

DOPPELGANGERS

by

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EXT./INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - EARLY EVENING

Inside an old but classy downtown building, a LAUNCH PARTY is being held for THE DAILY SHOPPER - one of the few newspapers lucky/dumb enough to make the transition online.

As the punch pours, buzzed CO-WORKERS are *just* beginning to cross into that gray area where pretending to like each other actually seems possible for an hour or two.

In walks ERIC SCOTT, 27. He's clean-cut and well dressed in a peacoat, pressed slacks, and shiny shoes.

By his side is ABBY, late 20's. She's beautiful.

Her makeup is understated and she carries her lithe frame with grace.

ERIC  
How's my tie?

ABBY  
For the millionth time, babe, it looks great. Don't be nervous. If there really is a column opening up, I'm sure you'll get your chance.

ERIC  
You're the best, you know that?

Abby smiles sweetly and goes in for a reassuring kiss.

Just before their lips meet, Eric spots his boss, AVERY BULLOCK, out of the corner of his eye and pulls away.

Bullock is a handsome Black man whose modern glasses are in perfect synch with his precisely groomed mustache.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
There he is! Let's make a good impression and then we can leave.

Eric hooks his arm through Abby's as they make their way through the crowd like a couple of Kennedys.

LOUD VOICE (O.S.)  
WHO'S READY TO GET FUUUUUUCKED UP?!

Eric, Abby, and a group of people around them, stop in their tracks. All turn to look at:

A sloppily-dressed man grabbing a CHAMPAGNE GLASS from a MORBIDLY OBESE SERVER.

He downs it in one gulp and delivers a flirtatious SLAP to the Server's GIANT ASS.

ERIC/ABBY  
(shocked)  
Sam?!

SAM is Eric's IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER. He wears a wrinkled polo shirt. His long, unkempt hair reaches his shoulders.

SAM  
Eric! Come here, you old herpes spreader!

Sam gets Eric in a head-lock. Eric frees himself and then smoothes his now-disheveled hair.

ERIC  
What're you doing here?!

SAM  
Chill out, bro. Mom told me about it.

ERIC  
Why would she do that?!

SAM  
That's what you get for calling her everyday.

ERIC  
But she lives in Arizona. *And so do you!*

SAM  
Not anymore. She kicked me out. I live eight blocks away now. Always nice to be close to family. And since Mom cut me loose, here I am.

ERIC  
Why didn't you tell me?

SAM  
(genuinely perplexed)  
I *just* did.

Eric and Abby CRINGE.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Jeeze, Ab. I haven't seen you in, what, two years?

ABBY  
 (almost in shock)  
 Since Meemaw and Peepaw's  
 anniversary party...

SAM  
 Oh, right. How's her hip?

Abby looks down at the floor.

ABBY  
 It's, um, better...

SAM  
 Great! Still doing the nurse  
 thing?

ABBY  
 Yes, Sam. I'm still doing the  
 "nurse thing".

Eric dances on his tip toes as he impatiently looks over  
 Sam's shoulder at Bullock.

Sam turns to grab two BEERS from a nearby table; he isn't  
 sharing.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 Don't you wanna take it easy?

SAM  
 (buzzing)  
 Might as well stock up while it's  
 free.

ERIC  
 Are you having money problems  
 again?

SAM  
 No bro, I brought my truck with me.

Eric surreptitiously guides Sam toward the door hoping he  
 won't notice until they're outside.

ERIC  
 You're still mowing lawns?

SAM  
 Among other things.

ERIC  
 Hey, that's great. We can catch up  
 later.

Sam suddenly spins away from Eric.

SAM

Sure thing. I'm gonna go see if  
that fat waitress reloaded her tray  
yet.

Eric looks annoyed as Sam frolics away. Just then, KINGSHUK MUKERJEE, 30's, Eric's office "bestie", approaches.

A jaded, Americanized Indian man, think Aziz Ansari, he's short with a dark beard and bad hair cut. He's more than a little drunk.

KINGSHUK

Eric! My man! Abby you look so  
young and innocent.

ABBY

Uh, thanks, King.

ERIC

Sorry, bud, we'll grab a drink in a  
second. I need to talk to Bullock.

KINGSHUK

Gotta wait. He's about to pop the  
cherry on this party. Let's go  
watch it bleed.

ERIC

Two minutes. We'll be right---

As if on cue, Bullock CLINKS his glass with a spoon.

Eric STAMPS HIS FOOT upset that he's just missed his opening.

BULLOCK

(effortlessly cool)  
Glad to see everyone is enjoying  
themselves.

This gets a good LAUGH from the crowd; whether real or forced, Avery soaks it up.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

I just wanted to welcome you all to  
our Launch Party. The Shopper is  
finally ready to join the 21st  
Century as a state-of-the-art  
online publication.

(beat)

Mary, can you bring the champagne  
over?

MARY, from Accounts Payable, glides over carrying the champagne. Looking like Jessica Rabbit (only with bigger boobs and a less husky voice), she walks over practically titty-fucking the BOTTLE.

KINGSHUK  
 (mumbling to Eric)  
 Slutty Mary *can't* be street legal.

Eric elbows him in the ribs.

KINGSHUK (CONT'D)  
 I'm just saying I'd do anything to  
 let her float my ass down the  
 Ganges.

Slutty Mary struggles to UNCORK the champagne. Kingshuk rushes to her aid.

KINGSHUK (CONT'D)  
 Here, Mary, let me help you.

She pulls on the cork again while he grips the bottle firmly.

KINGSHUK (CONT'D)  
 Ah, just like that. Use both  
 hands.

Everyone in the room gets wet watching her jerk off the bottle.

The champagne POPS and shoots everywhere. The crowd APPLAUDS.

BULLOCK  
 Okay, people. Eat, drink, and be  
 merry!

CUE MUSIC: "**PARTY ROCK ANTHEM**" - by LMFAO

The party kicks into high gear.

ABBY  
 That was surreal.

KINGSHUK  
 I know! Wasn't it amazing?!

ERIC  
 Now's my chance; I'm gonna go talk  
 to Bullock.

Eric finishes his drink.

ABBY

Good luck, babe. He *has* to be in a good mood after that show.

Abby watches Eric sidle up to Bullock. She retreats into the background and leans against a closed OFFICE DOOR.

ERIC

(meekly)

Here, let me get that for you, Mr. Bullock.

Eric tries to wipe some champagne fizz from Bullock's coat.

BULLOCK

(annoyed)

What is it, Eric?

ERIC

I just wanted to ask you about the open column everyone keeps talking about.

BULLOCK

Right, I'll be making the announcement soon.

ERIC

Do you already have anyone in mind?

BULLOCK

I have a short list, but nothing is set in stone yet.

ER

(perking up)

Well, in that case I just wanted to mention...

Suddenly, Abby feels a THUMP against the door behind her.

It THUMPS again.

Perplexed, she turns around and slowly opens the door when...

She's taken out by a SWEATY, NAKED CANNONBALL!

Sam and the Morbidly Obese Server, locked in the throws of passion, roll right into the middle of the party taking Abby along with them!

Eric looks catatonic. Bullock can't believe his eyes.

Everyone stares at the HUMAN CENTIPEDE writhing on the floor.

The awkward silence is broken by the Morbidly Obese Server's CATERWAULING and the muffled cries of Abby choking on flab.

Mid-pump, Sam scans the room still inside the cumming Server.

SAM

So...shots?

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

### DOPPELGANGERS

EXT./INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric and Abby lie together in bed. Both are in pajamas.

ABBY

I will never be able to get the image of Sam's b-hole out of my head for as long as I live.

ERIC

I thought we agreed not to talk about it. Living in Repressionville is how I survived my childhood with him.

ABBY

Oh, baby. I can't even imagine.

Eric begins to look a little guilty.

ERIC

Well, it wasn't *all* bad. You've got to understand. It was never easy for Sam growing up either. I set a pretty high standard...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. 2ND GRADE CLASSROOM - 19 YEARS AGO - DAY

Little Eric and Little Sam, both 8, are each handed back a spelling test. Little Eric beams as he holds his paper up. A GOLD STAR sticker shines brightly on it.

Sam looks at his own test. It's covered in RED MARKS. A CLOUD WITH A FROWNY FACE sticker stares back at him.

Little Sam puts his head down on his desk as Little Eric runs around giving high fives.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ERIC AND SAM'S CHILDHOOD HOME - 10 YEARS AGO - DAY

Eric and Sam, now 17, nervously crack open their college admission letters. Eric starts jumping up and down, barely able to contain himself. Eric and Sam's MOM and DAD join in on the dance, as Sam lets his admission letter drop to the floor.

Written in BOLD RED LETTERS are the words: "We regret to inform you...".

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ERIC  
(to himself)  
God, it must've been cold there in my shadow...

ABBY  
Are you serious? You guys are a minute apart!

ERIC  
For a twin, that's nearly an eternity.  
(beat)  
Anyway, can we get off of Sam now? Let's talk about something else.

Eric rolls over onto his side. Abby snuggles up next to him. She's clearly Big Spoon in this relationship.

ABBY  
(calming down)  
Alright.  
(beat)  
Let's talk about...*it*.

ERIC  
What's "it"?

Abby leans over Eric's shoulder so that her mouth is closer to his ear.

ABBY

You know...

Eric's eyes start to flutter. He's sleepy.

ERIC

I really don't...

ABBY

We've been together for three years, babe. Don't you think it's time?

Eric's eyes SNAP open in horrified apprehension. He remains still and tries to appear nonchalant.

ERIC

*Time for what?*

ABBY

To make it official, Eric.

(beat)

Isn't it time we got married?

Eric rolls over with lightening speed to face her. He's stunned.

ERIC

Baby, sweetheart.

(beat)

Do you think we're ready for that? I still need time to focus on my career if I'm going to make the jump from copy editing to writing.

ABBY

Eric, is it really that hard to write *and* make a marriage work? Ernest Hemingway did it.

ERIC

Hemingway was married four times and eventually killed himself...I just don't think rushing into marriage is the next step for us.

ABBY

Well? What *is* the next step?

She doesn't wait for Eric to answer.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Don't you love me? Haven't we been through everything?

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

You're just afraid of change and I understand that, but I'm going to be brave enough for the both of us.

Eric tries to get a word in edge wise.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You'll love being a husband.  
You'll see.

ERIC

(weakly)  
I'll think about it, babe. I promise.

Abby turns off the bedside lamp, closes her eyes, and nestles into him. Eric stares at the ceiling...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - CONFERENCE ROOM -  
THE NEXT DAY

Bullock stands before Eric, Kingshuk, and the rest of the STAFFERS.

Before the meeting kicks into gear, Eric and Kingshuk talk in hushed tones.

KINGSHUK

She popped the question?!

ERIC

(embarrassed)  
Not technically, but the subject was broached.

KINGSHUK

*Broached??* No dude, you *broach* anal sex. You *broach* the idea of feeling up your cousin that one time. This is way worse.

ERIC

I know...

KINGSHUK

You're fucked, man. *No vaseline* fucked. What did you tell her?

ERIC

I said I wanted to focus on my career.

Kingshuk nearly chokes on his Purple Vitamin Water.

KINGSHUK

This is The Daily Shopper, bro.  
This isn't a *career*, it's a step or  
two above a paid internship.

ERIC

It's what you make of it. Baby  
steps then I'm a hop, skip, and a  
jump from the Wall Street Journal.

KINGSHUK

Oh, E, man... You're not even  
close to *Ladies Home Journal*.

Eric sinks into his chair. Bullock is finally ready to  
begin.

BULLOCK

Okay, people. As you all seem to  
know by now, we have a column  
opening up.

An insecure STAFFER pipes up.

STAFFER

Who's being let go?

BULLOCK

(uncomfortably)  
Perkins.

STAFFER

What for?

BULLOCK

On the advice of Counsel, I'm not  
really at liberty to speak on that.  
Let's just say he was "abusing his  
sources".

No one knows what to say to that.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Moving on. The opening is in Human  
Interest.

(beat)

I've selected three of you to take  
a shot at replacing him. I want  
samples from Tina, John, and...

Eric looks confident.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

*Elizabeth.*

Eric's bubble bursts.

ERIC

(whisper-yelling to  
Kingshuk)

I'm not getting a shot?

KINGSHUK

Relax, duder. It's not meant to  
be.

ERIC

No way. I can't miss this one.

KINGSHUK

So go get in Bullock's face.  
You're so money you don't even know  
it.

The other chosen writers look pleased.

Eric doesn't listen as Bullock dismisses the meeting. He  
watches the boss as he heads out of the conference room.

Now or never.

Go time.

Eric and Kingshuk follow Bullock out the door.

ERIC

(to Bullock's back)

Excuse me, sir?

BULLOCK

(turning around)

What is it, Eric? Any more naked  
relatives for you to throw in my  
face?

Kingshuk stifles a laugh.

ERIC

(embarrassed)

No, no. It's just...I...I want a  
shot at replacing Perkins.

(beat)

I'm ready for a column of my own.

BULLOCK

You're bothering me about this again? I chose the others based on seniority.

ERIC

That might be true, sir, but I know I can handle it.

Bullock doesn't look convinced. Kingshuk pipes up.

KINGSHUK

Come on, Mr. Bullock. Give him a chance. If you don't like his stuff then fire him. Win-win.

Eric laughs nervously before stepping in front of Kingshuk.

ERIC

Well---

BULLOCK

(intrigued)

What do you say, Eric? Would you be willing to bet your job on it?

ERIC

Uhh...

Kingshuk elbows Eric in the back.

He bites the bullet.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(owning it)

Yes. If you don't like my work then you can fire me.

BULLOCK

Alright. You have till next week to wow me.

(beat)

Or you're out on your ass.

He turns and leaves without waiting for a reply.

KINGSHUK

Wall Street Journal here you come, dude.

ERIC

What was that?!

KINGSHUK

Relax, man. I've read your shit before. You're good.

ERIC

You really think so?

KINGSHUK

You've got this on lock.

ERIC

(with nervous excitement)  
Let's hope so.

KINGSHUK

Lunch beers to celebrate?

Before Eric can answer, he gets a text on his phone from Sam.

"EMERGENCY! Come to my new pad. 142 Sycamore. Apt 6C"

ERIC

(sotto)  
What now?  
(to Kingshuk)  
Rain check, man. I've gotta handle something.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - SAME

Abby and her best friend JESS, 20's, athletic and blonde (both in NURSE'S SCRUBS) are finishing their lunch in the hospital cafeteria.

Over GREEN JELL-O:

ABBY

I just need to find a way to make him commit.

JESS

Have you tried licking his gooch?

ABBY

I don't even know what that means.

JESS

Your loss.  
(beat)  
Look, you wanna close the deal?  
You've gotta turn up the heat.

ABBY

What do you mean?

JESS

The reason any man doesn't want to get married to the girl he's with is because he's afraid of missing out on someone better.

ABBY

You think he can do better than me?

JESS

Of course not, sweetie. I mean you need to *show* him he can't do better.

ABBY

How do I do that?

JESS

You've gotta show him what he'd be missing out on if he lets you go. Morning sex, hot candle wax...*swallowing*. If he thinks he'll be getting this kind of play on the reg, you can start picking out china patterns right now.

Abby gives this some serious thought.

JESS (CONT'D)

(slurping on her Jell-O)

You know. Lay it on thick.

Just then, a MALE NURSE walks by. Jess lustily tongue-bathes her spoon like nobody's business.

JESS (CONT'D)

Where were we?

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

Eric comes upon Sam's new place. There's a group of UNDERAGE KIDS standing at Sam's rusty, wrought-iron screen door.

As Eric moves closer, a curious look crosses his face when he sees Sam, half naked, handing something to the kids in exchange for money before they scamper off.

ERIC  
What was that all about?

SAM  
(covering)  
Just buying some Girl Scout  
cookies.

ERIC  
(confused)  
But those were boys.

Eric is about to call bullshit when suddenly loud BARKING is heard.

A tough looking ENGLISH BULLDOG stands behind Sam, all business. This is BUTCH.

Sam, in nothing but a pair of stained boxer shorts, turns to calm the dog.

SAM  
Easy, Butch.

The dog instantly softens. A lover in a fighter's body.

Sam opens the screen door for Eric. Butch eyes him warily.

ERIC  
Shouldn't you be at work?

SAM  
I cleared my appointments today.  
Couldn't get my truck to start.

Sam indicates the rusted-out Toyota Tacoma parked across the street.

The words "GREEN GRASS GARDENING" are sloppily painted on the door in bright white lettering.

The BED is full of rakes, shovels, and hoses. An ancient LAWN MOWER hangs partially over the tail gate.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Come on in.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOVING BOXES are scattered everywhere. Clothes lay rumpled along the floor. Dishes fill the sink. Food containers cover every surface.

ERIC

Nice place; it's so you.

Sam grabs a pair of sweatpants from the floor and pulls them on. Butch playfully grabs at a pant leg.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Well? What's the emergency? You don't look like you're in trouble.

SAM

Dude, I just banged a chick that looks *exactly* like Taylor Swift. I need a second opinion.

ERIC

(impatient)

*That's* why you called me over here??

SAM

(whispering)

Just take a look.

Eric peeks over Sam's shoulder and into his bedroom where he sees a PASSED-OUT CHICK sleeping one off.

She actually *does* look like Taylor Swift...if she were a forty year old ash tray.

ERIC

Are you serious? She looks like a fly-girl.

SAM

Relax, she's not a keeper.

(beat)

Press-on nails are a bitch in the sack.

ERIC

I don't need this right now. I just found out I'm getting a shot at my own column.

Sam searches for something throughout the piles of discarded debris.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Sweet!

Sam feigns excitement for yet *another* of Eric's gross over-achievements. He finds what he was looking for: his BONG. It's covered in white and green SCORPIONS.

SAM (CONT'D)

What're you gonna write about, bro?

Sam pulls a BAG OF WEED out from under a couch cushion.

He opens it, grabs some herb, packs his bowl, and tokes up.

ERIC

(uneasily)

I have *no* idea. I can't focus on that yet.

But that's not why I came over...

SAM

(mock-quizzically)

Why?

ERIC

Abby asked me when I'm going to propose to her.

Sam puts down his bong; Butch looks up from chewing a sock.

SAM

Shut. Up. *When?*

ERIC

Last night! I tried to tell her that I wasn't there yet. But she seems ready enough for the both of us.

Sam takes another hit.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me or are you just gonna get high?!

SAM

It helps me think! You should try it.

ERIC

No way, dude. They test at work.

SAM

(lighting up)

Christ.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I hope Abby realizes same-sex marriages are only legal in a few states because she's marrying a pussy.

Eric stares ahead.

ERIC

I'm gonna have to end this.

SAM

(amazed)

You mean you're gonna dump her ass? For realsies?

ERIC

What choice do I have? I'm 27. I'm not ready for marriage. My career's just getting serious; I have a shot at my own column. I can't be distracted trying to start a family.

Sam coughs violently and blows out a huge PLUME of smoke.

SAM

Amen. You're about to start pulling down mega money and I'll be right there to borrow cash. We don't need your hypothetical kids there siphoning all the dough.

ERIC

(not listening)

She keeps telling me to juggle both, but I know it's one or the other. I've never half-assed anything in my life; it's career or marriage. Not both. Not now.

SAM

This is exactly why you should never date a girl for more than two months. Abby's hot, but looks fade. After 35 you'll have nothing left to appreciate but her mind. What's that shit worth?

Sam fires up the bong again.

ERIC

How do you do it? How do you break up with a girl so obviously and completely without coming off as the asshole?

SAM

You can't. You're always gonna be the asshole. Every guy needs to understand this before he gets seriously involved.

ERIC

Why can you do it and I can't?

SAM

All it takes is three words: "Bitch, we're through".

(beat)

Tweet it to her.

ERIC

You're not helping.

SAM

Fine, so facebook her.

ERIC

(sullen)

It's been three years, I can't break up with her by proxy...

SAM

Dude, it's not hard.

Sam straightens his posture, pulls his long hair back, and does his best impression of Eric.

SAM (CONT'D)

"Abby, I love you, but it's over."

Eric's eyes goes wide.

ERIC

Holy shit!

SAM

(shaking his hair down)

What?

ERIC

You can break up with her *for* me!

SAM  
 (giggling)  
 Are you serious, dude?

ERIC  
 Why not? You just pretend to be me  
 and dump Abby!

SAM  
 Fuck you, that's not how it works.

ERIC  
 Why not? You're a douchebag. This  
 is your thing! You tell her so I  
 don't have to.  
 (beat)  
 I need you to be my doppelganger!

SAM  
 Won't she be able to tell us apart  
 when she sees my junk?

ERIC  
 We're identical twins. And why  
 would she see your junk?

SAM  
 I'm just trying to be thorough. My  
 dick is bigger.

Eric rolls his eyes as Sam briefly considers the idea.

ERIC  
 Come on, it's perfect! Abby's only  
 met you a few times; she barely  
 knows you. She'd never be able to  
 figure it out!

SAM  
 What's in it for me?

ERIC  
 Um, your brother's happiness?

SAM  
 If I wasn't so high right now, I'd  
 punch you square in the balls.

Eric thinks, desperately trying to come up with something,  
*anything*, to convince Sam.

ERIC  
 I've got it! *Mary* from my office.  
 You saw her at the party.

SAM  
I saw a lot of things at the party.

ERIC  
(fighting a dry heave)  
Believe me, we all did. She's the  
leggy blonde with the really big,  
you know...

Eric awkwardly holds both hands out in front of him. Like  
he's carrying two INVISIBLE BEACH BALLS.

SAM  
Oh, right! The bombshell with the  
rocking tots.

ERIC  
We call her *Slutty Mary* for a  
reason. Do this for me and I'll  
make sure you find out why.

SAM  
Don't play with my emotions right  
now, brother.

ERIC  
I'm not. Dump Abby for me, and  
I'll set you up with her.

Sam mulls the proposal.

SAM  
Do you think Mary's good with her  
pinky?

ERIC  
What?

SAM  
Nothing.

A broad GRIN crosses Sam's face.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I'll do it, bro.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric saunters up to his front door. He places a hand on the  
door knob and pauses before he enters.

He takes a deep SIGH and then walks inside.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric's somber frown is quickly replaced with surprise as he sees Abby and Jess sitting together on the couch.

The girls are giggling as they flip through the pages of several issues of BRIDE MAGAZINE.

A bottle of wine stands opened next to a plate of cheese and crackers. Each girl takes turns pointing at different articles and pictures.

JESS  
 (pointing at Bride  
 Magazine)  
 Honey, this one is amazing!

ABBY  
 You don't think it's too much? I  
 don't want to look like Lady Gaga  
 coming down the aisle.

JESS  
 You didn't suddenly grow a penis  
 did you? Shoulder accessories are  
 totally in now. You could pull it  
 off for sure.

Eric's eyebrow raises at the overheard conversation.

ERIC  
 Hi, babe. Sup, Jess.

Both girls' eyes flit up to the source of the new voice. If they knew Eric was in the room before he spoke they don't show it.

ABBY  
 Babe, you have to check these out!

ERIC  
 C'mon, Abby. I spend my whole day  
 editing copy. The last thing I  
 wanna do when I come home is read.

JESS  
 Speaking of. How's work coming,  
 Eric? Does anyone even read the  
 paper anymore?

Abby stifles a little giggle.

Eric enters the kitchen. From inside:

ERIC (O.S.)  
 Work is fine, Jess. Thanks.  
 (to Abby)  
 The new column officially opened  
 up, Ab. Bullock is taking samples  
 to see who gets it. This could be  
 it.

Eric grabs a beer from the fridge.

ABBY  
 Eric! That's great! Don't go  
 getting too big, you know I want  
 you all to myself.

Eric cringes at that. He walks back into the living room,  
 holding the beer.

JESS  
 What're you gonna write about?

ERIC  
 (flustered)  
 I'm not exactly sure yet.

ABBY  
 (eyeing the beer)  
 Babe, what did I tell you about  
 cutting back on the beer? Here,  
 have a glass of red.

Abby leans forward from the couch and pours a glass for Eric.

Eric looks to his beer then to Abby. He takes the wine glass  
 not wanting to fight this battle.

JESS  
 Here's an article you might find  
 interesting, Eric.  
 (she indicates Bride  
 Magazine)  
 Beach ceremonies are the new trend.  
 It says here leading Wedding  
 Experts recommend getting married  
 in front of ocean tides. They help  
 promote a healthy back and forth in  
 the marriage. How does a beach  
 wedding sound?  
 (beat)  
 Abby loves it.

Eric chokes on his drink. He wipes some wine from his chin as he stalls for an answer.

ERIC  
(looking at Abby)  
Abby...likes the beach?

ABBY  
(looking at Jess)  
I'm not completely sold...but, it's definitely a great idea.  
(to Jess)  
I just know my mom is gonna freak about me not getting married in a church.

JESS  
(to Abby)  
Churches are so out, Ab. That's where people hold funerals. You don't wanna get married in a funeral parlor do you?

ERIC  
(quietly)  
Aren't we rushing this?

JESS  
There's no such thing as rushing, Eric. You and Abby aren't getting any younger. And you're great together.

ABBY  
She's right, babe. It'll all work out. You'll see.

ERIC  
It's just...I...we should...

Abby's smile starts to crack at Eric's obvious hesitation.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Why don't we go out to dinner tomorrow night to talk about it?

ABBY  
(warming up)  
You mean like a date?

ERIC  
Just like before we moved in together.

JESS

Oh my God. You guys are so cute...in a Leave it to Beaver kind of way, but still.

ERIC

(ignoring Jess)  
I'll meet you at Friday's right after work. Okay, babe?

Abby clasps her hands together under her chin barely able to contain her excitement.

Eric takes a long sip of his wine.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm gonna hit the sack early.  
Night, babe. Good seeing you,  
Jess.

Eric toasts the girls with his wine and turns for the bedroom.

Abby and Jess hug each other like school girls as they giggle uncontrollably.

JESS

You better hang onto that one, Ab.  
He's not exciting, but he's a sure thing.

Abby toasts to that. She takes a sip from her glass.

JESS (CONT'D)

And I bet he's hung.

Abby chokes on her wine.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM

Eric flops down onto the bed with another heavy sigh. He sets the wine glass down on the night stand and pulls out his iPhone.

He sends a text to Sam as he stares into space with a blank look on his face.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sam is still chilling on the couch. He's vibing out to the music blasting from his headphones. Butch is passed out on the rug SNORING. Loudly.

It looks like Sam hasn't moved all day.

His iPhone vibrates next to him. He picks it up and reads the message.

C/U of iPhone text message from Eric.

"Operation: Switcheroo begins. Come over tmw 12:30 for prep."

Sam laughs to himself as he tosses his phone aside. He reaches over and grabs his bong.

SAM  
(sparking up)  
Showtime, eh boy?

Butch continues snoring.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Eric paces through the living room. He checks the time on his iPhone, the microwave, *and* the cable box.

With a huff, he unlocks his phone ready to make a call.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Eric rushes to the door and swings it open. He doesn't let Sam in before he starts yelling.

ERIC  
Where the hell have you been?! I  
told you 12:30!

SAM  
Chill out, fascist. I wanted  
breakfast.

ERIC  
It's the afternoon!

SAM  
To you maybe.

ERIC  
If you're gonna do this you have to  
be on time for things!

SAM  
If you want *me* to do this you  
better get off my back.

Eric grabs Sam by the collar and yanks him inside quickly.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Eric and Sam stand shoulder to shoulder in front of the  
bathroom mirror.

Their differences stand out starkly upon inspection.

ERIC  
(looking at Sam's  
reflection in the mirror)  
You're gonna have to shave.

SAM  
(looking at Eric's  
reflection in the mirror)  
That's asking a lot.

Eric ignores Sam's protests.

ERIC  
And the hair too, man. It's gotta  
go.

SAM  
The source of my power? Are you  
kidding?

ERIC  
Relax. It'll grow back. Let's go.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SUPERCUTS - MINUTES LATER

Eric leads the hesitant Sam into the hair salon.

Sam pauses as he takes in the scene of men and women getting  
their hair cut.

He absentmindedly touches his hair as the STYLISTS continue  
to cut, style, and clip.

SAM  
 (whispering to himself)  
 For Slutty Mary...

Eric shoots Sam a side-long glance before he approaches the counter.

A cute, HIPSTER STYLIST stands before a computer.

HIPSTER STYLIST  
 Name?

SAM  
 Sa---

Eric elbows Sam in the side.

ERIC  
 His name is Eric.  
 (to Sam)  
 Get into character, man.

Sam recovers from Eric's attack.

SAM  
 Yeah, that's right. My name is Eric. I'm an uptight jackhole in need of a trim. I want my hair exactly like his.

Eric tries to hide his embarrassment.

The Hipster Stylist flirtatiously giggles. She's digging Sam and his style.

HIPSTER STYLIST  
 Are you sure? It looks good the way it is.

Sam smiles triumphantly at Eric. The Hipster Stylist leads the guys to an open chair. Sam takes a seat.

CUE MUSIC: **"THAT'S WHAT I WANT"** - by The Flying Lizards

Eric stands over her shoulder.

He tells her what to cut and where. He's overbearingly telling her how to do her job.

After a few snips and a quick buzz Sam now looks more like Eric than ever.

Sam's chin beard is the only way to tell the two apart.

Eric seems satisfied, and, strangely, Sam seems to be taken with himself in the mirror.

The Hipster Stylist leans over Sam's shoulder.

HIPSTER STYLIST (CONT'D)  
 (touching Sam's new hair)  
 You pull this off better than your brother.

ERIC  
 (insulted)  
 I'm standing right here!

EXT./INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Eric tosses a duffle bag on top of the pile of clothes that still covers Sam's couch.

ERIC  
 I brought you an outfit for tonight. You have to meet her at Friday's. I already told her I'm coming straight from work so she doesn't expect you at home. And switch iPhones with me in case she calls.

Sam and Eric simultaneously toss their phones to each other. They catch them at the same time.

Sam then goes over to the duffle bag and starts rifling through it.

He pulls something out and holds it up to Eric in disgust.

SAM  
 Are you serious? A sweater-vest?

ERIC  
 What's wrong with it?

SAM  
 Nothing as long as you don't make me wear a...

Sam trails off as he's shocked to see his worst fear come true...

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (holding up a...)  
 Skinny tie.

ERIC  
No good? That's a nice outfit.

SAM  
For a neutered Express Model. I  
wanna wear my flip-flops.

Butch is seen energetically chewing Sam's raggedy Rainbows.

ERIC  
I don't wear flip-flops. I don't  
like how they make your toes dirty.

SAM  
How is it we share DNA?

ERIC  
Just focus, we have to talk about  
the plan.

SAM  
What plan? I wear your goon suit,  
dump your bitch, and get some free  
dinner. In that order.

ERIC  
(sarcastically)  
Nice.  
(beat)  
Just do me a favor and don't call  
her a bitch to her face.

SAM  
I'll try to hold back, but if she  
deserves it I'm gonna let loose.

Eric sighs.

Sam throws on the sweater vest and goes over to wrap an arm  
around his brother's shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(with a roguish smile)  
Don't worry. It's *me*.

EXT./INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - NIGHT

Sam sits alone in a BOOTH at the bustling sports bar.

Street signs, Fat Heads, album jackets, and various other doo-  
dads adorn the walls in this chain restaurant.

Sam looks uncomfortable in his new outfit. He's recently shaved and looks more like Eric than ever. He unconsciously runs his fingers through his hair, only to realize it's no longer there.

The importance of the task before him finally hits home. Sam looks a little nervous, his confident veneer begins to fade slightly.

ABBY (O.S.)  
 Sorry I'm late, babe. Yoga class  
 ran long.

Sam reacts to Abby's voice. He contorts his face into an approximation of Eric's grin as he waits for Abby to approach the table.

The pressure is on. As she gets closer, Sam springs out of the booth and grabs Abby's face with both hands. He plants an intimate kiss on her surprised lips.

Sometimes the best defense is a good offense.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 What's gotten into you, Eric?

SAM  
 I'm just...  
 (beat)  
 Excited to see you.

ABBY  
 Even after me being late? What a  
 sweetheart you are.

Sam lets Abby slide into the booth before he sits on the opposite side.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong? You always sit on  
 the same side of the booth as me.

SAM  
 Really? Ummm, I just...wanted to  
 see *all* of your pretty face instead  
 of just half of it.

Abby melts a little.

A WAITRESS approaches the table.

WAITRESS  
 Can I start you guys off with  
 something to nibble on?  
 (MORE)

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

We have some great shrimp scampi  
from the Jack Daniels menu.

ABBY

Oh, no thank you. He's allergic to  
shellfish. We'll just start with a  
couple of Merlots.

Sam audibly CLEARS his throat.

SAM

(to the Waitress)  
You know what, we'll take two Blue  
Moons instead.  
(off Abby's look)  
Oh, with oranges, please.

Abby lets out a little SIGH.

ABBY

Baby. More beer? We're wine  
drinkers now, remember?

The Waitress looks confused.

SAM

Trust me on this, Ab. Live a  
little.

Abby, recalling her talk with Jess, reluctantly caves as Sam  
motions the Waitress away.

SAM (CONT'D)

So anyway, how was yoga?

ABBY

(moving on)  
You never ask me about class. It  
was great. Old Mrs. Siderman  
slipped a disc. That's why I was  
held up. It took six of the  
students to help her into the  
ambulance.

SAM

Oh, that Mrs. Siderman.

ABBY

(puzzled)  
I don't think I've mentioned her  
before.

SAM  
 (covering)  
 Oh, sure you have. Mrs. Siderman.  
 The older youngish woman. With the  
 back problem.

ABBY  
 I guess.

Abby flips through the menu.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 (eyes down)  
 I'm almost afraid to ask, but how's  
 your brother? Is he getting  
 settled in?

SAM  
 He's fine. His bachelor pad is  
 really coming along.

ABBY  
 Really? Don't tell me we have to  
 visit. He's such a rude, filthy,  
 man-baby.

SAM  
 (defensive)  
 Well, I bet Sam's happy he's not a  
 stuck-up, workaholic like I am.

ABBY  
 Don't be so hard on yourself, babe.  
 If Sam took a page out of your  
 book, he'd be much better off.

SAM  
 Sam is a Lone Wolf. He takes what  
 he wants, *when* he wants. People  
 shouldn't try to change him,  
 princess.

ABBY  
*Princess?* That's a new one.

SAM  
 (recovering)  
 Sorry, I had a beer before you got  
 here. The bubbles must be going  
 straight to my head. You know what  
 a lightweight I am.

ABBY

I think it's cute when you're  
buzzed.

Abby reaches across the table, puts her hand on Sam's.

Just then, the Waitress arrives and drops off their drinks.

WAITRESS

I'll give you guys a couple minutes  
to decide.

Sam grabs his glass with gusto. Abby stares warily at her  
own.

SAM

Come on. Always good to try new  
things.

He GUZZLES half his glass. Seeing how much he seems to enjoy  
it, Abby lets her guard down a bit and does the same.

ABBY

Ohmigod, that's soooo good!

SAM

What'd I tell you?

They raise their glasses in a toast. CLINK.

Abby takes another small SIP while Sam CHUGS the rest of his  
beer in one gulp.

They put their glasses down. Abby looks into his eyes.

ABBY

I love you.

SAM

(unsure)  
I love you, too.

Sam suddenly looks like he's trying to hold something back.

SAM (CONT'D)

BURRRRPPPP!

It's oddly cute; Abby can't help but giggle.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME

Eric sits alone on Sam's couch. He's cleared the pile of clothes and folded them in a neat stack.

He's got his feet up on Sam's coffee table while he digs into a bucket of ice cream. He watches NBC NIGHTLY NEWS.

Butch comes along and starts CHEWING on the remote. The channel changes from Brian Williams to THE SHAHS OF SUNSET on Bravo.

ERIC

Bad dog!

There's a loud KNOCK at the door. Eric freezes. The KNOCK comes again.

He struggles to mute the TV, but unfamiliar with Sam's P.O.S. set-up, he accidentally CRANKS the volume up instead.

Eric is a deer in headlights.

VOICE AT THE DOOR

Open the fuck up, Sam! I hear your ass in there!

With no choice, Eric cracks the door open to find a scary looking MEXICAN MAN wearing sunglasses at night.

MEXICAN MAN

'Bout time, vato. Lemme get an eighth.

Eric looks confused.

ERIC

Uh, an eighth of *what*?

The Mexican Man POUNDS the doorframe.

MEXICAN MAN

Mota, man! Rapido!

Eric looks like he's about to shit his pants.

ERIC

(to himself)  
*He's a drug dealer?!*

The Mexican Man is *not* pleased.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 (fighting off panic)  
 Uh, uno momento, por favor!

Eric runs back inside to find weed, *any* weed, to sell the guy.

He looks everywhere with no luck. Praying to find even just a nug, he goes over to the hall closet and opens it.

Inside is a MINI-GROW HOUSE: U/V LIGHTS, HYDROPONICS, and POT PLANTS are crammed inside floor to ceiling!

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god!

Sweating bullets, he grabs a handful of weed, waaaaaaaaay more than an eighth, and takes it out to the man.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 (unsure)  
 Is this enough?

The Mexican Man stifles a laugh.

MEXICAN MAN  
 Yeah, yeah, that's enough. Gimme it.

The Mexican Man pushes his way into the apartment and starts packing Sam's bong.

He takes THREE FAT RIPS then hands the bong to Eric.

MEXICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Hit this.

ERIC  
 Oh, I don't smoke.

MEXICAN MAN  
 (pissed)  
 Don't be such a puta.

Again, the Mexican Man shoves the bong at Eric. Wanting to avoid trouble, he relents and awkwardly places his lips on the bong still in the Mexican Man's hands.

MEXICAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Suck, cabron!

Eric inhales before pulling back and BELCHING out a fat rip of smoke. He coughs uncontrollably; his eyes are watering.

Laughing, the Mexican Man rises and drops some CRUMPLED TWENTIES on the coffee table before bolting.

Eric slams the door after him and slides down to the ground with his back against it. His heart pounds a mile a minute.

ERIC  
I feel wiggly.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - LATER

Empty BEER MUGS line the table.

ABBY  
(buzzed)  
We haven't had this much fun since our first date.

SAM  
(buzzed)  
That's pretty sad.

ABBY  
Shut up, you know what I mean.

Abby plays with Sam's hand; he looks at it and grins.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Eric has passed out in front of the TV.

An involuntary spasm wakes him up from his slumber. He rubs his eyes as he tries to sort out where he is.

Eric leans forward and grabs Sam's phone to check the time.

ERIC  
(to himself)  
Where the hell are they?

Eric almost dials Sam before he stops and thinks better of it.

With a few thumb flicks Eric accidentally brings up a video on Sam's phone.

The sound of moaning women from a porno fills the room as the light from the video illuminates Eric's now smiling face.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sam and Abby BURST into the bedroom locked in a fevered storm of kissing lips and roaming hands.

SAM  
 (grabbing Abby's hand)  
 You know what, we, uh, should, um,  
 probably just get some sleep. We  
 both have work tomorrow.

ABBY  
 (confused)  
 What's wrong, Eric? You've never  
 turned down sex before.

SAM  
 I know, I, wait, really?  
 (beat)  
 I mean, it's late and I have a  
 really bad headache.  
 (trying to look  
 convincing)  
 Yeah, must've had too much to  
 drink.

Sam gently pushes Abby aside, kicks off his pants, and plops down into bed. He climbs under the covers.

Abby, disappointed, looks at Sam. She gives up, but then cracks a wry smile, and glides toward the bed.

She lies next to Sam and places her head on his chest.

ABBY  
 I know a great cure for a  
 headache...

SAM  
 Sleep?

Abby answers by diving her head under the sheets.

Sam's eyes cross as Abby locks onto his man-region.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (after a moment)  
 Holy shit! Stop!

Abby's head pops out from under the covers.

ABBY  
 What's wrong?! Too much teeth?

SAM  
No, no. Nothing like that.

ABBY  
(eager)  
Good!

Abby tries to get back to work. Sam violently SQUIRMS trying to get away from her. He involuntarily JERKS his knee upward when:

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Ow, my nose!

Abby leaps out of bed and runs to the bathroom. Her nose is a mess.

SAM  
Ah, you bleedin'??

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BATHROOM - LATER

Sam and Abby, sobered up, stand before the bathroom mirror.

Abby examines her tender nose. She has rolled-up TOILET PAPER WADS stuffed up each nostril.

ABBY  
I think the bleeding stopped.  
You're lucky you didn't break it.

She pulls the wads out of her nose, and flushes them down the toilet.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Since when do you not like my blow-joys?

SAM  
Blowjoys?

ABBY  
Huh?

SAM  
Nothing. Sorry. I guess I just wasn't in the mood for a...blowjoy.

ABBY  
(still poking her nose)  
Well next time just tap me on the shoulder or something.  
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna take an aspirin. Brush  
your teeth and then come to bed.

Sam stares down Eric's TOOTHBRUSH sitting in a cup next to  
the faucet.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? Aren't you gonna  
brush?

SAM  
(stalling)  
Uh, I think just mouth wash  
tonight.

ABBY  
(shaking an empty bottle  
of Scope)  
Oh, shoot. I forgot to pick some  
up. I'll get more tomorrow. Just  
brush and come cuddle.

Abby picks up Eric's toothbrush and offers it to Sam.

Sam relents and takes hold of it. Abby pops her pill.

Sam gives the toothbrush a look of death. Right now, he and  
it are the only two things in the room.

Abby finishes her nightly routine and looks up to see Sam  
still psyched out.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
(puzzled)  
What is it? Did it fall in the  
toilet or something?

Abby continues to stare at Sam staring at the toothbrush.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
(impatiently)  
Brush your teeth already!

SAM  
Okay, *mom!*

Abby reacts with mock indignation.

Sam musters his courage and barely hides his disgust as he  
angrily shoves his brother's toothbrush into his mouth.

Abby seems satisfied and finally leaves the bathroom for bed.

Sam kicks the door closed behind her and violently spits out the toothbrush.

He rinses his mouth out vociferously.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun shines into the room through the slightly opened window slats.

Sam is fast asleep and SNORING up a storm. He's half covered by the blanket. His BARE ASS is exposed to the world.

A hand SLAPS down HARD on his right cheek. Sam awakens with a start.

He rolls over and looks at his attacker with one eye closed.

ERIC

Why are you naked in my bed?!

SAM

(groggily)

Good morning to you too, sunshine.

Sam rubs his reddened butt cheek as he rolls over. He's sporting massive morning wood. He's pitching a tent through the bed sheet, and proud of it.

ERIC

(disgusted)

What did you do?!

SAM

Where's Abby?

ERIC

At work. Like I'm supposed to be!  
What the hell happened here?!

Sam sits up in bed. He rubs the sleep out of his eyes.

SAM

*Nothing* happened!

ERIC

Liar!

Eric lunges across the bed and tackles Sam.

Sam does his best to naked scissor kick his brother off of him.

SAM  
Would you relax?! We didn't do anything.

Eric is relieved.

SAM (CONT'D)  
She just tried to blow me.

ERIC  
She gave you a blowjob?

SAM  
I can't believe you people call it that...

ERIC  
Is that a yes or a no??

SAM  
It's a no!  
(beat)  
She barely got it wet.

ERIC  
(pouncing)  
I'll kill you!

SAM  
Dude, collateral damage! I stopped her! Now get the fuck off me!

Sam SHOVES Eric to the floor and he lands with a thud.

ERIC  
What did she say when you dumped her?

SAM  
That's just it. I never got the chance.

Eric is beside himself. He can't believe what he's hearing. He stands before Sam, mouth agape. Waiting.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I tried to bring it up, but she kept interrupting and ordering beers.

ERIC  
Abby doesn't drink beer.

SAM  
Last night she did.  
(beat)  
Anyway, before I knew it she had me  
drunk and seduced.

ERIC  
What a nightmare. You know I was  
almost killed last night.

Sam looks confused. Suddenly, it dawns on him.

SAM  
Fuck. Tuesday. I forgot about  
Hector.

ERIC  
Why are you growing pot?!

SAM  
You sound just like Mom when she  
kicked me out! Being a gardener  
doesn't cover all my expenses!

ERIC  
*What* expenses?!

SAM  
(ignoring the dig)  
You better not have fucked this up  
for me. I'm building a new client  
base and my profit margins are  
razor thin as it is.

ERIC  
Don't worry, I'm sure *Hector* will  
be back.

An iPhone CHIRPS.

SAM  
Was that yours or mine?

ERIC  
I think it was mine. It's on the  
night stand.

Sam looks over and grabs the phone. He reads the text  
without handing the phone over.

SAM  
It's from Abby.

ERIC  
What does it say?

SAM  
(reading aloud)  
"Hey baby cakes, wished I could've  
snuggled with you all morning."  
(pausing)  
Awww.  
(resuming)  
"How about a surprise lunch at your  
office? I'll come by soon XOXO,  
smiley face."

ERIC  
For real?

SAM  
Dude, this is perfect. Let me  
finish the job. Trust me.

ERIC  
*Trust* you? You turned my office  
party into an orgy, tried to get a  
blowjoy from Abby, and had me sell  
drugs to a gangbanger!

SAM  
Well, sure, it sounds bad if you  
say it like *that*.  
(beat)  
Just give a few more hours. Then  
you're home free and I'm facedown  
in hot coworker boobies.

Eric hurls Sam back into bed and opens his closet doors.

ERIC  
Fine. What are we gonna wear?

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Eric parks Sam's truck next to Sam who parks Eric's Prius.  
Sam gets out dressed for his day of work as Eric.

Eric wears a HOODIE and AVIATOR GLASSES trying to hide his  
face.

SAM

You know you look like the Unabomber, right?

ERIC

(ignoring the insult)  
My cubicle is in the middle of the fourth floor. I've got pictures of mom and pop in it so you should be able to find it.

SAM

(snorting)  
You fucking mama's boy.  
(beat, sweetly)  
Are they nice pictures?

Eric shoves a briefcase into Sam's chest and tugs at his brother's collar to make sure his tie is on straight.

ERIC

Just sit at my desk, don't answer my phone, and wait for Abby to show up.

(beat)

And watch out for my boss Bullock; he has a real take-no-shit attitude.

SAM

What does he look like?

ERIC

He was at the party. He's a little taller than us, handsome, and...you know.

Eric waves a hand over his face.

Sam gives him a blank look.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

He's Black, he's a Black gentleman.

(beat)

Just get in there and avoid him at all costs.

Eric hustles Sam to the front door of the building and SHOVES him into the lobby.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(rushing back to the car)

Don't screw this up!

EXT./INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Sam presses the elevator call button and doesn't have to wait long before a set of doors opens with a DING.

Kingshuk stands in the waiting elevator next to an old Black guy in WORK OVERALLS.

Sam steps into the elevator.

KINGSHUK

What's good, E-Money?

SAM

Uh, good morning.

KINGSHUK

This must be the first time I've ever beaten you to work.

SAM

Yeah, I, uh, caught my thing in my zipper.

KINGSHUK

Oh, shit. I did that once. Looked like a botched circumscicion.

SAM

Who are you again?

KINGSHUK

You okay, E?

SAM

(realizing)

Ohhh, wait, you're the Pakistani friend.

KINGSHUK

What?! I'm Indian, asshole! You know that.

SAM

Right, Indian, sorry there, pal?

KINGSHUK

Dude, are you *high*?!

SAM

A little.

KINGSHUK

Since when do you smoke? All these wasted years!

SAM

Calm down, bro.

KINGSHUK

(nodding at the Black guy)  
Not in front of *him*, huh?

Sam turns GHOST WHITE.

SAM

(to Black guy)  
Look, Mr. Bullock, I'm just kidding. I'm not high! I've only been high once in my life. And only because my brother made me. I even cried and said I'd never do it again.

BLACK GUY

The fuck I care if you smoke.

SAM

Wow, really, Mr. Bullock?

Kingshuk looks at Sam weirdly.

BLACK GUY

Why you keep callin' me Bullock?  
I'm Otis.  
(beat)  
The janitor.

OTIS holds up a MOP and SLOP BUCKET.

DING.

KINGSHUK

You really *are* high.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - ERIC'S CUBICLE

Sam wanders past cubicle after cubicle trying to nonchalantly look inside each one.

He finally comes upon Eric's and recognizes a photo of his parents sitting next to the computer monitor. He tosses the briefcase on the floor and sits down.

Sam boots up the computer and starts adjusting Eric's chair.  
He jerks up and down.

SAM  
(sotto)  
How can someone sit like this all  
day?

He unlocks the back of the chair and reclines lazily.

After drumming on Eric's desktop for a few seconds, Sam pulls  
out Eric's iPhone.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
A few hours to lunch. Better get  
to work.

Sam slides his finger across the iPhone and starts playing  
ANGRY BIRDS.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT

Eric, still looking like the Unabomber, enters Sam's  
apartment.

He notices Butch's water and food bowls are empty; he fills  
them before being interrupted by another ominous KNOCK at the  
door.

Eric crosses himself, pulls down his hood and opens the door  
to find an OLD, SURLY VIETNAMESE MAN waiting there.

ERIC  
Look, buddy. I know why you're  
here. I don't have any today.

VIETNAMESE MAN  
What you mean you no have today?  
You say today! I come today!

ERIC  
I'm all out, man. Come back next  
week.

Eric tries to close the door.

VIETNAMESE MAN

I no come back next week! You say today! I here today! If you don't give to me now we have trouble.

ERIC

(shrugging)

Fine. Wait here.

Eric goes back inside, opens the closet, and grabs another handful of weed. He heads back to the front door where he shoves it in the man's hands.

VIETNAMESE MAN

What this? You selling drug in my building?!

ERIC

Shit. *Your* building?

VIETNAMESE MAN

Your deposit check bounce, ass hole. And you try pay me in drug?

Eric thinks quickly. He slaps the weed out of the man's hands.

ERIC

No, no. I'm sorry that's...uh...oregano. I thought you were asking to uh...borrow some?

He pulls out his wallet and empties it of the cash inside.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Take this! I'll get the rest for you tomorrow. Please!

The Vietnamese man counts out the money; he appears satisfied yet still dubious.

VIETNAMESE MAN

Tomorrow, motha-fucka or you out on your ass.

The Vietnamese man turns and leaves.

ERIC

(calling out after)

Please don't call the cops!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - ERIC'S CUBICLE - DAY

Sam takes a break from Angry Birds; he cruises ESPN Fantasy Basketball rankings when a VOICE calls him from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Aren't we busy today?

Sam turns around slowly and comes face to tits with Slutty Mary.

He stands up to greet her and then grabs a THREE-RING BINDER to hide the newly-forming boner in his pants.

SLUTTY MARY  
Can you fuck me like a naughty school girl?

SAM  
What'd you say??

SLUTTY MARY  
I said can you sign your expense report for me?

SAM  
Oh, sure. That's what I thought you said.

Sam signs the report; his eyes still on Mary's cleavage.

SLUTTY MARY  
Thanks! How're things with Abby?

She chews on her pen. Sam is having trouble concentrating.

SAM  
Oh, you know... Things are going great.

More chewing.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I feel like I'm getting to know her all over again.

SLUTTY MARY  
Oh, that's great! Well, I'll see you around the office.

SAM  
Sure thing. Uh, where's your cubicle at?

SLUTTY MARY

Where it always is, silly. By the way, you can just ask "Where's your cubicle"?

SAM

Huh?

SLUTTY MARY

You don't need to say "Where's your cubicle at?" You never end a sentence with a preposition. But look at me, telling a writer about grammar. Can you imagine?

She drags the pen out of her mouth and walks away. She's a few feet out of Eric's cubicle before she's stopped by a swooning Kingshuk.

KINGSHUK

Anything for me to sign?

SLUTTY MARY

(aloof)  
No, Kingshuk, you're all taken care of.

KINGSHUK

But, are *you*?

SLUTTY MARY

(confused)  
I'm fine.

KINGSHUK

Yes, you are.

Slutty Mary floats away leaving Kingshuk behind to stare. He's suddenly very aroused...

He turns and runs to the bathroom.

INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - ELEVATOR BAY - CONTINUOUS

Abby steps off from the elevators with a PICNIC BASKET in hand. She walks down to Eric's cubicle to find Sam.

ABBY

Hey, babe! Ready to go?

She holds up the picnic basket cutely.

SAM  
 (somewhat nervous)  
 Oh, you know it.

They walk arm and arm down the hall. They're about to pass the Men's Room.

Suddenly, a coquettish look crosses Abby's face. She stops them in front of the door and lays the picnic basket down on the floor in front of it.

She turns into Sam.

ABBY  
 I have a really naughty idea that  
 could get us into a lot of trouble.

Sam opens his mouth to reply when she devours him in a deep kiss.

Sam's knees go weak as Abby drags him into the Men's Room.

INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abby and Sam stumble into the bathroom.

ABBY  
 Errrrriccc... You started my engine  
 last night and didn't drive me  
 home...

Abby tries her best dirty talk; she sucks at it, but A for effort.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 I have such a..boner..for you.

Abby pulls Sam to the last stall and FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN to find *Kingshuk* furiously masturbating.

KINGSHUK  
 (mid-stroke)  
 Hey, man, what the hell!

ABBY  
 OH MY GOD!

Kingshuk tries to cover his junk, but he's already reached the Event Horizon...

KINGSHUK  
 Unnnnhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

Kingshuk uncontrollably FIRES OFF A SIX-ROPER.

INT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - ELEVATOR BAY - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Abby run out of the bathroom like it's on fire.

ABBY

I'm so embarrassed. I just saw  
Kingshuk's O face for God's sake!  
I can't believe people *do that* at  
work!

SAM

You mean *you* don't?

Abby is still shell-shocked. Sam feels badly for her.

He scoops up the picnic basket and warmly wraps an arm around her as they walk out.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh, sweetie, come on. Let's get  
out of here and forget all about  
that masturbating Indian.

EXT. OFFICES OF THE DAILY SHOPPER - GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS  
LATER

Sam holds the door of the building open for Abby.

She steps through with a smile and almost walks right into Bullock.

He's holding a coffee and throws up a hand to protect Abby from a spill.

BULLOCK

(charming)

Hello, what have we here?

Sam follows Abby through the door. He looks nervous at the prospect of embarrassing another Black man.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Scott, this your girlfriend?

SAM

She sure is.

Bullock is waiting to be introduced. An awkward pause passes and Bullock gives Sam a look of contempt.

BULLOCK

Pardon your boyfriend's rudeness.  
My name is Avery Bullock. I'm  
Eric's editor.

(to Sam)

What's the matter with you, Scott?  
Too afraid to introduce this  
beautiful young woman to your boss?

SAM

(relieved)

Oh, so you're the boss.

Another awkward look from Bullock.

SAM (CONT'D)

(backpedaling)

I'm just kidding, Mr. Bullock. Of  
course I hesitated introducing you  
to Abby. I don't need that kind of  
competition.

Sam gives Bullock an old-boy pat on the shoulder.

Bullock looks at his shoulder where Sam touched him. This  
isn't going well.

BULLOCK

Anyway, I better be getting back  
upstairs. Nice meeting you, Abby.

Bullock brushes past Sam and heads for inside.

Sam breathes a sigh of relief before Bullock catches himself  
and turns around.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Remember, I want your sample piece  
on my desk next week. Don't think  
I've forgotten our little deal.

SAM

(flustered)

Of course, sir. You would never  
forget anything, sir.

Another quizzical expression from Bullock before he heads  
back into the building. Sam leads Abby away at a brisk pace.

EXT./INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Eric sits in Sam's living room. He's pulled the coffee table  
right up to the couch and has set up a little work station.

He's got his laptop out and is sitting before an empty Word document.

A single sentence has been written at the top of the page.

**"UNTITLED ARTICLE" by Eric Scott**

ERIC  
Come on. Think. Write what you  
know...

His eyes drift from the LAPTOP to Sam's BONG.

His face says "fuck it".

He grabs it and looks for a LIGHTER. He shoves his hand down between the cushions and pulls out...a WAD OF TWIX WRAPPERS. Disgusted, he continues digging and finds an ORANGE BIC.

He takes a few hits while SPUTTERING and COUGHING loudly.

He's by no means a pro, but he's getting the hang of it.

Eureka.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
(leaning forward to type)  
How about, "Analyzing the effects  
of marijuana on the professional  
male?"

Eric GIGGLES to himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
No, that sucks.

He snaps the laptop shut and then heads to kitchen where he opens the refrigerator door.

Eric takes a second to inspect its contents.

Having made up his mind, he throws himself halfway inside it and SCOOPS EVERY PIECE OF FOOD INTO BOTH OF HIS ARMS.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Snack mountain!

EXT. PARK - LATER

Abby and Sam come to a scenic park for their picnic. The place is PACKED. A GIANT SIGN out front reads:

SPRINGTIME FUNFAIR

ABBY

Oh, shoot. I wanted someplace quiet. We can find another spot, babe.

SAM

(with childlike glee)  
And miss the funfair? Are you mental?

ABBY

What about lunch?

Already running off, he GRABS her hand and YANKS her behind him.

SAM

We can have it later!

CUE MUSIC: "I'M A BELIEVER" - by The Monkees

CUE MONTAGE OF SAM AND ABBY AT THE FUNFAIR:

--Sam and Abby at a WATERGUN BOOTH squirting INFLATABLE CLOWN HEADS. A LITTLE BOY comes up next to them to join in the fun.

The little guy is good. Sam just gets pissed off. He goes in for the kill until he notices Abby looking at him.

Sam softens and lets the kid win.

Abby melts.

--Sam and Abby at a GUESS YOUR WEIGHT BOOTH. Sam goes first, Abby runs away when it's her turn.

--Sam and Abby at a DART GAME. Sam squints one eye and pokes out his tongue while he takes aim at a target. He lets the dart fly just as a vicious-looking CARNIE walks right into its path.

The dart STICKS into the Carnie's head without him noticing. Abby puts her hands over her mouth and rushes to help, but Sam drags her away bodily.

--Sam and Abby at the PETTING ZOO. Sam holds a handful of feed in front of a large, surly GOAT. He taunts the goat by taking the feed away every time it gets close.

Pissed, the goat lowers its head and CHARGES Sam chasing him around the pen until he slips on a PILE OF PIG SHIT.

He lands square on his ass. Abby can't help but laugh.

END MONTAGE:

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - PICNIC TIME

Abby finds an uncrowded clearing underneath a tall tree.

ABBY  
That was amazing!

Sam HOBBLIES behind her with an ICE PACK over his dick.

SAM  
I know!

Sam unrolls the classic checkered blanket in mid-air as he lays it gently on the ground.

ABBY  
Oh, shoot, babe. Don't you have to get back to the office soon?

SAM  
Nah, the place won't fall apart without me.

ABBY  
(amazed)  
Wow, are you sure?

SAM  
You're more important than work.

Abby does a double take.

They sit down on the blanket. Abby leans over and pulls out a GIANT SUB and starts plating all of the sides.

She pulls out a salad, some fancy chips, various dips, and even a thermos of soup.

Sam is knocked out by the spread.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(touched)  
This is incredible. Really. I'm having the best time. I love it.

ABBY  
(playfully)  
Is that all you love?

Sam seems to think for a moment.

SAM

No. I love the soup, too.

She punches him playfully in the arm.

SAM (CONT'D)

And, of course, you. The bringer  
of soup.

Abby leans over and kisses Sam warmly on the cheek. She goes back to unpacking the napkins and cutlery.

Sam touches a hand to his cheek where Abby kissed him. He seems lost in thought as he stares off into space.

ABBY

Something wrong, honey?

SAM

No, nothing. I was just thinking  
about you. That's all.

ABBY

Oh, yeah? What were you thinking?

SAM

How I'm going to repay you for  
today.

Without another word Sam leans over the food and embraces her. They kiss deeply.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sam walks in after his lunch date with Abby.

Eric sits up from the couch to follow him. He brushes CHIPS AHOY! crumbs off of his chest.

ERIC

What're you doing home so early?

SAM

You took a Sick Day.

ERIC

Good thinking. I have a million of  
them. How'd it go? Was she upset?

SAM  
Don't get mad.

ERIC  
Don't say that. I'm gonna get mad  
anyway and we both know it.

Sam walks over and puts both his hands on Eric's shoulders.

SAM  
I was on the green, but I couldn't  
sink the putt.

ERIC  
Speak English!

SAM  
I mismanaged the shot clock. When  
the time came to drop the bomb, we  
were already back at your office.

ERIC  
Where are you getting these  
metaphors from?

SAM  
Listen to me. She would've caused  
a massive scene. I know how  
important your job is to you. I  
couldn't risk messing that up.

ERIC  
(softening)  
I'm oddly touched.  
(hardening)  
But when is this gonna end?! I'm  
going nuts over here!

SAM  
I'm gonna do it tonight, I promise.  
I'll pretend to make her dinner to  
soften the blow. Let me get a  
couple of Two Buck Chuck's in her  
and you're golden.

Eric knows he's at the mercy of Sam.

ERIC  
Fine, tonight's the night. This is  
your last chance. Promise me you  
won't mess up again.

Eric fails to notice the sheen of sweat forming on Sam's  
forehead.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sam?

SAM

(nervously)

I promise.

ERIC

Okay. Don't be too hard on her.

(beat)

And give me back my cell.

Sam and Eric switch iPhones.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam packs his overnight bag.

He grabs his deodorant and then his toothbrush.

He holds the toothbrush up to the mirror and kisses it like a diamond.

SAM

Sorry I cheated on you, baby.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LA FITNESS

Meanwhile, Abby and Jess work out with JEAN-PAUL; a Black, muscle-bound personal trainer wearing skin-tight Under Armour gear.

JEAN-PAUL

Aight, girls. Squats. Time to blast those quads.

ABBY

Again? We started with those.

Jess punches Abby in the arm.

JESS

Shut up, Abby!

(to Jean-Paul,  
seductively)

Like this, Jean-Paul?

Jess cuts loose and uses a hand to tease her hair. She proceeds to drop it like it's hot.

Jean-Paul licks his lips; the two never break eye contact.

Abby's text-book squats look as bored as she does.

ABBY

(breaking the intimacy)  
Jess? What about what we were  
talking about?

JESS

(eye-fucking Jean-Paul)  
Huh? Oh, right. Tell me about  
your little picnic.

ABBY

It was better than I could've  
hoped. We went to the fair.

JESS

The fair? What are you, twelve?  
(squatting)  
You're supposed to spit-shine his  
butt crack.

ABBY

(squatting)  
Well, I tried jumping him in the  
bathroom at his office...

JESS

(squatting)  
Sex in public! Now you're gettin'  
it. How'd that work out?

Abby shudders.

ABBY

I don't want to talk about it.

JEAN-PAUL

Don't be shy, girl.

ABBY

(creeped out)  
Uh, can we just get back to our  
routine?

JESS

Don't be such a prude, Ab. Jean-  
Paul, I'm feeling a little tight.

Jean-Paul moves behind Jess and presses up against her. They squat together. It's weird.

JEAN-PAUL  
You gotta work yo' back, feel the  
burn.

ABBY  
Trust me, Jean-Paul. She's feeling  
something.

JESS  
He's just showing me proper form.

She and Jean-Paul bend deeper.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(grunt)  
Maybe if you got in on this,  
(grunt)  
Eric would propose sooner.

ABBY  
Wow. Good advice. I'm gonna go  
shower, Eric and I are having  
dinner tonight. Besides, this  
looks more like a one on one  
session anyway.

Jess shrugs as Abby leaves and goes for another squat with  
Jean-Paul playing back-up. Between lunges:

JEAN-PAUL  
Let her go, girl. You deserve my  
*full* attention.

Yes she does.

EXT./INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The living room is dark. A weak glow emanates from the  
dining room.

Keys scratch at the front door. Sam rushes to plate the last  
of some BOSTON MARKET TAKE-OUT.

He frantically stuffs the evidence into the trash as Abby  
pushes through the doorway holding her oversized gym bag.

She strains her eyes trying to see through the darkness.

ABBY  
(to the room)  
Babe?

CUE MUSIC: "RETURN TO ME" - by Dean Martin

At first, she's shocked by the music, but a smile soon crosses her face as she dumps her gym bag to the floor.

She's curious and excited. She tiptoes towards the glowing light in the dining room.

As soon as she turns the corner, Abby's face goes slack in surprise.

Sam sits at the table. Two places have been set. Candles are lit. Wine has been poured.

SAM

Hey.

ABBY

(stunned)

Hey, you.

Sam hops out of his chair and walks over to Abby.

He's wearing a tie with a nice jacket. He's clean-shaven and looks like a million bucks.

Sam's attire is in stark contrast to Abby's gym clothes.

He places a hand gently on her shoulder and leads her to her chair.

Abby is nearly overcome with emotion.

Sam pulls out Abby's seat for her. He's a perfect gentleman.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You did all this for me?

SAM

Of course I did. You deserve it all and more.

Abby is doing her best not to cry.

He takes the lid off of her dish.

ABBY

Babe, you cooked?

SAM

I even pan-seared the chicken.

ABBY

I've never seen you make this.

SAM  
Old family recipe.

He gives her a playful wink.

Sam and Abby unroll their napkins. Sam tucks his into his shirt as Abby lays hers on her lap.

ABBY  
(laughing)  
When did you start doing that,  
baby?

SAM  
(curious)  
Doing what?

ABBY  
Your napkin. You tucked it into  
your shirt. Just like a little  
boy. You never do that.

Sam's eyes flash in a moment of panic. He regains his composure quickly and snaps the napkin from his neck down to his pants.

SAM  
I love this shirt, I wanted to be  
careful.

Abby chews a bite of macaroni. She smiles and caresses Sam's chin as she eats.

SAM (CONT'D)  
These last couple days have been  
the best of my life, Abby.

Abby can't take anymore. She leaps out of her seat and into Sam's lap.

Sam is shocked, but ready. He cradles Abby in his arms.

She stares into his eyes for a few moments. The two share a passionate, wordless exchange. Abby bites her lower lip. We know where this is going...

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door is kicked open. Sam and Abby are at it again.

Abby tries to take Sam's tie off over his head, but she accidentally hooks it on his nose.

Eyes watering, Sam takes over and undoes his tie, shirt, and pants.

He doesn't wait for Abby; he shreds her clothes off for her.

The two dive into bed for the main event. It's mind-blowing.

When it's over, Sam holds Abby post-coital. They each look happier than we've ever seen them.

ABBY

What a perfect night.

SAM

I wish every night could be like this.

ABBY

What do you mean?

SAM

Abby, I have to tell you something. I'm... I'm...

ABBY

(interrupting)  
Ready?

SAM

Ready for what?

ABBY

What we talked about the other night...getting married.

(beat)

Something's changed in you.

(beat)

You're different somehow.

SAM

I know what it is. I've been looking for a happiness of my own.

(beat)

And I think I've found it.

ABBY

(giddy)  
So let's get married!

Abby's happiness is contagious. Sam is swept up into the moment and once again forgets his brotherly duty.

SAM

Yes. Let's do it! I love you!

Sam rolls on top of her and they get right back to it.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Abby has her laptop open in front of her.

It's late. The lights are off.

Sam SNORES in bed next to her.

Abby has a childlike smile on her face watching him sleep. She turns, and from over her shoulder, we see as she logs into facebook...

EXT./INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Sam's living room is brightly lit by the early morning sun.

Eric's iPhone buzzes intermittently on the coffee table.

It looks like Eric has passed out on the couch again. The TV is still on. Billy Mays shouts annoyingly from beyond the grave about the wonders of the Jupiter Jack.

The random buzzes of his iPhone finally rouse Eric from his weed-induced slumber.

He lazily pulls himself up from the couch. He smacks his lips, rubs his eyes, and looks around the apartment.

With one eye closed, he looks towards his vibrating iPhone.

He yawns and leans forward to grab it.

Suddenly, Eric's closed eye SNAPS open. He struggle to focus.

He's shocked by what he sees.

42 TEXT MESSAGES

37 MISSED CALLS

29 VOICEMAILS

ERIC

Whaaa? Is Obama okay?

With a frantic slide of his finger, Eric opens his text messages. Words from the screen LEAP out at him.

"CONGRATULATIONS".

"ABOUT TIME".

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE".

"NO MORE SINGLE LIFE".

"FINALLY BOUGHT THE COW, HUH?".

"YOUR LIFE IS OVER".

Eric begins sweating hardcore. Shaking his head, he checks his voicemails. Putting the phone on speaker, random voices SHOUT OUT:

"We knew you could do it..." "We're just so happy..." "So happy for you"

Kingshuk's voice can be heard screaming, "Why? Why?!"

The room begins to spin. He looks at his phone completely dumbfounded. What's going on?

Eric clicks open his facebook app and starts to cruise through the live feed.

His eyes dart from left to right reading as fast as he can.

Finally, he stops at a recent update. He GASPS hard enough to burst his lungs. His eyes bug out of his head as he sees Abby's STATUS UPDATE.

"ABBY CARMICHAEL is now ENGAGED!!!! <3 <3 <3."

A Hitchcockian Zoom focuses in on Eric, BONECHILLING music ramps up.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!

EXT./INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Sam is still in bed sleeping like a baby. A note, weighted down by a FRESH MUFFIN, has been left next to him on Abby's pillow.

*Love you, babe. See you after work. -Ab*

Sam's iPhone is on the nightstand.

It starts to buzz. The buzzing stops, but then starts again almost immediately.

Sam is starting to wake up. He rolls over and sees the muffin.

With a smile, Sam reaches over lazily and grabs the muffin. He takes a bite before reading the note.

The iPhone continues to buzz behind him. Sam is more interested in the muffin.

He reads the note with a mouthful of his treat. He finishes then gives it a kiss before laying it back on the bed.

Sam swallows and then lets out a sigh of satisfaction. It's impossible to tell whether he's happier about the muffin or the note.

Again, his iPhone buzzes.

Sam looks as if he's noticed it for the first time. He rolls over again and grabs it.

He looks at the Caller ID.

SAM  
(to himself)  
What do you want, bro?

He takes a moment to prepare himself then answers the phone.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hell---

Sam's voice is ridiculously hoarse from sleep. He coughs to clear his throat. It has no effect.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(still hoarse)  
Hello?

ERIC  
*What did you do?!?!*

Eric's voice can be heard through the iPhone a mile away.

SAM  
Wh...what are you talking about?

ERIC  
I'm getting married!

Sam's closed eye suddenly snaps open.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 Abby changed her Relationship  
 Status to Engaged last night!  
 What's going on?!

Sam looks around the room. He's worried. His head is swimming.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 My phone exploded with wellwishers!  
 I'm getting congratulations and  
 happy thoughts from people I  
 haven't even spoken to since  
 college!

Sam is speechless.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 What's this girl's problem? She  
 can't handle a breakup or what?!

SAM  
 I...I wouldn't say that.

ERIC  
 What do you mean? You dumped her  
 and she takes that to mean there's  
 a wedding coming?

SAM  
 Eric. Listen. I probably  
 should've told you this earlier,  
 but...  
 (sigh)  
 There *is* a wedding coming.

ERIC  
 (scared)  
 What...what do you mean?

SAM  
 It's just that. You see, she...

ERIC  
 (calmly, but barely  
 controlled)  
 Sam. What have you done?

Sam taps his iPhone against his forehead struggling with his impromptu confession.

SAM

Abby kinda, sorta proposed to me.  
I mean to you. I mean she did when  
I was pretending to be you.

ERIC

(long pause)  
I'm confused. What am I not  
getting here?

SAM

She asked you to get married and  
you said yes.

Eric's side of the phone goes dead silent.

SAM (CONT'D)

(meekly optimistic)  
Hugs?

Eric's voice is so loud that Sam has to move the phone away  
from his ear.

ERIC

You've lost your mind! And so have  
I for letting you do this! This  
whole thing is a huge cluster fuck!  
I'm going to the hospital to find  
her right now. I'm gonna end it  
myself, like I should have from day  
one!

SAM

You can't!

Eric hangs up the phone.

Sam pauses for the briefest of moments as he contemplates his  
next move.

In a blur, he leaps out of bed and throws on whatever clothes  
he can find. He's out of the bedroom door in seconds flat.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME

Eric rushes to get dressed just as fast as Sam did. He puts  
his pants on backwards, and almost trips over his own legs.

ERIC

Ow!

He's seething mad. He grabs a set of car keys off of Sam's  
counter and lunges for the door.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Eric runs like a bat out of hell towards Sam's gardening truck.

He struggles to get the keys into the door and then tries to get the rusted door to open.

Click!

Eric jumps inside and bangs his head on the door frame before he gets in.

ERIC  
Are you fucking kidding me?!

He jams the keys into the ignition.

The engine struggles to turn over.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Start, you piece of trash!

As if on command, the truck sputters to life.

Eric pulls away from the curb and into traffic without bothering to check his mirrors.

Horns blare as he cuts off a line of cars.

He speeds away leaving a trail of fuming exhaust.

EXT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sam races down the steps of Eric's apartment building towards Eric's Prius parked on the curb.

Sam pats his pockets down looking for the keys.

His eyes look aimlessly as he tries to find the remote. Finally, his eyes light up.

He clicks the remote's button and the car unlocks. He dives behind the wheel with the keys still in hand.

SAM  
Where's the ignition?

His hands roam frantically across every surface of the car.

Eyes squinted, he looks desperately for where to insert the key. He sees nothing until finally...

START BUTTON

SAM (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?!

He pushes the start button. Its indicator light turns yellow. The radio starts.

He jams his foot down and guns the accelerator.

Nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's the hold up? Go!

The car looks as if it's on. Sam obviously hasn't had any experience driving a hybrid.

He pushes buttons, turns dials, depresses pedals. The headlights FLASH, the horn HONKS, the windshield wipers MOVE.

Frustrated, he slams on the breaks and pushes the start button once more.

The Prius rumbles to life.

SAM (CONT'D)

More efficient my ass!

Sam looks to the navigation display and presses the pre-set button marked ABBY'S WORK.

He guns the Prius away from the curb without checking his mirrors.

HORNS blare as he cuts off traffic behind him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - STAFF PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER

Sam's gardening truck turns into the parking lot just as Eric's Prius enters from across the way.

The two cars slow as each driver spots the other.

CUE MUSIC: **"THE GOOD, THE BAD, & THE UGLY"** - by Ennio Morricone

The guys eye each other from across the parking lot.

They've each noticed a single open space.

The truck's engine REVS.

The Prius' engine remains silent, but not from a lack of trying.

Eric slams his foot down on the accelerator.

Sam slams his foot down on the accelerator.

The two cars, one lacking horsepower, the other advanced in age, roll lazily towards the open space.

They each reach the space simultaneously. Each twin manages to get only a front portion of his vehicle into it.

It's a stalemate. The brothers leap out of their cars.

Eric manages to gain a few inches in front of Sam before Sam jumps into the air and lands on Eric in a mighty tackle.

SAM/ERIC

What are you doing?!

The guys lie on the asphalt breathing heavily.

SAM

You can't do this!

ERIC

Do what? Dump my own girlfriend?  
Why the hell not?!

SAM

Eric, she loves me!

ERIC

She loves *me*, you *fucking idiot*!

SAM

She said you've changed the last few days! That she loves what you've *become*. Come on man, she loves *you* for what she sees in *me*.

ERIC

Nobody has *ever* seen *anything* in you! You're a drugged out, loser waste of human life. You *always* have been and you *always* will be!

SAM

Fuck you. Fuck you for saying that. I'm tired of playing second fiddle! Who the hell made you cock of the walk, you dick!

ERIC

My college degree for starters!

SAM

*I knew you were gonna throw that up  
in my face!*

ERIC

This is just another example of  
your laziness. You're trying to  
skip all the hard work it takes to  
build a relationship and fast  
forward to the happy ending. It  
doesn't work that way!

They step to each other.

SAM

And you'd know all about *that*,  
wouldn't you? All you care about  
is work!

ERIC

Don't get pissed off at me because  
you have no future.

SAM

Fuck your mother!

ERIC

She's your mother, too!

SAM

Same difference!

ERIC

*That's* exactly what I'm talking  
about, you're not smart enough to  
pull this off!

SAM

Eric, I'm warning you. Get the  
fuck out of my face before I deck  
you.

Shit just got real. The brothers look like they're about to  
come to blows.

Suddenly, Eric's iPhone CHIRPS. He has an incoming text from  
Abby.

"Celebration dinner tonight @ Alessandro's w/ the fam bam -  
6pm. Sry couldn't wait to tell! XOXO"

SAM (CONT'D)  
 What was that?

ERIC  
 (pocketing the phone)  
 None of your god-damned business,  
 Second Place!

Sam, loathing that label since childhood, hauls off and shoves Eric into the gardening truck.

Staring daggers of death into Sam, Eric busts out Sam's keyring and KEYS the shit out of the truck!

Sam, too incensed to move, watches as Eric jumps into his Prius and inexplicably gets the hybrid to PEEL out of the parking lot.

Calming down, Sam finger-combs his hair and heads into the building.

Before he gets out of the lot, he notices an EMPTY SPACE near the front.

It's marked A. CARMICHAEL.

Abby isn't here.

Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sam pulls his truck up to the curb outside of Eric's building. He parks and runs to the apartment hoping to find Abby.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SAM  
 Ab? Are you here?

No answer. He checks the living room and then the bathroom. The apartment is empty.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam tries to calm down. He looks at himself in the MIRROR.

SAM

Now or never, big guy. You have to come clean.

Sam takes a deep breath.

SAM (CONT'D)

Abby. I'm not who you think I am.

He slaps his forehead with his open palm in frustration.

SAM (CONT'D)

Abby. There's something you should know.

Again, he shakes his head.

SAM (CONT'D)

Abby. Eric forced me to trick you and I didn't mean to, but now I love you and please don't leave me.

(beat)

Okay, that's the one.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sam walks back to the kitchen and, needing to relax, goes to the fridge for a beer.

He grabs one, pops the top, and then closes the fridge. He notices a NOTE stuck to the front of it with a "NUMBER ONE NURSE" magnet.

He reads it:

*"Stopped by for a change of clothes. Already texted you, but just double checking. My parents are going to meet us there. Remember, Alessandro's at 6. Can't wait to celebrate! So excited!! XOXO"*

Worried, Sam checks his watch.

SAM

(sotto)

Shit. I'll be there, babe.

He looks down at his shabby outfit. Not liking what he sees, he tosses the beer in the sink and kicks off his flip flops before bolting for Eric's closet.

INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S BEDROOM - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Sam tears through Eric's closet. Items of clothing fly through the air.

Sam finds only WRINKLED DRESS SHIRTS. He spots an IRON and IRONING BOARD in the back of the closet and clumsily drags both out.

He does his best to iron the shirt and returns for a TIE.

He grabs the first one he can find and throws it around his neck ten different ways straining to get it on.

SAM

You've seen him do it a thousand times.

Sam fiddles hopelessly with the knot.

SAM (CONT'D)

Loop it, swoop it, then...presto!

Sam's eternal struggle is interrupted by SMOKE rising behind him. The shirt is on fire!

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh man, I am fucked in the ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eric paces just outside the restaurant. Seemingly hesitant over what he's about to do, his eyes glaze over as he pictures the worst.

FADE OUT:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DREAM SEQUENCE - EVENING

Sam stands at a table laden with lobsters, suckling pigs, etc. He's wearing an expensive tuxedo, complete with top hat for some reason.

Sam raises a champagne flute to the room.

SAM

Friends, family. Thank you for joining Abby and I on this oh so precious of nights.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

You're presence here is the  
greatest wedding gift of all.

The crowd cheers.

SAM (CONT'D)

I, Eric Scott, and *not* my sloppy,  
lazy brother Sam, pledge my eternal  
and undying love to my new bride  
Abby Carmichael!

Sam vigorously pumps the hand of Abby's DAD, also wearing a  
fancy tux, in a manly handshake.

Abby looks on and smiles through happy tears with her hands  
clasped in front of her face. Sam dips Abby's MOM and plants  
one on her face.

To the happy couple!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eric snaps back to reality.

ERIC

No fucking way!!

Just then, Abby and her family appear from around the corner.

DENISE, Abby's mother, 60's, is a reserved, high-society  
type. She wears a pearl necklace and a gaudy brooch on the  
left lapel of her rigid Chanel suit.

ARTHUR, Abby's father, also 60's, is taller than Eric and  
bald on top with a rim of Captain Picard hair. He wears  
ridiculously thick-framed black reading glasses and an old-  
man cardigan.

Abby's sister, HOLLY, early 30's, pretty with Brunette hair,  
stands next to her husband, PETER, 30's, a stock-broker, Ivy  
League football type. The guy has "douche" written all over  
him.

ABBY

Hey babe!

She and Eric embrace; Abby gives him a quick kiss.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I'm so excited! I know its silly,  
but I feel like I haven't seen you  
in days.

(beat)

Say hi to everyone.

Abby indicates her family.

ERIC

How are you, Arthur, Denise?

Eric shakes Arthur's hand and then gives Denise a polite kiss  
on the cheek.

Holly stands on her tip toes and wraps her arms around Eric  
in an excited hug.

HOLLY

I can't believe you guys are  
getting married! It's about time!

Peter doesn't move to acknowledge Eric. He stays where he  
is.

PETER

Congrats on ending your life,  
Scott.

ERIC

(unsure)

Thanks, guys.

Arthur extends a hand toward the restaurant's front door.

ARTHUR

They're not gonna hold our  
reservation forever.

Arthur leads the group into the restaurant.

INT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The group steps through the door to the lobby. It's a classy  
joint. The lighting is gentle, but not dark.

Each table is topped with a tasteful FLOWER bouquet.

The place is packed. WAITERS dart here and there pulling out  
seats, pouring wine, lighting crème brûlées.

Arthur heads over to the MAITRE D'.

ERIC  
 (to Peter)  
 So, how have you been, Peter?

PETER  
 (smarmy)  
 I've been great. Never better, actually. I've been able to make a killing in the worst economic times of our lives. Bull market's been my bitch.  
 (beat)  
 What about you? Still writing obituaries for a living?

ERIC  
 (insulted)  
 Something like that.

PETER  
 When was the last time we saw you?

ERIC  
 Had to have been a couple years ago.

PETER  
 When was it, Abby? Two or three Christmases ago? You remember, that loser brother of his ruining brunch? Who knew mimosas could get you *that* drunk?

HOLLY  
 Go easy, Peter. He's still Eric's brother.

DENISE  
 Shouldn't we have invited him?

ERIC  
 (quickly)  
 Oh, no...no. He wouldn't mind. Besides, tonight's a couples' thing right guys?

DENISE  
 I guess you're right.

Arthur returns and starts to lead the group away.

ARTHUR  
 Come on guys, our table's ready.

Eric wraps his arm around Abby's shoulder and escorts her along.

ERIC  
Abby, I need to talk you about something.

ABBY  
(distracted)  
Sure, babe. After dinner?

INT. ALLESANDRO'S RESTAURANT - DINNER TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with the light romantic music of a string quartet. It's a little piece of Italy.

ABBY  
I'm telling you, Daddy. Love at first sight.

ARTHUR  
Just like your mother and I. When I saw her at the Junior Republicans meeting during Rush Week, I knew I had to have her.

ERIC  
Should we order?

Eric is in a hurry to wrap this up.

HOLLY  
Let's get some appetizers!

PETER  
Do you really need an appetizer *and* an entree? We want to split the check, not your pants.

ERIC  
(interrupting)  
Actually, guys, can we just skip to the main course?

ABBY  
(to Eric)  
What's wrong with you, Eric? We're having a nice time.

ERIC  
(whispering)  
I know, but we *have* to talk.

ABBY  
(distracted)  
Right after dinner, sweetie.

WAITER  
Can I get your drink orders,  
please?

DENISE  
Vodka tonic!

Arthur looks a little embarrassed.

ARTHUR  
I'll have an iced tea.

PETER  
I'll have a Heineken. My wife will  
have a water.

The Waiter jots down their orders and looks to Abby. She places her hand on Eric's.

ABBY  
Two Blue Moons.

Eric does a double take. Abby WINKS at him and then goes back to the Waiter.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
With *oranges*, please.

INT. ALLESANDRO'S RESTAURANT - SAME

Sam bursts into the restaurant's lobby.

He looks for Abby and her family.

He spots the group at their table. If he saw Eric he doesn't show it.

The HOST moves to intercept Sam as he rushes toward the family.

HOST  
Welcome to Alessandro's, can I help  
you, sir?

SAM  
(frazzled)  
Um, yes. My girlfriend and her  
parents have a reservation for 6.  
I'm a little a late.

HOST  
No problem, sir. What's the  
party's last name?

SAM  
Abby...shit.

Sam struggles to remember her last name.

SAM (CONT'D)  
They're right over there. I see  
them.

Sam points frantically.

HOST  
(puzzled)  
Of course, sir. You can join them.  
I'll have a chair brought to you.

Sam rushes toward the table. He stops after a few paces and  
spins around.

SAM  
(triumphant)  
Carmichael! Her last name is  
Carmichael.

The Host smiles awkwardly.

Sam continues towards Abby's table. He smoothes his clothes  
and prepares to get back into character.

After a few paces, Sam's jaw drops. He's spotted Eric.

This. Is. Bad.

Sam thinks quickly. He suddenly ducks behind an approaching  
Waiter's dessert cart.

The Waiter pushing the cart looks down at his crouching  
interloper.

WAITER  
Can I help you, sir?

SAM  
Just keep pushing your cart,  
please.

Sam crab-walks along side it and quickly scurries out of  
view.

INT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The group's Waiter arrives and begins to disperse everyone's drink order.

DENISE  
 (to the Waiter)  
 Didn't I order a double?  
 (to Arthur)  
 Arthur, didn't I order a double?

ARTHUR  
 (sighing)  
 I'm sorry, can you bring my wife  
 another?

WAITER  
 Of course, sir. I'm sorry, ma'am.

INT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Sam is circling the restaurant. He's trying to stay out of sight.

He walks hunched over as he passes diners, waiters, tables, and restaurant decorations.

Finally, he stops. He's got a bird's eye view of the table from across the restaurant. He's positioned himself directly in line with Eric.

He takes a deep breath before he starts to frantically wave his arms. He's trying desperately to get Eric's attention while avoiding the eyes of everyone else at the table.

INT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - TABLE

Arthur drinks his iced tea.

ARTHUR  
 So, Eric. How are things at work?

ERIC  
 Uh, things have been okay.

ABBY  
 Things have been better than *okay*.  
 (proudly)  
 Eric might be getting to write his  
 own column, Daddy.

DENISE

Really? What are you going to write about?

ERIC

I'm not sure yet. I've been a little *distracted* lately.

PETER

Proposing will do that to you. What were you thinking, man?

HOLLY

He was *thinking* about how much he loves his girlfriend. I mean fiancée!

(to Abby)

Sorry, Ab.

ABBY

I'm not used to the word yet!

Abby leans in and starts to converse with Holly.

Eric tunes out and picks up his beer for another swig. He suddenly notices Sam frantically waving from across the room.

He chokes on his beer.

ABBY (CONT'D)

(patting Eric's back)

Babe, are you okay?

ERIC

(coughing and sputtering)

Yeah, I'm fine. I just...need to go to the bathroom.

PETER

I'll go with you. I've gotta take a piss, too.

ERIC

No! Um, you should wait here. I've got to...you know. Number 2.

Denise dejectedly puts down her nearly empty glass.

DENISE

Exactly what you want to hear before dinner.

(beat)

Where's that waiter with my double?

Eric doesn't give Peter a chance to join him. He bolts up from the table and power walks out of sight.

ARTHUR

Ab, is everything alright with him?

INT. ALLESANDRO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Eric does a full circuit of the restaurant to make sure that Abby and the rest of the group haven't seen where he's gone.

Eric walks as fast as he can without running. He looks PISSED.

Sam stands his ground. The two brothers meet. Eric grabs Sam by the elbow and forcibly directs him to the restaurant's back hallway.

ERIC/SAM

What're are you doing here?

ERIC/SAM (CONT'D)

Me?!

ERIC/SAM (CONT'D)

What're you doing here?

SAM

I came to tell Abby the truth!

ERIC

*I'm* going to tell her the truth.

SAM

Are you insane? You're going to tell her right in front of her parents?

ERIC

I'm doing what you should've done from the beginning. I don't know what I was thinking!

SAM

Asshole!

Eric starts to posture. Things are boiling over.

ERIC

*I'm* the asshole?! All you had to do was dump her. You went rogue!

Eric shoves Sam.

SAM

This was all your idea! You don't ask another guy to dump your girlfriend, you fucking pussy!

Sam shoves Eric right back with both hands.

SAM (CONT'D)

Her whole family will see! She'll be humiliated!

ERIC

I don't want to upset her anymore than you do, but this has gone too far.

Sam gets right up in Eric's face.

SAM

(serious as hell)  
You can't do this to her.

ERIC

How did you think this was gonna end? You lied to me twice. You had to know this was coming!

SAM

Had to know what? That you'd finally solve a relationship problem on your own? You were too weak to do what needed to be done in the first place and now you suddenly have the balls?

The guys stare each other down.

ERIC

I'm going *back* to my table. Get your lawn-mowing ass out of here.

Sam PUNCHES Eric in the stomach. He doubles over with a loud GROAN.

SAM

I won't let you do this!

Sam rushes past Eric. He's ready to confess to Abby.

Eric recovers and stops Sam with a nut tap. Sam cringes in pain.

Eric darts for the table before Sam tackles him around the legs. Eric goes down awkwardly, but continues dragging himself into the main dining area.

Each twin, still in obvious pain, tries to get past the other. It's a foot race. They no longer care who sees.

The guys wail on each other. They each throw a hook at the exact same time in a MIRROR IMAGE of each other.

Their fists CRACK into each other's popping knuckles and splitting skin.

Glasses are spilled, plates are knocked to the floor, waiters are shoved out of the way.

The twins are a roiling hurricane of flying fists and kicking feet. They look like a pair of five year old boys fighting over the last cookie.

They stumble over to the LOBSTER TANK. Eric gets the upper hand, he PULLS Sam up to the surface of the tank.

SAM (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Don't do it, Eric! You know we're allergic to shellfi---

Eric ignores him and DUNKS Sam's head inside!

ERIC

How's the lobster, fucker?!

INT. ALESSANDRO'S RESTAURANT - TABLE - CONTINUOUS

ABBY

(to Holly)

It's not that he's changed his attitude, well, I mean he has, but he's just been so *different* lately.

HOLLY

Different how?

ABBY

I don't know. Sweeter, gentler, more *in love* with me I guess.

HOLLY

That's sooo romantic.

PETER

Sounds pretty faggy to me.

INT. ALLESANDRO'S RESTAURANT - NEAR LOBSTER TANK

Sam frees himself from the tank then shoves Eric away. He's soaking wet.

SAM  
 (sounding increasingly  
 stuffed up)  
 I think thomethingth wrong with me!

Sam's NOSE and EYES are swelling shut. His face looks bright red!

Sam's head blows up like a balloon.

Eric breaks for the table. Sam CHASES after.

INT. ALLESANDRO'S RESTAURANT, DINNER TABLE - INTERCUT

Abby and her family hear the tell-tale signs of the twin tornado tearing toward them through the restaurant. Sam has caught Eric, and two GRAPPLE as they LURCH towards Abby's table.

Women SCREAM, wine spills, the string quartet suddenly stops playing.

Sam drags himself, and Eric, along with all of his might. He lands one wet hand on the table, pulling at the table cloth as Eric heaves.

Abby's jaw drops. Sam's head looks like the fucking Elephant Man! Sam can barely see through clenched eyes!

SAM  
 (slurring)  
 Abbbby!

ABBY  
 Oh my God!

The entire table is aghast at Sam's sudden appearance and disfigurement. No one knows what the fuck is going on.

Eric is still throwing punches left and right!

DENISE  
 (cowering)  
 Stop it! Stop it! Someone will  
 get hit in the face!

As if on cue, Denise takes an accidental right hook to the chin and falls in Arthur's arms.

Arthur moves to catch his wife. Holly SCREAMS and hunkers down next to Peter. Everyone looks at Eric and Sam in complete shock and disgust.

The room is dead silent.

Sam and Eric realize what they've done. The twins breathe heavily. Platters RATTLE to a stop on the floor.

Sam seizes the moment.

SAM  
Abby! I love you!

ABBY  
Sam?!

Abby struggles to look at Sam's swollen face.

SAM  
Eric athked me to pretend to be him  
tho that he could dump you!

ERIC  
Traitor! Shut up!

Eric wipes blood from his busted lip and WINCES at the mess that is his brother's face.

Arthur still holds a groggy Denise. She shakes off the punch as she comes to. Good thing for that double.

ARTHUR  
What does he mean, so he could dump  
her?

Suddenly, Abby stands. She's fighting back tears.

ABBY  
What is he talking about, Eric?

Eric looks down, unable to meet Abby's eyes.

ERIC  
I asked Sam to break up with you  
for me. I asked him to pretend to  
be me so that he could do  
everything I couldn't.

Abby is stunned.

SAM  
(also ashamed)  
He'th telling the truth.  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Eric doethn't want to marry you.  
I've been pretending to be him for  
the latht few dayth.

ABBY

(shell shocked)  
You've been Eric the whole time?  
*The whole time?* You mean the fair,  
the picnic, cooking dinner for me?  
(choking up)  
Wanting to get married? It's all  
bullshit?!

SAM

Only at firtht! I didn't know I'd  
end up feeling thith way about you.  
I know thith ith a thitty way to  
thay it, but I love you, Abby.

POLICE SIRENS approach from the distance.

ABBY

(venom)  
How could you *both* do this to me?  
In front of my family? I loved you,  
Eric.

Abby can say no more. The only word for her is CRUSHED. She  
steps to the twins and slaps each across the face. She turns  
and bolts for the door.

Eric and Sam know they've fucked up.

DENISE

(working her jaw)  
I told you this wouldn't work,  
Arthur! I told you! He's a  
bleeding heart liberal journalist.

ARTHUR

I should kick both your asses right  
now!

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Hold it!

Two uniformed police officers have appeared in the  
restaurant. Both are caught off-guard by what Sam now calls  
a face. One of their radios plays audible police chatter.

ERIC

Smooth, Sam. Now look what you've  
done.

Each officer approaches a twin. Hand cuffs are already out.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
 Alright, tough guys. Let's go.

They're cuffed in a matter of seconds.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
 (to Sam)  
 Jesus Christ, what happened to your  
 face?

The officers haul the guys out.

PETER  
 (to a dumbstruck waiter)  
 Can I get another beer?

EXT./INT. LOCAL JAIL - HOLDING CELL - LATER

Eric and Sam sit next to each other on a bench in the crowded holding cell. They look like shit. Bruised, bloodied, torn sleeves, and ripped collars.

They're seated amongst a group of TRANSIENTS, THUGS, and DRUNKS.

Sam rubs his still-red, but less swollen face.

SAM  
 (begrudgingly)  
 I promise to never make fun of you  
 ever again for always carrying your  
 EpiPen.

An effeminate Latin STREET TOUGH approaches the guys.

EFFEMINATE LATIN STREET TOUGH  
 (thick Latina accent)  
 Are joo guys twins?

Sam and Eric make eye contact with the Street Tough. They're each too tired to answer.

EFFEMINATE LATIN STREET TOUGH (CONT'D)  
 What are you in for?

SAM  
 I'm a prisoner of love.

Eric shoots Sam a sidelong glance.

EFFEMINATE LATIN STREET TOUGH  
 Oh, me too. But, they can't prove  
 I was hookin'.  
 (yelling out of the cell)  
 They can't prove nothing!

ERIC  
 (unsure)  
 Then you'll be fine.

EFFEMINATE LATIN STREET TOUGH  
 So, who has the bigger-

Sam stands up.

SAM  
 Okay, Miss...ter, I need to talk  
 to my brother so if you could  
 please give us a little moment.

ERIC  
 I'm not talking to you.

Sam grabs Eric and tries to drag him to a free corner of the cell.

SAM  
 Look at us. What're we doing?  
 We're brothers. That should count  
 for something.

ERIC  
 That should count for *everything*.

A giant THUG with tatoo tears glares at the brothers.

TATOOED THUG  
 You fools been locked down for an  
 hour and you already turnin' homo.  
 Don't you know bitches ain't shit  
 but hoes and tricks!

SAM  
 Actually, that's not entirely  
 true...

Tattooed Thug half-rises like he's gonna throw down.

ERIC  
 (whispering frantically)  
 Shut up! Haven't you seen Oz?  
 They cut off your sack and stuff it  
 in your mouth!  
 (to Tattooed Thug)  
 (MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Very sorry to disturb you, sir.  
You're quite large.

TATOOED THUG

(sitting down)

Fuckin' a.

SAM

(quietly to Eric)

She makes me wanna be a better man.  
You know, I've been thinking of  
taking some courses on Landscape  
Management; you know, expand my  
operation. I can't mow lawns  
forever.

ERIC

You do have quite the green thumb.

Sam looks around nervously.

SAM

Don't say that in here!

ERIC

Relax. Look at you. Changing for  
a woman.

SAM

It's time, man. I need to grow up.  
I was hoping to grow up with Abby.

ERIC

You really do love her, don't you?

Sam nods sincerely.

Eric looks guilty. He knows he's fucked up his brother's  
chance at true happiness.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What do I do with Slutty Mary?

SAM

Feel free to swoop on that. Abby  
is the only girl for me.

ERIC

Wow, you are serious.

(beat)

I'm sorry, man. I should never  
have brought you into this.

SAM

I'm actually kind of glad it happened this way. I mean, if you would've dumped her yourself then I never would've been able to get close to her.

(realizing)

But now I've gone and pissed it all away.

Silence. The brothers have nothing more to say.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Eric Scott.

SAM/ERIC

Yes?

An annoyed Eric lightly shoves Sam into the bars.

POLICE OFFICER

You have a visitor.

JESS (O.S.)

They locked you two up *together*?!

Eric looks toward the sound of the new voice. He drags Sam to the front of the cell.

ERIC

Jess?! What the hell are you doing here?

Jess stands before the bars. She takes in the two brothers.

JESS

Wow, you really *are* twins. Hi, Sam. Nice to meet you.

She tries to shake Sam's hand through the bars. Tattooed Thug jumps up and tries to grab Jess' hand. She pulls back, but she's flattered.

JESS (CONT'D)

(flirtatiously)

Sorry, big boy. Look, don't touch.

SAM

(to Eric)

You know this chick?

ERIC

She's Abby's best friend.

JESS

I'm about to become *your* best friend, too. I'm bailing you guys out.

ERIC

Are you serious?!

SAM

Why?

JESS

Abby called and told me the whole thing. She's a mess. You're an asshole, Eric.

Eric starts to reply. Jess cuts him off with a wave of her hand.

JESS (CONT'D)

If it weren't for Sam I wouldn't even be here.

Sam perks up, but he's still wary.

SAM

What did I do?

JESS

Abby told me about how you beat up your brother in the middle of the restaurant and declared your love for her in front of everyone.

(beat)

These last few days are the happiest I've ever seen her.

Eric and Sam are stunned.

JESS (CONT'D)

I would *kill* to have two men fight over me.

INMATE (O.S.)

I've killed before.

Eric and Sam inch closer to the bars.

SAM

(excited)

So she's not mad at me?

JESS

No, she's mad for sure. You're both gonna need to talk to her. Make this right. Whether she realizes it or not right now, she has something really special in you, Sam, and you're not gonna let her think otherwise. Get out there and fix it.

Jess indicates Eric by mistake. Sam raises his hand.

SAM

Uh, Jess. *I'm Sam.*

JESS

Oh, right!

(beat)

By the way, what happened to your nose?

SAM

Bad seafood.

EXT./INT. ERIC AND ABBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Abby lies on her bed in the dark. Her eyes are closed, but she's obviously awake.

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ.

Her iPhone lights up. The caller ID reads PRIVATE.

Abby grabs the phone and considers it for a moment before answering.

ABBY

Hello.

ERIC

Hey.

ABBY

Why are you Private Calling me?

ERIC

I didn't think you'd pick up if you knew it was me.

ABBY

Why, just because you made your brother dump me for you?

ERIC

Look, I can explain everything.

ABBY

You obviously don't respect me.  
Why should I let you explain  
anything?

ERIC

Because you don't deserve to be  
humiliated like that and there's a  
few things I have to tell you.

ABBY

Oh God, Eric what now? Are you  
gonna tell me you're gay? Because I  
don't think I can handle any more  
surprises right now.

ERIC

Just come downstairs to the  
playground.

ABBY

Fine.

EXT. ERIC'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Abby makes her way gingerly through the dark towards the  
playground.

She finds Eric sitting on one of two swings hanging from the  
old, rusty set.

ERIC

Thanks for coming.

ABBY

I came for me. Not for you.

ERIC

Still. Thanks anyway.

Eric directs Abby to sit in the swing next to him.

ABBY

So what do you need to say?

ERIC

There's a few things. Please don't  
get mad.

She refuses to look at Eric while he talks.

ABBY

I don't think I could be madder  
right now.

ERIC

I hope you're right.

(beat)

Anyway, look, we're great together  
and I love being with you.

ABBY

(eyes forward, unblinking)

But.

ERIC

But.

(beat)

I can't marry you. All my life,  
I've been looked at as the perfect  
son, the perfect brother. I'm just  
not ready to be the perfect  
husband. Not when it's finally  
time for me to focus on myself.

(beat)

It's too much.

A tear rolls down Abby's cheek.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm just nowhere near ready for  
marriage.

ABBY

Then why wouldn't you just tell me  
that yourself?

ERIC

I couldn't. I tried to, but I  
couldn't get the words out. You  
were putting me in a box I couldn't  
fit in.

(beat)

I was afraid. I needed Sam's help.

ABBY

Afraid? Am I that scary, Eric?  
I can't believe you *actually* asked  
him to do this.

Still, Abby's eyes look forward.

ERIC

Abby, he only did it to protect  
you.

ABBY

Protect me? He impersonated you to  
*protect me?*

ERIC

He knew I was being an asshole  
better than I did. He didn't want  
you to get hurt. He thought that  
if he could handle the breakup that  
he could at least leave you feeling  
good about yourself.

ABBY

Way to make me feel good about  
myself.

ERIC

He will, Abby.

Finally, she looks at him.

ABBY

What's that supposed to mean?

ERIC

Abby.  
(beat)  
He loves you.

Abby snorts.

ABBY

How could he? We've never even  
dated.

ERIC

He told me his time with you has  
been the *best* time of his life.  
And I believe him.

Abby's facade almost cracks, but she regains her composure.

ABBY

How could you trick me like this?

ERIC

I was weak. I was a coward. We  
should've just talked about this  
from the beginning. Like we are  
now. I just couldn't do it.

ABBY  
(sarcastically)  
Well, I hope this was easier for  
you.

ERIC  
It wasn't, but Sam showed me you  
deserve better. He loves you,  
Abby. He might've done me the  
favor, but he's paying the price.  
He begged me to let him come clean.  
He said you deserved the truth.  
And instead I went out and tried to  
ruin it for the both of you.

Abby is speechless.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Abby?

ABBY  
It's crazy, Eric. This last week  
with you really *was* the best of our  
relationship. You were finally  
ready to marry me, you were like a  
different person.  
(sarcastic laugh)  
Turns out you really *were*.

Eric doesn't have anything to say.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
(oddly calm)  
I think you should go.

Eric approaches Abby. Her face is lit by an overhanging  
street lamp.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Please, just go.

Eric pauses for a second before leaving. He looks over his  
shoulder.

ERIC  
I think you better talk to Sam.

Abby stands alone under the light considering as Eric walks  
away.

EXT./INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

Eric, drained from the events of the evening, walks into an empty Starbucks. He finds a table in the back, sits down, and cracks open his laptop.

Bringing up his article, he begins typing furiously starting with a new title. From the top of the screen can be read:

**"BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO" by Eric Scott**

The first words are glimpsed, "It was a very bold experiment..."

FADE OUT:

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - FRONT COURTYARD - THE NEXT MORNING

A very depressed Sam lazily mows the lawn in front of his complex.

Sensing someone behind him, he cuts the motor and turns around to see Abby standing there.

ABBY

Eric told me everything.

He can't meet her gaze.

SAM

(looking down)

Did he tell you how I feel?

ABBY

Maybe *you* should.

Sam squares his shoulders and meets her look head on.

SAM

(sincerely)

I never meant to hurt you, Abby. This was supposed to be a quick break-up. Painless, like taking off a band-aid.

(beat)

I never thought I'd fall for you.

ABBY

You really *fell* for me?

SAM

Absolutely. I didn't even see it coming. Honestly, I thought I'd never deserve a girl like you. Eric is the successful one, the hard working one, but now I know that he never truly appreciated what he had.

Abby is moved by Sam's revelation.

SAM (CONT'D)

I agreed to help Eric dump you because he's my brother and he begged me for help. After that first night, our first date, I realized I needed you...

He approaches her. She lets him get closer.

SAM (CONT'D)

I know it sounds crazy, Abby. But I love you. I know I can give you everything Eric did. And more.

She takes him in her arms. He rests his head on her shoulder, savoring the closeness.

ABBY

Now it's my turn to confess.

Sam raises his head and looks at her not knowing what to expect.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I sensed little changes in Eric...  
And I *liked* them. He, I mean *you*,  
God this is weird,  
(she laughs lightly)  
you made me realize I didn't like  
who I was. I became so controlling  
with Eric. He and I are too much  
alike. I realize now I *need* a  
little conflict. You're a free  
spirit, Sam. I love that about  
you. And now, I love that about  
*me*, too.

Sam's eyes well up. He starts to say something, but Abby raises a finger to his lips. He settles down and listens intently.

ABBY (CONT'D)

My time with you really has been the best part of my relationship with *him*. The way you made me dinner, the way you look at me. The way you fought for me...

Abby lets the words hang in the air as she tears up, too.

SAM

I'll always fight for you. Just give me the chance, Abby. I love you.

ABBY

(almost cracking)  
I love you, too, Sam.

They embrace passionately, sharing the kiss of all kisses.

Right there on the half-finished lawn. When they pull apart:

ABBY (CONT'D)

So where are you taking me for our first date?

FADE OUT:

EXT./INT. YARDHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Various Daily Shopper employees gather here after work.

A giant banner reads:

CONGRATS MARY!!

Eric and Kingshuk hang by the impromptu dance floor where Jess and Jean-Paul are freaking like they're in a Nelly video.

ERIC

(still surprised)  
Did you even know Mary was in the running for the article?

KINGSHUK

I knew she was running through my mind.

Bullock slides in front of the guys with two beers. He hands one to Eric. Kingshuk gets the hint and walks away.

BULLOCK  
 (eyeing Jess and Jean-  
 Paul)  
 Friends of yours?

ERIC  
 (embarrassed)  
 I actually don't know *who* they are.

Bullock raises an eyebrow. Eric tries to change the subject.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 (resigned)  
 Look, I just wanted to say thanks  
 for giving me a chance even if you  
 went with Mary.

BULLOCK  
 What can I say, Scott? She  
 surprised everybody. She has a  
 Masters in English from Brown and a  
 very good way with words.

ERIC  
 She's obviously a talented woman.  
 (beat)  
 I'll have my desk packed up by  
 Friday.

BULLOCK  
 Not so fast. You know, Scott, you  
 still wrote a great article.  
 (beat)  
 We're thinking of adding a  
 permanent relationship advice  
 column. Would you be interested?

ERIC  
 Definitely!

ON SAM AND ABBY as they enter the place hand in hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 I'm sort of an expert now.

BULLOCK  
 Here, here.

They CLINK mugs before we find Kingshuk with Slutty Mary.

KINGSHUK  
 Hey Mary. I just wanted to  
 congratulate you on the column.  
 You really deserve it.

SLUTTY MARY  
 (rubbing Kingshuk's arm)  
 Thank you so much, Kingshuk. That  
 means a lot. I'm so excited!

Kingshuk's eyes are on Mary's hand as she strokes his  
 "bicep"; he swallows hard.

KINGSHUK  
 And, Mary, there's something else I  
 need to tell you.

Mary puts a finger to Kingshuk's mouth.

SLUTTY MARY  
 No, there's something I need to  
 tell you first.  
 (her eyes drop to the  
 floor nervously)  
 And I think now is the perfect  
 time.

Kingshuk cocks his head in bewilderment.

SLUTTY MARY (CONT'D)  
 I've had a crush on you since the  
 day I met you and, well---

Kingshuk wastes no time in planting a SLOPPY KISS on her  
 waiting lips; she reciprocates in earnest.

INT. YARDHOUSE - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Abby, still holding hands, wave to Eric before  
 heading over to the BARTENDER; Abby takes the lead.

BARTENDER  
 What can I get you two?

She smiles over her shoulder at Sam.

ABBY  
 Two Blue Moons, please.

CUE MUSIC: "HOT N COLD" - by Katy Perry

THE END