

THE NEW SINGLE

Episode 1:

'The 180 Day Rule'

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Based on

'The New Single' by Tamsen Fadal

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FADE IN:

INT. LENOX HILL FERTILITY CLINIC. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Clack, clack, clack, clack.

The silver balls of Newton's Cradle - in constant motion.

INT. BRIE'S APARTMENT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

TEXT ON SCREEN: DAY 171

A dark New York City apartment on the quiet West Side. From a mile in the distance, the bright lights of Midtown reflect off the polished parquet.

The apartment door opens from the outside.

In silhouette, a MAN embraces a WOMAN. He goes in for a kiss. She turns her cheek.

WOMAN

I'm not sure we should be doing this.

MAN

Trust me; we've got good heat.

She flips on the light switch.

She is BRIE (42) - a striking, petite brunette with the darkest eyes. The skin tone of someone who's a generation removed from another country. Sharp features are offset by the warmth of her eyes, gestures and the tone of her voice.

HE is everything we hate - a total hedge fund, Wall Street douchebag named PHILIP (45).

PHILIP

Oh my God, where's your furniture?

The apartment is empty, aside from an air mattress, a stack of books, a dirty wine glass, a full length mirror, and a wall calender marked with red X's.

BRIE

I don't have any furniture. I gave it all to my husband when he moved out 6 months ago.

PHILIP

And now you live like you're on the run?

BRIE
I haven't gotten around to it.

PHILIP
Do you need to borrow some money?

BRIE
First, I'm not poor. You're an asshole for asking. And B) The furniture reminded me too much of him.

He's not that interested. Takes out a vaporizer.

PHILIP
Do you mind if I vape?

BRIE
It reminded me of our bad marriage. I'll get new stuff when it feels right. And yes, douche, I absolutely mind if you vape.

A light bulb clicks on in his head.

PHILIP
Oh, shit. Now I remember where I know you from.

A toothless little demon of a chihuahua runs out barking and nips his ankle.

Nearly pissing himself in fear, kicks the empty wine glass, breaking it.

BRIE
And this is why we shouldn't be doing this. Bennifer, stop it!

She scoops up her little devil dog.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: 9 MONTHS EARLIER...

Cleaner than Manhattan has ever looked. No garbage on the streets. The cabs are brighter yellow than ever. The sky is bluer. And COUPLES are in love.

All set to jazzy, basic cable, royalty free music.

BRIE (V.O.)
I help people find love. No matter what they look like.
(MORE)

BRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 No matter what they're about.
 Because, I believe, everyone
 deserves love.

A YOUNG COUPLE steals a kiss. Literally a twinkle in their eyes. It's cheesy. It's awful.

MATTHEW (V.O.)
 The key to success for the Love
 Consultants is to match by any and
 all means.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. WAR ROOM - DAY

This is a SIZZLE REEL for a REALITY SHOW.

Bottles of Moët & Chandon on ice.

Photos of the lovelorn pinned to two giant bulletin boards.

People of all different colors, shapes, and sizes. Lifetimes of heartbreak and divorce and dead pets and pawned heirlooms hidden behind forced smiles.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. BRIE'S OFFICE - SAME

In that sleeveless dress, Brie is the queen of the city.

SUPER: BRIE // LOVE CONSULTANT

BRIE
 We are going to do whatever it
 takes to match these clients with
 their soul mates.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. MATTHEW'S OFFICE - SAME

SUPER: MATTHEW // LOVE CONSULTANT

MATTHEW (late 30's) is slick and metro-sexy. Gleaming white teeth contrast his unnaturally orange, Donald Trumpian skin. Blonde faux hawk. And there's no way his eyes are that blue.

MATTHEW
 And we're going to generate as much
 revenue as possible. Because, in
 the end, I'm a businessman.

The kind of guy who drives a car shaped like Keith Richards' penis and balls.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. MATTHEW'S OFFICE - SAME

Interview style. Brie and Matthew on a sofa that you wouldn't want to sleep on. Warm colors and ferns.

His arm around her. Her hands folded neatly.

MATTHEW

Running a business with my wife?
In theory, it's a great idea.

BRIE

We're in love. Working in the love
business. It's perfect. Really.

She smiles. But not warmly.

EXT. SIDEWALKS OF MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Matthew enters the screen from the left. Brie enters from the right. They meet in the middle.

MATTHEW

Now we're using our fairy tale
romance...

BRIE

To help people find theirs.

When they kiss, a bell lightly dings. Their eyes twinkle.

Everyone around them finds love at first sight. A MAN holds a door for a WOMAN. Their eyes literally twinkle.

WOMAN #2 drops her purse. MAN #2 helps her pick it up.

MAN #3 takes a single rose from a STREET VENDOR. Hands it to MAN #4.

It's all horribly cheesy.

Matthew and Brie stand back to back. Arms folded like a couple of bad asses.

MATTHEW

I'm Matthew Tatum.

BRIE

I'm Brie Manning. And we're The
Love Consultants.

'THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' animation plays across the screen.

INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: 172

The worst studio apartment in the best neighborhood. Jam-packed with furniture from his marriage. An unmade king sized bed takes up most of the room. A dining room table on it's side with 6 chairs stacked up high. Nothing makes sense.

Matthew, shirtless and sweaty, does crunches on the floor.

Pounding on the door.

BRIE (O.S.)

I know you're in there, moron!

He snaps up. Weaves his way through the piles.

BRIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Open the door!

He does.

MATTHEW

Brie-tard! What's up?

Brie's in no mood for this mess. No makeup. Jeans. Tank top.

BRIE

Put your shirt on. Where's my money?

MATTHEW

What money?

BRIE

\$2,500. Every month. Per our agreement.

MATTHEW

How do you expect me to live?

BRIE

You could start by not spending it on your whore, Lori or Lodi or whatevertheshit.

MATTHEW

Loki.

He tosses a plastic drug store shopping bag at her.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

There.

BRIE

The place looks great, by the way.

She dumps the contents of the bag on the bed. It's a pile of soggy \$1's, \$5's, and \$20's.

BRIE (CONT'D)

What is this?

MATTHEW

There's \$618 there.

BRIE

Why is it wet?

He drops back down to the floor. Does more crunches.

MATTHEW

I got it in Aruba.

Like that makes sense.

BRIE

Are you selling drugs?

MATTHEW

My investor paid me in cash.

BRIE

Why would anyone invest in you?

She piles the wet money into stacks of denominations.

MATTHEW

Genderless underwear.

BRIE

Like boxer shorts?

MATTHEW

No; underwear.

BRIE

Boxer shorts are underwear.

MATTHEW

Right, but tighter. And for women.

BRIE

I thought you said they were genderless.

MATTHEW

They are genderless.

BRIE
You just said they were for women.

MATTHEW
They're men's underwear for women.

BRIE
So, boxer shorts.

Whips a particularly wet \$20 like she's shaking out a bathroom rug.

MATTHEW
Listen to the name.

He spreads his hands wide, like he's creating a marquee.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Down and Dirty.

BRIE
Disgusting.

MATTHEW
That's sexy.

BRIE
That's not sexy.

MATTHEW
How is that not sexy?

BRIE
It sounds like skid marks.

MATTHEW
You sound like skid marks.

BRIE
You still owe me \$1900.

She scrapes the soggy stacks of cash into her bag.

INT. POWER WOMEN CONFERENCE - MORNING

Five foot high posters of Brie (and other, smaller pics of POWER WOMEN) hang in the windows and lean on easels. "SEXY SELF TALK w/AUTHOR AND RELATIONSHIP EXPERT. BRIE MANNING."

Behind a podium stands Brie.

BRIE
The most important rule? Keep your bed empty for 180 days.

A few gasps, like how is that even possible?

BRIE (CONT'D)

Hate me yet?

A few slight applause.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, hooking up with someone new is all part of the post-breakup process— at the right time. If you jump into bed with someone on the first date and then there is no second date, you might just feel like you're reliving that bad breakup all over again!

There are more empty chairs than people in attendance.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Any questions?

A BITCHY AUDIENCE MEMBER raises a hand like a know-it-all.

BITCHY

Yes, I have a question.

The heavy head of a SLEEPY MEMBER of the audience succumbs to sleep before snapping back to consciousness.

BITCHY (CONT'D)

Do you ever feel like a hypocrite? Calling yourself a "relationship expert." I mean, until 6 months ago you were famous on basic cable for being a matchmaker.

The question shakes her. Collects herself. Answers.

BRIE

Great question. And no. No I don't. I don't regret my marriage, or our reality show, or our two books together. I also know when it's time to walk away. Look, a lot of good came out of that relationship. Not just for me. But hopefully for all those people who we helped find a match. When the new book comes out this Spring, I hope that helps too. I'll leave you with some advice my dad gave me 20 years ago. "It's better to be alone than lonely with someone."

Strong applause from two others in attendance - Brie's two friends on the front row - REGULAR DIANE and TALL DIANE.

Regular Diane is a pretty brunette in her early 40's. But 5 years of raising someone else's kids has taken a toll on her roots, her brows, and her dark circles.

Tall Diane is Jamaican with an ostentatious blonde afro and a penchant for name brands. She speaks with the force of a machine gun, occasionally slipping into Patois.

INT. 'FRIEND OF A FARMER' RESTAURANT - NOONISH

Brie and the Dianes drink Bellinis. They're in the process of ordering from a WAITER who dreams of Broadway.

WAITER (O.C.)

How would you like your eggs,
ma'am? Scrambled or fertilized?

BRIE

Excuse me?

WAITER

Scrambled or Florentine?

She shakes her head, clearing the cobwebs.

BRIE

Just coffee. And soy milk.

WAITER

Great.

BRIE

And a Spanish frittata.

Pounds her Bellini.

A JUDGMENTAL OLD WOMAN watches from the neighboring table.

BRIE (CONT'D)

And another Bellini.

Waiter scurries away.

BRIE (CONT'D)

That waiter just tried to tell me
my biological clock is ticking.

Tall Diane takes a pair of kindergarten kiddie scissors out of her purse. Gestures with them as she talks.

TALL DIANE
Your biological clock is absolutely
ticking, boo-boo.

DIANE
This is what you get when the
biological clock wakes you up.

She points to her roots and tired eyes and sagging boobs.

Tall Diane is cutting up a paper napkin.

TALL DIANE
So how did last night go?

BRIE
He got me drunk and slimed his way
back to my apartment.

TALL DIANE
And how was the sex?

BRIE
We didn't have sex. I shut it
down. Plus, his breath tasted like
a pork dumpling. And we didn't
even have pork.

TALL DIANE
How could you not have sex?

BRIE
He was a total bro who said "we've
got good heat." He also had sort
of a sleezy Cadillac salesman vibe.
Oh, and his name was Philip. I
don't do Apostles.

DIANE
Apostles, as in the Bible?

BRIE
I have this theory that you should
never date anyone with an Apostle's
name.

She starts counting on her fingers.

BRIE (CONT'D)
This guy, Philip. Every boss I've
ever had named Peter has tried to
screw me. My ex-boyfriend, John.
Two dicks I know named James both
cheated on me.

(MORE)

BRIE (CONT'D)

My ex-husband, Matthew. In fact, ironically, now that I think about it, the only Apostle I've never had a bad experience with is a Judas.

TALL DIANE

Have you even had sex since Matthew left?

Tall Diane is wildly cutting.

BRIE

I threw him out. And no, Tall Diane, I have not.

DIANE

You realize that he has been sleeping around. And not at all discreet.

BRIE

Which is totally fine. For real. For good. Plus, the 180 day rule.

TALL DIANE

What day is it?

Everyone else chimes in.

DIANE

173.

JUDGMENTAL OLD WOMAN

173.

WAITER

(from across the room)

173!

BRIE

What they said. 173.

DIANE

You know, you would think, because of all of your years matchmaking, you'd be sleeping with nothing but Manhattan's most amazing bachelors.

BRIE

You would think, Regular Diane. But you would be wrong. I actually think these animals all see themselves the same way.

Waiter drops off more Bellinis.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - ONE YEAR AGO
REALITY SHOW INTERVIEWS.

A parade of BACHELORS answers the question posed to them.

BRIE (O.S.)
If you could pick anyone to play
you in a movie, who would it be?

BACHELOR #1
Probably Ryan Reynolds.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. WAR ROOM - LATER

BACHELOR #2
Ryan Reynolds, I think.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. WAR ROOM - LATER

BACHELOR #3
Ryan Reynolds.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS. WAR ROOM - LATER

BACHELOR #4
I'm gonna say Ryan Reynolds.

None of them look like Ryan Reynolds. Not even close.

INT. 'FRIEND OF A FARMER' RESTAURANT - DAY

Back at the Bellini brunch table with Brie and the Dianas.
The ladies are just the right amount of drunk.

BRIE
I do have news. I've found the
first man I'm going to have sex
with since my divorce.

TALL DIANE
Who's the lucky man, boo boo?

Waiter drops off the check.

Diane holds up her glass.

DIANE
I thought this was bottomless.

Waiter takes her glass, off to get her another.

BRIE
Johan the yogi.

TALL DIANE
Your yoga instructor?

DIANE
Johan? He sounds like a German
squire or a character from 'The
Smurfs'.

The Dianes fish for their credit cards.

Brie goes for the card in her purse.

BRIE
I've got this.

TALL DIANE
And why do you want to have sex
with Johan the yogi?

Tall Diane holds up a snowflake she's cut out of the napkin.

BRIE
Again with the snowflakes?

Tall Diane puts it away.

DIANE
It's the flexibility, right?

BRIE
Not the flexibility. The power.

TALL DIANE
You know he's gay, right?

BRIE
He's not gay.

Brie takes out the plastic drugstore bag filled with soggy
money. Drops it on the table.

DIANE
Someone got her spousal support
this month.

TALL DIANE
Why is it wet?

Waiter drops off that last round of Bellinis.

INT. BRIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Brie marks another day off the calendar with a red X.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - MORNING

Brie is in Triangle Pose on her yoga mat. She wears sneakers, Ron Jon booty shorts and a white tank top.

JOHAN instructs. He's sexy. Muscular.

He moves in to adjust Brie's position, without a word.

Their bodies move like Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey in 'Dirty Dancing'. It's erotic. And beautiful.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

After class. Brie has her mat over her shoulder. Drinking some sort of reddish-brownish-greenish smoothie concoction.

Johan is at the water cooler. Filling up one of those cone-shaped cups with water.

BRIE
Great class today.

Johan speaks with a heavy accent.

JOHAN
Excellent work, my gorgeous angel.

He touches her as he talks. God he's sexy.

She savors this moment.

BRIE
Listen. You're not gay, are you?

JOHAN
Me? Oh, I'm totally gay.

BRIE
But I was gonna have sex with you!

She's devastated.

He looks way gayer all of a sudden.

She takes a gulp of smoothie. Dribbles it all over her shirt, leaving a red stain followed by a bleeped expletive-laden tirade.

JOHAN

Classy.

He looks at his beautifully manicured nails.

EXT. FLATIRON BUILDING - ONE HOUR LATER

Sunny spring day. Brie walks into the Flatiron Building. Still in dirty yoga clothes. Now with the sloppy, floppy ponytail. Yoga mat flung over her shoulder.

INT. LITERARY AGENT'S OFFICE - SAME

Brie sits across the desk from her agent DONNA (60's). A horse-toothed, well-toned, power bitch in a pants suit.

Brie tries to scrub the stain out of her tank top with spit and her thumb.

DONNA

Do you know what transference is?

BRIE

Yes.

DONNA

Who do you think I am to you?

Brie takes out her iPhone and pecks at it.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm your mother.

BRIE

My mother wouldn't take 18 percent.

Doesn't look up from her phone.

DONNA

That hurts my feelings. Because you're like a daughter to me.

BRIE

You realize you're my agent and not my therapist, right?

Donna sizes her up. Looks at what a mess she is.

DONNA

How's your personal pride?

BRIE

I went to yoga.

DONNA

Do they serve spaghetti in yoga?

Points to her stained shirt.

BRIE

I spilled a smoothie.

The stain isn't getting better. In fact, it's getting worse.

DONNA

Listen. I care. Maybe I care too much.

Donna gets up from behind her desk. Sits down in the chair next to Brie.

DONNA (CONT'D)

How's the new book coming?

BRIE

There's nothing coming right now.

DONNA

Yeah, I've heard. 175 days?

BRIE

176 now.

DONNA

That should be the book.

BRIE

My sexual exile?

DONNA

Rules. Rules for surviving and fixing yourself after a divorce.

BRIE

I just don't have the words right now.

Donna pulls out a business card. It has a cartoon otter on it. Hands it to Brie.

DONNA

I want you to meet someone.

Brie studies the card. The otter.

BRIE

Is he a zookeeper?

DONNA

He's a ghostwriter. He's a kid.
30-something. But he's smart.

BRIE

Just to be clear, you want some
millennial with Master's degree,
some otter loving hipster to help
me write a book for middle-aged
divorced women.

Brie studies the business card.

EXT. FLATIRON BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Yoga mat over her shoulder, Brie continues to study the card.

She freezes. A familiar voice catches her ear.

It's her ex-husband. Matt walks in front of her, holding the
hand of a TIGHT-BODIED BLONDE with the whitest smile.

What will Brie do? She's mentally freaking out. Slams her
back and her palms against the side of the Flatiron Building.
She looks around. Collects her thoughts.

Follows them.

BRIE

This is stupid, this is stupid,
this is stupid.

Matthew flexes his bicep, showing off.

She snaps pictures of the happy couple with her iPhone. She
hears him saying something. But the only thing she makes out
is...

MATTHEW

Genderless underwear.

BRIE

Matthew!

She dives for cover behind a mailbox.

He turns to look for the voice. Nothing.

Matthew and the Blonde walk on. Brie gives chase again.

MATTHEW

Not really the marrying kind. Not
really a one woman man, ya know?

BRIE

Matthew!

She holds her ground.

He turns. Looks surprised and scared for half a second when he sees her. Then gets it together.

MATTHEW

Hey, you.

Like he's saying "hi" to a fan.

BRIE

Hey, yourself. Asshole.

She takes a picture of both of them, like she caught them doing something. Even though she didn't.

And even though she didn't, he too makes a face like she did. Tries to hide his face with her camera.

The Blonde smiles that gleaming smile like she's posing for the picture.

EXT. DOG PARK - THE NEXT DAY

Brie and Tall Diane are at the dog park. They're watching Bennifer the chihuahua growl at dogs twice his size.

TALL DIANE

Tell me again why you took pictures, detective.

BRIE

I don't even know. I just freaked out. Blaaaaah. I didn't know what else to do. He's allowed to date.

TALL DIANE

Do you miss him?

BRIE

No I don't miss him.

Bennifer snaps at a labrador.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Bennifer stop it!

She squirts him with a spray bottle.

TALL DIANE
Listen, mama. You need to get
laid.

She reaches into her oversized designer purse and pulls out a
cupcake in a plastic, see through container.

TALL DIANE (CONT'D)
Happy 180 days, boo boo.

Brie takes out a cigarette.

TALL DIANE (CONT'D)
You should try vaping.

Brie gives her a glance of disdain.

Tries to light the cigarette with matches. No spark.

DIRTY VAMPIRE (O.S.)
You know there's no smoking in the
dog park.

A MAN in his early 30's has hair like a sexy vampire, gray at
the temples. Sexy stubble. Unshowered. T-shirt and jeans.
Has a weird looking corgi/mutt mix with him.

TALL DIANE
Do you see her smoking?

DIRTY VAMPIRE
Your dog bit my dog.

BRIE
My dog has no teeth.

She's still trying to light her cigarette.

DIRTY VAMPIRE
Why is your dog named Bennifer?

BRIE
He's named after the failed 2003
power couple, Ben and Jen. And
more recently, the failed 2015
power couple, Ben and Jen.

TALL DIANE
This is a taco-burrito
conversation. Nachos.

DIRTY VAMPIRE
Not mine? Got it. Sorry ladies.

He lights her cigarette with a Zippo. Backs away.

Brie turns to Tall Diane.

BRIE

Okay. Let's get laid.

She blows a big cloud of smoke along with the rest of the air out of her body. Sweet relief.

EXT. TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - SUNSET

TEXT ON SCREEN: 179

It's a Thursday night after work. All the CORPORATE BROS and MALE PIGS wear suits with ties loosened. They high-five a lot for some reason.

Brie and the Dianes wear whore paint and little cocktail dresses. They drink pink drinks in martini glasses.

MALE PIG

Damn, baby.

TALL DIANE

You need to give this a chance.

The BROS check them out. Brie gives one a forced smile. Speaks through her teeth.

BRIE

I feel like a desperate cliché.

TALL DIANE

Mingle, bitches.

The music gets louder. This is sad.

EXT. TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - MINUTES LATER

They're sitting at a table in the corner, looking at a menu.

BRIE

The cheesy corn dip with cilantro looks good.

DIANE

Can we get pretzel nuggets too?

Tall Diane has other plans in mind. She's scoping out a total hedge fund, Wall Street douchebag.

TALL DIANE

I want that one.

It's Philip.

BRIE
It's Philip the Apostle.

He's vaping.

TALL DIANE
It's fate, darling. Go say "hi."

BRIE
I cannot imagine a world in which
this would be a good idea.

TALL DIANE
Then let me have him.

BRIE
Go. Please. Go forth.

A big cloud of mist from his mouth. Awful.

Tall Diane goes in for the kill.

DIANE (O.S.)
How could you let her do that?

BRIE (O.S.)
She's doing the Lord's work. He's a
pork dumpling sex predator.

Back at the table, a WAITER drops off another round.

WAITER
Compliments of those gentlemen.

Those GENTLEMEN are more of the same macho pack animals.

Brie gives a fake flirty wave. The bros high five.

BRIE
I really wanted to get laid, but
seeing these guys makes me pray for
a life of sexless, loveless
spinsterhood.

DIANE
Sex is overrated anyway. I don't
even take my socks off anymore.

BRIE
I honestly don't think I know
anyone who's had a consistently
good sex life.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - ONE YEAR AGO
 REALITY SHOW INTERVIEWS.

A parade of SINGLE LADIES answers the question posed to them.

BRIE (O.S.)
 Talk to me about sex.

WOMAN #1
 My ex wouldn't even go down. Never
 in 17 years. Not once.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

WOMAN #2
 My last boyfriend, after he
 finished, he'd say: "Did'ya go?"
 Asking me if I had an orgasm, too.
 I'm like, how could he NOT know?
 Usually, I didn't go.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

WOMAN #3
 The sex was like a car wreck. He
 just thrashed around on top of me.
 And as soon as he finished he was
 finished. I was like: You have
 fingers. Use them, pal.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

WOMAN #4
 He left his shirt on like Winnie
 the Pooh. And that's not a good
 look for anyone.

INT. THE LOVE CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

BRIE (O.S.)
 Who's the best sex you've ever had?

WOMAN #5
 Bob.

BRIE (O.S.)
 Who's Bob?

WOMAN #5
 My vibrator. Battery Operated
 Boyfriend. B-O-B.

She feels good about that answer.

EXT. TRENDY ROOFTOP BAR - AFTER DARK

Brie and Regular Diane are eating their cheesy corn dip and pretzel nuggets.

BRIE
Matthew liked to do it in front of
the mirror.

DIANE
That's kind of hot.

BRIE
Yeah, except he only looked at
himself flexing his muscles.

DIANE
That's not hot.

Brie's phone buzzes.

A text message in a bubble: "Hi Brie...it's Mox. Donna ur agent gave me ur number. I know it's last minute but R U free tonight?"

BRIE
Do you believe this guy? Thinking
I would be free on a Friday?!

DIANE
Is he cute?

BRIE
I have no idea.

Her text message bubble: "..."

DIANE
Who is he?

BRIE
Some kid who's supposed to help me
write my book.

Her text bubble: "..."

BRIE (CONT'D)
It would be nice to get organized
and get some work done. I just
don't understand why my agent
thinks some 30-something can do
something for me.

DIANE
 Hey, go if you want. This place is
 terrible anyway.

Tall Diane is clearly fine. All over Philip.

DIANE (CONT'D)
 And I'm gonna go home and slip into
 my fuzzy socks. I may try that
 Winnie the Pooh thing too.

Brie's text bubble: "Sure. Where to?"

EXT. TALL DIANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An Uber pulls up across the street from this Brooklyn
 apartment building.

A fifth floor apartment illuminated with large paper
 snowflakes in all the windows. Dozens of them. Like the
 windows of a 1st grade classroom.

INT. UBER - SAME

Philip and Tall Diane in the backseat, making out.

They exit to...

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

They grope each other like drunken fools.

PHILIP
 Which apartment is yours?

TALL DIANE
 The one with all the snowflakes.

PHILIP
 Did your son make those?

TALL DIANE
 No kids, boo boo.

She puts her tongue down his throat.

TALL DIANE (CONT'D)
 Did you eat pork?

PHILIP
 Can I walk you upstairs?

She nibbles his ear.

EXT. SOFIA WINE BAR - NIGHT

Outside a cute little place on Manhattan's East Side.

Brie gets out of a cab.

She's met on the curb by the Dirty Vampire from the dog park. His name is MOX. A satchel flung over his shoulder.

MOX

Brie?

BRIE

That must make you Mox.

She sizes him up. Not all that impressed by his sneakers.

BRIE (CONT'D)

And you look really familiar to me.

MOX

Yeah. I'm the guy who you were so rude to at the dog park. Ready to go in?

He pops up the 3 short stairs and holds the door for her. Makes the "right this way" gesture with his free hand.

INT. SOFIA WINE BAR - SAME

Exposed brick walls. Dark wooden tables and chairs. Steam pipes wrapped in rope. Menus written on chalkboards.

In they go. Mox shakes hands with the WAITERS. They love him.

MOX

Can you send us a bottle of Cotes du Rhone?

He turns back to Brie.

MOX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That was rude. Is that wine okay?

They walk down a short corridor to the tables in the back.

BRIE

Yeah, it's great. Perfect.

She's not sure what to make of him.

INT. SOFIA WINE BAR - MINUTES LATER

At a small table in the back corner. Wine has been poured.

MOX

This wine reminds me of Paris.
Getting a cheap bottle and getting
drunk on the lawn Les Invalides.

He raises the glass to her and to the thought.

BRIE

You know this is definitely not a
date, right?

MOX

Definitely not.

BRIE

Because you're way too young for
me. So don't even think about it.

MOX

Strictly business.

BRIE

Good. So, listen. Were you
stalking me at the dog park?

MOX

Ha. What? I recognized you from
the book jacket. Of your first two
books. With your husband. I
wanted to say hi. But you clearly
weren't having any of it.

BRIE

You read my first two books?

He takes her first two books out of his satchel.

MOX

I did.

He pours her more wine. She likes that.

MOX (CONT'D)

They were just terrible.

BRIE

Tell me how you really feel.

MOX
Complete shit. But you know that.
Right?

She takes a big drink.

BRIE
You know I don't need your help.

He takes two Moleskin notebooks out of his satchel.

MOX
So, let's make sure the next one is
amazing.

BRIE
What do you even know about
divorce? Or relationships?

MOX
I was married for 8 years. Let's
get to work.

Over the next three hours they write and scribble, thumb
through books, drink more wine, another bottle, and laugh.

EXT. SOFIA WINE BAR - MIDNIGHT

Brie and Mox are just the right amount of drunk.

BRIE
That was surprisingly fun.

MOX
And productive. Let's do that
again real soon.

BRIE
Email me in a couple of days and
we'll get some more work done.

She touches his shoulder. He likes that.

He notices his watch. Past midnight.

MOX
You're not going to turn into a
pumpkin, are you?

He puts his arm out to flag a taxi. One stops.

BRIE
Thank you. I mean it.

There's something there between them.

He opens the taxi door. An uncomfortable silence.

INT. TALL DIANE'S APARTMENT - SAME

It looks like a blizzard. A blizzard of paper snowflakes on the walls and windows and hanging from the ceiling.

Tall Diane and Philip are in bed together - post coitus.

PHILIP

Why did you say you cut so many snowflakes again?

TALL DIANE

My analyst told me to find an activity to get my mind off my crazy ex-boyfriend. I mean, he was nuts. So, I cut snowflakes whenever I think about him.

Philip is concerned.

PHILIP

How long were you two together?

TALL DIANE

About 3 weeks.

This bitch is crazy.

TALL DIANE (CONT'D)

Ready to go again, boo boo?

She grabs his crotch. Hard. Too hard.

INT. BRIE'S APARTMENT - SAME

From the outside, the door slams open.

Brie and Mox are ravaging each other. Making out furiously. Tearing open shirts and moving down to pants.

The lights come on. Still no furniture.

BRIE

I'm sorry about the furniture.

MOX

I don't care.

Kisses her passionately again.

The little demon dog Bennifer storms in, snarling.

BRIE
Sorry about that, too.

Mox scoops up the little dog. Brie is shocked.

MOX
Hi, Bennifer. So cute.

Brie takes the dog.

BRIE
And now it's time to say goodnight
you little demon monkey.

She takes the dog and locks him in the bathroom.

The calendar is now filled with red X's. It's day 180.

She comes back. They look at each other. And attack.

INT. BRIE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Brie and Mox have sex. It's passionate, sensual, amazing.

She catches a glimpse in the mirror. So sexy.

She turns back to Mox.

Turns back to the mirror. Sees a reflection of the disgusting past. Her having sex with Matthew, while he looks at himself flexing in the mirror.

She gasps.

MOX
Are you okay?

She looks at him. Back at the mirror. It's sexy again.

INT. BRIE'S APARTMENT - EARLY NEXT MORNING

TEXT ON SCREEN: 180; 4:00AM

Brie is on top of Mox, on the air mattress, under the sheets. Nose to nose. Lips to lips. Looking into each others eyes.

MOX
Mmmhmmm.

They kiss. He winces as she tightens and loosens her Kegels.

BRIE

Six times? How did you do that?

They laugh as he rolls off of her. A moment of pure joy.

BRIE (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can walk.

He feels around on his junk. Nothing.

BRIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

He lifts up the sheet and looks at himself. Nothing.

BRIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

He shifts his eyes from side to side.

MOX

The condom is gone.

BRIE

What do you mean the condom is gone? Are you sure you put one on?

She whips the sheet off. Ties it around her like a towel after a shower. He pulls up his boxer briefs.

MOX

How would I not be sure I put one on?

They paw around on the bed. Shake out the comforter.

MOX (CONT'D)

Are you sure it's not inside you? Can you feel anything?

BRIE

I need a mirror.

She leaves. He pulls back the elastic on his underwear. Nothing.

He looks through the bed again. Nothing.

Brie comes back in.

MOX

Did you try to pee it out?

BRIE

Yes. Nothing happened.

She lies back down on the bed. Covers up with the sheet.

Bursts into tears.

BRIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to go to the
emergency room.

MOX

You're not going to have to go to
the emergency room.

He lies down beside her.

BRIE

Will you see if you can find it?

He processes this request. Pauses. Proceeds.

MOX

Google it while I poke around.

He puts his hand under the sheet. Inside her. There's
nothing pleasurable about this.

She types on her iPhone.

BRIE

It says you should go down on me.

MOX

Please don't.

Pushes his head down like she's Joe Pesci and he's Sharon
Stone.

He goes down. Pops his head back out.

MOX (CONT'D)

Do you have one of those coal
miner's hats?

She keeps reading. He goes back down.

Under the sheet, he starts to work. She doesn't enjoy this.

MOX (CONT'D)

I think I feel something.

He pops up. Out of breath. Drenched in sweat. Then,
between his fingers, a used condom.

BRIE

Why do you look like you just ran a marathon?

She starts to laugh again. Then she starts to cry again.

MOX

What's wrong now?

He flips the rubber to the floor.

BRIE

Do you think any got out when it was in there?

MOX

To tell you the truth, I don't know, Brie. It's a whole cocktail of flavors down there right now. Rubber. Sweat. Your taste. A hint of coconut for some reason. Maybe semen. I can't say for sure.

The doorbell rings. Then knocking.

She puts on Star Wars pajama pants and a tank top.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Brie! Brie! Let me in!

Panic.

BRIE

It's my husband. Hide.

MOX

Ex-husband?

She thinks about it.

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Brie'tard! Open up!

BRIE

You're right. Don't hide.

She walks to the door, wrapped in a sheet. Opens it.

Matthew is holding up his shirt, showing off his abs.

MATTHEW

You miss this, don't you?

He steps on the spent condom with his BRIGHT ORANGE sneaker.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Oh, what the fuckass?!

BRIE
What do you want?

He notices the naked guy on the air mattress.

MATTHEW
Who's this?

The little demon dog runs out of his secret hiding place barking and snarling. Runs to Matthew.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Took you long enough.

Matthew tries to touch him. Bennifer gives him a toothless hiss. Runs to Mox.

Mox springs to his feet. The little dog in one hand. A pillow to cover his junk in the other.

MOX
My name is Mox.

MATTHEW
Hi, Mox.

Matthew extends his hand.

Mox drops the pillow and shakes his hand.

BRIE
What do you need?

MATTHEW
I need my money back.

He starts plucking money from the line.

She snatches money back away from him.

BRIE
What happened to the rest of your money?

Mox sits back down. Starts taking notes in a Moleskin.

MATTHEW
I spent it all at the dentist.

BRIE
What's wrong with your teeth?

MATTHEW

My teeth are fine. My girlfriend
needed her teeth capped.

BRIE

That whore I saw you with? Loni?

MATTHEW

Loki.

Mox writes furiously.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

She's a Russian model.

She snatches all the money and shoves him to the door.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Can you at least be my new
genderless underwear model?

She shoves him out the door.

Brie turns to Mox, mortified.

Matthew reopens the door. Pops his head in.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I have some Plan-B in my backpack
if you need it.

BRIE

Get out!

He does.

BRIE (CONT'D)

I'm so, so sorry about that.

MOX

This should totally be a book.

She spots the condom wrapper.

BRIE

I don't think we should see each
other anymore.

His eyes get big.

INT. LENOX HILL FERTILITY CLINIC. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

TEXT ON SCREEN: 240

Clack, clack, clack, clack.

The silver balls of Newton's Cradle remain in motion.

There are vaginas everywhere. Diagrams, sketches, paintings, and models of vulvas, labias, and ovaries.

Brie lies on the exam table, wearing a paper gown. Her legs are in cold metal stirrups.

She looks at a vagina.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
How do you feel?

BRIE
I feel like I'm in a giant Georgia
O'Keefe painting.

THE DOCTOR (30's) looks at his chart.

DOCTOR
Well, you're definitely not
pregnant.

BRIE
Then why have I missed two periods?

DOCTOR
It appears you are entering
premature menopause.

Ouch.

FADE OUT.