

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

A WOMAN dramatically clears her THROAT.

KELSEY (V.O.)  
*Shall we begin...?*

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - SUNSET

High above the BUSTLING of Market Street, a "FUNERAL" is underway. The bereaved - AMANDA HUTCHINS, 24 - sexy, zany, but today *mostly just heartbroken* - holds a PHOTO of her and her former boyfriend, GAVIN MATTHEWS (25, scruffy, effortlessly cool), backpacking in Barcelona.

KELSEY, 24, short, sporty, super confident, stands over a SHOEBOX, delivering a eulogy FOR A BREAK-UP.

*What? Girls do this kind of shit. Don't judge.*

KELSEY  
Dearly beloved. We are gathered here to say our final goodbyes to the relationship of Amanda Hutchins and Gavin Matthews. Now Amanda - I've been informed you'd like to share a few parting words?

AMANDA  
(sincerely, to photo)  
Dear Gavin... we were supposed to be peas in a pod forever... But you took a job in Hong Kong and started dating asshole supermodels and putting your pea in their pods. So, have an awesome time with that. I hope you get chlamydia. And rue the day you fucking lost me-

KELSEY  
--Thank you for that--

Kelsey REACHES for the PHOTO, Amanda DEATH GRIPS it.

AMANDA  
I don't want to move on! Come back!

KELSEY  
Amanda, let it go. Let it go.

AMANDA  
Uh-uh! I'm not ready.

KELSEY

Put down the photo! *Okay -*  
 (pulls her into HEADLOCK)  
 I'm hugging you into submission.

AMANDA

Ow, my hair's caught in there! *This is not a hug.*

KELSEY

It's hard to see right now but one day you're gonna be with the man you're supposed to wind up with and you'll be so happy it never worked out with this guy. And you'll say, "*Wow, Kelsey, you were right. I'd like to thank you with a gift certificate to Whole Foods because I never would've known love again if I hadn't let it go.*"

Amanda reluctantly GIVES UP the PHOTO. Kelsey frees her, putting the FINAL MEMENTO in the BOX and CLOSING IT.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

As we walk through the valley of the shadow of exes, I now pronounce you *officially* set free...

They release FOUR BLACK BALLOONS INTO THE AIR as Kelsey HUMS a triumphant, shaky rendition of "**CAN'T HURRY LOVE**," on her KAZOO. Amanda can't help but smile as the balloons float off. *Symbols of hope, of healing...*

They SNAG on a ledge. Amanda frowns, Kelsey stops MID-NOTE.

AMANDA

That's not a good sign, huh?

KELSEY

I wouldn't read into it...

POP! POP! POP! All but ONE wilt. POP!! *Fuck me.*

KELSEY (CONT'D)

That's not as good.

AMANDA

Yeah, I'm never recovering.

As we PRELAP the real version of "**CAN'T HURRY LOVE**," we...

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD - FOUR YEARS LATER...

EXT. VICTORIAN HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Twinkling lights in the trees. A banner reads, "**Everything Gets Better With Time! Happy 85th Thora!**" A little BOY and GIRL mischievously pick at the cake; he PUSHES her, she CRIES and CHASES after him. *And thus, young love begins.*

A mix of FAMILY and spry 80-YEAR-OLDS dance.

The music switches to a raunchy RAP SONG. Everyone continues dancing, oblivious - CLAPPING, SNAPPING, TWIRLING.

SONG

POP! POP THAT PUSSY! POP POP THAT  
PUSSY BABY!

Relatives stop dancing, look around, *confused*.

OLD LADY

What are they saying?

MOM (O.S.)

Ryan, change it back.

13-YEAR-OLD SON

Fine.

The 13-YEAR-OLD DJ begrudgingly changes the SONG.

Amanda WAITS in line AT THE GRILL, wistfully watching a HAPPY COUPLE. *But before you feel too sorry for her...*

BRAD HAYES, 30, boy-next-door cute in a cardigan - a John Krasinsky type - walks up with two drinks and WHISPERS:

BRAD

Excuse me, Miss, I received a report of an overcuteness in the area. I'm gonna have to take you in for questioning.

She TURNS, *lighting up* - *very much recovered after all*.

AMANDA

Uh-oh! Do you need to frisk me?

She wraps her arms around him in a KISS. Brad's husky, fun-loving COUSIN JIM (*think: Chris Pratt*) joins their HUG.

COUSIN JIM

Hey, make room for me.

AMANDA

Aw, that's right, every hug's an awkward group hug with Jim.

COUSIN JIM

Keep her around, Brad. She gets me.

BRAD

I dunno, she might ditch me now that she got a promotion.

COUSIN JIM

Look at big hot stepper!

He CLINKS her drink as his bad-ass Texan wife, NICKY, joins.

NICKY

Psycho Pants promoted you? Congratulations! Are you officially a decorator now?!

AMANDA

On a trial basis. I have to bring in clients to make it official. Psycho Pants could still take it away.

NICKY

We'll keep our ears open for you.

AMANDA

(smiles at Brad)

Actually, we might be my first unofficial project...

BRAD

She's moving in with me.

NICKY

You're moving into Brad's place? Oh yeah, you have a lot of redecorating in store.

BRAD

Hey, my apartment is a masterpiece. It should be in Better Home and Gardens. No changes necessary.

NICKY

Does he still use suitcases for drawers?

AMANDA

I'm already on it.

They SIT DOWN to eat.

COUSIN JIM

Doesn't "living in sin" make it sound so illicit? Makes you think there's gonna be round the clock debaucheries and feasts. Like you're gonna have a speedboat named TittyHunter.

NICKY

*Nope - no one thinks that.*

COUSIN JIM

Sadly it just means less sex and more walking in on the other one plucking hairs you never knew about. Found that out the hard way.

NICKY

First of all - shut up. Second of all - we never "lived in sin." You had to put a ring on it first.

COUSIN JIM

*Is that what we did wrong?*

Nicky HITS him.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOME - BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

**Bee Gees' "To Love Somebody"** starts up. GRANDMA THORA, the 85-year-old birthday girl, WAVES her arms excitedly on her way TO THE FLOOR. Not the best dancer but she's 85 - so be nice.

COUSIN JIM

Well, Amanda, you now know where the Hayes family gets their moves.  
(calls out)  
Get it, Grandma!

Nicky PULLS Jim to DANCE. Amanda LAUGHINGLY TUGS on Brad.

BRAD

No chance. Not happening.

AMANDA

Come on! You can't mess up slow dancing. It's the dance made for white people.

Amanda SHIMMIES her shoulders, CIRCLING him.

BRAD  
Do your shoulders know that?

AMANDA  
This is a signature move.

BRAD  
(smiles, as she tugs him)  
You're never going to win this  
battle.

Amanda FAKE POUTS, dancing in depressed, SLOW-MOTION. UNCLE TED, 65, a Bostonian transplant, HOLDS out his HAND.

UNCLE TED  
Can I have this dance?

AMANDA  
Absolutely.

She gives Brad a teasingly pointed look as Ted TWIRLS her.

UNCLE TED  
Careful Brad, when you got the most  
beautiful woman in the room, you  
better dance with her... *or she  
just might get whisked away by a  
handsome stranger.*

AMANDA  
Don't say you weren't warned!

BRAD  
Okay, hands at ten and two, Uncle  
Ted. Let's leave some room for the  
Holy Spirit.

Amanda and Brad never stop smiling at each other.

AMANDA AND BRAD  
(mouthing the chorus)  
*To love somebody... The way I love  
you.*

Uncle Ted DRAMATICALLY DIPS Amanda and she LAUGHS.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

Amanda and Brad WALK home along the boardwalk, HOLDING HANDS.

BRAD

So the weekend I get back from New York, we're doing the big annual camping trip at Angel Island. I was thinking we could go up a night early, take the dinner cruise over.

AMANDA

Aw, I'd love to but there's no way. We're moving my stuff all day. It's gonna be too hectic.

BRAD

Come on, we could be done by then.

AMANDA

Have you seen how much stuff I have?

BRAD

Have you seen how many muscles I have?

AMANDA

Shoot, it's gonna take even longer.

BRAD

I already made the reservation.

She stops, playfully turns towards him.

AMANDA

You made a reservation? Since when do you make reservations?

He keeps WALKING. She FOLLOWS, incredulous.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You actually called the dinner cruise? On the phone? Ahead of time?

BRAD

Babe, I'm pretty smart.

AMANDA

Did you know you can also *change reservations*?

BRAD

Okay, forgive me for trying to have togetherness time! I'll just reheat leftovers in my pajamas.

(MORE)



BRAD (CONT'D)

Might as well get used to what it's gonna be like.

AMANDA

You're so *dramatic*.

(flirts)

The sweatpants with the holes?

BRAD

Yup.

AMANDA

I like those. I can poke you through them.

BRAD

Nope. There'll be no poking. There'll be a moratorium on pokes.

AMANDA

(pokes him)

Poke!

BRAD

(catches her finger)

--Nope.

AMANDA

Why is it such a big deal we go that *Friday of all the thousands of Fridays we've never-*

(looks at her finger,

*suddenly*)

--Actually, I can do Friday.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - KELSEY'S ROOM - DAY

Amanda KARATE CHOPS open the DOOR. Kelsey is PACKING.

AMANDA

*I'm getting motherfuckin' married!!*

KELSEY

--Jesus!! Don't just run into rooms screaming at people. I could hacksaw you in two.

AMANDA

Brad's proposing in two weeks!

KELSEY

He future proposed? Hey, future congratulations!

AMANDA

He asked me to go on a sunset dinner cruise, which is where we first said "I love you."

KELSEY

You mean the first time you said it when you *weren't drunk and mid-orgasm*? Just so I'm clear.

AMANDA

I tell you too much. So, we've never been back and last night he starts insisting we go the day I move in. He's putting a downpayment on the cow!

Kelsey CARRIES a box INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

KELSEY

Not to bring you down with *rational* thoughts - but have you considered perhaps he feels like taking a sunset dinner cruise for the sunset and dinner and light cruising?

AMANDA

I have no time for rational, I'm a woman.

KELSEY

Oh look, you dropped something. Oh, no, don't worry, it was just feminism. What were you saying?

AMANDA

Remember when Darren asked Evette to go hot air-ballooning and she was instantly onto him because - who randomly hot air balloons? *No one*. Unless you have a Groupon or you're proposing... or you're Gulliver.

KELSEY

I'm not sure that's accurate. They used to be my main mode of transportation.

Kelsey SETS down the BOX, MARKS it "BEDROOM SHIZ." Amanda mindlessly ADJUSTS a VASE. Kelsey TAKES the VASE, *amused*.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Stop redecorating - *we're moving!*

AMANDA

(smiles, continuing)

Once a guy knows he's gonna propose, *it's suddenly all he can think about*. But he doesn't want to give it away before it's time so he starts distancing himself - ala a *business trip* - and at first you get worried - why's he acting like a weirdo, has our relationship hit a downward spiral, do I need to work out more, but then they insist on taking you on this really out-of-the-ordinary thing, and suddenly you realize:

(snaps, points at Kelsey)

***"It's go time, bitch."***

KELSEY

How many guys have proposed to you?

AMANDA

I love engagement stories. I track the common clues.

KELSEY

So what about the girlfriend who thinks every fancy date might end in a proposal and when it doesn't, she begins harboring resentment towards her clueless partner until it starts culminating in passive aggressive acts, ultimately unhinging the entire relationship? And then she buys two cats. So one doesn't get lonely.

AMANDA

Holy shit - *you're in on it*.

KELSEY

What?

AMANDA

You're being way too doubtful - even for you.

KELSEY

I am not. This is a normal level for me.

AMANDA

Look at me!

Kelsey rushes INTO THE KITCHEN with flattened BOXES.

KELSEY

Stop yelling at me, you're scary. I  
have to... make boxes privately.  
(*laughs as Amanda follows*)  
Don't follow! Safe zone!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Amanda WALKS, carrying a WORK SACHEL, a BOUNCE in her STEP.

She secretly thinks she's the STAR of her own music video.  
She SPINS once for good measure and WALKS up to...

INT. UCHI RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

WORKERS scurry around finishing RENOVATIONS. Spiky modernist  
Morning Star-like SCONCES hang from the ceiling.

Interior designer, "Crazy Pants," GRACE SUNDELL, 40, thin,  
sharply dressed, can charm you, reduce you to tears and charm  
you all over again, PACES unhappily with the CONTRACTOR.

GRACE

You fucked the Feng Shui.

CONTRACTOR

I didn't fuck the Feng Shui.

GRACE

You shit porcupines all over the  
ceiling. The Feng Shui's smoking a  
cigarette in the corner right now.

Amanda walks in, greets the mousey new ASSISTANT standing by.

AMANDA

(whispers)  
Morning. How's your first day  
going?

ASSISTANT

Great! I'm learning so much!

Amanda gives her a knowing look.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
She terrifies me.

AMANDA

She's tough but if you stick it out, she'll promote you like she did with me.

GRACE

Amanda, thank goodness you're here. Could you help Pedro-

CONTRACTOR

--Chris.

GRACE

Excuse me, *Pedro Chris* in taking some of these sconces down before I have a melt down?

CONTRACTOR

(mumbles, walks off)  
That wasn't the melt down?

AMANDA

(politely)  
I have a couple leads I'm supposed to follow up on so I can start getting new clients. Is there any way you can have your new assistant-

GRACE

You can find new clients after. A client we currently have is going to be here in two hours and think he walked into Fifty Fucking Shades of Grey.

Amanda PAUSES, then NODS. This is a slippery slope of sacrifice *but what can she do?*

AMANDA

Sure, I'll start working on it right now.

EXT. HYDE STREET - DAY

Amanda pushes a mortifyingly squeaky SHOPPING CART, the sconces carefully wrapped inside. She TALKS on her CELL.

AMANDA

Hi, this is Amanda Hutchins from Sundell Design Firm. We discussed my sending over some sample presentations for your bedroom renovations.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Right, I know I was supposed to touch base a couple hours ago but-

(beat)

--Oh, you already found someone-

(beat)

Okay, no, well if you have anything in the future.

Amanda HANGS UP, disappointed. The BRAKE goes off on the CART. She has to FORCE the WHEELS to keep MOVING.

Push. Thunk. Stop. Push. Thunk. Stop.

A HOMELESS MAN in a Raiders jersey SLIDES past with his cart.

HOMELESS MAN

You gotta get your carts from Smart & Final. They don't have brakes.

AMANDA

Thank-

(realizes he has no pants)

Oh. Kay. No pants.

She KA-THUNKS past a CUTE MAN, 30, as he and a MOVER pull a new plasma screen out of a truck. *They share a fleeting glance*. He looks like Gavin Matthews (who we saw in the Barcelona photo) with shorter hair...

She keeps going as the realization settles in...

**IT IS GAVIN MATTHEWS.**

Oh fuck, oh fuck. *Here? Now? With a shopping cart?*

GAVIN

Amanda?

She stops, SLOWLY TURNS around. Plasters on a SMILE.

AMANDA

Gavin?! Hi!

He SHAKES his head in disbelief, SETS down the tv.

GAVIN

Hey!

AMANDA

Ohmygod! So do you!

(realizes)

I mean...

GAVIN

That's okay. How have you been...  
since 2008?

AMANDA

*Nothing -- Sorry. Ahhhh!*

*(recovering)*

*I'm good. Sorry, I'm just -- what  
are you doing in town?*

The Mover STARES at her, bored, unblinking.

GAVIN

We just sold Green Synergy to  
Google.

AMANDA

You sold your company to Google?!  
Wow, so, you're doing terrible.

GAVIN

*(laughs)*

Yeah. Life is tough.

*(nods towards a townhouse)*

So, I just bought this place.

AMANDA

You're moving back? I thought you  
*loved* Hong Kong.

GAVIN

I do, I guess there's certain  
things you just start to miss about  
home... *I was wondering if I might  
run into you sometime...* Are you  
still working for Grace?

AMANDA

Me? Oh, no, no. I mean, I am but  
I'm a designer now. I was promoted!

GAVIN

That's great. Is business good?

AMANDA

It's great! A dream! I'm still  
working on getting clients but I  
have some leads.

GAVIN

*(less impressed)*

*Ah, well, good for you.*

*...Was that pity?*

AMANDA  
And I'm engaged!

Gavin LOOKS at her ring-less FINGER.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Almost engaged. He's a billionaire.

GAVIN  
(disbelieving)  
A billionaire, really?

AMANDA  
Or a zillionaire. I don't know how many zeros there are.

Amanda DIES inside, did not mean to say that. The Mover SMIRKS, then quickly LOOKS AWAY.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Okay, well, crazy to see you.

He NODS, as cool as ever.

GAVIN  
It was good to see you, Amanda.

They HOVER AWKWARDLY a moment, unsure whether to hug. She puts up a HI-FIVE and then HURRIES OFF with her BROKEN CART.

Push. Thunk. Stop. Push. Thunk. Stop.

AMANDA  
(cringes to herself)  
*I don't know how many zeros there are??*

Once around the CORNER, she stops, LOOKS down at her HANDS. They're TREMBLING. Her heart is RACING.

INT. VINTAGE FURNITURE STORE - DAY

Kelsey and Amanda SHOP for a chest of drawers. Amanda CHECKS the price tag on an OAK DRESSER.

AMANDA  
What do you think of this one?

KELSEY  
Brad uses his suitcase as a closet.  
Anything's an improvement.  
(then)  
*So, has he aged well?*



AMANDA

Gavin? It's only been four years.  
He looks... *like Gavin...*  
(begrudging)  
Great.

KELSEY

Asshole.

AMANDA

I know, the nerve of that guy... I  
can't believe he actually bought a  
place... Laying down roots, that's  
huge for him.

KELSEY

Yeah, although maybe when you have  
a lot of money, it's not as big a  
deal.

Amanda MOVES to another dresser.

AMANDA

(nonchalant)  
Don't you think it's kind of weird  
timing?

KELSEY

What do you mean?

AMANDA

I dunno, it just took years to get  
over him and now when I'm finally  
happy and taking the next step with  
someone-

KELSEY

Please, exes have a radar for that  
shit. They never come back when  
you're in the middle of a dry  
spell. Otherwise, I'd be swimming  
in ex-boyfriends. They wait until  
your life's just starting to go  
well and then they *swoop back in*  
*and fuck it up.*

(nods to eavesdropping OLD  
WOMAN)

You know about the swooping.

The Old Woman looks startled. Amanda MOVES away for PRIVACY.

AMANDA

Well, Gavin's not gonna swoop. And even if he did swoop, which he won't, he couldn't fuck anything up. That ship has sailed.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Amanda RACES in from work. She THROWS down her KEYS, weaves around half-packed BOXES to CHANGE into a dress and earrings.

She can't help herself - she GOES into her closet, SPIDERMANS her way up the WALL to the top shelf to PULL DOWN... the Gavin shoebox. She stares at it, unsure what to do with it.

Finally, she DROPS it ceremoniously in the trash. *Good riddance*. She SLIPS into heels, GOES to leave - oh fuck, one peek can't hurt.

She hardens herself, TAKES the lid off the dusty BOX and STARES inside. Three years of memories stare back.

Suddenly - she sees a SPIDER has crawled onto her hand. She SCREAMS and DANCES AROUND IN TERROR.

AMANDA

Oh-MyGod! Oh-MyGod!

The spider SCURRIES under the BED. She BENDS down to GATHER the scattered CONTENTS and picks up a NECKLACE...

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Gavin, 25, SITS in bed next to Amanda, 23, FIXING the broken clasp of the same NECKLACE. He brushes her hair to one side, puts the necklace on her. She SMILES at his TOUCH.

AMANDA

You fixed it.

She turns and KISSES him. Wraps herself around him, wanting him to stay. She's cute - but there's a tinge of desperation.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I miss you.

GAVIN

I'm right here.

AMANDA

I know but you're leaving. I miss you in the future.

GAVIN  
 (laughs at her)  
 I'm gonna be late.

He PULLS her off him and GETS out of BED.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Amanda SITS down cross-legged, *might as well get comfortable.*

She sorts through MEMENTOS - stoic - like an archeologist observing the artifacts of a time gone by: *the Barcelona backpacking picture, tailgating at Cal, skiing in Tahoe...*

She sees a BIRTHDAY CARD, glances at what she's WRITTEN.

AMANDA  
 (reads, cringing)  
 "One pod, two peas, three years,  
 four ever."  
 (laughs at herself)  
 So mortifying.

She unfolds a NAPKIN - Hog Island Oyster House. She INHALES SHARPLY, her smile vanishing. *This one hurts.*

INT. HOG ISLAND OYSTER HOUSE - SUNSET - FLASHBACK

A BUSTLING Happy Hour spot on the Marina. A COCKTAIL WAITRESS sets down NAPKINS and BEERS in front of Amanda and Gavin.

AMANDA  
 (mischievous)  
 What do you wanna do for your  
 birthday?

GAVIN  
 In a month? I don't know. Don't  
 plan anything. It's too far in  
 advance.

AMANDA  
 It's not that far.

GAVIN  
 You don't need to plan anything.

AMANDA  
 I'm not doing a surprise party.  
*It'll be fun, I promise!*

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 (sees Gavin's not amused)  
 ...What's wrong?

He TWISTS his BEER, debating if this is the right moment.

GAVIN  
 They asked me to run the Hong Kong office.

AMANDA  
 Whoa - *what'd you tell them?*

GAVIN  
 It's a great opportunity. I mean...  
 (shrugs)  
 When else am I going to have the freedom to up and live in another country?

She NODS, smooths and re-smooths the cocktail NAPKIN, like her life depends on removing that crease.

AMANDA  
 (swallows hard, weakly)  
 Yeah. I mean, we always talk about how life is meant for traveling and new experiences...  
 (trying so much to be strong)  
 Are we breaking up?

Pain PINCHES her face, tears SPILL down, veneer CRUMBLING.

GAVIN  
 No, no.

He REACHES for her hand. A RUNNER drops off the Oysters.

RUNNER  
 There you go. One order of "Get The Schuck Out."

Amanda composes herself, SMILES politely.

GAVIN  
 We don't have to have this conversation right now.

AMANDA  
 Well, would we do long distance?

GAVIN  
 (softly)  
 I dunno. It'd be tough.  
 (MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I understand if you think it's, ya know...

AMANDA

(swallows hard)

I mean, no, I wanna make it work...  
Do you want me to move there?

GAVIN

Well, you've got your job. I wouldn't want to ask you to move to another country.

AMANDA

(shrugs dismissively)

Well, an assistant...

GAVIN

Right, I mean, you could come....

He doesn't mean it and she suddenly realizes it.

AMANDA

No. I should probably...

She **URNS** her face, can't stop the **TEARS** now. Their oyster plate sits there untouched. The Waitress **COMES** over.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Is there anything else I can get you guys? Happy Hour is ending.

The Waitress suddenly notices Amanda **SOBBING** - backs away.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

The last memory is enough to **SOBER** Amanda up for good.

A **TEXT** buzzes on her **CELL** from Brad: "**Hey baby, we just got to Elbo Room. You close?**"

She suddenly feels **SICK** with herself for allowing this *trip down memory lane*. She **LUMPS** everything back into the **BOX**, **CLOSES** the **LID** and leaves it in the trash. She walks out.

EXT. ELBO ROOM - NIGHT

A bar where hipster meets prepster. With a sprinkle of what-the-fuckster's-up-with-that-guy?

INT. ELBO ROOM - NIGHT

A band PLAYS. Amanda MOVES through the crowd. She PUSHES up to the BAR.

AMANDA

Can I get a pitcher?  
 (as an afterthought)  
 And four shots of Patron! Leave the  
 tab open.

MOMENTS LATER, Amanda carries the DRINKS to Brad, Cousin Jim and Nicky. Jim is RUBBING his JAW, mid-story.

COUSIN JIM

My jaw was hurting. I think I had  
 TMZ.

BRAD

(laughs, playing along)  
 Don't think you mean that.

COUSIN JIM

Yeah, TMZ. I had it for awhile and  
 then I chilled the fuck out and was  
 fine.

Amanda SETS down the DRINKS and they CHEER.

NICKY

Oh, it's gonna be that kind of  
 Monday night, alright.

Amanda SLIDES in beside Brad, kisses him, HOLDS up her SHOT.

AMANDA

Here's to sending you off on your  
 business trip with a hangover to  
 remember us by...

Everyone CLINKS glasses and DOWNS their drinks.

COUSIN JIM

(grunts, flexes his  
 muscles)  
 Oh, yeah Facebook that, bitches.  
 (different pose)  
*Instagram this!*

Brad LAUGHS. Amanda laughs - one beat off. She's still  
 slightly RATTLED *but she's trying hard not to be.*

MEG, 29, pretty, an old-time friend of Brad's, comes up, wraps Brad in a HUG. She clearly holds a torch for him but Amanda seems more amused than threatened.

MEG  
Brad?! Hiiiiiii!

BRAD  
Mego my Eggo! Ain't to proud to  
Meg! What are you doing here?

MEG  
I represent the band!

COUSIN JIM  
We seeing you camping next weekend?

MEG  
Of course. Never miss it.  
(still hugging Brad,  
whispers, annoyed re:)  
*Ohmygosh, Guy-in-Red-Shirt-behind-  
me won't leave me alone...*

Everyone casually GLANCES at the clueless average-looking GUY HOVERING nearby.

BRAD  
Here, sit with us. Have my seat.  
(stands up)  
I have to use the bathroom.

COUSIN JIM  
(also standing)  
Crap, now I can't go.

AMANDA  
Why not?

COUSIN JIM  
It's weird.

NICKY  
Just go to the bathroom, you big  
dumb animal.

BRAD  
Come on, we'll talk about boys and  
whose outfits we hate.

The guys LEAVE. Meg SITS with the girls.

MEG

(hand to her heart)

I have to say, Brad is such a good guy! I've known him since elementary school. He's literally one of my favorite people on the planet.

NICKY

I'd drop Jim for him.

AMANDA

Do I need to fight you guys? Is this happening right now?

MEG

I'm not saying he's not lucky to have you because I don't know you as well, but you're lucky to have him.

NICKY

Well, Amanda and Brad are perfect for each other. I've never seen two people make so many nerdy puns.

AMANDA

He does think I have "*nice puns.*"

Nicky LAUGHS.

NICKY

Nice one!

Meg doesn't get it.

MEG

He's just one of those good-to-the-core guys you can't find, anymore.

AMANDA

(sincerely)

Yeah. He's pretty great.

Amanda LOOKS across the bar at him, smiles.

NICKY

And he's hot.

AMANDA

(points at Nicky)

Hey, cool your jets.



EXT. ELBO ROOM - NIGHT

It's RAINING. Nicky, Jim, Amanda and Brad bid hasty GOODBYES.

*Amanda can't take her eyes off Brad, pulls him coily towards a cab. Jealousy is always a nice aphrodisiac.*

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Brad drunkenly SCOOT in.

BRAD  
Bush and Van Ness.

Spin Doctors's "Two Princes" is playing. They CHEER.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Can you turn it up please, good  
sir?

Brad starts SINGING along, missing most of the WORDS but having the drunk time of his life. Amanda can't help but JOIN in to his CONTAGIOUS RENDITION.

AMANDA AND BRAD  
...This one got a princely racquet,  
that's what I said now! Got some  
big seal upon his jacket! You marry  
him, your father will condone you.  
Marry me, your father will disown  
you.

BRAD  
Marry him or marry me, I'm the one  
who loves you baby, can't you see!

The irony of those LYRICS aren't lost on Amanda. She beams, watching him - this is her guy. Brad gives the fist-microphone to the INDIAN CABBIE and to their shock and delight, he SINGS every line spot on.

INDIAN CABBIE  
I ain't got no future or family  
tree! I know what a prince and  
lover oughtta be. I know what a  
prince and lover oughtta be.

Amanda passionately PUSHES Brad against the SEAT, kissing him. *And as we hit the CHORUS, we...*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A *typical messy guy apartment*. Amanda and Brad BURST in, TEARING clothes off, CRASHING onto the bed.

AMANDA

Boots! Boots!

She puts her LEGS up as he PULLS off her BOOTS, pushes books, laundry to the floor. *Something's still under her* - she rolls over, LAUGHS as he finds a SQUASHED BANANA, throws that, too.

And they make *glorious PG-13 Rated love*.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

SFX: an iPhone Alarm buzzes... Brad and Amanda WAKE.

BRAD

I don't see any reason I should get out of this bed. Not one reason.

He DRAPES his leg on her BACK. She giggles sleepily.

AMANDA

Forget your tech conference. Let's go to Paris and eat croissants.

BRAD

(calls out)

Pierre, fire up the jets!

A bit they play.

AMANDA

(calls out)

Pierre! The jets!

(softly)

I hope he heard us.

BRAD

Just as well, *you have to work on finding clients*.

Amanda GROANS, not excited. Brad DRINKS a glass of water, passes it to Amanda who FINISHES it. She puts it on her side of the NIGHT STAND, looks at a "SEE-NO-EVIL" MONKEY KNICKKNACK, picks it up.

AMANDA

Where's this guy's friends? The hear-no-evil and speak-no-evil guys?

BRAD  
 (jokes)  
 Never heard of 'em.

AMANDA  
 Where'd you get it?

BRAD  
 He just appeared one day. He seemed like he had an important message so I kept him.

AMANDA  
 I hate to break it to you but some of these prized possessions may need to go before I move in. It may be this bad boy's time.

BRAD  
 No way! I don't want to suddenly start seeing evil. That could be disaster!

AMANDA  
 I'm sorry but there's just not room in this apartment for the both of us. You have to choose.

BRAD  
 Don't put monkey in the middle!

She LAUGHS. He holds her closer.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna miss you this week.

AMANDA  
 (lovingly)  
 It's nice to have someone miss you.

BRAD  
 It's nice to have you!

She LOOKS at him seriously.

AMANDA  
 I feel lucky I wound up with you.  
 (beat, grins impishly)  
 But the monkey's gone!

She GRABS the monkey, DASHES out of bed. Brad gives chase.

BRAD  
 No way!

AMANDA  
 (giggling and squealing  
 hysterically)  
 No! No! No!

He tosses her BACK ONTO THE BED.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 Make a run for it, little one! Be  
 free!

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - MORNING

Amanda ARRIVES at her office - a boutique decorating agency - photos of past projects line the wall. She sees Grace YELLING from her office to the Assistant at her desk.

GRACE (O.S.)  
 Get Tom back on the phone. I lost  
 him. Now. Now! What is taking so  
 long?!

The Assistant accidentally PRESSES Intercom. BEEP. BEEP.

ASSISTANT  
 (shaky voice)  
 Hi Tom, I have Grace for you again.

GRACE (O.S.)  
 (into phone)  
 Sorry about that, darling...  
 (calls out to Assistant)  
 Need a coffee.  
 (into phone)  
 This is Grace Sundell, who's this?  
 Oh, what a pleasant surprise, my  
 assistant dialed the wrong Tom...

The Assistant's eyes grow big, about to have a nervous breakdown, as she starts scouring the computer contacts.

AMANDA  
 I think you might've just called  
 her ex-husband.

GRACE (O.S.)  
 No, I promoted Amanda to  
 designer... *Yeah, she was supposed  
 to train her replacement.*  
 (pause)  
 I wouldn't want to work for you  
 either, asshole.

AMANDA  
You definitely called her ex-  
husband.

Grace HANGS UP.

GRACE (O.S.)  
Amanda?

Amanda timidly walks INTO GRACE'S OFFICE.

AMANDA  
Good morning, Grace.

GRACE  
Where are you on bringing in  
clients?

AMANDA  
(rubs her neck, preparing  
her lie)  
I have some leads I've been  
sniffing out-

GRACE  
Okay, clearly, sniffing around is  
not getting you anywhere because  
you have no clients.

AMANDA  
(treading carefully)  
Well, I'm trying to, but I've just  
missed out on a few opportunities-

GRACE  
So, don't miss out on them!

AMANDA  
Well, no, I don't want to miss out  
on them. It's just been a little  
difficult to juggle still doing  
some *assistant work*.

GRACE  
Look, you and I are a team. We're a  
success if you're a success.  
(then)  
But if you're a failure, that's  
just you and you'll wind up back on  
that desk. So don't fail.  
(to Assistant)  
Where's Tom?!!

Amanda nods, walks out.

RECEPTION AREA

She passes the Assistant, hears her office phone RINGING.

AMANDA  
(to Assistant)  
Is that my phone?

ASSISTANT  
Oh sorry, I just transferred it! I think it's a client returning your call?

Amanda RUNS.

AMANDA  
Shit...!

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - AMANDA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda FLINGS SHUT the door, takes a moment, CLEARS her throat and ANSWERS in her most professional voice.

AMANDA  
Amanda Hutchins speaking.

MAN (ON PHONE)  
*Very professional.* I like it.  
You're hired.

AMANDA  
Who is this?

GAVIN (ON PHONE)  
Gavin.

The WORLD starts to tilt in on itself. She SITS DOWN.

GAVIN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Sorry to call your office.  
(pause)  
This might be weird but I was thinking... I don't know any decorators and you don't have any clients. Why don't you decorate my place? It could be mutually beneficial.

Amanda COVERS her mouth, stunned - the gull of this guy.

AMANDA  
(muffled)  
Oh, wow. Umm. Ooh.

Gavin LAUGHS, *always in perfect control.*

GAVIN  
Sorry, was there an answer in there?

AMANDA  
I dunno - I just - I dunno.

GAVIN (ON PHONE)  
Hey, if it's too weird, I get it.

Amanda BLOWS out her lips in a WEIRD GUNSHOT NOISE, *still unable to form a sentence.*

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
I was going to start furnishing this week and I'd love to get someone's help before I start mixing my neoclassics with my post-colonials.

Amanda looks across the hall at Grace IN HER OFFICE.

AMANDA  
(*thinking... thinking...*)  
No, I'll do it.

GAVIN  
Great. Wanna come by tomorrow at ten?

AMANDA  
Ten it is.

Amanda HANGS UP. She LOOKS at the PICTURE of Brad beside her computer, puts her head in her hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Oh God.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda SITS on the couch, quasi-watching a decorating show on HGTV, still SHELL-SHOCKED.

DESIGNER (ON TV)  
*The key to design is knowing when to Feng Shui out the old, and when it can be just what you were looking for!*

The Designer unveils a refurbished French sofa to the GASPING DELIGHT of a client.

Kelsey WALKS IN, wearing an INTERVIEW OUTFIT.

AMANDA

You look nice. Interview?

KELSEY

Some bottom of the barrel, soul sucking data inputter shit.  
(flops down beside her)  
*Shockingly, they didn't hire me.*

AMANDA

Have you tried seeing if you can get your old marketing job back?

Kelsey DIGS into CHEX-MIX, puts her FEET UP.

KELSEY

Apparently, you call your boss the worst person on Earth ONCE and they never forgive you. Whatever happened to constructive criticism?

AMANDA

So, I have some news... I got my first client request today.

KELSEY

You got a client?! *You slut!*

Kelsey dances her way INTO THE KITCHEN --

KELSEY (CONT'D)

We have an excuse to drink during the day!

AMANDA

So, you know how work can sometimes affect your personal relationships?

KELSEY

(searching cabinet)  
Did we pack the glassware already?

Kelsey shrugs, not picky - pours WINE in a MEASURING CUP.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

(answers Amanda)  
You mean like when I needed money and took a job as a dancing banana and people stopped being my friend?



AMANDA

Gavin wants me to decorate his townhouse. Don't judge.

Kelsey HOLDS the bottle in mid-air - FROZEN.

KELSEY

Fuck-Face Flakey-McGee, Guy-You-Told-Me-Yesterday-Wouldn't-Swoop, Gavin?

Amanda crosses to SIT at the BAR STOOL.

AMANDA

I think we're speaking of the same one, yes.

KELSEY

Okay, that's called swooping!!! Tell me you didn't say yes. No judgment. I mean, are you fucking crazy?!! Still no judgment.

AMANDA

Look, it doesn't have to be that big a deal. I'm out of a job if I don't bring in clients. Gavin's a client. End of story. I'll be done before Brad's even back.

KELSEY

Oh you're right, totally not a big deal. Gavin's just the guy that ripped your heart out like he's the Temple of fucking Doom. The reason why to this day, you refuse to purchase *anything* Made in China.

AMANDA

That's not true, I just like to buy domestic. We need to bring jobs back to America.

(off Kelsey's look)

Okay, I know it's not an ideal situation but I don't have any other options. And it's not like I'd get back with him. I love Brad. And honestly, I still feel a lot of anger towards Gavin. Part of me wouldn't mind punching him repeatedly in the face.

KELSEY

I'll allow this.

AMANDA

*But - it's because I never fully understood what happened. Maybe at some point we could finally have an honest conversation about it, ya know, find closure. Anyway, I already accepted the job so...*

KELSEY

You could still punch him.

AMANDA

I'll keep that in mind.

Kelsey sips from the measuring cup. It spills down her face.

KELSEY

(nods)

That was better in theory.

EXT. GAVIN'S TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

Amanda comes up to the brownstone and BUZZES. She straightens her skirt, waits nervously.

GAVIN (O.C.)

Hello?

AMANDA

It's me.

(then)

Amanda?

(silence)

Hutchins?

(silence)

We dated for three years??

GAVIN

(laughs)

The buzzer wasn't working.

The door BUZZES open and she HEADS upstairs, frustrated.

INT. GAVIN'S TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

Gavin OPENS the door for Amanda, BUTTONING his shirt.

GAVIN

Sorry, I just got outta the shower.

AMANDA  
 (under breath)  
 Of course you did.  
 (then)  
 That's a great view.  
 (off his grin)  
 I meant the window.

*He has ridiculous abs, in case you couldn't guess. She purposefully walks past him towards the Bay Window. There's a BREATH-TAKING VIEW of Pac Heights and The Golden Gate Bridge.*

She SIZES UP the place. It's UNFURNISHED, spare a few BOXES.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 Well, there's a lot we can do to maximize the light and spacing and flow here. Like, I wouldn't put anything in this area, just keep it open, so the first thing people see when they walk in, isn't a piece of furniture, it's the ocean. That's what you paid for. That's what your centerpiece should be.

GAVIN  
 Yeah.

AMANDA  
 Do you have any particular color schemes in mind? Or motifs? I could see modern.

GAVIN  
 Amanda?

AMANDA  
 Maybe nautical. Yeah?

GAVIN  
 Hi.

AMANDA  
 Hello.

GAVIN  
 How are you?

AMANDA  
 Good. You?

GAVIN  
 I can't believe you're here right now.

Amanda nods, rigidly, moves on.

AMANDA

I might just take a few measurements.

INT. GAVIN'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Amanda REACHES over the INFLATABLE MATTRESS to MEASURE from the wall. Gavin can't help but notice her bent over.

AMANDA

I can't believe you bought a flat screen before you bought a bed.

GAVIN

I had the cable and internet set up before I had flooring. A guy's gotta have priorities, right?

AMANDA

And you didn't want to have any of your things shipped from Hong Kong?

Gavin is so caught up STARING at AMANDA'S BUTT, he doesn't notice she's now SCOWLING AT HIM. No chance, buddy.

She STANDS, SNAPS back the measuring tape, WALKS off.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

Gavin walks Amanda down the stairs.

AMANDA

Why don't I put together a presentation to give you a sense of a few different looks?

GAVIN

Sounds great.

AMANDA

And we should talk about what you're looking to spend.

GAVIN

I don't know. I trust you'll get me the best stuff for the best price. But I don't need a lot, I'm more, ya know...

AMANDA

Minimalist, I remember. Okay, well, first order of business is getting you a mattress that you don't have to inflate halfway through the night. And then we'll set up a time for you to come by the office.

She PUTS on her SUNGLASSES. He LAUGHS a little.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(suddenly self-conscious)  
What?

GAVIN

You just seem different, I dunno.

AMANDA

More formal?

GAVIN

More confident I guess.

AMANDA

Maybe I'm just wiser now.

She walks away, SUPER CONFIDENT. Trips. She plays it off.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh, they should really... that's a hazard...

She KICKS the ROCK out of the way to make her point.

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - DAY

Amanda enters, passes the Assistant.

AMANDA

How's it going?

ASSISTANT

I think I'm getting fired.

AMANDA

You're not getting fired.

GRACE (O.S.)

Amanda?

Amanda walks INTO GRACE'S OFFICE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Fire her.

AMANDA

She's just starting to settle in.

GRACE

She's a giant idiot. And she's so mousey and boring, she's not even fun to yell at.

AMANDA

What if we keep her until we get someone else who might be more fun to yell at?

GRACE

She's ruining this company.

AMANDA

Ruining the company or annoying you?

(off Grace's look)

...I'm on it.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - NIGHT

Amanda and Kelsey PICNIC at an OUTDOOR SCREENING.

AMANDA

Replacement Number Three bit the dust today. How am I supposed to find clients when I spend all my time replacing my replacements?

KELSEY

You need to stop hiring these weakling assistants that she walks all over. You need someone who can handle her.

ONE BLANKET OVER -- a HIPSTER looks over annoyed.

HIPSTER

Shhh.

KELSEY

You shhh. With your fake glasses that have no glass in them.

HIPSTER

Some of us are here to watch the movie.

KELSEY

And some of us are here to get drunk and eat Twizzlers. What's your point? We're at Cheech and Chong - this is not the hallmark of cinematic excellence. And P.S., your pants are loud enough for the both of us.

Amanda suppresses a GRIN - lightbulb moment. Kelsey SHOVELS popcorn into her MOUTH, pauses.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

What?

CUT TO:

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - NEXT MORNING

Amanda sits at her computer, working on the Gavin presentation on AutoCAD, selecting colors, fabrics, looks.

GRACE (O.S.)

(bellows)

Kelsey?!

Kelsey passes by Amanda's office with a HOT CUP OF TEA, spilling some on her hand. Ow! Ow! Ow!

KELSEY

Really? No one's poisoned that bitch already?

(off Amanda's look)

I'm on my best behavior.

Kelsey walks INTO GRACE'S OFFICE.

EXT. FURNITURE STORE - DAY

Gavin HOLDS the door open for Amanda as they WALK IN --

INT. FURNITURE STORE - DAY

Amanda LEADS Gavin to the mattress section, PATS ONE --

AMANDA

Tempur-Pedic and Pillowtop are both great, but this is my favorite.

GAVIN

I won't ask how you've done the research.

A MATTRESS SALES WOMAN bounces up.

SALES WOMAN

Oh no, you gotta lay on it! That's the only way you're gonna know!

Gavin SCOTS back to lay down.

AMANDA

Go ahead. I don't need-

SALES WOMAN

Don't be shy! You too!

The Sales Woman pushes Amanda down.

SALES WOMAN (CONT'D)

This is one of our best sellers. It's the keys to your very own snoozemobile. Customers come back all the time and tell me *it's the stuff dreams are made of.*

GAVIN

Customers come all the way back just to say that?

Amanda uses this DISTRACTION to STUDY HIM -- *his toned arms, his casual but expensive style, his peek-a-boo dimples.*

SALES WOMAN

And if you buy today, you get not one Tempur-Pedic pillow. Not two Tempur-Pedic pillows. *Say it with me...*

GAVIN

Three Tempur-Pedic pillows?

SALES WOMAN

Not *three* Tempur-Pedic pillows! Four Tempur-Pedic pillows!

He GLANCES over, Amanda pretends she wasn't checking him out.

AMANDA

Those pillows are kind of magical.



SALES WOMAN

See, if she's happy in bed, you're happy in bed, am I right? Now try not to fall asleep, you two, and let me know if you have any questions!

AMANDA

-Oh, I'm not his girlf--

The Sales Woman's MOVED ON to another CUSTOMER.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(finishes)

-friennnd... Mattress people are like the used cars salesmen of furniture.

GAVIN

She makes me want to shop online.

They LAUGH. He looks over at her lying beside him.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I remember this.

AMANDA

Yeah, except for the entire Mexican family staring at us right now.

He LOOKS over at a SEMICIRCLE OF MEXICANS watching them.

GAVIN

(smiles, then)

I gotta say, of the problems we used to have, the bedroom was never one of them.

She SITS UP, *shuts him down cold* --

AMANDA

Well, we had plenty other ones to make up for it. Come on, I'm here to work.

EXT. POLK STREET - DAY

Amanda walks home, her cell BUZZES.

INSERT TEXT - BRAD, "I miss you."

She smiles, stops. She writes back, "I miss you too."

He writes, "**How is your new client??**"

She hesitates, types back, "**You wouldn't believe it but...**" and then DELETES it. She starts again, "**I actually ended up knowing him from...**" She DELETES. She stares at her phone.

She finally settles on, "**So far so good.**" She pockets her phone and keeps walking.

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - THE NEXT DAY

Kelsey sits at her desk. Gavin enters. Her eyes narrow.

KELSEY

Of all the interior design firms in all the world, you had to walk into ours.

He smiles wryly, *never her biggest fan either.*

GAVIN

Kelsey, always a pleasure.

KELSEY

(sizes him up)

I see you've really let yourself go.

(stands up, overly cheery)

This way.

She LEADS him INTO AMANDA'S OFFICE. Amanda LOOKS up.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Your twelve o'clock has arrived.

GAVIN

Is it fair to assume we all know my name?

KELSEY

(ignoring him)

Remember, you have a thing in fifteen minutes.

AMANDA

What thing?

KELSEY

That important meeting thing appointment. I could push it to twenty minutes but that's it.

(glances at bare wrist)

Ope, nineteen. Better hurry.

Kelsey TURNS on her heel and LEAVES. Amanda smirks, shrugs, *it's clear Kelsey's full of shit.*

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - AMANDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Amanda shows Gavin a DIGITIZED DESIGN of his TOWNHOUSE on her COMPUTER. It shows everything from the WALL COLOR to the FURNITURE and LAYOUT.

AMANDA

For the master, I was thinking we could do a forest green to tie in the trees of the park outside and give it a rich, masculine feel.

GAVIN

(jokingly suave)  
*Sounds fitting.*

Amanda ignores this, CLICKS -- the walls on the layout turn navy blue. Kelsey SNEAKS PAST for a peek. Amanda conspicuously SHOOS her away. Kelsey gives the MIDDLE FINGER.

AMANDA

Navy would also look nice. Or, if you want borders...

She CLICKS and the walls become half tan, half navy.

GAVIN

(impressed)  
What is this? Standard AutoCAD?

AMANDA

(proud)  
My boyfriend, Brad, is a software developer so he customized it for me.

Amanda sees Gavin GLANCE at the picture of her with Brad.

GAVIN

Is that Brad? Bradley?

AMANDA

Yep.

GAVIN

He looks like a *Brad*.

AMANDA

Well, he is a *Brad*. He's a great *Brad*.

She tensely DRAGS a BED GRAPHIC to the other side of the Master - *just for something to do. He watches her.*

GAVIN

I have a proposal for you.

AMANDA

Might be a few years too late on that one, sorry.

Gavin LAUGHS at her zing.

GAVIN

Hey, I knew you still had *that* sense of humor...

(beat)

Look, things don't have to be weird between us. I'm sure I have a lot of apologizing to do for the way I was when we were dating. But if we're gonna be working together, why don't we put it behind us, declare a truce?

(holds out his hand)

Un-awkward friends?

Four years of anger come down TO THIS MOMENT. She sees Kelsey PEEPING from her desk...

Amanda DECIDES -- *she nods, shakes his hand.*

AMANDA

Un-awkward associates.

GAVIN

I'll take it.

Kelsey is leaning so far back in her chair, SPYING, she tumbles backwards to the floor.

KELSEY (O.S.)

Christ on a bike.

Gavin looks but doesn't see. Amanda smiles at him, covering, like nothing happened.

INT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - EVENING

Kelsey and Amanda POWER WALK.

KELSEY

You can't be friends!

AMANDA

*Un-awkward associates.*

KELSEY

I don't even know what that means  
but my stance remains.

AMANDA

He's my only client. I just think  
we can put the past behind us and  
be friendly at least.

KELSEY

Mistake City. You've arrived.

AMANDA

I've not arrived.

KELSEY

Friendship is the gateway drug with  
an ex.

AMANDA

That sounds like a Kelsey-Fact, not  
a Real-World-Fact. Tons of people  
are friends with exes.

KELSEY

The only kind of ex you can be  
friends with is the kind you broke  
up with because you both mutually  
agreed there's no chemistry. *Zorro*,  
here, doesn't qualify.

AMANDA

Well, I think it shows I'm over him  
that we can. Plus I'm in a  
relationship so the rule shouldn't  
apply.

KELSEY

Nope, it's a lifelong rule, it  
never changes. I'm telling you, if  
you want him to be your client and  
treat him like an "acquaintance  
with history," fine, but once you  
start loosening up and acting like  
*friends*, the more lines get  
blurred.

(MORE)

KELSEY (CONT'D)

You start sharing personal stories, "remember when this happened?" flirty jokes start getting thrown around, pretty soon you're going to dinner and a movie but saying it doesn't count as a date because he's *just your friend*, and next thing you know you've fallen down the rabbit hole of, "oh, he's seen me naked before, that doesn't count either." Then, "Oops. Sex."

AMANDA

(smiles)

Would you stop? I'm helping him pick paint samples. It's gonna be fine.

KELSEY

Yeah, that's what Alice probably said - right before she landed naked in Wonderland.

AMANDA

Don't think the story goes that way.

They POWER-WALK up a hill.

SMASH CUT TO:

**OVER THE NEXT THREE DAYS, WE SEE GAVIN'S TOWNHOUSE (AND THEIR FRIENDSHIP) DEVELOP IN A QUICK SERIES OF CUTS:**

...Amanda ROLLS A STREAM OF GREEN PAINT across white walls.

...Gavin sits in a SPACE-AGE V-SHAPED COUCH.

GAVIN

It's comfortable in here.

AMANDA

It looks like you're sitting in a vagina.

GAVIN

Maybe that's why I feel so at home.

He CARESSES it.

AMANDA

(disgusted)

It's like Furniture Porn. Not happening.

She shakes her head, WALKS OFF. He grins.

...Amanda POINTS OUT PIECES to Gavin and he NODS - rug, dining room table, chairs.

...Amanda DIRECTS MOVERS carrying FURNITURE into Gavin's.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Armoire's to the right. Mattress and headboard's second door on the left. Back it up, back it up, don't scrape.

...Amanda and Gavin sit in VARIOUS COUCHES. Can't pick one.

...Amidst the chaos of MOVERS, Amanda ACCESSORIZES knickknacks IN THE LIVING ROOM: She looks up; she's TRAPPED behind a WALL OF FURNITURE. Gavin acts oblivious. She looks at him - oh, it's on, buddy.

...Gavin carefully PAINTS beneath the crowning of THE BATHROOM. A bit of paint DRIPS down his head. He looks up, startled. Amanda's HOLDING THE ROLLER over him. She suppresses a wicked smile.

...More shopping, More movers, More chaos.

...Amanda and Gavin stand in a COUCH WAREHOUSE. A mile of couches. They FLOP DOWN exhausted.

INT. GAVIN'S TOWNHOUSE - EVENING

The place is ALMOST FINISHED. Gavin is half-watching the Red Sox on TV while HANGING PICTURES.

GAVIN

(re: game)

Oh, come on! He was safe!

Amanda SITS DOWN in the EMPTY SPACE WHERE A COUCH SHOULD GO, PICKING through a BOX of his PICTURES.

AMANDA

(sarcastic)

You know what would go great here?

GAVIN

A couch?

AMANDA

Just imagine, sitting a few feet off the ground. Stretching the legs.

GAVIN

It's a big decision. I don't want to rush into anything.

*She rolls her eyes, PULLS out a PICTURE -- A beautiful woman on a boat in Hong Kong. Amanda GIVES it to him to hang.*

AMANDA

Did you take this?

GAVIN

(nods)

It's Hong Kong. A group of us were on a junk boat. Which, by the way, is the opposite of what you'd think that means.

AMANDA

(nonchalant)

Was that your girlfriend?

GAVIN

Just a friend.

AMANDA

(teases)

Did *she* think she was just a friend?

GAVIN

I hope so or her husband would be pissed.

She NODS, secretly pleased. PICKS UP one of a waterfall.

AMANDA

Where's this one?

GAVIN

Victoria Falls. Zambia. Bungee jumped.

AMANDA

You jumped this? Have you no survival instincts?!

GAVIN

Made sense at the time. Until I had to walk all the way back up to get my clothes.

AMANDA

(laughs)

You bungee jumped this naked?!



He grins - HANGS it up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You definitely live the life, don't you?

GAVIN

Isn't that what it's all about?

She SHRUGS - this is a sore subject for her.

AMANDA

Used to think that. I guess I think there's something to be said about making a home somewhere.

GAVIN

Well, looks like you're helping me do that now. Just in different circumstances than we might have thought four years ago.

AMANDA

Life is funny, isn't it?

Amanda LOOKS at a picture -- A woman with a pink sarong blowing in the wind - *it's Amanda.*

AMANDA (CONT'D)

*Is that me?*

GAVIN

The bar in the middle of the ocean, remember?

AMANDA

Yeah. You're hanging it?

GAVIN

Why not?

AMANDA

I dunno, bad feng shui to have a picture of an ex up?

GAVIN

Why, it was a great memory.

AMANDA

It was a pretty good trip. Except for the part where I bought the crumbly brownie off that guy on the beach.

GAVIN

Oh yeah, I still can't believe you did that. He, like, pulled it out of his pocket and had sand in it.

AMANDA

I didn't know! I thought that's how it works.

They enjoy a good LAUGH. Gavin GLANCES at the TIME.

GAVIN

It's almost seven. Do you wanna grab a bite somewhere?

AMANDA

Nah, I better go.

GAVIN

Sure?

She SIGHS, stands to leave.

AMANDA

Yeah, I gotta.

GAVIN

(teases)

Was it something I said?

Amanda smiles, GATHERS her things, hands him the PICTURE --

AMANDA

Can you believe that was the last trip I took?

GAVIN

Jamaica? That was four and a half years ago.

AMANDA

Brad and I just haven't had the chance.

GAVIN

You always have the chance. You could book a flight right now. Go anywhere you want.

Amanda nods, noncommittal.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I'm serious. The world could end tomorrow. What are you waiting for?

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda eats TAKE-OUT and drinks WINE from a measuring cup as she LOOKS ONLINE at trips to Paris. CLICKS through glamorous pictures of the streets, the shops, the sights.

Amanda's Google "Hang Out" session rings. She ANSWERS, Brad's face appears. He's in bed at his hotel.

BRAD  
Greetings earthling.

AMANDA  
Hey! How's the tech conference?

BRAD  
Oh man, nerds everywhere.

AMANDA  
So, you fit right in.

He CLICKS an icon so that huge glasses appear on his face.

BRAD  
Not as well as you would.

AMANDA  
(laughs)  
*How'd you do that?!*

She CLICKS an icon so that CLOWN HAIR appears on her head. They start playing around: Indian headpiece, goatee...

Brad makes a HALO appear. He MOVES HIS HEAD SIDE TO SIDE and the halo comically chases him.

BRAD  
Get offa me!

She CLICKS on a BERET.

AMANDA  
So... you know how we always talk about going to *ze' Paris*?

BRAD  
Yes?

AMANDA  
I was just browsing the interweb.

BRAD  
Heard of it.

AMANDA

And I found a great deal that includes direct air, a romantic cruise on the Seine, and a boutique hotel in the seventh arrondissement.

BRAD

You had me at...  
(butchers the French)  
...a-round-di-smah.

AMANDA

*We should go for it.*

BRAD

I'd love to...  
(sighs)  
But I don't know what days I can get off right now. I'm so exhausted, I can't even think about traveling. And you just got a promotion. Could you even go?

AMANDA

We always talk about going but when are we actually gonna go?  
(quietly)  
The world could end tomorrow.

BRAD

Aw, we'll go before the world ends, I promise.

AMANDA

We don't know that. The world doesn't announce that kind of thing... We've never gone anywhere.

BRAD

Aww, babe. It's just the circumstances.  
(yawns)  
I have to go to sleep. I get up in six hours.

AMANDA

(sad)  
Okay.

Amanda CLICKS off her BERET.

BRAD

Hey.

AMANDA

Yeah?

BRAD

See you at the Seine?

Amanda smiles, SIGNS OFF. She looks down at the SHOEBOX in the TRASH CAN. With her TOE, she LIFTS the LID off it. Sees the Barcelona backpacking picture with Gavin.

She GUILTILY puts the lid back on. FINISHES her wine.

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - AMANDA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Amanda sits at her desk. She BROWSES couches online, bored. She sees a ridiculous pink one. She brightens.

She attaches the photo and emails Gavin, **"Found your couch. We should probably move quick on it."**

She continues searching.

A new email pops up on her computer. It's from Gavin. **"Already found one on Fillmore. Good price, too."**

She opens it and there's a PHOTO of a hideous, taped, stained 60's yellow, green couch with a DRUNK asleep on it.

She writes back, **"Pretty sure you had that couch in college."**

INTERCUT WITH...

Kelsey WATCHES from her desk, sees Amanda SMILING to herself.

AMANDA'S DESK

Another Gavin email pops up. **"Couldn't be - we tore up that one pretty good."**

Amanda freezes, BITES back a smile and before she can think better of it, she responds, **"Is that what that stain is???"** She cringes at herself.

KELSEY (O.S.)

What's up?

Kelsey STANDS in front of her with PAPERWORK.

AMANDA

(too quick)

Nothing, why?

KELSEY

(nonchalant, onto her)  
*I was just asking.* We're redoing  
Danielle Steele's house. Can you  
tell me if this paperwork's  
complete?

AMANDA

Sure.

KELSEY

*You look nice today.*

AMANDA

No, I don't.

KELSEY

Oh, don't be so humble! You're  
straddling that line of just the  
right amount of cleavage that says,  
"I'm not trying too hard..."  
(waves finger)  
*But there's more where that came  
from."*

AMANDA

You're straddling the line of  
sexual harassment in the workplace.

KELSEY

And new heels? Really going all out  
to decorate a house.

AMANDA

These aren't new.

KELSEY

So, why's there a size eight  
sticker on the bottom?

AMANDA

(removes the sticker)  
Okay, Sherlock. I bought them a  
while ago but this is my first time  
wearing them.

KELSEY

How's the rabbit hole? Is it comfy  
in there? Say hi to Alice.

AMANDA

I'm not in the rabbit hole. I  
promise. Gavin was so March 1st,  
2008 ago.

Amanda's cell RINGS.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Hi Gavin! ...*Sure, I'll be right there.*

Amanda HANGS UP. Kelsey stares at her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
What?

EXT. HYDE STREET - DAY

Amanda walks with Kelsey.

AMANDA  
You don't have to play chaperone.

KELSEY  
I'm not playing chaperone. You hired me to be the assistant, I'm assisting.

Amanda walks up to the awaiting contractor, ROBERTO.

AMANDA  
Roberto? Amanda.  
(shakes his hand)  
Nice to meet you. This is Kelsey.

KELSEY  
Kelsey - Designing Assistant  
Extraordinaire, PHD.  
(whispers)  
Her judgement's been compromised.  
I'm putting myself on the case.

ROBERTO  
(weirded out)  
Hi.

AMANDA  
Shockingly, she's not on medication. We can go up. Gavin said he's running late.

As they walk up, Amanda PULLS out her KEYS.

KELSEY  
You have keys to his place?  
...*Swoop Central.*

Amanda shakes her head, ignoring her, OPENS the DOOR.

AMANDA

Could you write a note reminding me  
to never give you a job again?

KELSEY

No. Why would I write that?

INT. GAVIN'S TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda LEADS Roberto towards the bathroom. Kelsey doesn't follow, NOSING AROUND.

AMANDA

(to Roberto)

So, the bathroom's in here.

(beckons Kelsey)

Kelsey.

(to Roberto)

He wants to have a free standing  
tub with a rain shower put in.

ROBERTO

So we're ripping the tub out? I'll  
need to get my plumber in here so  
we can set the drain pan and fit  
the piping.

AMANDA

There shouldn't be any re-tiling so  
it should be fairly straight  
forward.

Kelsey OPENS a drawer, PEEKS in his medicine cabinet.

KELSEY

(whispers)

Disposable razors, disposable  
contact lenses, he can't even  
commit to a toiletry.

Amanda SHUTS the cabinet, continues to Roberto.

AMANDA

We just bought all the rugs out  
there. So, we'd obviously need to  
be careful not to track dirt or  
collect dust.

Kelsey finds his travel-sized toothpaste, horrified, waves it  
like it's the smoking gun.



KELSEY

(sotto)

The man is on the fucking run!

ROBERTO

We can put protective plastic down.

KELSEY

Question, Roberto, I'm not an expert, I only have a PHD-

AMANDA

You don't have a PHD.

KELSEY

In Awesome. I do. I don't like to brag.

(continues to Roberto)

But wouldn't you usually get hired to do the renovations before all the painting and furnishing?

ROBERT

Sometimes, depends.

KELSEY

But in the chronology of decorating in the time space continuum that would make the most sense, correct?

AMANDA

He just told me about this. What do you want me to do?

KELSEY

You were almost finished decorating and suddenly he wants to "renovate the bathroom?" It just sounds to Roberto and I a little fishy, like he's extending the project.

ROBERTO

(admits)

It does sound a *little fishy*, *actually*.

Amanda LOOKS at Roberto, STUNNED --

KELSEY

Roberto, that was brave. I'm proud of you. This is definitely fishy.

AMANDA  
 (to Robert)  
 Okay, so, can we get the plumber in  
 tomorrow?

They hear the front door CLICK open.

GAVIN (O.S.)  
 Anyone home?

Amanda CHECKS HER REFLECTION. Kelsey SMIRKS into the MIRROR, *busting her*. They both HURRY TO THE HALL, trying to beat each other out. Amanda WINS, *stops short* --

-- Gavin drags in a PINK SUITCASE for LIZ (27), a hot Asian.

AMANDA  
 (taken aback)  
 Hi.

GAVIN  
 This is Liz.

LIZ  
 Are you the decorator? I've been  
 dying to meet you!

Liz JUMPS on both Amanda and Kelsey with HUGS.

AMANDA  
 Nice to meet you...

KELSEY  
 Oh, okay, we're hugging...

LIZ  
 (pulls away, to Amanda)  
 I'm so excited about the rain  
 shower. That was my idea.

AMANDA  
 Great.  
 (to Gavin)  
 Roberto's just in there taking  
 measurements.

GAVIN  
 Thanks for letting him in. Liz's  
 flight was late.

Gavin PUTS HIS HAND on Liz's BACK guiding her INTO THE BATHROOM -- Kelsey and Amanda walk in last.

KELSEY  
 (sotto)  
 I stand corrected.

AMANDA  
 (only semi-proud to be  
 right)  
 That's a first.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO DESIGN CENTER - DAY

Gavin, Liz, and Kelsey BROWSE. Amanda FINISHES a PHONE CALL.

AMANDA  
 (quietly, into cell)  
 Thank you. I love you, too. You are  
the best.

Amanda HANGS UP, approaches Kelsey.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 That was really cute. Brad says his  
 grandmother wants my help  
 redecorating her living room.

KELSEY  
 That's great.

Amanda NODS, her smile turns to dismay when she sees Liz  
 impulsively SNATCHING up KNICKKNACKS. She SIGHS.

AMANDA  
 You don't have to come along for  
 this.

KELSEY  
 Are you kidding? It just got  
 interesting.

Liz STOPS in front of a weird statue. They approach.

LIZ  
 (hand to her heart)  
*It speaks to me.*

KELSEY  
 What's it saying?  
 (shrugs at Amanda)  
 Curious.

LIZ

(grabs Gavin's hand)  
This has to go in your entry way,  
no question.

AMANDA

(raises hand, to Gavin)  
One question - actually. Don't we  
want to keep *the million dollar*  
*view* as your focal point?

LIZ

What about at night when there's no  
view?

AMANDA

With city lights, there's always a  
view.

LIZ

Not when the blinds are shut.

AMANDA

There are no blinds there.

LIZ

Not yet.

AMANDA

(to Gavin)  
You want blinds in the living room?

LIZ

We have a Naked House. We have to  
have blinds.

KELSEY

A Naked House?  
(diplomatically)  
Blinds do sound necessary.

GAVIN

I'm sure we can find some that look  
good, right Amanda?

Amanda HESITATES, *hates losing this battle.*

AMANDA

Sure. Should we look at the shower  
heads first? Stay on task?

LIZ

Gavin, this chandelier's the piece  
de resistance!!

Amanda and Kelsey HANG BACK.

AMANDA

How long do you think she's been waiting to work that into a sentence?

KELSEY

Actually, I was going to say the same thing about that chandelier.  
(over annunciates)  
*It's the Mise en scène Vis-à-vis Niche. Hummus.*

AMANDA

Is she moving in with him? Why does she have so many opinions?

KELSEY

He hasn't told me.  
(then)  
Uh-oh. She found the door knobs.  
*Avante garde!*

AMANDA

She is like the opposite of the kind of girl I'd see him with. She's high maintenance. He hates high maintenance!

KELSEY

I thought you were gonna say Asian.  
(mutters)  
The way you worded it was just confusing...

Kelsey NOTICES the raw, pained expression on Amanda's face as she WATCHES Gavin.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

(sincere)  
Uh-oh, I haven't seen that face in *four years*.

Amanda HARDENS, guard flying up, follows after them.

EXT. CHINATOWN - EVENING

A GIANT GLOWING DRAGON, a city block long, PARADES by. Drums BANGING. Amanda and Kelsey NAVIGATE THROUGH.

AMANDA

Is it Chinese New Year?

KELSEY

I dunno, I feel like this happens every other week. I've always wanted to follow the dragon to see if it leads to some cool underground party.

They WAIT for the NEVER-ENDING DRAGON to pass.

AMANDA

Can you supervise Roberto tomorrow? I should get started with Brad's Grandma.

KELSEY

(grins, realizing)  
You can't handle this.

AMANDA

I can handle this. I'm the consummate professional. But don't you think *it's a little bit strange* he never mentioned her during the entire decorating process and all a'sudden she just magically appears?

KELSEY

By magically, you mean on *American Airlines?*

AMANDA

I feel like he's trying to get back at me.

KELSEY

For what - *decorating his house so well?*

AMANDA

He knows that I have a boyfriend and he can't have me so he's trying to make me jealous. I mean, even if he is dating her, I don't care obviously.

KELSEY

Obvious to who?

AMANDA

No, seriously. This doesn't bother me. I'm fine.

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - DAY

Kelsey answers the DESK PHONE.

KELSEY

It's a wonderful day at Sundell Design Firm.

AMANDA (ON PHONE)

(hushed, urgent)

*I found Liz on Instagram.*

Kelsey LOOKS OVER and sees Amanda calling FROM HER OFFICE.

KELSEY

Why are you panting so hard? You sound like a sexual predator.

Amanda studies a photo of Liz coyly peeking in a birdhouse.

AMANDA

She's trying *way too hard* in all of her pictures to be sexy. It makes me feel sad for her.

KELSEY

Why are you stalking Gavin's girlfriend on Instagram?

AMANDA

Because her Facebook is private.

KELSEY

I thought you didn't care.

AMANDA

I don't care.

(relents)

Fine, it's weird! I'm helping my ex and his new girlfriend make a home together. It's not natural.

KELSEY

Welcome to the party, we've been expecting you.

Amanda tries to zoom in on a picture.

AMANDA

Crap! I accidentally "liked" it! Shit!

KELSEY

Just so you know, you're worse when you're not working with him.

GRACE (O.S.)

Kelsey?!

KELSEY

This sounds pleasant.

MOMENTS LATER, Kelsey stands IN GRACE'S OFFICE. Amanda WAITS supportively outside, LISTENING.

GRACE

The Danielle Steele paperwork's incomplete. Where's the commissioner's signature?

Amanda realizes it's her own fault, fuck. SLUMPS.

KELSEY

(to Grace)

Let me get that for you.

GRACE

How did this happen?

Kelsey glances purposefully at Amanda.

KELSEY

*I must have been distracted by things that are less important.*

GRACE

You need to be writing everything down! Literally, right now, you should be writing, "Write *everything down.*"

Kelsey silently SEETHES. Amanda STEPS in.

AMANDA

Grace, it's my fault. I looked over the paperwork and missed it.

GRACE

There's too much falling through the cracks in this "transition." If this doesn't get signed right away, construction can't start, movers, carpeting, everything gets pushed.



KELSEY

Okay, well how about instead of you yelling for twenty minutes how it needs to be done right away, I just go do it? Your screaming sprees cut into my work flow.

Amanda collects the PAPERWORK, guiding Kelsey out.

GRACE

(to Amanda)

What is she saying?

AMANDA

--We're gonna fix everything. *Here we go.* Everything's great!

KELSEY

--*I'm saying you're super talented, I'm impressed by your vision - small note, perhaps yell less. I excel with positive reinforcement.*

Grace STARES at her, FLINCHES. Amanda CRINGES, puts her head down, awaiting the IMPENDING FIRING.

GRACE

Okay.

Grace resumes her paperwork like nothing happened. Kelsey NODS, walks out. Amanda's HEAD SHOOTS UP. *WTF?*

Amanda starts FOR THE DOOR --

GRACE (CONT'D)

How's it coming with your client?

AMANDA

Great. I got a new one.

GRACE

Way to go.

Amanda NODS, surprised at this compliment.

INT. GRANDMA THORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Grandma Thora SHOWS Amanda around. FADED, 70's DECORUM. Amanda picks up a WEDDING PICTURE from 1952.

GRANDMA THORA

That's my Dean.

(looks around, sighs)

(MORE)

GRANDMA THORA (CONT'D)  
I haven't done anything with this  
room in twenty years.

AMANDA  
I see a lot of possibility. We  
could do some warm, cozy colors  
like gold or pumpkin-

GRANDMA THORA  
--I like pink.

AMANDA  
Or pink is another way to go.

Grandma nods, HAPPY.

EXT. GRANDMA THORA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - EVENING

Grandma CARRIES out TEA to Amanda.

AMANDA  
Thank you.

GRANDMA THORA  
Did you know Dean and I came out  
here every night at six thirty for  
fifty two years?

AMANDA  
No, wow...

GRANDMA THORA  
He'd have his after work whiskey  
and I wasn't much of a drinker so  
I'd just sit with him. After he  
died, I kept doing it because if I  
didn't do this at six thirty, what  
else would I do?  
(shrugs, sadly)  
He passed away eight years ago and  
he's still the framework to my  
life.

Amanda smiles, touched.

AMANDA  
Did you always know he was The One?

GRANDMA THORA  
There wasn't such a hullabaloo  
about that stuff back then.  
(MORE)

GRANDMA THORA (CONT'D)  
 Neither of us were looking for "The  
 One." *We just liked sitting next to  
 each other.*

Amanda nods, contemplating this.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda sits ON THE FLOOR, surrounded by BOXES, talks to Brad  
 on her LAPTOP WEBCAM.

BRAD  
 Hi Pony Tail. You packing?

AMANDA  
 Yeah. Thank you for the lead with  
 your Grandma. I needed it.

BRAD  
 Course. Anything for you.

AMANDA  
 Come home! *I want to sit next to  
 you...*

BRAD  
 (smiles)  
*Tomorrow.*

Amanda sighs, she can hold out one more day.

LATER, Amanda knocks on KELSEY'S DOOR. She sees Kelsey has  
 SAKS FIFTH AVENUE and BARNEYS' shopping bags.

AMANDA  
 Did you go on a shopping spree?

KELSEY  
 I'm going to Good Will. I like to  
 get their hopes up when they see  
 the bags and then they see it's my  
 old printer and spandex inside.

AMANDA  
 I just wanted to apologize, thank  
 you, etcetera for earlier. I hit  
 rock-crazy but I'm better now.

KELSEY  
 Etcetera accepted.

AMANDA

I think part of me just wanted Gavin to want me back so I could feel like I won in the end.

KELSEY

Well, you did win in the end.

AMANDA

Yeah, I moved on and met a great guy.

KELSEY

No, I just meant Liz is a wack job. I would totally date you over her.

AMANDA

Right?! Thank you!

(then)

Well, this all served as a great reminder that he'll always be the guy that pulls you in and then pushes you away. Any soft spot for a first love that I might have had is gone now.

KELSEY

Good. Then I guess you got what you came for.

AMANDA

Definitely.

(to herself)

Definitely.

So, why doesn't she seem entirely resolved?

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - AMANDA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Amanda STARES at the ceiling, trying to sleep. Her cell RINGS: It's Gavin. She debates, answers.

AMANDA

(tense)

Hello?

GAVIN (ON PHONE)

(cool, intimate)

Hey.

AMANDA

Hi...?

GAVIN  
Are you by yourself?

AMANDA  
(shakes head, exasperated,  
what does he want??)  
...Yeah. What's up?

GAVIN  
You disappeared earlier.

AMANDA  
I had to meet with another client.

GAVIN  
Ah, so you're too big for me now. I  
thought we were friends.

AMANDA  
*Un-awkward Associates.*  
(light)  
Liz is so talented at finding the  
piece de resistance, you hardly  
need any more help.

Gavin LAUGHS softly.

GAVIN (ON PHONE)  
I'm sorry, she kind of took over.

AMANDA  
(dismissive)  
It's your house, you can take  
whoever's opinion you want.

GAVIN  
(smiling)  
I know she can seem flighty but  
she's pretty smart.

She ROLLS OVER, tugging at a string on her comforter.

AMANDA  
I didn't say she wasn't.  
(can't resist)  
I just didn't realize she was your  
type.

GAVIN (ON PHONE)  
(flirts)  
*Maybe she's not. But they can't all  
be Amanda Hutchins.*

AMANDA  
 (scoffs)  
 Whatever.

*What the fuck does that mean?*

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 We're pretty much done. All you need is a couch. It'd be more efficient if I just email you photos. It's not worth you paying extra to have me be there in person.

GAVIN (ON PHONE)  
 It's worth it to me.

She accidentally PULLS THE STRING so much a button falls off. She realizes - stops.

GAVIN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 So, I'll see you tomorrow, right?

Amanda hesitates, reluctant. But - *what choice does she have?*

INT. COUCH STORE - DAY

Liz BOUNCES from couch to couch as Gavin and Amanda BROWSE.

LIZ  
 How do you choose?

AMANDA  
 (ultra-professional mode)  
 The biggest rule in decorating is: You can drive yourself crazy with all the options. When you find one you love, you just have to go for it and trust you made the right choice.

Amanda SITS on a sleek, simple white sofa, PATS it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 I think this is a great one. It's beautiful, comfortable, classy...

He SITS beside her.

GAVIN  
 I do keep coming back to this one.  
 (sotto)  
 (MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Although, it's a toss-up between  
this and that couch I had from  
college - for sentimental reasons.

Gavin SMILES at Amanda. She GLANCES at him, SHAKES HER HEAD  
bashfully. A *small moment* but Liz catches it.

Liz SQUISHES in close beside Gavin. A SALES WOMAN approaches.

SALES WOMAN

You guys are like three peas in a  
pod!

AMANDA

(wants this over with)  
So, do you wanna get this? Are we  
done?

GAVIN

Yeah, think so.

LIZ

*We're done?! We're done!*

Liz KISSES Gavin, excitedly. The weight SLIDES Amanda towards  
them. Amanda STANDS, awkwardly.

Her cell RINGS. She ANSWERS, grateful for the distraction.

AMANDA

Excuse me a moment.  
(boasts)  
It's my boyfriend. He just got back  
in town.

LIZ

(relieved but playing it  
cool)  
You have a boyfriend?

Amanda WALKS AWAY for a sliver of privacy.

AMANDA

Welcome home!

INTERCUT WITH...

INT. SFO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME

Brad PULLS his LUGGAGE off the carousel.

BRAD  
Babydoll! Why have I been gone so long?

AMANDA  
I don't know!

Liz FOLLOWS her, excitedly.

LIZ  
I wanna talk to your guy! I wanna talk to him!

BRAD  
Can I take you out somewhere tonight?

AMANDA  
I would love that. Uchi's opening tonight, the Japanese restaurant we just finished.

BRAD  
Perfect.

Liz SNATCHES the phone. Amanda tries to GRAB it back.

LIZ  
Hi Amanda's boyfriend!! This is Liz, Gavin's girlfriend!

BRAD  
(laughs)  
Hi.

LIZ  
What's your name?

BRAD  
Brad.

LIZ  
Brad, your girlfriend has done an amazing job decorating. I think all four of us should go to Uchi tonight to celebrate.

AMANDA  
No, no, I don't think that's - he's tired -

BRAD  
Sure.



LIZ  
See you at eight!

Liz HANGS UP, heads over to Gavin, JUMPS on him like a koala.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Baby, we're going on a double date!

He GLANCES at Amanda who is frozen in shock.

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - EVENING

Amanda PREPARES to leave. She sees Brad WALK IN. She STOPS - BEAMS - *he is a sight for sore eyes*.

She RUNS OVER and KISSES him.

AMANDA  
Hi!

GAVIN  
I feel like I haven't seen you in  
forever.

AMANDA  
*I'm so glad you're back.*

They head for the door, see Kelsey and Grace LAUGHING IN GRACE'S OFFICE.

KELSEY  
The blue is bullshit.

GRACE  
I agree! Total bullshit.

Amanda's never seen this before. She WAVES at them.

AMANDA  
Bye guys.

KELSEY AND GRACE  
Bye!

GRACE  
(to Kelsey)  
But seriously, look at this one.

KELSEY  
Not on my death bed!

GRACE  
Exactly! They're fucking nuts!

They LAUGH at their own little joke. Hell has clearly frozen over. Amanda and Brad share a wry grin, WALK OUT.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Amanda and Brad SIT in the back, HOLDING HANDS. Despite all that's transpired, this is comfortable, nice.

AMANDA

(laughs)

I never saw that one coming.

BRAD

Has she been doing a good job?

AMANDA

Yeah, Kelsey's a pain in my ass but she keeps me in line.

BRAD

Well, you know she always has your best interest in mind.

AMANDA

Yeah... That she does.

EXT. UCHI - NIGHT

A red carpet event for its grand opening. Bulbs FLASHING. Brad holds the door open for Amanda, Liz and Gavin.

LIZ

This is so fun!

BRAD

(to Gavin)

Yeah, I'm happy I get to finally meet Amanda's client.

Amanda shares a quick "how awkward is this?" glance with Gavin. Gavin waves Brad in, can hold his own door.

INT. UCHI - MOMENTS LATER

A HOST guides them to a table, Liz looks around in awe.

LIZ

Oh my god, this place looks amazing.

Amanda smiles, flattered. Brad checks out the morning-star sconces - there's far fewer now.

BRAD  
(whispers jovially)  
Those the sconces?

Amanda nods. Gavin NOTICES Brad double-squeeze Amanda's hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
(jokes)  
You gonna offload the extras onto  
Grandma's living room?

AMANDA  
(laughs, then)  
She's the best! Now that I'm  
finished with this other project,  
I'm excited I can really focus on  
her.

Gavin is LISTENING SO INTENTLY, he almost mows down Liz. He puts his hands on Liz's shoulders, steadying her.

GAVIN  
Sorry!

INT. UCHI - MINUTES LATER

The WAITER pours sake as they LOOK over their menus.

GAVIN  
Do you guys wanna try the umame?

BRAD  
(no way)  
Is that the eel?

GAVIN  
It's great. Have you ever had it?

BRAD  
Not really my thing. But go for it.

GAVIN  
Nah, we can try to find something  
everyone likes. The octopus roll  
with smelt eggs sounds great.

BRAD  
(laughs)  
I'd rather open my mouth in the  
ocean and see what happens.

GAVIN

Not really the adventurous type,  
okay.

AMANDA

(intervenes)  
He's just not a big seafood guy.

LIZ

That's okay, neither am I.

AMANDA

(changes subject, to Brad  
and Liz)  
Did I mention you both work in  
software development?

LIZ

(to Brad)  
More or less. I do interface design  
and authoring for Zynga.

BRAD

(isn't she cute)  
Amanda thinks they're the same  
thing.

Amanda gives an "excuse me, nerds" face, puts her hands up.  
Gavin LAUGHS, sharing a SMILE with her. Brad and Liz's  
CONVERSATION takes off like a rocket.

LIZ

Where are you?

BRAD

I'm at Apple.

LIZ

Oh that's amazing! What division?

INT. UCHI - BATHROOM / HALLWAY - LATER

Amanda WASHES her hands, CHECKS HERSELF in the reflection.  
She exits and BUMPS into Gavin IN THE HALLWAY.

AMANDA

Oops, sorry.

GAVIN

(quietly, moving slowly  
around her)  
I like that dress on you.

AMANDA  
 (stares down)  
 Thank you.

GAVIN  
 Do you think these two have any  
 idea how bizarre this is?

AMANDA  
 Bizarre? I think it's totally  
 normal to go on a double date with  
 the guy who dumped me and his new  
 girlfriend.

GAVIN  
 What do you mean?

AMANDA  
 What do you mean what do I mean?

GAVIN  
 I didn't dump you, Amanda.

AMANDA  
 Okay, I was there. *I'm pretty sure  
 you did.*

GAVIN  
 I was there, too, and I'm telling  
 you I didn't.

Amanda's world is CAVING IN. A BUSBOY passes by and she makes  
 room, trying to register this SHITSTORM of new information.

AMANDA  
 I don't know if you're trying to be  
 nice *or you're fucking with me...*  
*but please stop this.*

He closes in on her, putting his HAND against the WALL,  
 BLOCKING HER IN. Her breath catches.

GAVIN  
 Amanda, I-

LIZ (O.S.)  
 Is this the line for the bathroom?

AMANDA  
 Oh, no, I was just heading back to  
 the table.

Amanda turns, BUMPS into a WAITER, WALKS back to her seat,  
 still REELING. She sees Brad was left by himself.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Aww, you got left by yourself.

BRAD  
(slumps his shoulders,  
playing it up)  
*That's okay.*

She instinctively KISSES Brad's cheek for being so cute but it's awkward with Gavin watching.

THE COCKTAIL AREA has converted from DINNER to NIGHTCLUB CROWD. DANCE MUSIC comes up. Liz SITS down, LOOKS over.

LIZ  
I love this song! *Do you guys wanna dance?*

AMANDA  
(glances at Brad)  
Oh, Brad doesn't...

LIZ  
Don't worry, I need a lot of drinks to get out there.  
(calls out)  
Bartender!

BRAD  
Unfortunately, there's no amount of alcohol that can get me out there.

GAVIN  
That's too bad. Amanda loves dancing.

Amanda SHOOTS Gavin A LOOK. Brad LOOKS over at Amanda, *wondering how Gavin knows this.*

AMANDA  
Gavin and I knew each other back in college. That's how I ended up working with him.

BRAD  
Oh, I didn't realize.

LIZ  
Me either.

AMANDA  
Yeah, we ran into each other randomly a couple weeks ago.

The Waiter WALKS up.

WAITER

Can I interest you all in dessert?

LIZ

Yes.

The Waiter CHUCKLES, lists off the choices as Amanda TUNES OUT, glad to be out of the limelight. She WATCHES COUPLES DANCING. TWIRLING, LAUGHING, GRINDING.

She gets LOST in the LYRICS, clutching her drink. She can feel Gavin watching her.

As the music SWELLS, her eyes finally LOCK with his. He gives her the smallest smile - *a secret between them*.

But she SHAKES her head - an almost imperceptible "no." She can't. He hears her loud and clear, pulls back, looks away.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Amanda and Brad RIDE HOME. Marvin Gaye's "*LET'S GET IT ON*" is on the RADIO. Awkwards-ville.

They SIT in silence.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad UNDRESSES for bed. Amanda FLOPS on the bed, looks at the SEE-NO-EVIL MONKEY. Turns it to face the other way.

BRAD

That dinner was interesting.

AMANDA

Yeah, Liz is a little weird but at least you had some stuff in common.

BRAD

Too bad for her, I guess. You're the one I'm in love with.

Amanda SOFTENS, whatever resistance she was feeling *melts*.

AMANDA

You are?

BRAD

Course.

(long beat)

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

So, how did Gavin know you like to dance? Did you guys go dancing in college or something?

AMANDA

(stalling)

I don't ... know how he would have known that. We had astronomy together. We were lab partners.

BRAD

Did you two ever date?

AMANDA

Um. I mean, I think we might have gone out for a minute actually but I don't think we ever went *dancing*.

BRAD

So, you dated.

Amanda REELS the truth back in - he can't handle it.

AMANDA

No, it was like - not even anything.

BRAD

And you didn't tell me this? That you're working with your ex-boyfriend?

AMANDA

He's not - no, we maybe went on a couple dates. I barely even remember, it was so long ago. *Brad* -

BRAD

I'm at a loss for words... I don't know what to say... I literally am speechless.

(sees she's suppressing a smile)

...*What?*

AMANDA

(cute)

Nothing. You just keep *saying*, "*how you have nothing to say.*"

He starts to WALK OFF. She unsuccessfully tries to WRESTLE him to BED.



AMANDA (CONT'D)

No! I'm sorry! I was just kidding!  
Come back!

She SITS on the BED as he stands defiantly to the side.

BRAD

The way you described your client,  
I thought he was a random stranger.

AMANDA

Because he is to me now. Seriously.

BRAD

Did you two ever have sex?

AMANDA

No. Can we please drop it? We're  
done working together.

BRAD

I just wish you had told me.

AMANDA

I didn't want to worry you for no  
reason. I'm sorry... *You're the one  
I love.*

He RELAXES, *gets in bed beside her.*

BRAD

We still on for our dinner cruise  
tomorrow?

AMANDA

...I wouldn't miss it.

He KISSES her. She turns over to sleep, in TURMOIL.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Kelsey is barking orders at MOVERS.

KELSEY

Everything that's marked with a  
post-it is mine. If it doesn't have  
a post-it, it's her's. Don't touch  
her's. She's getting a U-Haul for  
her's.

They start to MOVE THE COUCH, she stops them.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Do you see a post-it?! Did no one listen to me?!

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - AMANDA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda WRAPS UP the last box. She PULLS out a notebook, the backpacking Barcelona PICTURE OF GAVIN is tucked inside. *It survived the shoebox tossing.*

She puts it SIDE BY SIDE with BRAD'S PICTURE, studies them. Her cell RINGS - Gavin.

AMANDA

Hey.

GAVIN (ON PHONE)

Hi. I wanted to drop off the check...

AMANDA

(torn)

Today's not really a great day. I need to get a UHaul and I've got this dinner cruise. It's just kind of a crazy day.

GAVIN (ON PHONE)

It won't take that long. I'd really like to finish our conversation from last night.

She SHAKES her head, knows she should say no - how is it he always has the worst timing?

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda USHERS Kelsey away from the bustling MOVERS.

AMANDA

I need to talk to you.

KELSEY

What's going on?

AMANDA

I'm freaking out. About getting engaged.

KELSEY

You wanna talk about this now?

AMANDA

Yes.

Amanda TEARS up.

KELSEY

What's wrong?

AMANDA

I just have these stupid doubts. I mean, I love Brad, I can't imagine not being with him but what if he's not right for me?

KELSEY

Look, it's normal to have doubts. You don't marry someone because they're perfect, you marry someone because... dot dot dot.

AMANDA

What dot dot dot? You marry them because what?

KELSEY

I dunno, I don't believe in marriage. You have to figure out the dot dot dot.

AMANDA

Last night Gavin said he never broke up with me.

KELSEY

(stunned)  
What?

AMANDA

(trying to make sense of this)  
He never *actually* said he wanted to end it -- and I know it's probably because he was too chickenshit to say the words but -- what if he really wasn't breaking up with me? What if it was just some terrible *misunderstanding*? I mean, I was distancing myself after he told me about Hong Kong, I was hurt and mad. I don't know...

Kelsey gets a PAINED EXPRESSION. She knows something.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What?

(Kelsey shakes her head)

Kelsey?

KELSEY

Okay... uh...

*Amanda's never seen Kelsey at a loss for words before.*

KELSEY (CONT'D)

I have to tell you something...

AMANDA

What?

Kelsey MOANS, can't get the words out.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What?!

KELSEY

I did this to protect you, alright -  
so frame everything I'm about to  
say with that in mind...

AMANDA

(can't breathe)

*What did you do?*

KELSEY

Six months after you broke up - he  
called. It was the day after the  
shoobox funeral and you were in the  
shower. When I saw it was him, I  
answered your phone.

AMANDA

Why didn't you tell me this?!

KELSEY

For the first time, you were  
starting to seem like your old  
self. I knew he was just gonna set  
you back. *He's not the guy for you.*

AMANDA

*What did you say?*

KELSEY

I told him that you'd had sex with  
a great new guy and you never  
wanted to talk to him again.

AMANDA

No.

KELSEY

*It was for your own good.*

AMANDA

That was not for you to decide. You had no right to do that!

KELSEY

He was terrible for you, Amanda!  
You would've just gone back and let him break your heart again!

AMANDA

Of course I would've gone back! He was the love of my fucking life!

Amanda HURRIES into her room, GRABS her purse.

KELSEY

Where are you going? Just stop for a second. You have perspective now. You know it all turned out the way it was supposed to.

AMANDA

I don't know anything right now except that you had no fucking business doing that. Stop telling me what to do!

Amanda PUSHES past her to walk out.

EXT. APARTMENT - LATER

Amanda COMES out. Gavin WAITS for her... *And down, down the rabbit hole she goes.*

EXT. STREET - LATER

Amanda and Gavin walk, deep in conversation.

GAVIN

So, you hadn't really moved on?

AMANDA

No. Far from it.

GAVIN

Wow.

AMANDA

What would you have said?

GAVIN

That I missed you.

AMANDA

Did you want to get back together?  
Did you want me to move there?

GAVIN

I think I was starting to realize  
I'd made a mistake letting you go.

AMANDA

Then why didn't you call again? Why  
didn't you try harder?

GAVIN

Would you have called again if  
someone told you *something like*  
*that*? ...I should have known that  
Kelsey was lying. She was always  
meddling in our business. She's a  
fucking perpetually single girl who  
doesn't want anyone else to be  
happy.

She WINCES - this is still her best friend.

AMANDA

No -- I mean, I'm mad at her but I  
do think she wants me to be happy.  
She was just looking out for me.

GAVIN

I think you're capable of looking  
out for yourself.

AMANDA

I've never been good at telling you  
"no." You know that. She helped me.

GAVIN

I never thought she was good for  
you.

AMANDA

(smiles, gently)  
She thinks the same about you.

GAVIN

Well, I'm not the guy I used to be.

AMANDA

...If I *had* answered, if we *had* gotten back together and I moved there, do you think we would have made it? I mean, I wasn't the greatest girlfriend back then.

GAVIN

You were perfect.

AMANDA

No, I was clingy. My whole world revolved around you. I'm sure I would've driven you crazy if I moved there. Don't you think we probably would have broken up, anyway? So it all worked out the same?

GAVIN

Or maybe you'd be my wife.

*This is the last thing Amanda needs to hear.*

AMANDA

(stares off, sad)

I guess it doesn't really matter. It all worked out for the best.

GAVIN

*Did it?*

AMANDA

Yes. I love Brad.

(quietly)

I didn't come here to get you back, Gavin. I just needed to understand.

He looks away, NODS towards a beautiful Pac Heights mansion for sale.

GAVIN

Have you done any B&E's lately?

AMANDA

Breaking and Enterings? No. My crime spree days ended when you and I did.

GAVIN

You don't travel, don't dance, don't trespass. What happened?

Amanda gives a polite, thoughtful LAUGH. Her cell RINGS. Brad. She FORWARDS it.

Gavin is already WALKING up the driveway.

AMANDA  
What are you doing?

GAVIN  
When you were mine, you would've  
been the first one over the fence.

He DOESN'T TURN BACK, beckoning her to follow.

EXT. MANSION - MINUTES LATER

Amanda FOLLOWS Gavin to the WROUGHT IRON GATE. She LOOKS around nervously.

AMANDA  
Really, I don't do this kind of  
stuff anymore. I'm very boring.

GAVIN  
You're going to be fine.

AMANDA  
No, I don't feel comfortable.

GAVIN  
Trust me.

Amanda's cell BUZZES. She looks, this time it's Kelsey. "Where are you?" She SCOWLS, defiantly puts her phone away.

Her anger at Kelsey is enough to send her over the edge.

Gavin BOOSTS her OVER THE GATE. He easily CLIMBS over. They go AROUND THE BACK. Gavin goes to A WINDOW, it DOESN'T OPEN. Amanda LOOKS around.

AMANDA  
I don't have a good feeling about  
this. I really should get back...

He TRIES the door. It opens. He smiles.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Amanda and Gavin CLIMB inside. She LOOKS around, slowly starts to relax.



GAVIN

See?

AMANDA

Yeah... Until the cops show up.

GAVIN

We're fine.

AMANDA

Do you do this with all the ladies?

GAVIN

Course not. It's our thing.

They WANDER around in awe. She enters THE LIVING ROOM, enormous, elegant, does a 360.

AMANDA

Wow, look at this. This is crazy.  
I'm already imagining how I'd  
decorate it.

GAVIN

*Maybe you should and we could live  
here. We'd have big boisterous  
dinner parties.*

Amanda LAUGHS a little sadly, nostalgic, but plays along.

AMANDA

*And the band would set up right  
there.*

They go quiet, imagining what will never be. Gavin plays "MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO GEORGIA" on his iPhone. She stares straight forward, can't turn to look at him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(laughs to cut the  
tension)

You know what's better than a  
midnight train to Georgia? A plane.  
Speedier.

GAVIN

You've gotten dorkier with age.

AMANDA

It's kind of my defining  
characteristic. I've embraced it.

GAVIN

I broke up with Liz. I realized you were right. She's not my type.

He takes her hand. Her breath catches.

He doesn't ask permission, he just SPINS her around and starts twirling her around the floor.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You deserve to dance, Amanda.

Their bodies finding each other's rhythm. There's something comfortable here, romantic. He pulls her close against him. She LAUGHS softly.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What?

AMANDA

You still wear the same cologne.

GAVIN

Guess some things never change.

He LOOKS at her, *wants to kiss her*, and she pulls away.

AMANDA

(cringes, instinctively)

*Brad.*

GAVIN

Gavin.

AMANDA

(shakes her head,  
flustered)

I'm sorry, I just can't do this. I just... I can't do this. Brad is waiting for me.

GAVIN

Look, he's a good guy and I know you're loyal to the end but I think you're picking the wrong couch.

AMANDA

What?

GAVIN

Yesterday you said, "*you just have to choose one and trust you made the right choice.*" What if you're not?

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You don't want to spend the rest of your life with regrets. There is always going to be something between us, admit it; you wouldn't be here if you didn't agree.

AMANDA

No, you're right - *I came here because I felt like I owed it to myself to see if there was... but all I feel now is guilt.*

He bridges the distance, brings her towards him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(weak, losing her will  
power, pleading)  
I need to go, Gavin.

GAVIN

Come on, remember when we broke into that house in the Marina in the pouring rain and went upstairs and had sex on the bare floor. And the Realtor walked in downstairs.

Amanda gives him a small smile.

AMANDA

Wow...

GAVIN

Yeah...?

AMANDA

No, it's a great story. Wrong girl.

She PULLS him off her and WALKS AWAY. His face falls. FUCK.

GAVIN

Come on!

She puts her HAND up dismissively.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

AMANDA

I know what the *dot dot dot* is.

EXT. MANSION - MINUTES LATER

Gavin FOLLOWS after. Amanda STRADDLES the gate. Her shorts catch mid-jump.

A POLICE SIREN chirps. She looks up, dangles precariously from the Gate, her shorts RIP all the way up the leg.

AMANDA

*Oh, fuck me.*

And she lands with a THUD.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MINUTES LATER

Amanda and Gavin sit in the back, on the way to the station.

AMANDA

(stares out window,  
freaking out, whispers)  
No, no. This can not happen. I'm  
gonna miss the dinner cruise!

GAVIN

(glances at cops)  
Shh... Calm down...

AMANDA

No! I told you this was a bad idea  
and you didn't listen!

GAVIN

If this is about the comment in  
there - I'm sorry - that didn't  
happen when I was with you.

AMANDA

Ugh, it's not about that you  
trespassed with other girls and had  
sex.

GAVIN

(glances again at cops)  
Maybe we should talk about this  
later.

AMANDA

No, please, whenever you say, "we  
should talk about this later," the  
conversation never happens. I want  
to say this. *It's that I actually  
hate this adventure shit, I always  
have.*

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

*And if I didn't act like that when I was dating you, it was because I was doing everything I could to be exactly what you wanted. And it's that when I make a dorky pun, you don't make one back.*

GAVIN

A what?

AMANDA

And mostly, it's because I don't trust you. Not just with what you say. I don't trust you with my heart.

GAVIN

Because of one comment?

AMANDA

No, because if you loved me, really loved me, you would have fought for me. But you didn't, and that was my answer.

GAVIN

*I called-*

AMANDA

Don't blame this on Kelsey. You've always hated her because she could see through you when I couldn't. You called *one time after six months*? You didn't love me. After a three year relationship, you didn't even have the decency to properly break up with me.

GAVIN

You're right. I didn't handle it well. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt you. I didn't know what I was doing, I thought if I let you down gently.

AMANDA

Oh, bullshit. You didn't let me down gently. You didn't let me down at all. You just left hanging. I had to draw my own conclusions. And believe me, when you're in love, you can rationalize for a long time that there's a chance. It took a long time for me to give up.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

But I did give up. I moved on. And I met a great guy. You would leave me hanging forever if I let you.

The squad car STOPS. The Officer PULLS OUT Amanda.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

And I just realized you probably did the same thing with Liz.

As a COP pulls Gavin out, she LOOKS at his STRICKEN FACE and realizes she's right. She LAUGHS sadly.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Wow, I'm right. You didn't break up with her, did you?

(then, sincere, slow)

You're that guy you date when you're twenty four and don't know any better. But there's a reason you go through that - so that you learn from your mistakes. And it might have taken me a long time to realize it -- but I finally know 100% positively, Gavin -- you're not my fucking couch.

And just like that, Amanda is hauled away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Amanda gets FINGER PRINTED.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HOURS LATER

An OFFICER releases Amanda from HER HOLDING CELL. She WALKS down the hall, sees Kelsey waiting for her. They hug.

KELSEY

I'm so sorry. You were right, I shouldn't have done that.

AMANDA

No, you were looking out for me. Thank you.

KELSEY

We should probably hurry or you're gonna miss the boat. Which sounds like a metaphor but it's not.

They pull apart and hurry out.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - SUNSET

Kelsey drops Amanda off, she takes off RUNNING. Seagulls FLY OFF in all directions. We hear the BLASTING HORN of the HORNBLOWER DINNER CRUISE.

STRANGER

Run, girl, run!

AMANDA

Thank you, very helpful.

Amanda BREAKS through a WEDDING PARTY posing for a photo on bicycles. The bikes CRASH to the floor.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(turns, apologetically)

As you were.

She TURNS OFF and heads DOWN THE DOCK, arms pumping. Just as the SHIP parts from the dock. DOCK HANDS remove the ropes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait! Wait!

But the BOAT continues. She RUNS all the way TO THE EDGE, looks like she's about to leap the few feet but it's just a little too far. The ROAR of the engines drown out her YELLS.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Stop that dinner cruise!

She RUNS to a DOCKHAND.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'm late! Can you get it to turn back?

DOCK HAND

No.

AMANDA

Please! It's right there!

DOCK HAND

Sorry. There's nothing I can do.

AMANDA

I'll pay you everything I have.  
(pulls out three dollars)  
Can't you radio them or something?!

DOCK HAND

I'm sorry.

Amanda BURSTS INTO TEARS.

DOCK HAND (CONT'D)

There'll be another dinner cruise  
in twenty minutes...

(then)

This is an awkward moment so I'm  
just gonna...

The Dock Hand WALKS OFF. Amanda stands there, DIALS Brad.

BRAD (ON PHONE)

Hey.

AMANDA

Brad! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry  
I'm late!

BRAD (ON PHONE)

Where were you?

AMANDA

I was wrongfully imprisoned. Kinda  
wrongfully.

BRAD (ON PHONE)

Is that why you look like a bad mug  
shot right now?

Amanda RUNS her hands through her WIND BLOWN HAIR.

AMANDA

Huh?

She LOOKS at the boat that is too far away now. She SPINS  
around, searching the crowd.

There on a bench, waiting for her is BRAD. Sweet, wonderful  
Brad. She RUNS over, relieved, *all apologies*.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Brad! You didn't get on the boat.

BRAD

Of course not. I wouldn't get on  
without you.

AMANDA

I love you so much. I'm so sorry.

She tries to KISS him but he RECOILS.



BRAD  
Where were you? Where were you  
really?

Time to lie or tell the truth.

AMANDA  
With Gavin.

BRAD  
(smiles coldly)  
The guy you only went on a couple  
dates with, right?

Amanda FREEZES.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I came over to your place to help  
move your things. I wanted to  
surprise you. This fell out of your  
stuff.

Brad HANDS her the BARCELONA PHOTO of Amanda kissing Gavin.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Was Barcelona your first date or  
second?

*Fuck.*

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I came here, anyway, tonight  
because I hoped there was some  
explanation, that you haven't just  
been lying to me this whole time.

AMANDA  
Nothing bad happened between him  
and I, I promise. Nothing ever  
will. I'm so sorry I lied. I  
should've told you. I just didn't  
want you to feel jealous I was  
working with an ex.

BRAD  
It's one thing to lie because you  
didn't want me to feel jealous.  
It's another thing to lie because  
it allows you to *hang out* with him.

AMANDA  
You're right, I'm so sorry.

BRAD

What were you doing? *Why were you arrested?*

AMANDA

He dropped off the check and we went for a walk and we were having this closure conversation that we never had before and we decided to go inside this house that was for sale and I guess it was private property.

BRAD

You guess? You were in some empty house with him? Having a closure conversation? I can't listen to this. You're making me sick.

Brad GETS UP and starts WALKING AWAY. Amanda RUNS after.

AMANDA

I can see how - it's making me sick saying it over right now.

He stops, WHIPS towards her.

BRAD

What was wrong with us?

AMANDA

Nothing!

BRAD

You wouldn't have let him back into your life unless something was missing with us.

He starts WAVING down a cab.

AMANDA

No. If anything, something was missing with me before I met you. It had nothing to do with you. I just had this question I needed to answer.

BRAD

That sucks because *I* didn't have any questions. But now I do.

A cab STOPS, he GETS in.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 Don't bother finishing my  
 grandmother's living room. Now you  
 can just focus completely on Gavin.

AMANDA  
 Brad-

She REACHES out to him.

BRAD  
 Don't - I can't talk to you right  
 now. Don't call me.

He shuts the door. The cab TAKES OFF, leaving Amanda there  
 holding the Polaroid of Gavin.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

Amanda SITS on the park bench, STARING OFF.

EXT. THRIFT STORE - NIGHT

Amanda WALKS home, looks in the store window. Sadly sees the  
 See/Hear/Speak-No-Evil monkey knickknacks.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amanda WALKS in. It's dark, half empty. Only her boxes and  
 couch remain.

INT. SUNDELL DESIGN FIRM - AMANDA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Amanda dials on her DESK PHONE.

BRAD VOICEMAIL (ON PHONE)  
 Hey, it's Brad. Leave a message.

AMANDA  
 I know you said not to call. But  
 please call me back. I won six  
 hundred and fifty million dollars  
 and don't have anyone to share it  
 with. This is the worst day of my  
 life.

Amanda HANGS UP, slumps, staring off.

KELSEY (O.S.)  
 Hey.

Kelsey STANDS at the door.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
 Roberto's on the phone with a  
 question about the plumbing.  
 (beat)  
 Tell him you'll call back?

Amanda NODS, crestfallen.

AMANDA  
 Look at this. He went to Angel  
 Island, anyway.

Amanda shows an Instagram of Meg and Brad setting up camp.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 It didn't take her five fucking  
 minutes to swoop.

KELSEY  
 I told you, they have a radar for  
 that shit.

INT. KELSEY'S NEW STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Kelsey OPENS the door. Amanda's there with a SUITCASE and  
 SEVERAL BOXES, RED-FACED AND SOBBING.

KELSEY  
 This isn't exactly what I  
 envisioned when I decided to get my  
 own place.

INT. KELSEY'S NEW STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Kelsey can hear Amanda SINGING "How Am I Supposed To Live  
 Without You," in the bathroom. Kelsey KNOCKS.

KELSEY  
 You sound like you're wearing  
 sweatpants.

INT. KELSEY'S MICRO-BATHROOM - DAY

Kelsey ENTERS. Amanda SITS in the world's smallest empty tub  
 in a onesie.

AMANDA

The bad news is: I screwed up and lost the trust of the one guy I love most in this world. The good news is: turns out you don't need an excuse to drink during the day. You just need a bottle opener.

She shows her wine bottle, HICCUPS.

KELSEY

Wow, you're a lot right now.

AMANDA

Well, *technically*.

Kelsey TAKES the bottle.

KELSEY

I like drinking excessively as much as the next guy but not in the bathroom. *It's too circle of life*. Can we also change Depress FM? I feel like I'm on suicide watch.

Kelsey SITS on THE CLOSED TOILET, CHANGES the song.

AMANDA

No, it's my pity party. I'll cry if you want to.

Amanda CHANGES the song back. Kelsey CHANGES it again. Amanda FLAILS, SLAPPING for control of the iPod but loses.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Why are you so bossy and strong?

KELSEY

Because it's *my* tub-

AMANDA

--I thought this was a sink.

KELSEY

--In *my* bathroom. So you play by *my* rules. This is a no wallow zone.

(SLAPS Amanda's shoulder  
as she tries for the  
iPod)

I already went through one Gavin heartbreak with you. I'm not nursing you through another.

AMANDA  
 (slaps Kelsey's leg)  
 I'm heartbroken over Brad!

KELSEY  
 (squirts soap on her)  
 Because of Gavin. Guilt by  
 association.

Amanda LEAPS OUT and TACKLES Kelsey. They WRESTLE, *partly laughing but also with extreme irritation*. They start WHIPPING each other with HAND TOWELS.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
 Lay down your sword!

AMANDA  
 You first!  
 (clearly losing)  
 My motor skills are impaired!

Amanda GIVES UP, LAYS in a lump on the tile floor.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 Defeat.

Kelsey KICKS her for good measure.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 Don't kick me.

KELSEY  
 You know I have a mean side. It's  
 too tempting.

Kelsey kicks her again. Amanda MOANS sadly.

AMANDA  
 You're literally kicking me when  
 I'm down... *Brad would've loved  
 that pun.*

KELSEY  
 Amanda...

AMANDA  
 I don't know what I'm gonna do.

KELSEY  
 I have news.

AMANDA  
 He hates me. He doesn't even want  
 to split my fake lottery winnings.

KELSEY

Amanda. My old boss called. She's giving me my marketing job back.

It takes a beat for this to land.

AMANDA

(sits up)

You're giving me your notice on a toilet?

KELSEY

Is that okay?

AMANDA

Yeah. I'm happy for you. This is what you wanted. I just thought you were getting along with Grace.

KELSEY

I was but it's like what you said to Gavin - when you love something, you fight for it. So, I fought for this...

AMANDA

(smirks slightly)

I guess it is your calling to have a job that entails shaming people into believing what you tell them to.

KELSEY

They call it a Gift.

Amanda kicks Kelsey.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Don't start this again.

AMANDA

(sighs)

Brad didn't fight for us at all. I guess that's my answer. He didn't really love me.

KELSEY

You're the one that messed up, you idiot. YOU have to *fight for him*.

Amanda considers this - oh. She HICCUPS.

EXT. DOCK - EVENING

Amanda and Kelsey RUN UP to the Dockhand as another Cruise Liner DEPARTS.

DOCK HAND

Sorry, this was the last one of the night to Angel Island.

AMANDA

Oh no...

DOCK HAND

Seriously lady, can't you start looking up our schedule? It's online.

Amanda and Kelsey LOOK AROUND, dismayed.

KELSEY

I have an idea...

BALLOON OPERATOR (*PRELAP*)

It's a great view from up here, folks. Right there you can see Alcatraz.

INT. HOT AIR BALLOON - SUNSET

Amanda and Kelsey ride across the fiery red sky in a Hot Air Balloon. A CANOODLING YOUNG ASIAN COUPLE snap photos, beside the BALLOON OPERATOR.

KELSEY

See?! I told you they're a great mode of transportation!

(to Balloon Operator)

Frank, we're gonna need to step on it.

(to Couple)

Sorry to interrupt, you're a very sweet couple, and I don't want to ruin anything but we're in a big rush so if you have any plans of proposing, can you just wait? Future congratulations, though.

Amanda HANDS Kelsey a card. She opens it.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

A gift certificate to Whole Foods?



AMANDA

Four years ago, you gave me a rousing speech in a headlock about how letting the wrong guy walk out of my life is the only way to let the right guy in... So, thank you. But if this doesn't go well, I'm going to need to take that back.

EXT. ANGEL ISLAND - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The Hot Air Balloon LANDS. Amanda and Kelsey GET OUT, take off RUNNING.

KELSEY

What campsite is it?

AMANDA

I have no idea.

KELSEY

Great.

AMANDA

Brad?!

KELSEY

Brad?!

They run through CAMPSITES, calling out for BRAD.

AMANDA

Brad?!

RANDOM CUTE GUY

Yes?

AMANDA

Wrong Brad.

KELSEY

But I might come back for you later.

They keep RUNNING.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Hayes family at large?!

AMANDA

I think that's it...

They come up on the HAYES' CAMPSITE. Amanda sees Brad, Meg, Grandma Thora, Cousin Jim, Uncle Ted, Nicky - thirty friends and family members around a campfire, talking.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Brad?!

BRAD

Amanda??

Amanda ZEROS in on Meg sitting beside Brad. Amanda looks around at the large clan, DELIVERS her grand gesture speech.

AMANDA

I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have hung out with my ex and I know I screwed up but I'm here to fight for you.

Everyone is STUNNED SILENT.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I don't think he told anyone.

KELSEY

(whispers)

I'm getting that impression.

Brad STANDS.

BRAD

Amanda, let's talk in private.

His normal warmth is gone. She FOLLOWS.

AMANDA

I'm so sorry-

BRAD

(still walking)

--Not yet.

AMANDA

--Okay.

(whispers)

You're not dating Meg are you?

BRAD

What? No. It's been one day.

They reach the steps of AN OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER built off the hill - it's empty other than a couple KIDS and GUY playing his GUITAR. Brad stops WALKING, turns to her.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I appreciate you coming here - but don't think that changes everything.

AMANDA

I know. I'm so sorry. You're the one thing I'm sure about in this whole world and I screwed it up.

BRAD

You lied to me. How am I supposed to trust you?

AMANDA

You know me. I've always been Honest Abe.

BRAD

Not this time. Not when it counted.

AMANDA

I know.  
     (timidly -- *this isn't  
                   going well*)  
 Which is why I brought these...

She pulls out the missing companions to his monkey knickknack  
 - The Hear and Speak-No-Evil guys.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So that they can keep me from ever falling off track again. I know that they're not that impressive but I am so in love with you. You're the coolest guy I've ever met.

BRAD

No, come on.

AMANDA

No, Brad, you're so cool. Whenever we're together, *things get great*. And yeah, we don't have everything in common and neither of us is perfect but *love isn't about finding the perfect person* --

Amanda DROPS DOWN TO ONE KNEE.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

*Love is about seeing an imperfect person perfectly.*

BRAD

No, get up, what are you doing?

He BRINGS her OFF HER KNEE.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Amanda, you don't get to propose to me.

She CAN'T LOOK AT HIM, nods, realizing she really has fucked this up for good. Tears STREAM down her face.

AMANDA

(nods)

Sorry. I understand.

Even though she doesn't really understand. *Even though her heart is BREAKING. She always tries so hard to be polite.*

She doesn't see... *that he's gotten down on his own knee.*

BRAD

...Because I'm proposing to you.

He holds the RING in his hand. Amanda GASPS, *tries to catch up to her own emotions.*

BRAD (CONT'D)

So quit hijacking my proposal.

AMANDA

Ohmygosh... Yes!

BRAD

I haven't asked yet. I hoped you would come here tonight...

AMANDA

Yes!

(off his look)

Sorry, got too excited.

BRAD

I was sitting here getting jealous of a guy trying to steal my girlfriend but I realized, I'm the one he should be jealous of. Gavin was right to fight for you - *you are worth fighting for, Amanda*. But I don't care that he missed out, tough shit, I'm your man now.

AMANDA  
 (laughs between tears)  
 Hell yes you are.

BRAD  
 And I know I can be set in my ways  
 sometimes about certain things but  
 I'm still growing and if you're  
 willing, I'd like to spend the rest  
 of my life, doing it with you.

AMANDA  
 Yes! Oh god, yes please. I do.

She JUMPS on him, WRAPPING her legs around him. SPARKLERS set off around them.

BRAD  
*Maybe we could honeymoon in Paris.*  
 I heard about this great deal in  
 the seventh arrondissement.

AMANDA  
 (laughs)  
 Pierre!

BRAD  
 But the monkey knickknacks, I hope  
 you know, are staying.

AMANDA  
 We could have a million monkey  
 knickknacks, I don't care! ...*Maybe  
 not a million.*

He SETS her down. She looks around in awe at the lights.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
 How did you do this?

BRAD  
 I had a little help.

He LOOKS OVER and we see KELSEY standing to the side. Her best friend who really does have her best interest at heart.

AMANDA  
*You surprised me.*

BRAD  
 That's the point, isn't it?  
 (holds out his hand)  
 Would you like to dance?

She LOOKS around at the few people milling around.

AMANDA  
No one's dancing.

BRAD  
We are.

She WRAPS her arms around him, *they never take their eyes off each other, moving to the guy's simple song on a guitar...*

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Well, at least trying to.

AMANDA  
I think we're just hugging in rhythm.

BRAD  
I wouldn't call this rhythm.

They GIGGLE, *lost in each other's embrace*. Suddenly, POP MUSIC blasts from a stereo. She LAUGHS, moment over... But then Brad backs up and STARTS DANCING SOLO MOVES.

AMANDA  
(laughs)  
*What are you doing?*

BRAD  
You asked for this.

AMANDA  
(teases)  
*Did I?*

From OUT OF NOWHERE, their friends and family appear. Cousin Jim, Nicky, Kelsey, Uncle Ted, Grandma Thora. A FLASH MOB.

They start doing an ELABORATE CHOREOGRAPHED DANCE with Brad at the helm. Amanda LAUGHS, CLAPS, loving it.

He brings her in, twirling her, as the MUSIC hits its PEAK. A BREAKDANCER slides across the ground, busts a finale move.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

BRAD  
I have no idea.

They LAUGH, as they watch, holding each other close.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Now your next client's not gonna be your long lost secret admirer from third grade or something, right?

AMANDA

(giggles)

No, promise.

BRAD

What about Pepe from that steamy summer you spent abroad. He might want a new master suite.

AMANDA

Not him either. And I never studied abroad... But I did study a 'bro.

BRAD

Too soon. Nice pun, though.

She kisses him a million times and says:

AMANDA

I missed you missed you missed you.

BRAD

It's nice to be missed.

And they lived... Nerdily...Ever...After.

FADE OUT:

OVER CREDITS WE WATCH:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kelsey dressed up as a banana, dancing.

\*