were playing just the tip.

TIMMY
No. Playing, as it’s defined by all other humans, lasts longer than three seconds. And, afterwards, the girl of your dreams doesn’t run out of the room.

AMANDA
I’m the girl of your dreams?

TIMMY
No.

AMANDA
You just said it.
TIMMY
No I didn’t.

Timmy tries to stay focused on the road. Amanda’s gaze is fixed on Timmy.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY

Charlie walks a still very stoned Peter down the hall.

PETER
(singing, badly)
‘Cause tonight is the night. For feeling alright. We’ll be making love the whole night through. So, I’m saving all my love. Yes I’m saving all my love. YES I’M SHAVING OFF MY MUFF FOR YOU.

CHARLIE
My best friend sings it like that.

PETER
What do you mean, “like that?”

CHARLIE
Those aren’t the lyrics. Whitney isn’t singing about shaving her chocha.

PETER
She isn’t?

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE
No.

INT. GALAXIE – SUNSET

Mr. February turns off down a country road. Timmy drives a little further and then pulls off the highway a few moments later. Timmy and Amanda look back at the spot where Mr. February turned off.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT – SUNSET

Charlie walks to the bedroom. Peter’s in his bed, still dressed, on top of the covers. Charlie puts a glass of water down on the bedside table.
CHARLIE
Are you okay? Do you need anything? Because I’m gonna go.

Peter pats the space next to him in bed.

PETER
Just stay for a minute.

CHARLIE
I don’t know.

PETER
Come on. Just for a minute.

Charlie lies down beside him.

PETER
Do you know I’ve never cheated on anyone? Not even for revenge. Y’know, do the whole thing where you pretend not to know and then just bang some random girl.

CHARLIE
Did you just say, bang?

PETER
Maybe.
(beat)
I got shot.

CHARLIE
I’m so sorry.

Peter holds her hand.

PETER
I’m not mad.

A moment passes. He’s still holding her hand.

CHARLIE
What are we doing?

PETER
This doesn’t count.

INT. GALAXIE - SUNSET

Timmy and Amanda drive past a “NO TRESPASSING” sign as they get deeper and deeper into the woods. They stop at a precipice that overlooks a valley.
Nestled in the valley is a newly built cabin. Mr. February’s Chrysler Sebring convertible is parked out front.

AMANDA
This is a lair.

A beat. An awkward silence.

AMANDA
What if we fucked? Just got it out of the way. And then went back to being friends.

TIMMY
There’s a problem with your plan.

AMANDA
What’s that?

TIMMY
There’s no way we would just fuck once.

AMANDA
Why not?

TIMMY
Because you don’t do anything great just one time.

AMANDA
How do you know it would be great?

TIMMY
I know a few things.

EXT. CAFE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Amanda removes the top piece of bread from her sandwich. She removes the tomato. She pulls out a pocket knife, withdraws the blade and cuts the seeds out of the tomato.

TIMMY (V.O.)
I know that when you get tomato on a sandwich, you always cut the seeds out.

She shuts the knife. PUSH IN on the knife. Kappa Kappa Sigma is engraved on the side.

TIMMY (V.O.)
With the pocket knife you stole from your college boyfriend.
INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT -FLASHBACK

Amanda’s in bed, masturbating, while reading *Twilight*.

TIMMY (V.O.)
I know you masturbate to novels instead of porn.

INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT -FLASHBACK

A drawer full of colorful cocktail umbrellas.

TIMMY (V.O.)
I know you keep cocktail umbrellas whenever you get them.

Amanda has a drink with an umbrella in it. She’s in her pajamas, on her couch, watching “The Goonies.”

TIMMY (V.O.)
And put them in your drinks at home when you’re feeling sad.

INT. GALAXIE - CONTINUOUS

TIMMY
And I know that if we fucked, we’d want to make fucking our job.

She turns to him.

AMANDA
I’m going to kiss you now?

TIMMY
Yeah?

AMANDA
Don’t get any ideas.

She kisses him. It’s the kiss everybody waits for. They both hear the sound of a CAR PULLING UP. They part and watch as a black Volvo parks in front of the cabin. Amanda reaches for her camera.

Mr. February comes out of the cabin, holding a bottle of champagne. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

The door to the Volvo opens. And out steps Rebecca Abbot. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.
TIMMY
Isn’t that...?

AMANDA
Holy fucking shit.

Mr. February and Rebecca meet, embrace and kiss passionately. Photographs are taken. Click-click-click.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Amanda and Timmy race towards Charlie’s apartment. Amanda pounds on her door.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Charlie sits in her walk-in closet. She’s fairly despondent. A box holding her never-worn wedding dress rests in front of her. She’s glaring at it. She hears a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. She grabs the box and puts it back on a high shelf and walks out, towards the door.

CHARLIE
Just a second.

She unlocks the door and opens it. Amanda and Timmy are mauling each other in the doorway.

CHARLIE
Finally!

Amanda and Timmy part.

AMANDA
You’re never going to believe this?

CHARLIE
(re: Amanda and Timmy)
Really?

AMANDA
Oh. Not that. I mean, how long can I go on kidding myself?

TIMMY
Long enough.

They come inside. Charlie shuts the door.

AMANDA
Rebecca Abbot is a projector.
INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter wakes up. He looks over at the empty space beside him in bed. Not thinking, he rolls over on his stitched up ear.

PETER
(pained)
Fuck me in the nuts.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Charlie’s frantically gathering everything to do with Rebecca and Peter’s case. Janine’s at her side.

JANINE
I don’t understand.

CHARLIE
A projector is a special kind of cheater. They’re already cheating. But out of some kind of arbitrary fear that they’ll be blamed when their blessed union is torn asunder...projectors accuse their partner of being the one who’s cheating.

She’s gathered everything together.

JANINE
What now?

CHARLIE
I don’t know. This wasn’t one of the options I had considered.

JANINE
But it’s good, right? Now you and Peter can...

CHARLIE
I’d be his rebound.

JANINE
No. If he gets with you, then he got with the one that got away. And the one that got away can never be a rebound.

CHARLIE
Is that real or did you just make that up?
JANINE
I just made it up.

CHARLIE
Whatever. I like it.

Charlie’s eyes turn to the big board behind Janine’s desk. Every day is X’d except for Valentine’s Day.

CHARLIE
On more day and it’s all over.

JANINE
One more day and it all starts.

Charlie cringes.

JANINE
Too much?

CHARLIE
Lil’ bit.

EXT. BOSTON – MORNING

Over the skyline, in big, bold, red letters:

V-DAY

EXT. BISTRO – MORNING

It’s not open yet. And even it was, you couldn’t get a table.

INT. BISTRO – MORNING

Following CARLOS (20, a busboy) through swinging doors into the empty kitchen. He goes to the back door and shoves it open, a gust of wintry air chilling him. Timmy’s waiting out in the alley.

CARLOS
He just got here.

Timmy enters. Carlos shuts the door behind them. Timmy sits on a stool at a cooking station. Carlos goes back into the restaurant. Timmy pulls a manila envelope out from his jacket and places it down. Within moments, CHEF MICHAEL BARLOE (40s, graying, long hair) enters. He is not expecting to see Timmy.
CHEF BARLOE
Hello. May I help you?

TIMMY
You’ve got a really great restaurant here.

CHEF BARLOE
Thank you.

TIMMY
Really hard to get a reservation.

CHEF BARLOE
Do I know you?

Timmy slides the manila envelope over to him.

CHEF BARLOE
What is this?

TIMMY
A Valentine’s Day intervention.

Chef Barloe opens the envelope and pulls out a short stack of photographs. He flips through them. They’re all of him and a young ASIAN WOMAN kissing in the Boston Common, in Harvard Square, in front of a movie theater, and on and on.

CHEF BARLOE
My wife hired you.

TIMMY
What gave it away?

CHEF BARLOE
Why are you showing me these?

TIMMY
I’m in a certain kind of mood right now. I’m a guy in love. A guy in love and a guy who wants a table for two for tonight. Around eight. Maybe by the window. And if that’s something you can make happen, I can make these pictures disappear. And we can tell your wife she has a faithful, loving husband.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - MORNING

Charlie pulls a bottle of champagne out of her fridge and then leaves.
INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - MORNING

One CLIENT after another -- crying, screaming, cursing, laughing (bitterly, hysterically, maniacally), as they look at photographs and video of their PARTNERS caught in the act. And when it’s all over and they’re all gone, Charlie exhales.

CHARLIE
Happy Valentine’s Day.

JANINE (O.S.)
You’re clear now until Rebecca Abbot at four.

She gets up and walks out of her office, past Janine who’s picking out particular candy hearts and eating them.

JANINE
You ever notice how candy hearts kinda taste like Pepto Bismol?

CHARLIE
I think that’s intentional.

She opens the refrigerator and pulls out the bottle of champagne she brought from home. Janine notices.

JANINE
What’s that for?

CHARLIE
I have a date.

Janine hurries over to Charlie.

JANINE
With Peter?

CHARLIE
Peter has a girlfriend, Janine. Sure, she’s a cheating whore. But he doesn’t know that yet. And despite what you may think, I do have some professional ethics.

JANINE
Then who’s your date?

EXT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Snow covered steps. Frosted windows. Over this, the SOUND OF A BUBBLING HOT TUB.
INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY

Charlie and Amanda are in a hot tub together. Amanda fills both of their glasses with champagne.

CHARLIE
I can’t believe your building has a hot tub.

AMANDA
I know!

CHARLIE
You can never move.

They toast.

AMANDA
Happy Valentine’s Day.

INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT – LATER

The door opens. Charlie and Amanda enter, wrapped in towels, still sipping on champagne.

CHARLIE
Y’know, I still have the dress.

Amanda freezes.

AMANDA
What? You didn’t burn it? Or at least return it for store credit? How did I not know about this?

CHARLIE
If...

AMANDA
If what?

CHARLIE
If what’s scheduled to happen at four o’clock causes what I expect it to cause...

AMANDA
Are you saying what I think you’re saying?

CHARLIE
I can’t have a never worn...
AMANDA
Probably cursed...

CHARLIE
Probably cursed wedding dress in my closet.

EXT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY


CHARLIE
Thanks.

AMANDA
We all have to let go sooner or later.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT – DAY

Peter’s cleaning up. A knock at the door. Peter answers the door. It’s Charlie.

PETER
Hey, Charles.

CHARLIE
Hey.

PETER
Come on in.

She comes in. He closes the door behind them.

CHARLIE
How’s the ear?

PETER
It’s okay. The ringing stopped. And if I hadn’t rolled over on it last night...

CHARLIE
She’s cheating on you.

His mind comes to a screeching halt.

PETER
What did you just say?
CHARLIE
Rebecca hired me. To follow you. And as it turns out. She’s the one who’s cheating. She’s a projector. To cover her own ass, she accuses you. That way, she figures if you get sick of all the tension and break it off, it won’t be her fault.

(beat)
I didn’t know until last night.

Peter’s silent.

CHARLIE
I know that this looks like a really shitty situation. Your girlfriend’s cheating on you. And I’ve been keeping things from you. Important things. And you’re stuck with this feeling that every girl you ever get involved with will cheat on you or lie to you. Not that...not that we’re involved. Anyway...what I’m saying is that this might all be for the best.

PETER
Did you just give me the “for the best” speech?

CHARLIE
What I’m trying to say is maybe being newly single isn’t the worst thing that could ever happen to you.

A long beat.

PETER
Does she know you know?

CHARLIE
No. I’m meeting with her in half an hour. I wanted to tell you first.

PETER
Can you go now?

CHARLIE
Oh.
PETER
I, uh, have to start making dinner.

CHARLIE
Okay...

Peter walks over to the door and opens it for her. She walks out. After a few steps, she turns around.

CHARLIE
Peter, I’m sorry.

He shuts the door.

INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - DAY
Rebecca sits across from Charlie. Rebecca looks through the pictures taken of her with Mr. February outside of the cabin.

REBECCA
Why were you following me?

CHARLIE
We weren’t. We were following him.

What?

CHARLIE
Birds of a feather. His fiancé hired us.

REBECCA
Fiancé?

CHARLIE
What is that? You’re cheating on your boyfriend of three years. A really great guy I might add. And you’re morally offended by the idea that the guy you’re cheating with might not be some white knight?

REBECCA
You think I’m a terrible person, don’t you?

CHARLIE
No. I think you have shitty taste and some questionable judgement and those two things together make you seem kinda dumb overall, but I don’t think you’re terrible.
INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter heads for the door with a pair of packed bags. He opens the door. Rebecca’s in the doorway, fumbling with her keys.

    REBECCA
    Peter. I’m so sorry.

    PETER
    That’s nice.

He moves past her.

    REBECCA
    Stay. Please. So I can...

    PETER
    What? So, you can explain? Because I don’t really care why you suck at life. I guess I should, right? I mean, after all, I wasted three years of my life with you. But I just don’t care. And the more I think about it...

He gives her the finger.

    PETER
    That’s all I have to say.

He turns and walks off.

INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amanda’s getting ready. She’s nervous. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. She runs out of the bathroom, down the hall, to answer the door. It’s Timmy.

    AMANDA
    You’re early.

    TIMMY
    I’m always early.

She turns around.

    AMANDA
    Zip me up.
TIMMY
Y’know, this place isn’t all that great. We could just skip dinner and...

She turns and kisses him.

AMANDA
Zip me up.

EXT. BISTRO - NIGHT

The Galaxie pulls up. The VALET hands Timmy his ticket and gets in the car. The door is opened for them. Amanda walks in. Timmy follows after her. Amanda reaches back and grabs Timmy’s hand.

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

Timmy and Amanda sit together, by the window.

AMANDA
This is weird.

TIMMY
Weird in a creepy way or weird in a good, sexy way?

AMANDA
A good, sexy way. Which is weird.

Timmy leans across the table and kisses her.

TIMMY
Still weird?

She shrugs and kisses him again.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rebecca finds the makings of a romantic dinner set out on the kitchen counter, an unopened box of candles and a bottle of champagne in the fridge. Touched, she pulls out her phone and calls Peter.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Peter’s nursing a drink. Local news is on the TV above the bar:
NEWS ANCHOR
Coming up, Cheryl Hendricks live from Faneuil Hall, where a few thousand Bostonians are going to try to set a new world record.

Peter’s phone rings. It’s Rebecca calling. He ignores it.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Rebecca calls Peter’s office.

INT. PETER’S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT
Peter’s phone (which rests next to a Red Sox bobble-head doll) rings and rings. No one’s there.

INT. BATTING CAGE - NIGHT
The pitching machine spits out baseballs. GUYS take their hacks. Rebecca looks for Peter, to no avail.

INT. BAR - NIGHT
Peter pays his tab and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Charlie’s out for a walk, to clear her head. But her mind keeps returning to Peter.

INT. LEONARD, LEHMAN AND LOWE, LLP - DAY - FLASHBACK
Peter and Charlie stand together, looking out at the Boston skyline, sharing the same bag of Swedish fish. It’s very comfortable.

INT. LEONARD, LEHMAN AND LOWE, LLP - DAY - FLASHBACK
Peter stands by Charlie’s desk, a wrapped gift in his hand. He’s debating whether or not to leave it there for her. He puts it on the desk and then removes it more than once.
INT. THE COOLIDGE CORNER THEATRE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Charlie and Peter watch “The Apartment” together. Charlie notices how close their hands are to touching.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK
Peter and Charlie dance. They’re very close.

INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - SUNSET - FLASHBACK
Peter and Charlie lie in bed together. Peter’s just had his ear stitched back together. He and Charlie hold hands.

CHARLIE
What are we doing?

PETER
This doesn’t count.

INT. BAR - NIGHT
Rebecca enters the bar that Peter just left. She looks for him. On the TV above the bar:

Correspondent CHERYL HENDRICKS (sexpot, weird face lift) is in front of a large CROWD at Faneuil Hall.

CHERYL HENDRICKS
Tom, I’m here at Faneuil Hall, where in a few minutes, a few thousand Boston couples are going to kiss to celebrate Valentine’s Day and attempt to set a world record in the process.

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - NIGHT
Cheryl Hendricks has just finished her remote. A few thousand PEOPLE are gathered behind her. Peter makes his way around the perimeter of the crowd. He spots a man in a Guinness World Records jacket. The GUINNESS REP is taking a head count.

PETER
What’s going on?
GUINNESS REP
Trying to set a world record.
Largest number of people kissing simultaneously. It’s going to be close.

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT
Charlie walks towards Faneuil Hall.

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - THAT MOMENT
Rebecca heads around the perimeter of the crowd.
Charlie’s at the edge of the crowd now.

PETER (O.S.)
I...

Charlie’s startled. Peter’s right beside her.

PETER
...didn’t think it would be this easy to sneak up on a detective.

CHARLIE
We’re just like everybody else.

PETER
I hope not.

CHARLIE
(re: the crowd)
What is this?

PETER
They’re all swingers. In a couple of minutes, they’re all gonna strip down and bump uglies, right here in front of the Crate and Barrel and the Auntie Anne’s.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE
This is the thing I saw on the news, right? The kissing record or whatever?

PETER
Why’d you ask, if you knew?
CHARLIE
Your bullshit makes me laugh.

PETER
Happy to be of service.

CHARLIE
How are you?

PETER
Better now.

CHARLIE
Really? Why’s that?

Their eyes meet.

PETER
Ever set a world record?

CHARLIE
Don’t even.

PETER
Once they start, we’re not going to be able to control ourselves. Kissing is contagious.

CHARLIE
Like yawning?

PETER
Like sexy yawning.

CHARLIE
If I’m going to kiss you, I’m not doing it at, uh, Mardi Gras. That’s not...

Peter pulls her close and kisses her. She melts and then kisses him back, passionately. PULL OUT to reveal the massive crowd of KISSING COUPLES behind them. And Rebecca, standing only a few feet away, staring at Peter and Charlie. She’s PISSED.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The lights are off. The door opens. Peter and Charlie kiss in the doorway. They stumble inside, taking off each other’s clothes. Peter slips his pants off and walks away from them. His cell phone vibrates in the back pocket.
INT. PETER AND REBECCA’S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Rebecca’s on the phone.

REBECCA
(into the phone)
So, who cheated first? Me or you?

INT. THE T - DAY

Peter and Charlie kiss -- underground and above ground.
EFFECT: See through his back pocket. His phone’s ringing. It’s Rebecca.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They make out on the couch. Peter’s cell phone vibrates on the coffee table. It’s Rebecca calling.

INT. GALAXIE - MORNING

It’s parked on a tree lined, residential street. Charlie is in the driver seat, camera in her lap. Peter is at her side. They both hear his cell phone vibrating.

CHARLIE
Maybe you should answer.

PETER
Is this a test? Like, if I say yes, you’ll get mad. Or if I say, no...

CHARLIE
It’s not a test.

PETER
I’m done. It’s over. She’ll let go eventually. She just can’t handle someone walking out on her.

CHARLIE
Here we go.

Charlie grabs her camera. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN (rumpled suit, slept-on hair) exits a brownstone and heads down the street.

CHARLIE
Walk of shame.
Charlie snaps photograph after photograph of him. The final shot is a close-up of the part of his shirt that’s sticking out of his zipped up fly. Charlie leans over to Peter and kisses him.

CHARLIE

Let’s go.

She starts the car.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT – LATER

Charlie strides down the hallway. She pulls her shirt off over her head, looking back at Peter for just a second, with a seductive, coy smile. Peter follows after her, struggling to walk and get his pants off at the same time.

Later, Charlie and Peter lie together, post-sex.

CHARLIE

I need to ask you something.

PETER

What?

CHARLIE

Remember that birthday gift you never gave me? From back in the day?

PETER

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You don’t still have it do you?

PETER

No. Why?

CHARLIE

I’ve just always been curious what it was.

PETER

It wasn’t anything special.

CHARLIE

I just regret...y’know, never seeing you for...

He kisses her.
PETER
The past is the past.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie and Amanda walk together. Peter and Timmy walk together behind them.

TIMMY
What about Haverbrook?

PETER
He’s good. Three pitches. Real good change-up. Probably start at Double-A.

TIMMY
What if we need a lefty down the stretch?

PETER
We might. But if that means we have to lean on a 19 year old kid who just learned to actually pitch a year ago and not just wind up and hurl it as hard as he could, we have bigger problems.

Timmy nods in agreement.

TIMMY
Charlie, he knows his shit.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE
He likes me, doesn’t he?

AMANDA
Everybody’s got a blind spot.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter, Charlie, Timmy and Amanda sit together, all of them deciding what to order, joking, having a good time. A WAITER serves them their drinks. FOLLOW him as he walks away, passing a table where Rebecca sits, seething, as she watches Charlie whisper in Peter’s ear.
BATHROOM - LATER

Charlie and Amanda check themselves out in the mirror.

AMANDA
So, how is it?

CHARLIE
What?

AMANDA
The sex. You are having sex, aren’t you? You’re not just cuddling and talking about exes until two in the morning?

CHARLIE
The first time...

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Peter and Charlie have sex.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - LATER - FLASHBACK

Peter and Charlie lie next to each other.

SUPER TITLE: ONE MINUTE AND TWENTY THREE SECONDS LATER

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Didn’t exactly last very long. But...

PETER AND CHARLIE SEX MONTAGE:


INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE
Practice makes perfect.

AMANDA
When will it not be weird for me to tell you...?
CHARLIE
About your sex life with my brother?

AMANDA
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Two thousand and never.

AMANDA
You realize I’m eventually going to break down and just tell you and then I won’t be able to stop?

CHARLIE
Well aware. I’m just trying to delay the inevitable.

They exit. Rebecca emerges from a stall. She’s even more pissed than she was before.

REBECCA
Nobody steals from me.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Charlie and Peter lie in bed together.

PETER
Alright, F, Marry, Kill.

CHARLIE
I get to F one person, marry one person and kill one person?

PETER
Out of three people I choose.

CHARLIE
I don’t get to choose them.

PETER
No. If you choose them, it’s not a game.

CHARLIE
Okay.

PETER
Your neighbor who’s into leather.
INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A MAN IN LEATHER CHAPS pounds on a door.

    MAN IN LEATHER CHAPS
    LET ME IN. THIS ISN’T FUNNY.

PULL OUT to reveal Charlie and Peter standing nearby, at the top of the stairs, gawking at him.

    CHARLIE
    Actually it kind of is.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

    CHARLIE
    I had just gotten the image of his chunky butt out of my mind. Thank you.

    PETER
    The guy you caught the other day, making the walk of shame.

    CHARLIE
    Snodgrass?

    PETER
    His name’s Snodgrass? That’s even better.

Charlie thinks about it and shudders.

    CHARLIE
    Yeesh.

    PETER
    And the pretty guy at your coffee place.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

Meet the PRETTY GUY at Charlie’s coffee place. There’s an angelic glow around him. He’s like the slightly hotter, but much less successful fourth Jonas brother.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

    CHARLIE
    I wasn’t flirting with him.
PETER
He’s very pretty. It’s like a freebie.

CHARLIE
You don’t get any freebies.

PETER
I know I don’t. Okay. Decide. Who are you F-ing, who are you marrying and who’s getting the heave-ho off the cliff?

CHARLIE
I have to marry pretty coffee boy.

PETER
Obviously.

CHARLIE
And I guess I’m going with Snodgrass and kicking chunky butt right off the cliff.

PETER
Sick.

She gets on top of him.

CHARLIE
I should throw you off the cliff.

PETER
I wasn’t one of your options.

CHARLIE
I wouldn’t throw you off a cliff.

PETER
I was worried.

CHARLIE
Don’t get too comfortable.

PETER
Be gentle.

She kisses him.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Mr. February slouches on his couch in a ratty bathrobe and Valentine’s Day boxers, watching TV. His cell phone rings.
He perks up. It’s Rebecca calling. He unsuccessfully tries to calm himself down and then answers.

MR. FEBRUARY
(into the phone)
Hello?

REBECCA
(from the phone)
I need your help.

MR. FEBRUARY
(into the phone)
Anything.

INT. RED SOX OFFICES - NIGHT

A pre-season party, in full swing. Peter shows Charlie off, but he’s really the one that shines. He’s in his element. He knows everyone and everyone knows and likes him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A non-descript van moves along at a decent clip.

INT. VAN - MOVING

JOEY GRECO (smarmy host of TV’s “Cheaters”) has a camera fixed on him. Rebecca’s sitting next to him.

INSERT: Video footage.

JOEY GRECO
I’m Joey Greco from Cheaters. Rebecca has long suspected her boyfriend of cheating. And tonight, she’s finally going to confront him.

EXT. RED SOX OFFICES - NIGHT

Peter and Charlie exit together and walk towards the Galaxie.

CHARLIE
That was fun.

PETER
For you. I see those people every day.
Charlie gets into the Galaxie. Peter doesn’t. He watches the Cheaters van speed into the parking lot and come to an abrupt stop just a few feet from him. The van’s side door slides open. Joey Greco, TWO CAMERAMEN and Rebecca exit. Peter quickly realizes what’s happening.

PETER
(to Rebecca)
Are you fucking high?

The Cameramen surround him.

JOEY GRECO
Peter, I’m Joey Greco from Cheaters. Do you have any explanation for what you’re doing here with this woman?

PETER
Are you fucking crazy? I work here.

JOEY GRECO
Can you explain to Rebecca...?

Charlie rolls down the window.

CHARLIE
Don’t make me get out of this car, Greco.

JOEY GRECO
Oh, hi, Charlie. Long time no see.

PETER
You actually know each other?

JOEY GRECO
We go way back.

CHARLIE
Greco’s been giving a bad name to my profession before it was even my profession. Oh and I fucking hate him.

JOEY GRECO
Feeling’s mutual, bitch.

Charlie gets out of the car.

CHARLIE
What did I tell you the last time we crossed paths?
REBECCA
(to Peter)
This. This is who you left me for? Really?

CHARLIE
(to Joey)
What did I tell you?

JOEY GRECO
That I’d need a good dentist when you were done with me.

Charlie’s right arm is down at her side. Her hand curls into a fist.

CHARLIE
Martin. Forman. DDS.

INT. CITY LOCK-UP - NIGHT
Charlie sits on a bench. Her cell door is SLAMMED SHUT.

INT. CHRYSLER SEBRING - MORNING
Mr. February and Rebecca are together up front. They’re parked across from City Lock-Up. Peter’s standing outside.

MR. FEBRUARY
Sorry that didn’t work out. I forgot Charlie and Greco had beef.

REBECCA
I appreciate the effort.

MR. FEBRUARY
But this’ll work. She’ll come out over there.

He points to a door at the opposite end of the building from where Peter stands.

MR. FEBRUARY
So, we just have to time it right.

He hands her an earpiece. She puts it in.

REBECCA
We’re like spies.

MR. FEBRUARY
I’ll signal you.
She kisses him.

INT. CITY LOCK-UP - MORNING
Charlie is handed her belongings by a STERN FEMALE OFFICER.

INT. CITY LOCK-UP - MORNING
Peter waits. Suddenly, his expression turns. Rebecca’s coming his way.

PETER
Get the fuck away from me.

REBECCA
I want to talk to you. I want to explain.

PETER
I’m not really interested in doing that.

REBECCA
Three years together and you just walk out at the first sign of trouble?

PETER
Penises that aren’t mine being inside you is a little more than a bump in the road.

REBECCA
How can you just give up on us? We’re good together. Don’t you remember that weekend in Montreal? Weekends like that don’t just happen.

PETER
Yes they do. All the time. It’s the rest of it that doesn’t happen.

Charlie exits the building.

INT. CHRYSLER SEBRING - THAT MOMENT
Mr. February spots Charlie. He pulls out a walkie-talkie.
MR. FEBRUARY
(into the walkie-talkie)
Here she comes.

EXT. CITY LOCK-UP - THAT MOMENT
Rebecca subtly looks behind her and spies Charlie.

REBECCA
Well, I’m not giving up on us.

PETER
You’re just procrastinating.

REBECCA
I love you.

PETER
No, you don’t. You just can’t stand that I don’t love you anymore.

She kisses him and simultaneously grabs his junk. He should be pushing her away but he’s not. Finally, Peter opens his eyes. Charlie’s standing just a few feet away. She turns around and heads for the Galaxie. Peter pushes Rebecca away.

REBECCA
(after Charlie)
He kissed me.

Peter looks back at her with disgust. Charlie fumbles with her keys as she tries to get into the car. Peter rushes over to her.

PETER
She kissed me. I didn’t kiss her back.

CHARLIE
You dead lipped her?

PETER
What else was I supposed to do?

CHARLIE
You’re a grown ass man, Peter. You could’ve pushed her away.

PETER
Charles...
CHARLIE
Don’t call me that.

PETER
We’re talking about seconds, here.
SECONDS.

She’s not hearing it.

PETER
You’ve been waiting for this,
haven’t you?

CHARLIE
Waiting for what?

PETER
An easy out. That way you can go
back to thinking that everything
sucks.

CHARLIE
No. We’re not talking about
everything. We’re talking about
this. And this sucks. It’s too
messy. Too complicated.

PETER
Good luck finding something that
isn’t. You’re seriously doing
this, aren’t you? You. You who
hasn’t dated anyone for five years.
You bring that baggage to the table
and I’m cool with it. But I
can’t...I can’t have one psychotic
ex-girlfriend with a flair for the
dramatic.

CHARLIE
Stop joking around.

PETER
Let it go.

CHARLIE
What?

PETER
Just let it go.

CHARLIE
I don’t know how to do that.
She gets in the car. She turns the engine over. Peter’s standing in front of the car.

PETER
Charlie, don’t do this. If this doesn’t work out, let it be because we failed, not because of your past or mine.

CHARLIE
Get out of the way.

PETER
Please.

CHARLIE
Get out of the way, Peter.

He steps aside. She speeds off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Peter lies in his bed. He’s miserable. He repeatedly pokes at his stitched-up ear.

PETER
OW. OW. OW. OW.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie’s in her bed. She’s equally miserable.

INT. AMANDA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amanda and Timmy are playing Wii tennis.

AMANDA
Yeah, bitch. How ya like me now?

Timmy wins the point. He laughs. Amanda’s dejected.

TIMMY
We have to work on your trash talk. It’s mostly a timing issue.

AMANDA
You want a re-match?

TIMMY
I’ve beaten you eight straight times. Do you want a re-match?
Amanda’s cell phone rings. She sees that it’s Peter calling.

    AMANDA
    Should I answer it?

    TIMMY
    Yes.

    AMANDA
    Charlie might get mad.

Timmy shrugs.

    TIMMY
    Let her.

Amanda takes the call.

    AMANDA
    (into the phone)
    Peter?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Peter sits at the edge of the bed.

    PETER
    (into the phone)
    I know what to do to get her back.

Cutting between them:

    AMANDA
    (to Timmy)
    He has a plan.

    TIMMY
    Aww shit. P-Diddy’s got a plan.

    PETER
    I need your help.

INT. GALAXIE - MORNING

Amanda is parked across from Charlie’s building. Peter’s with her.

    AMANDA
    Timmy’s got her on some dead-end stakeout.
Charlie exits the building and walks off. Peter gets out and goes behind the car. Amanda pops the trunk.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - MORNING

Peter and Amanda enter with their arms full of grocery bags. They put them down. Peter then pulls out a wrapped box, the same one he never gave Charlie five years ago. Amanda eyes it.

AMANDA
She’s gonna lose her shit.

PETER
I hope so.

AMANDA
Can I just say, though. That is not an appropriate gift to give an engaged woman.

PETER
What do you want from me? I was in love. I thought it’d cause one of those moments where the person realizes what they’ve been missing.

AMANDA
That doesn’t happen too often.

PETER
It happened with you and Timmy, right?

AMANDA
Touché.

PETER
I just hope it happens today.

Amanda crosses her fingers.

AMANDA
Fingers and toes.

She kisses him on the cheek and leaves.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Charlie’s at the edge, camera in hand. A steaming cup of Dunkin’ Donuts coffee on the ledge.
INT. M & M INVESTIGATIONS - MORNING

Timmy sits on the edge of Janine’s desk, holding a tracphone.

JANINE
I don’t know, Timmy.

TIMMY
Just call and tell her there’s been a break-in at her building and she needs to come back right away.

JANINE
Won’t she know it’s me?

TIMMY
No. You’ll be using this.

He hands her the tracphone.

JANINE
Whose phone is this?

TIMMY
It’s a tracphone. Often used by shady characters. Like detectives or drug dealers.

JANINE
I don’t know.

TIMMY
You won’t get fired.

JANINE
Promise?

TIMMY
Sure.

JANINE
Comforting.

She dials Charlie’s number.

EXT. ROOFTOP - THAT MOMENT

Charlie’s phone rings. She answers it.

CHARLIE
(into the phone)
Charlie Miles.
WHAT?

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Charlie rushes up the stairs. She charges towards her apartment.

INT. CHARLIE’S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Charlie bursts in. She stops. She smells something. And then Peter appears at the opposite end of the hall, hiding the gift behind his back. He’s in pajamas.

CHARLIE
What’s that smell?

PETER
That’s lunch. It comes...

CHARLIE
Between breakfast and dinner.
(beat)
There wasn’t a break-in was there?

PETER
It was your secretary who called.

CHARLIE
Fuckin’ temp agency.

He reveals the gift.

CHARLIE
What is that? Is that...?

She inches closer and closer to him.

CHARLIE
Why are you wearing pajamas?

He hands her the gift.

PETER
Open it.

She takes it from him. She unwraps it. It’s a VHS tape.

CHARLIE
What is this?
PETER
Put it in.

She walks into the living room. She puts the VHS into the VCR and presses “PLAY.” The tape plays old local news footage of a blizzard. Announcing road closures, school cancellations, etc.

CHARLIE
Oh my God.

Charlie takes in the room now. The curtains are drawn. Candles are lit. There’s a stack of DVDs on the coffee table.

CHARLIE
You gave me a snow day.

PETER
From here on out, today is officially Snow Day. We take off from work, stay in, cook, watch a bunch of shitty movies, put a puzzle together, I don’t know. All I do know is it comes with no baggage. Because it’s ours and no one else’s. We don’t need Valentine’s Day. We don’t need any of that shit. That’s for the rest of them. We have Snow Day.

She wraps her arms around him and they kiss.

CHARLIE
There’s just one problem.

PETER
What?

CHARLIE
I still really want to punch you.

PETER
Oh, that’s...

CHARLIE
I think I’ll feel better afterwards.

PETER
What happens after you punch me?

Charlie whispers something in his ear.
PETER
I’m pickin’ up what you’re puttin’
down.

CHARLIE
Want to get it out of the way?

PETER
You’re serious?

CHARLIE
One last thing to let go of.

PETER
Okay.

He backs away from her slightly, preparing for the punch.

CHARLIE
This might hurt.


PETER
Happy Snow Day.

They kiss.

FADE OUT.

Credits roll over the local news footage on the Snow Day VHS.