

MEET ME AT THE SINCLAIR

Written by

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Original Songs

"**Sideways**" Written by Joshua Comeau

&

"**The Graveyard Gang**" Written by Jack Hartford

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE SINCLAIR, HARVARD SQUARE - DUSK

Indistinct chatter emanates from a herd of PATRONS, dawdling outside of a live music venue in the heart of Cambridge, MA.

LOUIS, early twenties, reddish-brown hair and ruggedly handsome, rounds the corner, advancing toward the music venue.

ROY & EMMETT, also early twenties, the typical frat-boy types, trail Louis. They sport Northeastern University apparel.

EMMETT

(to Louis)

This better not be a total bust like last time.

ROY

Lesson learned. Whenever Louis drags us to a concert, we gotta pre-game.

EMMETT

(to Roy)

Right on, brotha!

Roy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flask. He untwists the cap and takes a swig. He passes it to Emmett who follows suit.

LOUIS

Not my fault you guys are uncultured and don't appreciate good tunes!

The group joins the mob of CONCERT-GOERS, congregating outside the music venue, awaiting access.

Louis gazes around momentarily until his eyes lock onto a point of interest towards the front door. He freezes and his eyes widen, pleasantly surprised.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(hushed tones)

Guys, guys. It's that girl from last time. It doesn't even look like she's with anyone.

EMMETT

He says that like he thinks he has
a chance.

ROY

So adorable.

Louis shoots his buddies a look.

Beat.

LOUIS

(facetious)

Appreciate the vote of confidence,
you assholes.

EMMETT

Dude, we're just being realistic.
That girl is a ten.

ROY

The perfect ten, in fact.

EMMETT

And you're, well...

ROY

You're not.

CLOSE ON the GIRL, late twenties, curvaceous and radiant. She
doesn't even glance in Louis, Roy and Emmett's direction;
they're nonexistent.

LOUIS

Allow me to put this in terms that
Emmett will understand -- I feel
like I've been on a golf course the
entire semester -- goin' from hole
to hole!

Emmett puts his arm around Louis.

EMMETT

Yeah, but that smoke show over
there is the hole in one, Lou.

ROY

Making par with that girl ain't
gonna cut it.

LOUIS

You guys really don't think I could
naïl that chick?

EMMETT

Not a chance!

Louis rolls up his sleeves and straightens his posture, looking confident and capable.

LOUIS

Alright. Time to silence the naysayers.

ROY

This oughta be good.

LOUIS

After I go in for the kill though, I'm gonna need some back-up.

EMMETT

Whoa, pump the brakes!

ROY

What exactly does back-up entail?

EMMETT

Yeah and what the hell is in it for us?

LOUIS

How about the reward of being in my good graces for getting me laid?

EMMETT

Good graces? That just ain't gonna cut it, man.

ROY

We need some incentive.

Roy and Emmett exchange glances.

EMMETT

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin' Roy?

ROY

Oh, I have a pretty good idea there, Emmett.

The two buddies turn, facing Louis with sinister smiles.

EMMETT

Whatever you have cookin' upstairs in terms of a plan, we'll give you the assist.

ROY

That's if you can manage to get this girl to even talk to you, let alone sleep with you.

EMMETT

Right.

(beat)

But if you don't score with her tonight, then you have to trade each of us two players off your fantasy team.

ROY

Two players of our choosing, of course.

LOUIS

Do you guys realize how much money I have riding on our fantasy league this season?! I'm in first place and inevitably headed toward the finals. No fuckin' way.

ROY

Oh, we're keenly aware.

EMMETT

That's why you gotta put it all on the line, brotha.

ROY

I mean shit, from the looks of it, that confidence flag is waving mighty high in these treacherous winds. Whatta yah got to lose if you actually back it up with results?

Louis considers this.

LOUIS

After I start talkin' to this broad -- when I call in for back-up, it's gotta be a valiant effort. You guys gotta make me look like a million bucks! The ideal guy, if you will.

ROY

Just worry about gettin' her attention first.

EMMETT

Because if you can't do that, you
can kiss your top two players
goodbye.

Emmett and Roy fist bump and exchange evil sneers.

ROY

So, we gotta deal?

A look of sheer determination glistens across Louis' face.

LOUIS

All in.

Louis shakes hands with Roy and Emmett.

Suddenly, the doors to the music venue swing open, allowing
the fans to file in.

INT. THE SINCLAIR, MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Louis, Roy and Emmett grab beers from the bar. They step out
of line, onto the main floor of the concert hall. This is the
heart of The Sinclair -- a dimly lit, spacious yet cozy and
inviting place.

Standing room only; fans mingle, sipping drinks. An elevated
stage overlooks the main floor.

A staircase toward the back leads to a balcony area. A sturdy
metal banister circles the upstairs, allowing fans to lean on
and view the performance from a bird's eye view.

Louis, Roy and Emmett weave through numerous fans on the main
floor, inching closer to the lifeless stage, awaiting the
festivities. One acoustic guitar rests on a stand next to two
unoccupied microphones.

LOUIS

Everything sound legit? You two
know your roles when the time
comes.

ROY

I gotta admit, I'm impressed. But
there's no way you thought of all
that just now. This has to be pre-
meditated.

EMMETT

Obviously he's had this chick on his mind since the last concert we came to.

Before Louis can retort -- the band emerges from backstage to a chorus of cheers.

A YOUNG MAN, early thirties, approaches center stage, scooping up the acoustic guitar resting on the stand. He swings the guitar strap over his shoulder and approaches the first microphone.

A YOUNG WOMAN, also early thirties, trails him, clasping onto a tambourine. She steps up to the microphone joining her partner.

Two large spotlights shine down on the duo as they gaze at their spellbound audience.

The Young Man adjusts his microphone to match his height.

YOUNG MAN

(into microphone)
Cambridge, Mass!!

Wild and chaotic cheers circulate The Sinclair; the fans rabid with excitement.

YOUNG WOMAN

(into microphone)
Now that's what we call a welcoming! It's our first time performing at The Sinclair, or more specifically Massachusetts, so this is pretty special for us.

YOUNG MAN

My name's Todd!

YOUNG WOMAN

And I'm Taylor!

YOUNG MAN

And we're Friday Harbor!

With minimal delay, Friday Harbor begins to play and sing -- the duo's voices intermingle with incredible passion and fury, filling The Sinclair with beautiful acoustic Americana harmonies.

ROY

Well, I believe the mood has been set.

EMMETT
 (to Louis)
 Don't let us down, stud!

With zero hesitation, Louis snags Emmett's beer from his hand and disappears into the mob of Concert-goers.

Emmett flickers a look of disdain.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
 (agitated)
 The fuck!

Roy chuckles, sipping his beer.

ROY
 Heading into battle fully loaded.
 The Force is strong in that one!

INT. THE SINCLAIR, MERCHANDISE STAND - CONTINUOUS

Louis approaches the Girl -- hanging off to the side in an adjoining lobby from the main concert hall where memorabilia is being sold.

The music can be heard very clearly in this section but isn't nearly as overpowering as the main hall.

He clears his throat, speaking up.

LOUIS
 Great music and no company to share it with? Hell, you're not even out on the main floor with everyone else. Feels like a trick.

The Girl turns, meeting Louis' gaze. She sizes him up and purses her lips, contemplating.

GIRL
 Not a trick. Promise. Perhaps more of a mystery?

LOUIS
 Yah know, I'm rather partial to the mysterious type. Just so long as they're charismatic.

GIRL
 Agreed. Charisma is essential. I wouldn't wanna put yah to sleep.

LOUIS

Man, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's walking expositions on mediocrity!

GIRL

Like Boston Common?

Louis stifles a laugh, taking a sip of his beer.

LOUIS

I'm Louis.

GIRL

Jordan.

LOUIS

You're pretty witty, Jordan.

JORDAN

That's a shame. I was going for mysterious, remember?

LOUIS

I think the only mysterious thing goin' on over here is that you're empty-handed.

Louis extends his arm, offering Jordan the other beer he stole from Emmett.

JORDAN

Appreciate it, but I don't drink.

Jordan brushes past Louis, looking over her shoulder.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It was nice meeting you, Louis.
Until next time...

LOUIS

(shouts)
How about your number?

Jordan stops and turns, inching back towards Louis.

JORDAN

What makes you think you've earned that?

LOUIS

Well, we need to ensure that "next time" actually happens, right?

JORDAN

Sorry. You seem cool and all, but I can't take the risk that you're one of those dick pic guys. Last one I dated was super over the top. Had to get my number changed and everything.

LOUIS

Understandable. Always risky, but that's one thing you won't have to worry about with me.

JORDAN

Oh, your good word? I think I may need a little more reassurance than that.

LOUIS

Trust me, I'd only be embarrassing myself from the get-go if I were to send you a pic of this pathetic looking shillelagh.

JORDAN

Hmm, a guy down-playing the size of his manhood. Now this is a new strategy I'm not familiar with.

LOUIS

Well, I figured if I let the girl know up-front, she won't be so disappointed if things end up escalating and getting to, well -- that point, if yah know what I mean.

JORDAN

Hell, if anything she may actually be slightly impressed because the expectations are so low to begin with.

LOUIS

Precisely! But I assure you, it's not a strategy. I'm not plotting anything. Just stickin' to the facts.

JORDAN

See, now that's interesting considering I've actually been with a few ginga ninja's like yourself -- or Irish lads.

LOUIS
Or Celtic warriors perhaps?

JORDAN
Something along those lines. And to my recollection, they were fairly well-endowed.

LOUIS
Ah, the Celtic cripplers -- much different than the Celtic warriors.

Louis finally draws a smile from Jordan with this.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
See, it's always a challenge competing with the Celtic cripplers when you're one of the less fortunate fellas who suffer from what we refer to as "The Irish Curse."

Jordan puts her hands on her hips and taps her foot on the floor.

JORDAN
(joking)
If I was you, I'd blame the god damn potato famine!

Louis emits a light laugh. Jordan flickers a smile, extending her hand.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
You've earned the right to keep me company for at least one song.
(winks)
Don't fuck it up!

A smile inches across Louis' face. He downs the rest of his beer in one gulp and places Emmett's full beer he stole on the merchandise table.

Louis winks at an OLDER GENTLEMAN in his late fifties, running the table.

LOUIS
Keep an eye on that one for me,
Pops! I'll be back.

Louis steps forward, joining Jordan as they make their way to the main floor with all the other fans.

The Older Gentleman rolls his eyes, grabs the beer and tosses it in the trash.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- CLOSE ON Todd and Taylor from Friday Harbor, completely immersed in the sounds they produce on stage.

-- Todd strums his guitar, rocking back and forth.

-- Taylor sings passionately into the microphone, swaying to the rhythm of the music.

-- All the fans on the main floor mirror Taylor's motions, swaying to the various rhythms and melodies.

-- We weave our way through the shoulders and bodies of numerous fans until we find Jordan and Louis dancing together.

-- CLOSE ON Louis grasping Jordan's hips. They move back and forth together erotically and effortlessly, illustrating their physical chemistry.

-- CLOSE ON Roy and Emmett, standing near the bar, beers in hand. Both of their mouths completely agape, staring at Jordan and Louis, incredulous.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

FADE TO:

EXT. WINTHROP PARK, HARVARD SQUARE - LATER

Post concert. Under a starlit sky, Louis and Jordan find themselves on a bench in a park surrounded by the small and intimate shops of Harvard Square.

They look into each other's eyes, exchanging smiles.

JORDAN
(surprised)
Eight years?!

LOUIS
And eight years ago they weren't even called Friday Harbor! When they first started, they went by the name of Right on Red.

JORDAN

Right on Red? That's actually a dope ass name. But what triggered the switch to Friday Harbor?

LOUIS

Well, when things weren't panning out for them in New York City, they decided to go back to what they knew best, which was Acoustic Americana -- yah know, stuff with a lot of harmony rather than the pop and mainstream type-ah stuff they were initially goin' for. So naturally, when they went back to their roots, they decided to use the name of their hometown and completely revamp their look.

JORDAN

What a unique journey. So, Friday Harbor is an actual place?

LOUIS

Out in good ol' Washington state.

JORDAN

See, now I've only been listening to them for, I dunno, roughly a year -- so it's really different meeting someone who has followed them since their inception.

LOUIS

Yeah, I've even seen 'em perform a few times in New York, which is when I first had the chance to meet 'em. Completely down to earth, very laid back. They were everything I hoped they would be and more.

JORDAN

I can only imagine how stoked you mustta been. That's really cool.

LOUIS

Yeah, I'll never forget it. So, you said tonight was your first time seein' 'em live?

JORDAN

Sure was.

LOUIS
I had a feeling it was, yah know --
before you even said anything.

JORDAN
Damn, am I that much of an open
book? I'm startin' to realize how
much I suck at this mysterious
thing.

Louis chuckles.

LOUIS
It was the look in your eyes. It
reminded me of my first time.

JORDAN
(winks)
Mmmm, we're talkin' about first
times now, huh?

LOUIS
Slow your roll! I definitely don't
wanna know about that first time.

Jordan giggles.

JORDAN
So, what's your favorite song by
Friday Harbor -- or Right on Red
for that matter.

LOUIS
The Graveyard Gang.

Without warning, Jordan clears her throat and begins singing
the chorus of The Graveyard Gang -- it's effortless, as her
voice is quite beautiful.

JORDAN
(singing)
When my grandson asked how it goes -
- this is the story I sang -- kid
I'm lookin' for my baby...

Louis jumps in, feeding off Jordan's lead.

LOUIS
(singing)
I'm waitin' on my baby...

JORDAN
(singing)
I'm goin' home to my baby...

Louis and Jordan look into each other's eyes, take a breath and sing the last verse in unison.

LOUIS & JORDAN
 (singing)
 A refugee of the graveyard gang.

Louis and Jordan share a silent, peaceful moment. Louis leans into Jordan. Jordan closes her eyes, ready to embrace Louis' next move.

Before he places his lips on hers -- the audible smack of footsteps pound the pavement, breaking the moment. A dark figure quickly rushes by the bench, snatching something resting beside Jordan.

Jordan's eyes snap open, glimpsing the mystery assailant who stole her bag, hightailing it in the opposite direction.

CLOSE ON Jordan, overly anxious.

JORDAN
 Louis! My bag!

Without hesitating, Louis springs from the bench, pursuing the thief. Louis runs as fast as his legs will carry him, disappearing around the corner of a small shop a couple hundred feet away.

EXT. SIDE STREET, HARVARD SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Louis rounds the corner, completely out of view and earshot from Jordan in the park. He leans over, catching his breath.

The dark figure, with the handbag in his possession, approaches Louis. He removes his hood and we discover it's Roy. Louis looks up, grinning.

LOUIS
 You did good, man. Right on cue!

Roy gives Louis the handbag.

ROY
 I did good?! Look at you! You've been puttin' on a clinic all night. I sorta envy you.

LOUIS
 Still plenty of work to do. I better get back. Get lost and tell Em he's on deck.

ROY
I better be hearing all the juicy
details later.

LOUIS
Lemme hold up my end of the bet
first.

Louis turns, heading back towards the park.

EXT. WINTHROP PARK, HARVARD SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis drags his feet back towards the bench, breathing
heavily and dramatizing his exhaustion.

Jordan scurries over to him, wrapping her arms around him,
trying to hold him up.

JORDAN
(frantic)
Jesus are you alright?! What
happened?

LOUIS
(catching his breath)
I'm fine, I'm fine.

JORDAN
What happened to the other guy?

LOUIS
He collided pretty hard with
another person as he was running
from me and dropped the bag. By the
time I caught up to him, he didn't
have time to grab it, so he booked
it.

Louis hands Jordan her bag. Jordan takes it, flashing a look
of relief.

JORDAN
You got lucky. But thank you. That
was really sweet of you.

Louis shoots Jordan a look.

LOUIS
You don't think I could have taken
him?

JORDAN
You strike me as a lover, not a
fighter. Sorry, dude.

LOUIS
What happened to me being your
ginga ninja?

JORDAN
Oh, you've clearly demonstrated
that yah have the moves. Lucky for
you, a very specific set of moves
that cater to my interests.

Jordan winks.

LOUIS
(echoing Jordan)
Well, lucky for you...
(beat)
I'm just gettin' warmed up.

Jordan flickers a smile.

JORDAN
I can see that.

LOUIS
Speaking of gettin' warmed up --
how about some coffee? Or do you
not indulge in that either?

JORDAN
Liquor I don't. Coffee I do. So,
looks like that lucky streak
continues.

Louis smiles warmly, extending his arm.

Jordan hooks her arm underneath his and Louis leads the way
out of the park.

INT. ALGIERS COFFEE HOUSE, HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

For this time of night, the place is unusually busy, bustling
with life.

Plenty of PATRONS lounge in chairs -- reading books, typing
on laptops, or sitting in groups, exchanging stories and
crackling with laughter.

Jordan and Louis step in line behind a few people. The line
is at a standstill.

Only two BARISTAS are behind the counter, working as fast as they can, clearly not prepared for a late night rush.

The standstill doesn't seem to faze Jordan or Louis.

JORDAN

I don't think I've ever been to Algiers. I usually go to Crema Cafe.

LOUIS

Crema is good. Only downside is that it closes at nine.

JORDAN

Yeah this place is crazy right now for 11:30.

A VOICE booms to life behind Louis and Jordan.

VOICE

Yeah, you ain't fuckin' shittin'! You think they'd have more than two fuckin' people working on a Saturday night.

Jordan slowly looks behind her, slightly appalled. Louis tries his best to conceal a grin.

As Jordan glances at the patron behind her, we see that the Voice belongs to Emmett.

EMMETT

Really hope you two aren't ordering the whole fuckin' store like these assholes in front of you.

Jordan attempts to smile at Emmett, but it emerges crooked and small. She turns back, eyeing Louis, giving him a "what the hell is this dude's problem" type of look.

Louis puts his arm around Jordan, attempting to take her mind off Emmett.

LOUIS

So, what're you gettin'?

JORDAN

Oh no, it's on me. It's the least I could do after what just happened.

LOUIS

Thanks, Jordan.

JORDAN
Oh, it's no big --

Before Jordan can finish, Emmett hollers again.

EMMETT
(shouting)
Yo, Algiers! What's the word,
thunderbird? Are we working hard or
working on gettin' hard back
there?!

The MALE BARISTA making the drinks turns around, glaring at Emmett.

JORDAN
(under her breath)
That's it, this guy is --

LOUIS
(interrupts, whispering)
Relax. It's not worth it.

Jordan and Louis finally make it to the front counter, ready to order.

The SECOND BARISTA, a young and artfully bedraggled girl in her late teens, takes the orders. Her name tag reads, "RISA". She looks very stressed and over-tired.

RISA
I apologize for the wait guys.
We're terribly understaffed
tonight.

Emmett pipes in.

EMMETT
Yeah, I think that's pretty self-evident, sweetheart!

Jordan slams her handbag down on the counter, illustrating her irritation with Emmett's rude outbursts. She begins to turn, but Louis stops her, turning her back toward the front.

JORDAN
You're right, not even worth it.

Jordan takes a deep breath, regaining her composure.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Okay, let's see.
(peers at Louis)
I'm gonna throw yah a curveball.
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(to Risa)

Instead of coffee, I'll take a venti iced chai with coconut milk, please.

RISA

A venti iced chai with coconut milk. And for you, sir?

Louis smiles at Jordan.

LOUIS

(to Jordan)

Yah know, I think you may be on to something.

(to Risa)

I'll take the same, but with almond milk, please.

RISA

Great. So I've got two venti iced chais one with coconut and one with almond. Will that be it, guys?

EMMETT

Let's fuckin' hope so!

JORDAN

(under her breath)

Jesus Christ, this guy doesn't fuckin' quit.

(to Risa)

Yes. That'll suffice. Thanks, hun.

Risa punches a few keys on the cash register.

RISA

Great. That'll be \$9.56.

Jordan digs in her purse, looking concerned.

JORDAN

Oh no. You've gotta be kidding me.

LOUIS

What's wrong?

JORDAN

My money. It's gone. He took it. None of it's here.

Emmett emits a light laugh from behind them.

EMMETT

Good looks can only go so far,
honey!

Louis turns, finally speaking up.

LOUIS

Thank you, sir. We'll take it from
here.

Louis shoots Emmett a quick wink.

Emmett grunts audibly, putting the icing on the cake, but
doesn't say another word.

Louis digs in his pocket, and hands Risa a crisp twenty
dollar bill.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Also, whatever the gentleman behind
me is having, is on me.

Jordan flashes a look of incredulity.

Louis, completely unfazed, digs in his pocket once more, and
pulls out a ten dollar bill.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Little extra, just in case he
orders food. Otherwise, keep the
change. Thank you...

(glances at name tag)

Risa.

This draws a warm smile from Risa.

RISA

That's very kind of you. Have a
great night, guys.

Louis gently clutches Jordan's arm, leading her out of line.

JORDAN

(hushed tones)

Louis, what the hell are you doing?
That guy was a complete dick.

LOUIS

Paying it forward.

JORDAN

A guy like that doesn't deserve
your generosity.

LOUIS

He may not deserve it but it's especially guys like that who need it.

Jordan stares intensely into Louis' eyes with a look of admiration.

JORDAN

You're something else, yah know that?

Jordan and Louis exchange smiles.

The Male Barista slides the two iced chais down the counter. Louis and Jordan grab their drinks and weave their way through the sea of Patrons, exiting the cafe.

INT. MBTA SUBWAY STATION, RED LINE - NIGHT

Louis and Jordan ride the escalator to the lower level. They sip their iced chais, laughing together.

INT. SUBWAY CAR, RED LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan and Louis saunter onto the empty and lonely subway car. Their energy and presence fills the train with a little bit of much needed life.

The subway car kicks into gear as Jordan and Louis take their seats.

EXT. DAVIS SQUARE - NIGHT

Jordan and Louis emerge from the subway, spilling out onto the streets of Davis Square in Somerville, MA.

They walk past numerous dark shops, restaurants closing up, and the Somerville Theater letting out the final showing -- enjoying the stillness of the night as all the excitement is winding down considerably.

They round a corner, disappearing onto another street.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

It's quiet in this section of Somerville. Louis and Jordan hold hands as they approach an old but structurally sound apartment building.

LOUIS
So, this is you?

Louis gestures toward the apartment.

JORDAN
(nodding)
This is me.

Louis gingerly places his hand on the back of Jordan's head, gently pulling her into him. He finally places his lips on hers and they embrace for the first time.

As they engage, Louis slowly and methodically slides his hands down Jordan's body, clutching onto her waist.

He begins to reach around to grip her impeccably shaped apple-bottom but before he can, she gently pulls away, giggling.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Listen, I had a really great time tonight. You surprised me in more ways than one.

LOUIS
As did you.

Louis attempts to lean back in for another kiss. Jordan stops him by placing her index finger on his lips, denying him access.

JORDAN
But, how about we leave some things up to the imagination and call it a night.

Louis leans back, taking this in, realizing he's not getting the invite to come inside. Rather than illustrate his disappointment -- he nods his head in accordance, respecting her wishes.

From his silent response, Jordan senses he may need reassurance.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I really like you, Louis.

A beat.

Jordan takes Louis' hand, slowly lacing her fingers with his, meeting his gaze.

LOUIS
You're straight up, Jordan. I can appreciate and respect that. Honestly, I'm actually pretty glad you suck at being mysterious.

Jordan laughs. She leans in, giving Louis one final kiss.

JORDAN
But charismatic nonetheless, I hope?

LOUIS
You definitely bring something to the table.

Jordan reaches into her handbag, yanking out her phone.

JORDAN
Before I forget, add me on Facebook? I wanna see all those pics you took at the concert.

LOUIS
Facebook friends, huh? Big step.

JORDAN
Don't let it go to your head but, you've earned it -- along with this...

She punches in a slew of numbers on the screen and holds it up to Louis -- her phone number.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
There it is. Give me a call real quick so I have yours.

Louis grins, a glint of hope in his eyes.

He whips out his phone and consults Jordan's screen, punching in the numbers he sees. He hits the call button on his phone and Jordan's phone comes to life.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Cool, gotch yah.

LOUIS
What's your last name?

JORDAN
Dobson.

Louis begins to type in Jordan's name on his phone.

LOUIS
D-O-B-S-O-N?

JORDAN
You got it.

Louis scrolls, searching.

LOUIS
Ah, there you are. Cool. Just sent
you a friend request.

JORDAN
Lookin' forward to it.

Louis holds up his phone, shaking it back and forth.

LOUIS
And I promise. No dick pics.

Jordan stifles a laugh.

JORDAN
Goodnight, Louis.

LOUIS
Night, Jordan.

Jordan trots up the front steps of her apartment building, fiddling with her keys. She unlocks the door, opening it. She looks back one final time, winking at Louis.

JORDAN
Until next time...

Louis flickers a smile and Jordan disappears inside.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Though Jordan appears to be well-maintained from her physical appearance, her apartment is a window into her mind. Clothes, boxes, and assorted junk are strewn about, trailing into the adjoining rooms.

She removes her jacket as she enters the threshold, tossing it on a nearby chair -- not even bothering to hang it up on the coat hanger right beside her.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen counter is cluttered; the sink stacked sky high with dirty dishes.

Jordan approaches the fridge, looking inside. She removes a large bottle of seltzer water, untwists the cap and chugs it for several beats. She emits a loud belch and places the bottle back in the fridge.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan sloppily brushes her teeth. She tilts her head up and freezes as she stares at her own reflection. She exhales a large, drawn out breath and gives herself a withering look.

She slides her pants off, tossing them in the hamper.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan approaches her bed with nothing on but a small tank-top and thong. She stops at the foot of her bed, and slides her thong off. She climbs inside.

CLOSE ON Jordan getting situated on one side of the bed. She stares at the ceiling for a moment, in deep thought.

Finally, she turns, draping her arm over something. We PAN and ZERO IN on another MAN in bed with her. We get a very good look at his face -- distinguished with chest tattoos and many piercings in his ears and one in his eyebrow.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUND BITES, RESTAURANT - DAY

We take in the cacophony produced by a busy main road in Somerville, MA.

Vehicles roar by. PEDESTRIANS weave their way through a river of numerous COLLEGE STUDENTS and HIPSTERS milling outside of a hip and rather detached eatery.

CLOSE ON the large glass windows, peering into the restaurant; painted in bright yellow letters, "Breakfast All Day."

The College Kids and Hipsters funnel into the restaurant slowly.

INT. SOUND BITES, RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The place is jam-packed. A fancy bar lies in the middle; several blaring flat-screen TVs play the Boston Celtics game.

An abundance of what seem to be REGULAR CUSTOMERS, surround the TVs at the bar, hooting and hollering over the game, chugging beer.

Louis, Roy and Emmett saunter over to an empty table in the far corner, taking their seats.

A WAITER, late twenties, with a slight build but very flamboyant in dress, with many piercings, approaches the table with menus. A keen set of eyes will recognize this was the man in bed with Jordan.

WAITER

Afternoon, gentlemen. I'm Chase and I'll be gettin' you whatever you need today. Can I start you off with drinks?

LOUIS

Whatever you guys got for Sam seasonal, dude. Thanks.

ROY

I'll take a Downeast.

EMMETT

Blue Moon for me.

Chase nods, smiling.

CHASE

Great. I'll put that in for you right away, guys.

Chase heads in the opposite direction towards the bar.

EMMETT

I don't think that's the only thing he's gonna be puttin' in.

LOUIS

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

EMMETT

Lou. That guy is undoubtedly a back alley Sally.

ROY

Stick to breakfast and don't get any pasta, boys.

EMMETT

Good call, Roy. Wouldn't want Fabio putting his own Alfredo sauce in.

LOUIS

Jesus Christ. What's with the sudden animosity towards gay people?

EMMETT

Dude, they make it too easy. Did you not see his skinny jeans?

LOUIS

For someone who is belittling another person for liking dudes, it would probably behoove you not to check him out and take notes on what he's wearing.

ROY

Em is right, dude. Whoever chooses to dress like that is seeking attention in the worst of ways.

Louis scrunches up his face in disgust.

LOUIS

Please tell me you guys are joking.

ROY

Joking about what?

EMMETT

Dude, I don't give a shit what anyone says -- faggotism is a choice. He chooses to dress like that much like how he chooses to bend guys over.

LOUIS

Faggotism? Listen to you, huh? You're so articulate.

EMMETT

Well, that's cuz I don't have a cock in my mouth.

Chase rounds the corner, approaching the table.

LOUIS
 Fuckin' compose yourselves. He's
 comin' back.

Chase arrives, distributing the drinks.

CHASE
 You guys all set to order?

LOUIS
 I think we need another minute.
 (re: Roy and Emmett)
 These two are terribly indecisive.

Roy and Emmett glower at Louis.

Chase takes a moment, giving Louis a searching look,
 contemplating.

Louis returns his gaze, curious.

CHASE
 Sorry. You just look really
 familiar to me.

LOUIS
 You go to school around here?

Chase laughs.

CHASE
 Oh, god no. I graduated years ago.
 I think I'm just mixing you up with
 someone else. My mistake.

LOUIS
 Good lookin' guy, I'm sure.

Chase laughs.

Roy and Emmett shoot each other a "what the hell is going on"
 type of look.

CHASE
 I'll give you guys another moment
 to look over the menu. No rush.

Chase heads back towards the kitchen.

ROY
 Something you're not tellin' us,
 Louis?

LOUIS

Blow me.

ROY

Case in point!

EMMETT

Hey, speaking of faggots -- how about the one who didn't end up gettin' it in the other night?!

ROY

Yeah, but his loss is our gain!

Roy and Emmett fist bump.

EMMETT

I wouldn't consider it a total loss. I mean shit, he probably at least went back to the dorm to get a grip on himself.

Roy and Emmett crackle with laughter, savoring the moment.

LOUIS

Fuck you guys!

Louis takes a generous sip of his Sam Adams, brooding in a momentary silence.

ROY

Close, but no cigar my friend.

EMMETT

Well wait a minute, you said you got her digits, right? You've at least talked to her since then.

LOUIS

Not a fuckin' word. I mean, it's just -- I dunno. Everything about that night literally screamed perfect. I don't understand.

EMMETT

Sounds like she really knows how to rustle your little jimmies, metaphorically speaking of course!

ROY

(to Emmett)

Alright, alright, give the poor guy a breather.

(to Louis)

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

So she hasn't hit you up at all?
The whole week?

LOUIS

Hasn't responded to any of my
texts. Even tried callin' her once
too. Nada. I got her on Facebook
but she seems like one of those
people who doesn't post very often.

A beat.

EMMETT

Dude. I hate to break it to yah,
but that chick is ghosting you.

LOUIS

What the hell is ghosting?

ROY

It's essentially when the chick
falls off the face of the planet
for no rhyme or reason. She just
simply vanishes without a trace.

EMMETT

Yeah I mean realistically, ghosting
can result from many different
things. Maybe she found a new guy?

ROY

Or maybe you said something to
creep her out and now she wants
absolutely nothin' to do with you.

LOUIS

(to Roy)

How the hell are you such an expert
on ghosting?

ROY

My sis writes for Cosmopolitan.

Louis sighs heavily.

LOUIS

Holy hell. I didn't even realize
this was an actual thing. Have you
guys experienced this in the past?

EMMETT

Ghosting? Oh fuck yeah. Every guy
is eventually plagued by the ol'
ghosting trick.

ROY

If she ever ends up getting back in touch with you -- call her Pumpkin Spice. That'll really grind her fuckin' gears.

Louis rolls his eyes.

LOUIS

I'm not even gonna ask.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Louis, Roy and Emmett browse their menus, discussing their options.

-- Chase returns to the table, taking their orders.

-- Louis, Roy and Emmett watch the Celtics game from afar, throwing their arms in the air, splashing their beer on the table, acting completely obnoxious but animated and passionate nonetheless.

-- CLOSE ON a cell phone screen. We see "Trade Accepted" pop up. We see it again on a second cell phone screen. PULL OUT revealing Roy and Emmett, enamored and satisfied while Louis is clearly a little more than mildly vexed, having lost a couple of key players to his buddies in their Fantasy League.

-- Chase returns with their meals and the group devours their delectable breakfast plates while continuing to watch The Celtics game.

-- Chase observes the group from afar. He zeroes in on Louis again, studying him closely. Chase pulls out his phone and begins texting while simultaneously peering up at Louis every so often.

-- Chase returns to the group, clearing the table and issuing Louis and his friends their check.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. SOUND BITES, RESTAURANT - SAME

Louis, Roy and Emmett push in their chairs, ready to leave.

LOUIS

I'll catch up with you guys. Gonna drain the main vein.

EMMETT

Yah see that Roy -- he's goin' to get a grip on himself again.

ROY

Poor devil.

EMMETT

I'd probably wanna release all that pent up rage after that massive hit to my fantasy team too!

Louis rolls his eyes, heading towards the bathrooms in the back.

INT. SOUND BITES, BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Louis advances towards the men's room. Chase emerges from the kitchen, blocking Louis' path.

CHASE

(excited)

I figured it out!

LOUIS

Uh -- I'm, I'm sorry?

CHASE

I think we have a mutual friend.
You know Jordan!

By the expression on Louis' face, he's completely caught off guard and taken aback.

LOUIS

Uh, well uh, yeah. I mean, possibly. I just recently met a Jordan.

CHASE

Jordan Dobson. You're Louis, right?

Louis looks skeptical.

LOUIS

You're not like a crazy ex-boyfriend slash protective brother slash ex-convict of any kind that I should be running from, are yah?

Chase laughs.

CHASE

You're good to go. Nothin' that drastic, I promise.

LOUIS

So, how do you know Jordan?

CHASE

I live with her. Well, she's my roommate. And uh, just between you and I -- she's not ghosting you.

Louis' face turns beet red, becoming flushed with embarrassment.

LOUIS

Listen man, I don't know how much you overheard, But I apologize for those two meatheads that I was with. They really have no filter when they talk.

CHASE

Hey, if I don't know 'em personally, I don't take it personally. Granted, they were a little over the top but I overheard enough and you seem okay.

LOUIS

I'm incredibly embarrassed. I'm so, so sorry, man.

CHASE

Relax. You're exactly how Jordan described you.

This gets Louis' attention.

LOUIS

Okay. So I'm just really confused by this whole thing and if you could help me out at all I would greatly --

CHASE

(interrupts)

She likes you man. She's been talking about you all week. Showed me your Facebook like a week ago.

LOUIS

That's what it was. Was curious how yah picked me out from the crowd.

CHASE

Not to sound creepy or anything but personally, I'm glad I did. You just gotta excuse Jordan's lack of persistence. She's just very hesitant.

Chase leans in close to Louis, whispering.

CHASE (CONT'D)

She hasn't had the best luck with relationships. She's been treated pretty badly in the past.

LOUIS

That's understandable, but to not hit me up at all? Doesn't set a very good impression.

CHASE

I think she just needs a little push. How about you come over tonight and we can all kick it. Have some food, a few drinks. No pressure.

LOUIS

Yeah, I don't know if that'd be a very good --

CHASE

(interrupts)

It was her idea. I was texting her while you were eating.

Louis looks reluctant.

LOUIS

She knows I'm here?

CHASE

Well now she does, yeah.

LOUIS

Maybe I should give her a call and we can --

CHASE

Trust me. Just come on over. Again, she needs that much needed push.

Louis takes several beats, considering Chase's offer. He suddenly looks hopeful.

LOUIS
Yeah, you know what -- yeah.
Alright. That sounds chill. Let's
do it up.

CHASE
Great. Lemme just slip yah the
address real quick...

Chase pulls out a pen and a piece of paper.

LOUIS
Just the apartment number. I know
where the building is.

Chase smiles, jotting down the apartment number. He hands it
to Louis.

CHASE
Perfect. Cya around, I dunno?
Eight?

LOUIS
Eight's a date.

Chase flickers a grin.

CHASE
It was nice to informally meet you,
Louis.

CLOSE ON Louis and Chase shaking hands.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, JORDAN'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Louis exhales a large, drawn out breath as he stares at
Jordan's door. We get the sense that he's contemplating if he
should even go inside.

He takes a moment, collecting himself, then knocks.

A long, eerie beat.

And then suddenly, the door swings open and Louis is greeted
by Jordan.

Jordan immediately shoots Louis a seductive look, lifting her
eyebrows.

JORDAN

So, have you successfully recovered from the slings and arrows of my outrageous whimsicality?

LOUIS

Wow. Yah know, I actually may need another week off after an opening statement like that.

Jordan's cheeks turn crimson.

JORDAN

I deserve that. Listen, I'm really sorry about not hitting you up after the concert. It's been a helluva week.

LOUIS

How about we make a deal. I'll pretend it never happened if you pretend it never happened. Let's enjoy tonight. Right here, right now.

JORDAN

Right here, right now. I like that. It's a deal.

Jordan takes the initiative, leaning in and hugging Louis. Louis embraces her warm touch.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Please...

Jordan extends her hand, leading Louis inside.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Welcome to my humble abode.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is immaculate -- a complete transformation from a week ago. No boxes, no clothes thrown about, no assorted junk trailing into the adjoining rooms -- it's spotless.

Jordan takes Louis' coat, hanging it up on the coat hanger, which now has several other coats hanging on it.

Jordan looks down, motioning towards Louis' hand.

JORDAN

Whatta we got here?

Louis holds up a six-pack.

LOUIS

I know you don't drink. Thought I'd bring some for Chase and I. My dad actually brews his own beer. This is his spring seasonal.

JORDAN

That's killer! I'm sure Chase will absolutely appreciate this. Lemme keep it cold for you guys.

Jordan takes the six-pack.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jordan stuffs the six-pack into the fridge. Louis trails her and they are met by Chase, standing at the stove, whippin' up some food.

Chase turns, meeting Louis' gaze. He gives him a head nod.

CHASE

Louis! Chicken or steak my man?

LOUIS

How about both?

CHASE

I like the way you think!

JORDAN

Chase makes the best quinoa bowls. Hope you're hungry.

Louis looks much more comfortable and relaxed in comparison to when he was standing outside Jordan's door.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Louis and Jordan lounge on the sofa, consuming their quinoa bowls. Chase kicks back on a reclining chair, adjacent to the sofa, stirring his food, chewing.

CHASE

(to Louis)

Damn, dude! Good call on the chicken and steak mix. Fuckin' superb.

LOUIS

Thanks bro. Honestly, it only compliments this eclectic mix you gave us with the avocado, spinach, pistachios, the hard-boiled egg... Jesus Christ, what else is in this savory goodness?

Chase and Jordan laugh.

CHASE

Eclectic mix. I love these college kids who test out their vocabulary on all their friends. You must be an English major?

LOUIS

Communications actually. But I take all these boring media criticism and theory classes that require these ten page analytical dissections on utter nonsense -- so it may as well be the same thing.

CHASE

I remember those good ol' days.

JORDAN

Your golden days of youth, huh Chase?

CHASE

When I was wild and eccentric. I'm sure Louis can relate.

LOUIS

To a degree, I suppose.

JORDAN

Hey, speaking of analyzing things, I had Chase listen to The Graveyard Gang by Friday Harbor earlier -- and naturally, Chase being Chase, he started to break down the lyrics and tried to figure out where Taylor and Todd's head was at when they wrote the song.

CHASE

Jordan told me you'd undoubtedly be able to elaborate on it.

LOUIS
(excited)
Mmm!

Louis chews, swallowing his food.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
That I can! So Todd, who plays guitar, pitched the idea of The Graveyard Gang to Taylor, the lead singer. See, Todd's grandfather worked as a pressman his entire life. The press that he worked at produced the LA Times, and naturally, other small town newspapers -- but the LA Times was clearly the money-maker -- especially back then yah know?

CHASE
When the newspaper business was a thriving industry.

JORDAN
Versus the skeletal remains that it is now.

LOUIS
Precisely. So Todd got the idea to write a song from an old timer's point of view, a pressman of course, that'd been there and had seen how much the newspaper industry had changed over the years.

CHASE
Right. I mean when you really take the time to listen to what they're saying in the song, it's actually sad but simultaneously funny.

JORDAN
Chase just likes the part of the song about the kids our age smoking weed up in the back rooms of the factory while everyone else is working hard.

Louis crackles with laughter.

CHASE

Don't listen to her, Louis. I got the impression that as songwriters, they're really good at finding that perfect balance. It can be funny but there's also a startling truth to what they're sayin' as well.

(beat)

But since the subject has unexpectedly surfaced...

JORDAN

It was only a matter of time...

CHASE

(to Louis)

Do you indulge, Louis?

LOUIS

Oh, cannabis? Yeah, I dabble here and there.

Chase and Jordan burst out laughing.

CHASE

(to Jordan)

Thank you so much for discovering this specimen.

Chase disappears into the next room.

Jordan reaches over, placing her hand on Louis' thigh, rubbing it slowly and erotically. Louis peers up from his quinoa bowl, meeting her gaze.

JORDAN

I'm glad you came over tonight. It seems like Chase really likes you, which is nice for a change because he doesn't really like anyone that I'm, well, yah know, interested in.

LOUIS

He's pretty chill. And a really good cook. But seriously, thanks for having me. I was starting to think I wasn't gonna see or hear from you at all. It's a pleasant surprise. All of this.

Jordan nods, smiling.

JORDAN

It is, isn't it?

Jordan leans into Louis and gives him a kiss on his cheek.

CHASE (O.S.)
 (shouting from the
 bedroom)
 Come on in, guys! Bernie is ready
 to rip!

LOUIS
 (hushed tones)
 Bernie?

JORDAN
 He named his hookah after Bernie
 Sanders.

LOUIS
 Legend.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan and Louis emerge from the living room, joining Chase in the middle of the bedroom where the hookah is set up, surrounded by three small comfy chairs.

CHASE
 Louis, meet Bernie. Bernie, this is
 Louis.

Chase rubs the hookah like it's a genie lamp. This draws a chuckle from Louis.

Chase hands one of the hoses of the hookah to Louis as Louis sits down, getting situated.

LOUIS
 I'm ready to feel the Bern, baby!

CHASE
 (to Jordan)
 Well, it's good to know he's not a
 Trump chump!

Louis, Jordan and Chase each begin to take hits off the hookah -- filling the bedroom with billowing clouds of smoke...

LATER...

The group is clearly a bit buzzed. We drop in on a weird conversation as they continue to sporadically take hits from the hookah.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Okay, so you told this buffoon straight up, you believe that automatic and assault weapons should be outlawed.

LOUIS

Right! And because of that line of thinking, he proceeded to tell me I was a pure and angelic soul that was dropped off in the wrong place when I was born.

JORDAN

So you ended up on earth and earth is clearly the wrong planet for you?

LOUIS

Correct! He said that I was actually born in a distant galaxy that humans will never be aware of! Because earth is only for the tainted point of views.

Jordan throws her arms in the air, overly-dramatic.

JORDAN

By god, that Republican was right, Chase! Earthlings are animalistic! All of us!

Chase echoes Jordan's animated and overly excited state.

CHASE

Fire! Rage! Torture!

JORDAN

We will not sleep!

CHASE

We will not rest!

JORDAN

We will not be satisfied!

CHASE

Until we are sippin' on margaritas from the hollowed skulls of our greatest foes!

LATER...

The group is now completely baked. The hookah has been abandoned.

They all sprawl out in the bed together, very close to one another. Jordan in the middle. Louis and Chase on opposite sides. They all stare at the ceiling.

LOUIS

Guys.

JORDAN

What is it?

LOUIS

That old cantankerous co-worker of mine.

CHASE

The shitty Republican who loves guns and war?

LOUIS

Yeah, that one.

JORDAN

What about him?

LOUIS

I think he was right.

JORDAN

About you being from a distant galaxy?

LOUIS

I mean, I've really been thinking about this for a hot minute. I've had a revelation, guys.

CHASE

So what's the conclusion you came to?

LOUIS

Well, believe it or not, my bracelet did fall off in the hospital when I was a newborn baby, and because of that, my parents have always joked that I'm a...
a...

JORDAN

A what? What are you dammit?!

LOUIS
A space boy.

Chase snorts and crackles with laughter.

A beat.

Jordan busts a gut laughing, gripping onto her stomach.

A beat.

Louis, unable to hold it in any longer, bursts out into laughter too.

CHASE
It's true man. You're too fuckin'
pure. You may be doomed.

The laughter dies down.

LOUIS
Shit. I gotta pee like Austin
Powers in Goldmember!

CHASE
Down the hallway and to the right,
just before you hit the kitchen.

LOUIS
Word. Be back.

Louis hops off the bed quickly, darting out the bedroom door as if he's going to piss himself if he doesn't get to the bathroom in record time.

CLOSE ON Jordan, sitting up, leaning forward, waiting and listening. We hear a door latch shut in the distance.

She whips around, eyeing Chase.

JORDAN
I don't see it.

CHASE
He is. Trust me.

JORDAN
But what if he's not. I don't wanna
ruin this. He's like, really
fuckin' cool.

CHASE
Have I been wrong in the past when
it comes to this sort of thing?

Jordan rolls her eyes.

JORDAN

No.

CHASE

Permission to proceed?

Jordan sighs heavily, reluctant.

JORDAN

Granted.

Chase grins.

CHASE

This is gonna be hella fun.

JORDAN

I hope you're right about this.

CHASE

(winks)

I take it you won't be too far behind?

JORDAN

You know the drill.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chase slowly makes his way down the hallway, heading toward the kitchen.

Suddenly, the audible flushing of the toilet. Chase stops in his tracks, waiting a moment as he hears Louis washing his hands, finishing up.

A beat.

Louis emerges, looking down as he steps out of the doorway, not noticing Chase at first. Chase begins walking, intentionally shoulder bumping Louis.

CHASE

Whoa!

LOUIS

Oh shit. My bad, bro. Wasn't even lookin'.

Chase grips onto Louis' biceps, squeezing gently.

CHASE

Stronger than you look. Almost
knocked me on my ass.

Louis doesn't pull away. Instead, he raises his eyebrow, taking his free arm and bringing his hand to Chase's arm, running his finger down it.

LOUIS

Hey, more weights, more dates, bro.
But at least you're ridin' in
style.

Louis motions towards Chase's tattoos.

CHASE

Touche. This was actually my first.

CLOSE ON Chase's arm -- a black cupcake with crossbones underneath.

LOUIS

Johnny Cupcakes. Respectable.

CHASE

Ah, so you're familiar!

LOUIS

Of course dude. Any Boston boy who
doesn't know Johnny, should be
ashamed.

Chase flashes a grin.

CHASE

How about we grab some of those
beers you brought.

LOUIS

Lead the way.

Chase slips past Louis, heading toward the kitchen. Louis eyes Chase as he walks but it's hard to discern whether he's just looking at him or actually checking him out...

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Chase opens the fridge, pulling out the six-pack of beer Louis brought. He cracks two open, handing one to Louis.

CHASE

Didn't Jordan tell you that she
doesn't drink?

LOUIS
I brought 'em for you and me.

CHASE
You're too kind.

They clink bottles, toasting. They each take a swig.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Holy shit, this is really smooth.

LOUIS
Smooth beer for a smooth guy.

This gets Chase's attention.

CHASE
Yeah, yah know -- you could learn a thing or two from me.

LOUIS
Like what?

CHASE
Learning how to be yourself.

Chase takes another swig of beer, giving Louis a really flirtatious look.

LOUIS
You don't think I'm being myself?

CHASE
You are... but you're not giving it 100%.

Louis takes a swig of his beer, taking Chase's bait.

LOUIS
What do I need to do, oh wise one?

Jordan emerges from the hallway, stepping into the kitchen. She clears her throat.

JORDAN
Show us just how far you're willing to go.

Louis turns, surprised.

LOUIS
Us?

Jordan lifts her eyebrows, seductively.

JORDAN
Chase and I.

LOUIS
Umm, is there, uh... something I
missed along the --

Chase gently puts his hand on Louis' shoulder, turning him
around. They meet each other's gaze.

CHASE
I know who you are. Now show us.
Don't be afraid.

Louis takes his hand, rubbing the back of his neck, a bit
fidgety and nervous.

LOUIS
You both know. Don't you?

CHASE
Let's just say, I had a feeling.

Louis turns, eyeing Jordan.

LOUIS
You're okay with this?

JORDAN
As long as I'm allowed to play too.

Louis' eyes widen in disbelief. He swallows hard, nodding
once.

Chase puts his beer down and inches towards Louis. He grasps
Louis' head, whips it around and stares at him with intense
eyes. Louis stares back with the same intensity...

Suddenly without warning, they both engage, smothering each
other, kissing.

After a few beats of this -- they both pull back.

CHASE
Now that's a fuckin' start.

LOUIS
Trust me, you don't want me to
finish it.

CHASE
Oh, but I do.

Jordan inches behind Louis, whispering into his ear, nibbling on it simultaneously.

JORDAN

We both do...

LOUIS

(breathing heavily)

You guys are trouble...

JORDAN

(whispers)

But the best kind of trouble.

Louis forcefully shoves his hand down Chase's pants, groping his cock, rubbing it and begins kissing him again.

Jordan moves her way down Louis' neck, kissing and biting it, hard.

Meanwhile, Louis wrestles with Chase's pants, unbuttoning them and yanking them down entirely. He's built up speed and is now vigorously jerking Chase off.

Jordan wraps her arms around Louis' pants, unbuttoning them, and sliding them down. As Louis continues to jerk Chase off, Jordan gets a firm grip on Louis' cock, and goes to work.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS:

In all ECU shots...

-- CLOSE ON two tongues, intertwined, swapping spit.

-- CLOSE ON fingers, rustling through hair.

-- CLOSE ON a pair of hands, gripping on tightly to someone's backside.

-- EVEN CLOSER ON the same pair of hands, the finger nails digging into the skin, clawing the backside.

-- CLOSE ON beads of sweat dripping down someone's forehead.

-- CLOSE ON the same beads of sweat, falling, and splashing onto another person's skin as the body thrusts back and forth.

-- CLOSE ON Jordan's mouth, completely agape, moaning, giving us her 'O' face as she orgasms.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We PULL OUT and find our three friends in the throws of passion in the bedroom.

Jordan is bent over, doggy style. Chase is plowing her fertile fields from the back side as he grips onto her wide, curvy hips.

Louis is kneeling on the bed from the front, gripping onto Jordan's head, thrusting it back and forth as she gives him the best blow job of his life.

We PULL OUT even wider as the group is in full swing. We dip down, noticing all of their clothes strewn across the bedroom floor.

And through the wild rock of the bed, shifting back and forth and scratching the wooden floor, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Rays of sunshine flood in through the parted blinds of the window, brightening up Jordan's bedroom.

Jordan and Louis are still in bed. Jordan is curled up in a separate blanket, lying on her side, staring peacefully at Louis, admiring him as he sleeps.

Suddenly, a car alarm blares to life right outside Jordan's window. Louis stirs, slowly coming to life. He attempts to open his eyes, squinting from the blazing morning sun.

As soon as he notices Jordan staring at him, his eyes snap open.

Jordan clears her throat. In her best Irish accent, she greets him.

JORDAN

Top of the mornin' to yuh, lad!

Louis rubs his eyes, getting his bearings. He meets Jordan's gaze.

LOUIS

Were you watching me sleep?

JORDAN
Maybe for like, I dunno, a few
minutes. Maybe longer. Guess you'll
never know.

Jordan winks.

LOUIS
(sarcastic)
That's not creepy at all.

Jordan grins, completely unfazed.

JORDAN
So how's the Celtic warrior doing
after a long and gruesome night of
battle?

Louis yawns, sitting up. He ruffles his fingers through his
hair.

LOUIS
Bruised and battered.

CLOSE ON Louis' body -- there are traces of scratching and
clawing on his back and chest.

Jordan continues with her Irish accent...

JORDAN
Wear those with pride, fella! You
earned those battle scars.

Louis throws the covers off him and swings his legs out,
dangling them over the bedside, sitting on the edge. He's
clearly exhausted.

Louis scans the room, bewildered.

LOUIS
Where's Chase?

JORDAN
Oh, he had to leave pretty early.
Unlike me, he and every other
normal person have to work on
Mondays.

Louis jumps out of bed, flustered. He digs with purpose
through piles on the floor, tossing Jordan's t-shirts and
panties up in the air, in search of his own clothes.

LOUIS
Shit, shit! What time is it? I have
a class at 9:30!

JORDAN
Whoa, whoa -- relax. It's Patriot's
Day. Don't you get classes off?

Louis stops, breathing a heavy sigh of relief.

LOUIS
Right. I'm a dumbass.

He collects himself, now taking his time finding his pants
and shirt.

JORDAN
Here, lemme get 'em. I put your
pants and shirt over on the chair
you were sitting in last night.

Jordan hops out of bed, grabbing Louis' clothes, handing them
to him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
You're not already leaving, are
you?

LOUIS
I probably should.

JORDAN
You at least wanna do a wake and
bake with Bernie?

Jordan gestures toward Bernie, the lonely hookah resting in a
corner next to a large dresser.

LOUIS
Honestly, that's probably not the
best idea right now.

Jordan stifles a laugh.

JORDAN
That's true. You get pretty fuckin'
horny when you're high.

LOUIS
Heh, speak for yourself.

Louis slips his shirt on. He grabs his pants but before he
can put them on...

Jordan leans in, whispering in Louis' ear.

JORDAN

I had never been so wet for so long. You had my legs shaking.

A beat. Jordan leans back, looking at Louis.

LOUIS

I noticed.

Louis pulls on his pants, buttoning them up.

Jordan reaches for Louis, gently grabbing his arm.

JORDAN

Hey, are you alright?

LOUIS

I'm fine.

JORDAN

Then why are you being so distant?

LOUIS

How am I being distant?

JORDAN

You're avoiding it.

LOUIS

I'm avoiding it?

JORDAN

We should talk about what happened.

Louis looks Jordan dead in the eye.

LOUIS

Alright. Fair enough. What exactly happened last night? I want to hear it from your perspective.

JORDAN

We had some amazing fucking sex.

LOUIS

We weren't the only ones there, Jordan.

Jordan gives Louis a searching look, realizing.

JORDAN

That's it, isn't?

LOUIS

What?

JORDAN

You've never had a threesome
before, have you?

LOUIS

Not like the one I had last night.

JORDAN

Two guys and a girl?

LOUIS

Something like that.

JORDAN

Yah know, Chase saw it coming from
a mile away but I never would have
guessed that you were bi-sexual.

LOUIS

What if it was just the heat of the
moment? Nothin' more, nothin' less.

JORDAN

Right. I'm pretty sure you wouldn't
have done half the things you did
to Chase if it was just the heat of
the moment.

Louis purses his lips.

LOUIS

Well, now you know. The secret is
out.

JORDAN

Hey, I'm okay with it. Really
Louis. Everything that happened
last night was more than okay. But
I wanna know that the feeling is
mutual.

LOUIS

I honestly don't know what to think
of it right now, Jordan.

JORDAN

Let me make you breakfast.

Louis considers this, looking reluctant.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Please, just stay for a little.
Let's talk.

A beat.

LOUIS
Okay.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - LATER

Jordan turns on the fan above the stove to air the room out. She picks up the pan sitting on the stove and slides a pile of scrambled eggs onto a plate that already has bacon and toast.

She slides the plate towards Louis, who sits at the kitchen bar on one of the high stools.

Louis licks his lips and doesn't waste any time digging in.

JORDAN
Can I finally be honest with you?

LOUIS
Ah, the moment I've been waiting
for. Proceed.

Louis shovels eggs into his mouth.

JORDAN
This is why I didn't hit you up for
a week.

Louis swallows his bite of food and peers up at Jordan, perplexed.

LOUIS
You're gonna have to be a little
more specific than that.

JORDAN
Chase. What happened last night.
All of it.

Louis takes another generous bite of his food, considering this. He swallows and clears his throat.

LOUIS
So I just wanna make sure I have
this right. Essentially your plan
was to bring a third person into
the mix. You met me.
(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Thought I was a suitable candidate but you were hesitant on how I was going to react to the whole thing, got second thoughts and decided not to follow through. But all of this happened anyway out of the sheer luck of me meeting Chase. And once you got his approval, which let's be honest, was the deciding factor - it was all systems go, full speed ahead.

Louis lifts his eyebrows and shoots Jordan a "did I miss anything" type of look.

JORDAN

Look Louis, I know how it looks and I know how it must sound, but you gotta understand that Chase and I are in a relationship and I'm sorry for not telling you sooner.

LOUIS

An open relationship.

JORDAN

Yes. An open relationship.

LOUIS

I'm not mad at you Jordan. It's just a lot to digest at the moment.

JORDAN

Louis, you have every right to be mad at me. I mean, Jesus. I just, I can't stop thinking about the moment when you walked me home that night and you looked me right in the eye and told me you liked that I was straight up and didn't beat around the bush with anything. It haunted me for the entire week. Because I wasn't straight up. I led you to believe a very specific thing. The wrong thing. It's been eating me alive.

LOUIS

See, that's the part that's hard to digest. That's what I don't get. Why on earth would that bother you? You achieved exactly what you set out to do in the first place.

JORDAN

Which was?

LOUIS

To be mysterious. I can say with absolute certainty now, you're the most mysterious fucking individual I've ever known.

Jordan gives him a withering look, contemplating.

JORDAN

Whether you wanna believe this or not, after everything went down last night, once you fell asleep, Chase and I spent the entire night talking about it. Talking about us. Talking about you. We just couldn't stop talking about it. It's been awhile since we've had someone like you come along.

LOUIS

Wait a minute. How long have you and Chase been together?

JORDAN

Since college. Which was like, shit -- eight, nine years ago now? We were both sophomores when we met.

LOUIS

Has it always been like this for you guys?

JORDAN

The open relationship thing? Oh god no. We only started doing that maybe like, three years ago?

LOUIS

That's a pretty drastic change.

Jordan shoots him a look.

JORDAN

Have you ever been with someone for five years?

LOUIS

I thought you said it's been eight or nine.

JORDAN

Yeah. But the first five it was just me and him.

LOUIS

Actually, now that you put it that way -- no. Shit, the longest I've ever been with someone is uh, maybe a year?

JORDAN

Exactly. Easier said than done, right? Chase and I have been through a lot. Too much, in fact. We eventually just hit a point where we wanted to shake things up. We both wanted something new, but at the same time, we couldn't be away from each other. I'm a part of him just as much as he's a part of me... as corny as that may sound.

LOUIS

Have you guys ever tried being apart from each other?

JORDAN

Yeah. Didn't work. And it was never more than a month.

Louis takes all of this in.

LOUIS

Jesus. What have I got myself into?

JORDAN

I knew that if I invited you into my place the first night after the concert, it woulda been too much all at once. You and I had almost the perfect night. And I wanted to keep it that way.

LOUIS

But you never followed through, Jordan! You hung me out to dry.

JORDAN

It was a week, Louis. Think you're being a little dramatic about it.

LOUIS
 (rolls eyes)
 Being overly impatient is one of my
 biggest flaws... or so I've been
 told.

Jordan gently places her hand on Louis', making windshield
 wiper motions on the top of his hand with her thumb.

JORDAN
 I would have eventually figured it
 out. It's just, I dunno -- your
 chance encounter with Chase
 accelerated the process. If
 anything, it was a blessing.

LOUIS
 You think so, huh?

JORDAN
 You haven't ran yet. You're sitting
 here eating brekkie in my kitchen.

Louis peers down at his plate and then back up at Jordan.

LOUIS
 (poking fun at Jordan,
 emphasizing "brekkie")
 The brekkie is really good.

JORDAN
 Thank you.

Louis continues eating while Jordan begins rummaging through
 the cabinets, pulling out tea bags.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 You want some tea?

LOUIS
 Got any chai?

Jordan flickers a smile, remembering.

JORDAN
 Throwing it back to our first night
 together, eh? How romantic.

LOUIS
 Shut up.

Jordan emits a light laugh.

JORDAN
I do have chai. Iced or hot?

LOUIS
Oh definitely iced.

JORDAN
I figured as much.

Jordan begins making the chais -- she grabs two clean glasses, retrieves the chai mix and milk from the fridge and pulls the ice tray out of the freezer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Look at that, I only got almond milk. Isn't that how you had it at Algiers?

LOUIS
Well, it's good to know you pay attention.

Jordan sticks her tongue out playfully and prepares the chais, she looks over at Louis, who is just finishing his food.

JORDAN
Hey Louis.

Louis takes his final bite and meets Jordan's gaze.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Just promise me one thing.

LOUIS
What's up?

JORDAN
Just don't disappear on me. If you decide this isn't for you, just talk to me about it. Please don't vanish. That's all I ask.

LOUIS
(winks)
Don't worry. I'd never dream of ghosting someone.

Louis and Jordan exchange smiles. She slides him one of the iced chais.

Jordan holds her glass up. Louis lifts his and they clink, toasting and sipping.

INT. JOHN HARVARD'S BREW HOUSE, HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Louis emerges, weaving his way through many CUSTOMERS at the entrance, waiting to be seated. He scans the restaurant, spotting Roy and Emmett in their usual spot towards the back.

Roy and Emmett pick out Louis from the crowd, waving him over.

Louis approaches the high table. Emmett raises his arm to his face, gazing at his imaginary wrist watch.

EMMETT

Oh, how nice of you to fuckin' join us.

ROY

The mystery man is just in time for the tip-off.

Roy motions towards the flat-screen TV, suspended above the bar -- the Celtics in-studio pre-show flashes across the screen.

Louis hops up onto the high stool.

LOUIS

Sorry guys, I know I've been M.I.A.

EMMETT

Fuck man, just because that bitch bailed on you doesn't mean you need to start following in her footsteps.

ROY

Forget about her, cuz guess who's workin' tonight...

EMMETT

...Courtney!

ROY

And guess who's back on the market...

EMMETT

...It's open season, baby!

LOUIS

I'll leave that one to you guys. Because this guy over here...

(gesturing to himself)

Is all hooked up!

ROY
 (to Emmett)
 See? I told you it was all for good
 reason! Yah gotta have a little
 faith in our boy!

EMMETT
 (to Louis)
 You're lying.

LOUIS
 If I was lying, don't you think I
 woulda already done it by now?
 Especially when my top two players
 from fantasy were on the god damn
 line.

ROY
 He's got yah there, Em.

Emmett's eyes widen, pleased.

EMMETT
 All is forgiven if you snagged a
 pair of her panties. I need to
 sniff those bad boys.

Roy scrunches up his face. He shoots Emmett a look.

ROY
 Your infatuation with girls' dirty
 undergarments is questionable as
 hell.

EMMETT
 When a girl is working with a ba-
 donk-a-donk as perfect as hers,
 you're meaning to tell me you
 wouldn't be the least bit curious?

ROY
 Curious about what, exactly?! If
 she wipes properly or not?

Louis shakes his head, rolling his eyes.

LOUIS
 Alright, I need a drink. Clearly I
 have some catchin' up to do.

EMMETT
 We're just gettin' warmed up, Lou!
 Now c'mon, spill it. Don't leave us
 in the dark over here.

ROY
Yeah man, give us the play by play.

EMMETT
Not the thirty second ESPN recap.
We want full coverage.

ROY
You at least owe us that.

LOUIS
Listen, I'm grateful. If it wasn't
for you guys, this whole thing
mighta never happened. Next round
is on me.

Roy and Emmett glance at each other, giving a mutual look of approval. They turn back to Louis.

ROY
So what's Pumpkin Spice's real name
anyway?

Louis suppresses laughter.

LOUIS
Jordan. She lives in Somerville.
Not too far from Davis Square.

EMMETT
Yah know, I'm glad you pursued her,
bro. Honestly, I thought you were
gonna throw in the towel after
losing the bet.

ROY
It's just so hard to believe a girl
that gorgeous doesn't have a
boyfriend.

EMMETT
But we need to know what she does
have. What were you workin' with,
Lou? Full bush? Landing strip?
Clean shaven?

ROY
(rolls eyes)
Ah, so the interrogation begins...

LOUIS
On the contrary, she does have a
boyfriend.

Roy and Emmett fall silent, bewildered and taken aback.

A beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
You're lookin' at him.

Emmett and Roy lift their eyebrows, pleasantly surprised.

EMMETT
Yah know, a wise old man once told me that girls only care about two things -- the hog and when they're gonna get it next. And if you don't have a hog or know how to use it, you ain't gettin' the girl.

Roy puts his hand on Louis' shoulder.

ROY
That's Em's way of saying he's proud of you for gettin' your dick wet. But on behalf of both of us, congratulations on your newly acquired and very beautiful girlfriend.

Louis flashes a grin.

LOUIS
Thanks Roy.

ROY
We got your back.

EMMETT
Now let's get this man a drink!

The waitress, COURTNEY, early twenties, not high-maintenance but unconventionally attractive, saunters by.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Hey Court! Can we hook my boy up over here? Extra thirsty. Me and Roy will take another round too.

COURTNEY
(sarcastic, playful)
Oh, anything for you Emmett.
(to Louis)
What're yah havin' Louis?

LOUIS
I'll take a tall Nut Brown Ale.
Thanks, Court.

Courtney smiles and heads toward the bar.

Emmett leans over to the side, making zero effort to conceal the fact that he's checking Courtney out every step of the way to the bar. He dons a "god damn, she is fine" type of look on his face.

EMMETT
Definitely wouldn't mind bustin' a
nut in her.

ROY
Am I too late? You callin' dibs?

EMMETT
Oh trust me, there won't be much
dibble dabble after she gets a load
of the ol' one eyed monster.

LOUIS
Is that what you're callin' it now?

ROY
(facetious)
You think Court can handle
something so substantial?

EMMETT
Are you kiddin'? Courtney's gonna
love the one eyed monster... well,
that's until he starts spittin' at
her. Then she'll know she's in
trouble!

Louis and Roy shake their heads, grinning.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. FIRE AND ICE, RESTAURANT - DAY

An improvisational restaurant. Numerous booths line the back walls -- one for meats, veggies, seafood, pasta, etc.

PATRONS make their rounds, picking and choosing from the different booths and plopping various items into their bowls.

WE FOLLOW a few of these Patrons as they approach a large, circular open-grill in the middle of the restaurant.

The Patrons place their bowls of food on the counter in front of the COOK, waiting patiently.

The Cook approaches, grabs their bowls, one by one, and dumps the eclectic mix of food onto the open-grill, making thin lines of food and separating each person's dish. We watch as the food sizzles and smokes.

Other COOKS surround the open-grill, doing the same, meticulously chopping, separating and tossing the long thin lines of food into the air with spatulas.

CLOSE ON three juicy burgers, slowly sizzling on the far side of the large open-grill. We PULL OUT, revealing Louis, Jordan and Chase leaning on the counter, licking their lips, waiting for their burgers.

The Cook hands each of them a large piece of cheese and makes a tossing gesture with his hand, motioning toward the grill.

We watch as Louis, Jordan and Chase focus on their targets. They each toss their cheese into the air, one by one. Louis and Chase come close but Jordan's the only one who makes a perfect landing on top of her burger.

The Cook gives Jordan two thumbs up while the other Cooks applaud her. Louis, Jordan and Chase crackle with laughter and both Louis and Chase lift Jordan's arm in the air, signifying her victory. The other Patrons laugh and clap.

The Cook finishes up, places each burger onto three separate plates and slides them to Louis, Jordan and Chase.

The three sink their teeth into the savory burgers. Their eyes roll into the back of their heads and their faces tell the story -- there's nothing quite like a Fire and Ice burger.

INT./EXT. MBTA SUBWAY CAR (IN MOTION) - DAY

The red line subway car rises, emerging from beneath the tunnels. The subway reduces its speed as it rolls down the track, above-ground, overlooking The Charles River.

Sunlight glistens and bounces off the incredible skyscrapers in the distance. A blue, cloudless sky hangs overhead as sailboats coast peacefully in the calm water of the Charles River.

From inside the subway, Jordan dons a pink Red Sox baseball cap, and Louis and Chase slip on their flamboyant and multi-colored sunglasses. They gaze out the windows, pointing and smiling -- admiring the gorgeous day that awaits them.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAY

Louis, Jordan and Chase all hold hands, walking along the water.

Chase stops them in their tracks. He whips out his cell phone and holds it high, snapping a selfie of all three of them with the water, boats and ducks in the background.

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - LATER

Louis and Jordan weave their way through the river of humanity, inhabiting the animated streets of Faneuil Hall in Government Center.

CLOSE ON FAMILIES and COUPLES, eating and enjoying themselves in the elegantly seated outdoor section of various restaurants.

CLOSE ON CHILDREN accompanied by their PARENTS, laughing, running, playing.

CLOSE ON PAINTERS and SKETCHERS, silently and meticulously concocting masterpieces of their surroundings.

CLOSE ON various STREET MUSICIANS, drumming with passion and fury on buckets, lids, cans and everything of the sort.

Louis and Jordan stop in front of a group of these Street Musicians, admiring how engrossed they are in their own powerful and fierce beats and rhythms.

Chase emerges, with coffees in tow. He distributes one each to Louis and Jordan. They toast and sip, bobbing their heads, tapping their feet on the ground, enjoying the music.

Louis and Chase eye each other, nodding. They lean in and give Jordan a kiss simultaneously on each side of her cheek. She smiles and wraps her arms around both of them pulling them in tight.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The group bursts in emphatically. Chase kicks the door shut behind them. All three of them are all over each other -- kissing, squeezing, groping.

They begin tearing off each other's clothes as they inch their way across the apartment towards the bedroom.

Shoes are kicked off, hitting the wall and landing in the middle of the floor one by one.

Louis' sweatshirt goes flying. Chase tears Jordan's shirt off. Jordan rips off Chase's belt, flinging it across the living room.

The group finally wrestles their way into the bedroom and the door slams shut.

END MONTAGE.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Rain taps against the bedroom window as it trickles down from a foreboding sky. The shades are completely drawn, allowing the gloomy day to slowly creep its way into the room.

Louis slowly opens his eyes but instead of being blinded by the blazing morning sun like last time, he's met by darkness.

He throws the comforter off him, looking to either side of the bed, noticing he is alone.

Suddenly, the faint sound of an acoustic guitar emanates from the living room followed shortly by Chase's voice as he begins singing.

Louis gets out of bed, tip-toeing toward the bedroom door which is slightly ajar. He peeks through, watching Chase for a moment...

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chase kicks back, slouching on the sofa, strumming an acoustic guitar and singing while peering out the living room window at the streets of Somerville.

CHASE

(singing)

Slide back into my arms, the
weather's gettin' cold. I thought I
heard our song on the radio.

Louis pulls the bedroom door open and emerges, singing the next verse...

LOUIS

(singing)

Are you fallin' apart or am I the
only one?

Louis' entrance startles Chase, prompting him to stop playing the guitar. He looks over at Louis, approaching the sofa in only his boxers.

Chase flickers a smile.

CHASE

Now there's a site for sore eyes!

LOUIS

Why'd you stop playin'? That's a great song!

CHASE

Just surprised me a little. Sorry if I woke you.

LOUIS

The real surprise woulda been back in the bedroom if you had witnessed my morning wood.

CHASE

(winks)

Duly noted for next time.

Louis plops down on the sofa, next to Chase.

LOUIS

So, you know the song "Sideways"?

CHASE

Trying to learn it. It's actually becoming one of my favorites.

LOUIS

So uh, was it me or Jordan who got you hooked on Friday Harbor? It was me wasn't it? Go ahead, say it.

Louis nudges Chase, playfully.

CHASE

It was you. Don't tell Jordan though. She may get jealous.

LOUIS

Your secret's safe with me. But uh, speaking of which, where is she?

CHASE

Oh, she just ran out real quick to grab us some breakfast. There's literally like nothin' here.

LOUIS
You mean brekkie?

Chase chuckles.

CHASE
She's already rubbing off on you,
huh? That didn't take too long.

LOUIS
I've sorta noticed that she has the
ability to do that.

CHASE
Yeah well, take it from a guy who
knows all too well -- it can be
both a blessing and a curse.

Louis looks down, motioning towards the guitar.

LOUIS
So you play?

Chase lightly taps his guitar a few times.

CHASE
Ever since high school.

LOUIS
Self-taught?

CHASE
Nah, nah. My dad actually taught
me. Back in his prime, before he
met my mother, he traveled around
the country, living out of his car,
doin' gigs. Nothing bigtime or
anything, but yah know, he played
at bars and pubs and open mic
nights and what not. He enjoyed it.
That was his life for a period of
time.

LOUIS
So he was in a band?

CHASE
Nope. Just him. He was a folk
singer. I mean, he had his circle
of musician friends that he would
travel around with, but they all
did their own thing for the most
part too.

LOUIS
So you've decided to follow in the
old man's footsteps?

CHASE
Oh god no. I could never perform on
stage in front of a group of
people. This is just something I do
to relax. Some people cook, some
paint, some write -- I play my
guitar.

LOUIS
I get it. It's catharsis. It's your
release.

Chase grins.

CHASE
There it is. I was waiting for it.

LOUIS
My big college vocabulary?

CHASE
You catch on pretty quick.

Chase focuses his attention back on his guitar, and starts
strumming away, picking up right where he left off when Louis
entered the room. He begins singing...

CHASE (CONT'D)
(singing)
Kiss me, but please don't let me
know that you'll be missing me...

Chase makes eye contact with Louis, nodding his head,
gesturing for him to take the next verse. Louis doesn't catch
it in time.

Chase picks back up.

CHASE (CONT'D)
(singing)
Amongst the wreckage of our old
CD's...

Louis jumps in, joining Chase.

CHASE & LOUIS
(singing)
I can still taste the ocean on my
tongue.

Chase nods, smiling, giving Louis a "there yah go" type of look. He continues playing.

CHASE

(singing)

The silence in between, your words
are killing me, I didn't wanna wait
but I just can't sleep.

CHASE & LOUIS

(in unison)

The ghost of you is stuck in
between the bed sheets.

Louis and Chase finally establish a rhythm. They feed off of each other with ease now. They sing back and forth.

CHASE

A sigh is all I used to know, never
gave it a thought...

LOUIS

...And time is moving slow but it's
time to move on...

CHASE

...A million little strings from
the things that you do...

LOUIS

...And all the things I never told
you.

Chase plays the next few chords on his guitar. He closes his eyes, bobbing his head back and forth, engrossed in the beautiful sound.

Suddenly, Jordan rounds the corner, with a few bags tucked underneath her arms, drenched from the weather.

She freezes in her tracks, staring intently at the back of Louis and Chase's heads bobbing back and forth to the music. Chase and Louis haven't noticed or heard Jordan come in -- she keeps it that way.

Chase leads them into the chorus of the song, singing it together in perfect unison. They give it everything they have, belting out the lyrics with undeniable passion.

CHASE & LOUIS

(singing)

Sideways, did you really even care?

(MORE)

CHASE & LOUIS (CONT'D)

Now I'm in here and you're out there, should I have reason to be scared? Floating now I'm back at the start, and that's exactly where you are, hiding somewhere between the stars.

Chase plays the final few chords. As he finishes, he stares intensely into Louis' eyes. Louis stares back at him with the same intensity. Something has sparked.

CLOSE ON Jordan, still silently watching from a distance. She swallows hard, a bit skeptical over what's transpiring. Her eyes are laced with a certain degree of jealousy.

Chase and Louis slowly begin to lean into one another, ready to embrace. Before their lips meet, Jordan trudges into the kitchen, making as much noise as she can.

She hollers from the adjoining room.

JORDAN

Food's here! Who's hungry?!

Jordan's entrance (or so they think) jolts Louis and Chase from the moment they were sharing. They quickly lean back on the sofa, separating themselves, trying to act casual.

Chase flashes a "pew, that was close" type of glance while Louis looks a bit indifferent, trying to make sense of what almost just happened.

They hop off the couch.

LOUIS

Shit, I should really get dressed.
It's gettin' late.

CHASE

Meet yah in the kitchen!

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan and Chase have already dug into their food, eating straight from the containers like a bunch of savages.

JORDAN

Fuckin' dismal day out there.

CHASE

I really appreciate you goin' out in that mess to grab us some grub. You're the best.

JORDAN
And I appreciate you always gettin'
us the hook-up at Sound Bites.

CHASE
Ah, yes. The perks of workin' for
less than a slave's wage.

Jordan rustles Chase's hair, playfully.

Louis enters.

JORDAN
Boo!!

CHASE
Yeah! Boo!!

LOUIS
What'd I do now?

JORDAN
You put your clothes back on.

CHASE
You're much more productive when
they're off.

Jordan shoots Chase a "oh really" type of look.

LOUIS
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Speakin' of being
productive, I've got class in an
hour. I better jet.

Jordan reaches into the Sound Bites bag, pulling out a third
container of food.

JORDAN
Here. I gotch you a breakfast
sandwich. Take it for the go.

Louis gratefully accepts the container. He cracks it open
ever so slightly, giving it a good sniff.

LOUIS
Mmmm. You're the queen! Thank you.

JORDAN
Thank Chase. Went on his tab.

CHASE
It's no worries, Louis. I get a
dope ass discount there.

Louis flashes a grin, grabbing his sweatshirt off the coat hanger near the door.

LOUIS
I'll catch yah guys later!

JORDAN
Have a good day!

CHASE
Don't have too much fun in class.

Louis waves, making his departure. As soon as the door clicks shut...

JORDAN
So. What were you two troublemakers up to while I was out?

CHASE
He slept in. I was playing my guitar.

JORDAN
I thought I heard some singing.

CHASE
Yeah, I woke him up with it. Felt kinda bad.

JORDAN
(snide)
Oh, I'm sure he didn't mind.

Chase shoots Jordan a quizzical look.

CHASE
What's that supposed to mean?

JORDAN
Whoa, relax. Why are you so defensive?

Chase goes back to his food.

CHASE
I'm good.

JORDAN
Sure hope so. We wouldn't want a repeat of last time, now would we?

Chase, irritated, tosses his fork into the container, eyeing Jordan.

CHASE

Why do you have to do that?

JORDAN

Do what?

CHASE

Insinuate that I'm up to something, act dumb, and then fuel the fire even more. We were playing a song and chilling out, Jordan. You have nothing to worry about.

Jordan considers this while Chase broods in a momentary silence.

JORDAN

Hey.

Chase looks up from his food, meeting Jordan's gaze. Jordan places her hand on his, rubbing it gently.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You're right. I'm acting like a bitch for no reason. Just got a lot on my mind lately. I'm sorry.

CHASE

It's okay.

JORDAN

I love you.

CHASE

And I love you.

There's an undeniable awkwardness in the air, but they exchange smiles and continue eating, without saying another word.

INT. LECTURE HALL, NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY - DAY

The lights are off but the room is illuminated by a sea of glowing laptops. STUDENTS hammer away at their keyboards.

A Youtube video plays in the front of the room on a large, pull-down projector screen. We see iconic professional wrestlers such as Hulk Hogan and "The Macho Man" Randy Savage, clashing with one another in the ring.

Some Students are genuinely attentive, taking notes on what they're watching. Others goof off, distracted by games and social media.

Suddenly, the video ends and the lights come back on. Most of the Students grunt audibly, shielding their eyes from the blinding fluorescent lights.

PROFESSOR MURRAY, old and bespectacled but undeniably dignified -- dons a fancy blazer jacket and a bow-tie. He retrieves a cloth from his pocket, wiping his forehead before rising from his chair.

With a slight hunch in his back, he slowly inches his way to the front of the room. He approaches the projector screen, slightly tugging on it so it winds back up to its original position.

Professor Murray turns, facing his audience and clears his throat. His voice is unbearably monotone.

PROFESSOR MURRAY

So for those who were inclined to
do the reading this week, Roland
Barthes describes how pro wrestlers
take on tragic or comic personas
for the benefit of their
audience...

We find Louis, sitting in between Roy and Emmett, amongst the Students.

Surprisingly, Roy and Emmett, jot down notes, looking completely lost in the process.

Louis however, is the one being non-attentive, surfing through Jordan's pictures on Facebook.

PROFESSOR MURRAY (CONT'D)

...And explains in vivid detail how
their overly-exaggerated gestures
compare to that of ancient Greek
drama performed in the
amphitheater.

Roy and Emmett complain back and forth to each other in hushed tones.

EMMETT

Ugh. These readings blow. How could
any normal person understand this
shit?

ROY

That Marshall McLuhan guy was bad
enough but now we gotta decipher
this utter nonsense about
wrestling?

EMMETT

Wrestling is so fuckin' gay.

Louis continues surfing through Facebook, paying Roy and Emmett no mind as they lean over him to vent their frustrations.

PROFESSOR MURRAY

Barthes contrasts professional wrestling with boxing...

Louis' phone vibrates on his desk. He grabs it, noticing a text from Chase. He opens it and the text says "When are you outta class? I could really use your help. ASAP."

Louis's thumbs move at a rapid speed, texting Chase back, but we don't see what he's texting.

PROFESSOR MURRAY (CONT'D)

...Boxing is meant strictly as a contest of the superior athlete..

Emmett leans over, whispering to Louis.

EMMETT

Dude, you can text your mom later.

ROY

(facetious)

Yeah, you're missin' out on this riveting lecture. Professor Murray is about to get to the good part.

Louis rolls his eyes, ignoring his buddies.

PROFESSOR MURRAY

...Whereas professional wrestling, on the contrary, is meant to put on a show for entertainment purposes.

Louis shuts his laptop, scooping it up and putting it in his bag resting beside him. He gathers his things.

EMMETT

Yo, where the fuck are you going?

LOUIS

Sorry guys, gotta split.

(winks)

The girlfriend needs some assistance.

Louis scoops up his phone one more time, texting away.

PROFESSOR MURRAY

Would anyone care to elaborate on what Barthes is saying here?

Professor Murray looks around at his half-attentive audience. He zeroes in on Louis, who is still texting.

PROFESSOR MURRAY (CONT'D)

Mr. Foley, we're not disturbing you, are we?

Louis peers up from his phone meeting Professor Murray's gaze.

LOUIS

Not at all, Professor Murray.

This draws a few chuckles from the Students surrounding Louis, Roy and Emmett.

PROFESSOR MURRAY

Then perhaps you wouldn't mind shedding some insight on what Barthes is saying here.

Roy and Emmett both purse their lips and shoot Louis a "this oughta be good" look.

LOUIS

Well essentially, rather than competing against one another, like they do in boxing -- wrestlers work together to portray a classic tale of good versus evil. The heel squares off against the baby face. The heel being the villain and the baby face being the hero. In fact, Barthes actually specifically states in his astute analysis, and I quote, "The function of the wrestler is not to win: it is to go exactly through the motions which are expected of him."

Roy and Emmett stare at Louis, mouths agape.

Professor Murray breathes a sigh of relief.

PROFESSOR MURRAY

Well, it's good to know someone did the reading.

Professor Murray turns towards the board, his back to his audience.

Louis capitalizes on this opening -- he grabs his bags and slides his way out of the row he's sitting in.

LOUIS
Have fun, guys.

ROY
Go get her, stud!

EMMETT
Snag a pair of her panties for me.

A few GIRLS sitting nearby glower at Emmett.

EXT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, FRONT STOOP - DAY

Chase struggles, huffing and puffing, trying desperately to drag a recliner chair by himself up the steps of the front stoop, to no avail.

He makes it up two measly steps before giving up.

Louis approaches, laughing.

LOUIS
You weren't kidding, huh?

CHASE
She fuckin' tells her friend to drop it off on a day that she knows she works and one that I always have off.

Louis smirks.

LOUIS
Clever girl.

CHASE
She's diabolical, Louis. Live the bachelor life. Forever.

Louis jogs over, giving Chase a much needed hand. He grabs one side of the recliner and they lift together, making a formidable team.

Chase exhales a large breath.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Oh, so this is what breathing feels like.

Louis chuckles.

They make their way up the front steps, into the apartment building.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chase and Louis round the corner, advancing toward the apartment door, gripping onto the recliner -- the process is visibly easier with Louis' assistance.

LOUIS

What happened to her friend who dropped it off?

CHASE

The asshole left it on the sidewalk and texted me, telling me he didn't have time to stick around. I wasn't even home. Had to rush back hoping the thing didn't get stolen.

LOUIS

He sounds super considerate.

CHASE

Never been a big fan.

Chase reaches for the apartment door, opening it. He and Louis work together, angling the recliner and squeezing their way into the doorway.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chase and Louis enter, carefully placing the recliner down.

CHASE

Right here is good for now, until Jordan decides its fate.

Louis pats down his clothes, brushing off some dust and dirt from the hefty maneuver.

LOUIS

Hope you weren't waiting too long. Came as quick as I could.

CHASE

Twenty minutes or so. Were you just getting out of class?

LOUIS

Snuck out early, actually. Trust me though, you were doing me a favor -- Professor Murray is the bane of my existence... and everyone else's for that matter.

CHASE

Ah, shit dude. I didn't mean for you to skip out of class. I could have managed.

Louis reaches over, playfully squeezing Chase's arm.

LOUIS

With these scrawny pipes?

Chase laughs, swatting away Louis' hand. Louis comes back at him, nudging him playfully.

Without warning, Chase grabs Louis' arm, yanks him close and he gives him a sensual kiss. Louis's eyes widen, astonished, but doesn't deny him.

After a brief moment of kissing, Louis finally pulls back.

CHASE

What's wrong?

LOUIS

I just don't think with... you know with Jordan not home and it being just me and you and...

CHASE

Just go with it...

Chase leans back in, kissing Louis again. Louis immediately denies him this time, making it clear that whatever is about to happen, shouldn't continue.

LOUIS

It just doesn't feel right when Jordan's not here with --

CHASE

(interrupts)

I think I'm falling for you.

Dead silence. After a few awkward beats...

CHASE (CONT'D)

I know exactly what you're feeling. I feel it too.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

It didn't hit home until we were sitting here this morning singing together. But I know now. It's okay, don't be afraid to say it, Louis.

LOUIS

Chase, no. I can't. You're... you're with Jordan.

CHASE

That's it? That's the only thing stopping you right now?

LOUIS

I'm hoping that would be enough to stop anyone. But it's a little concerning how it's not stopping you.

CHASE

You're honestly gonna stand there and tell me you've never done anything behind the back of someone you dated?

LOUIS

Dating someone and being in a relationship for eight fucking years are two completely different things, Chase.

CHASE

Ah, I see. Did she also tell you we've been bringing other people into the mix for half that time? Do you think you'd even be here right now if Jordan and I had such a great relationship together?

LOUIS

Your relationship with Jordan is none of my business. But I do know that everything we've done up to this point, has been together. All three of us. I'm not about to break that trust.

CHASE

You're over-thinking it. It's not a big deal. It wouldn't be the first time it's happened.

Louis considers this, finally realizing.

LOUIS

Yah know, all I can think about right now is the day you and I met at Sound Bites. When you confronted me in the hallway right when I was about to leave and you looked me in the eye and told me that Jordan was hesitant. She needed that extra push because she's had such horrible luck with relationships, that she's been treated badly in the past. This whole time -- you were talking about you and her.

CHASE

Nothing will ever be as perfect as it seems, Louis. Yeah, I've cheated on Jordan over the years. But trust me when I tell you she isn't little miss fuckin' sunshine either.

LOUIS

Do you even love her anymore, Chase?

Chase takes a moment. He clutches his head. His face tells the story -- a million thoughts are frantically swirling through his mind.

He plops onto the couch, defeated.

CHASE

I don't know how to answer that. I guess I, I dunno. These past few years, I've been lookin' for some sort of escape. Someone to turn things around. To turn me around. Jordan hasn't been that person. And nothing promising ever came along, until I met you.

LOUIS

You hardly know me.

CHASE

I know enough.

LOUIS

Oh yeah? What exactly do you know?

CHASE

I know that you would never hurt anyone you really care about. And I know you care about me.

LOUIS

I also care about Jordan. I can't commit to you. I can't even commit to Jordan. I was just supposed to be that extra guy. The third wheel that you spun for your own enjoyment until you got bored with me.

CHASE

You became something else. What are you not understanding about this?!

LOUIS

I understand it just fine. I'm just refusing to accept it.

CHASE

You're refusing to accept the potential that this has?

LOUIS

This doesn't have potential. Because it's over.

CHASE

You're not the one who gets to decide that. You can't just back out now. You've changed my perspective on things.

LOUIS

I'm sorry. I can't do this. I won't do this.

Chase thrusts towards Louis, smothering him. He attempts to stick his tongue down his throat, trying desperately to shut him up.

Louis grabs Chase, forcing him off and shoving him onto the sofa.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You're an asshole.

Louis heads towards the foyer.

Chase leaps up from the sofa, lurching toward Louis. He grabs him by the arm, spinning him around.

CHASE

Don't you dare treat me the way she does. You're not walking away from me.

LOUIS
(stern)
Let go of my arm, Chase.

Chase squeezes it even harder, forcing himself onto Louis again, kissing him.

Louis shoves Chase to the ground with brute force, finally losing patience and teetering over the edge.

CHASE
(livid)
It's not supposed to be like this!

A beat.

LOUIS
Yah know, that's the first thing you've said that actually makes the slightest bit of sense.

Louis turns away from Chase once more, attempting to make his exit.

CHASE
Louis.

Louis gets progressively closer to the door...

CHASE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Louis!

Louis freezes in his tracks, contemplating. He turns around, facing Chase who is still on the floor, looking more pathetic and desperate than ever.

LOUIS
We're done here.
(mocking Chase)
What are you not understanding about this?

CHASE
Think about Jordan. This isn't fair to her.

LOUIS

Oh, you wanna talk about fair now?! Not even two minutes ago you were perfectly content on leaving her in the dark when your tongue was halfway down my throat but now that I'm not willing to succumb to your wildest desires -- now you suddenly care about her?!

CHASE

You can't just up and leave. What the fuck are we supposed to tell her?

LOUIS

Oh, I'm sure you'll figure it out Chase. You always seem to find a way. In fact, after years of lying to her and yourself, you should be an expert on the matter.

CHASE

Louis. Please. What do I need to do to make this right?

Louis looks Chase straight in the eye.

LOUIS

Disappear.

Louis turns on his heel. Chase stares intently at the back of Louis' head, not bothering to retort as Louis makes his way out of the apartment.

The door clicks shut and Chase stares off into oblivion, clearly engrossed in his own gloomy thoughts. From the look on his face, he's silently questioning his station in life.

EXT. YAWKEY WAY, FENWAY PARK - DAY

A gorgeous day.

There's nothing quite like "Red Sox Nation". Yawkey Way, right outside of one of the oldest ball parks in the nation, epitomizes this particular fandom.

A slew of red and blue banners that indicate the years in which the Red Sox won the World Series, decoratively stream down the brick exterior portion of the Yawkey Way entrance gate, leading into Fenway Park.

FANS roaring with excitement, all decked out from head to toe in Red Sox jerseys, t-shirts, hats, and other various memorabilia, inhabit Yawkey Way -- purchasing merchandise and nibbling on goodies from hot dog vendors and beer stands.

Numerous Fans are even shirtless, with large red letters spelling out "Sox" painted on their bodies as they strut by, hooting, hollering and chugging beer simultaneously.

Through the river of excitement -- Louis, Roy and Emmett emerge, also donning Red Sox jerseys. They step into line at one of the vendors.

EMMETT

Baseball season is in full swing,
baby! First round is on me boys!

ROY

So Louis, any new bets now that
fantasy baseball has started?

EMMETT

We're always open to suggestions
there, big guy.

LOUIS

No... more... bets. Don't you guys
think you fucked me enough with
basketball? I'm not even in the
playoffs anymore because of you
assholes.

ROY

Hey, it wasn't for nuttin'! You
ended up gettin' the girl, didn't
you?

Louis remains silent, knowing very well even that's
questionable at this point.

EMMETT

Hey, speakin' of gettin' fucked --
I'm really hoping you scored the
other day when you skipped out of
Murray's class. Please tell me you
got it in.

ROY

Yeah, how did that go anyway?

LOUIS

Not like I had planned.

EMMETT

Issues with the mamacita already,
Lou?

LOUIS

Not gonna lie, things could be
better.

And with that, Roy nudges Louis, motioning towards something
in the distance.

ROY

Whoa, whoa. Dude, isn't that
Jordan?

Louis looks in the direction Roy is pointing, a little
nervous as to what he might see.

CLOSE ON Jordan grabbing food at another vendor from afar.
There's someone beside her with a baseball cap, obscuring his
face.

Suddenly, the two turn and the other person's face comes into
view for a split second. It's just enough for Louis to catch
a glimpse of Chase's face before he and Jordan turn their
backs again, heading towards Gate A.

LOUIS

Oh shit...

EMMETT

What? What is it? Is it her or
what?

ROY

Oh that's her. And by the looks of
it, she's with another guy.

Roy grabs Emmett's shoulders, guiding him in the direction of
Jordan and Chase. Emmett finally spots them, glaring for a
long silent moment.

EMMETT

You know that guy, Lou?

CLOSE ON Louis, sweating bullets, not knowing what to say. He
freezes in an expression of doom.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

(stern)

Louis!

This jolts Louis from his daze. He locks eyes with Emmett,
who is clearly all business.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Do you know that guy?

Louis swallows hard.

LOUIS
No.

Without warning, Emmett begins to speed walk in the direction of Jordan and Chase.

ROY
Oh Jesus. Em, hold up, dude!

Louis freezes in horror. Roy shakes him back to life.

ROY (CONT'D)
Louis! Louis! Come on man, we gotta stop Em!

In the distance, Emmett already has a very respectable lead. Roy grabs Louis and they dart in Emmett's direction...

EXT. YAWKEY WAY, GATE A - MOMENTS LATER

Emmett reaches Jordan and Chase. Their backs are to him. Without a moment's hesitation, Emmett taps Chase's shoulder.

EMMETT
Um, excuse me, sir?

Chase turns around and is met by a swinging fist. WHAM! The fist connects with Chase's cheekbone, knocking Chase's hat off and sending Chase straight to the pavement with unrelenting force.

Many Fans surrounding the scene gasp in horror, stepping back, keeping their distance.

JORDAN
What the fuck is your problem, you asshole?!

Jordan quickly leans down, attending to the fallen Chase.

Finally Louis and Roy arrive, huffing and puffing. Roy takes a few moments, catching his breath as Louis immediately weaves his way around Emmett and helps Jordan with Chase.

LOUIS
Jesus. Chase, are you alright?

Roy lifts his eyebrow, skeptical.

ROY

Chase?

EMMETT

Wait a minute...

CLOSE ON Jordan, she looks shocked and mystified.

JORDAN

Louis? What the hell are you doing here.

Louis and Jordan grab Chase's arms and hoist him up.

Emmett gets a good look at Chase's face for the first time. His expression quickly transforms from fury to pure shock.

EMMETT

Skinny jeans?! From Sound Bites?

This grabs Jordan's attention. She locks eyes with Emmett, realizing.

JORDAN

You're that asshole from the coffee place!

LOUIS

Oh fuck...

Without any hesitation, Jordan takes a swing of her own, clubbing Emmett in the face with unbelievable force.

Emmett takes the hit like a champ and stumbles backward, but catches his footing without falling.

EMMETT

God damn, Lou! Your girl has a fuckin' cannon on her.

He hocks a glob of blood onto the ground, rubbing his face from the sudden burst of pain.

Jordan glares at Louis.

JORDAN

Your girl? Oh, I'm your girl now? You know this fuckin' asshole?

Jordan gestures toward Emmett.

CHASE

Oh, he definitely knows him. He knows both of 'em.

Chase motions toward Roy, standing by, in awkward silence.

CHASE (CONT'D)

These are the two haters he was
with at Sound Bites the day I met
him.

Jordan shoots Emmett and Roy a look.

EMMETT

(to Chase)

Listen dude. We have nothing
against gay people alright? We were
just bustin' your balls.

CHASE

That's probably a good thing,
considering your boy over here
swings in both directions. But I'm
sure you already knew that, right?

Chase points at Louis. Emmett and Roy look at one another,
bemused.

JORDAN

(to Roy)

And that must make you the other
fuckin' asshole who stole my bag
that night in the park!

Jordan lurches toward Roy, grabbing the collar of his shirt
and yanking him in close. A malevolence radiates from her
beady eyes.

Louis finally jumps in, attempting to get in between Jordan
and Roy, trying desperately to take control of the situation.

LOUIS

Whoa, whoa! Alright, alright!
That's enough! Just enough. Please,
guys.

JORDAN

(irate)

What the fuck is going on, Louis?

EMMETT

Yeah, Lou. We're kinda wondering
the same thing.

Louis exhales a large, drawn out breath -- preparing to face
the music, but not quite knowing how to explain himself.

LOUIS
 Em, Roy... this is Jordan and Chase. Jordan, Chase... these are my two roomates from school, Emmett and Roy.

Louis turns to Emmett and Roy.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 Guys, I've been seeing these two for the past couple of weeks. It wasn't only Jordan. Chase was also involved.

EMMETT
 Wait, so uh, you're a, ummm --

LOUIS
 (interrupts)
 Yes.

ROY
 (points to Chase)
 And you two have been --

LOUIS
 (interrupts)
 Yes.

EMMETT
 Wow.

ROY
 Dude. We really don't have anything against, yah know, like...

EMMETT
 ... like that whole thing, yah know.

Emmett gestures to both Louis and Chase.

CHASE
 Un-fuckin-believable.

LOUIS
 (to Em and Roy)
 Guys, it's -- it's fine guys, I should have told you.

JORDAN
 Well it's good to know I wasn't the only one being lied to.
 (MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And this whole time I thought you were different, Louis. When in fact, you're no fuckin' better than him.

Jordan gestures toward Chase.

CHASE

How the fuck did this turn around on me?

JORDAN

Shut the hell up, Chase.

Chase dips his head shamefully, knowing he has no valid argument.

LOUIS

Listen. Jordan. I know how this looks. But if you could just let me explain then maybe we...

JORDAN

(cuts him off)

Let you explain?! Explain what? I'm not a fuckin' idiot, Louis. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that this whole thing you orchestrated was a set-up so you could, I dunno... fuck me? Get it in? Hit it and quit it?

LOUIS

Is that not what you wanted to do with me when you had Chase invite me over to your apartment that night for the first time?

JORDAN

At least I didn't lie to you about it. My lifestyle was made very clear to you.

LOUIS

The morning after. After you got what you wanted out of me.

Jordan falls silent, considering this, realizing.

Chase looks defeated.

Roy and Emmett, stand there, taking it all in, incredulous.

A silent, eerie beat.

JORDAN

You know what? You're right. Me. You. Chase. We're just three people that were all looking for the same thing. Apparently we were looking for something better. Hell, we were hoping for something better. But we have nothing to complain about. Because we got exactly what we all deserved.

Jordan turns on her heel, and walks in the opposite direction.

When she's out of earshot, Chase looks up, meeting Louis' gaze.

CHASE

She's wrong about you.

LOUIS

Chase, is there any way you could...

CHASE

I'm sorry, Louis. I'm sorry about all of this.

Before Louis can get another word in, Chase turns, pursuing Jordan, disappearing into the mob of Red Sox fans in the distance.

Louis stares straight ahead, with a deep and growing sadness in his eyes over what's transpired.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, FOYER - LATER

Jordan storms into her apartment, flinging her coat in disgust. We catch her and Chase in mid-argument as Chase trails her.

JORDAN

Just stop trying to explain yourself! There's nothing to explain!

CHASE

You always want an explanation and now that I'm tryin' to give you one you're denying me that?!

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan shouts over her shoulder as she makes her way into the adjoining room. Chase is not too far behind...

JORDAN

Because it's all bullshit! It's always bullshit. You've been defending him the entire way home. I swear, nothing ever changes with you, Chase!

CHASE

Yeah, I wonder why nothing ever changes when you're not even willing to listen to a god damn thing I have to say.

JORDAN

Because I never know when you're telling the truth!

CHASE

This is different. You need to listen.

JORDAN

Pretty sure I've done my fair share of listening! I listened to you for the first five years of our relationship. Jesus, I even listened to you while you were cheating on me. I'm sick of it! I'm sick of the lies! I'm just so fuckin' tired.

CHASE

Louis was here the other day.

Dead silence.

Jordan gives Chase a sullen look over his sudden outburst.

JORDAN

You're just not gonna give up, are you?

CHASE

Louis was here the day your friend dropped off the recliner. I texted him once you left for work and asked him to come here.

JORDAN

I don't even wanna know what happened, Chase. Trust me, I'm better off.

CHASE

I came on to him.

JORDAN

Stop.

CHASE

I threw myself at him. I did everything I could. I wanted him. I wanted him bad.

Jordan looks on, tears begin to well in her eyes. She puts her hand to her mouth, unable to speak, fearing the worst.

CHASE (CONT'D)

And he denied me. He rejected me. He had to shove me straight to the ground to get me off of him.

Jordan swallows hard. Trying to keep composure.

JORDAN

Why are you telling me this, Chase?

CHASE

Because you need to know that as long as I'm with you, I'm probably never going to change. But Louis -- he's different. He cares about you. He cares about us. Yah know, maybe those weren't his initial intentions when he first saw you at the concert. He probably was only lookin' for a quick fuck. But he realized he wanted a lot more than that after he started falling in love with you. But he walked away because he didn't want to get between us, Jordan. That kid has a helluva lot of respect. And I envy him for that.

Jordan considers this.

JORDAN

So that's why we haven't heard anything from him in the past few days?

CHASE

Yeah.

JORDAN

Because of you and your incessant need to get exactly what you want when you want it?

CHASE

Yeah. Because of me.

Jordan walks up to Chase, and looks him dead in the eye. Her bottom lip quivers. She's visibly angry, but keeps her emotions in check...

JORDAN

(calm, stern)

All these years you've had all these choices. All these other options. Other men. Other women. All of them behind my back. Time after time. And I've continually allowed myself to be dragged along by the wayside. But now, you don't get to decide anymore. You don't get any more choices. At least not when it comes to us. It's my turn to choose, Chase. And you know what?

Chase holds Jordan's gaze, waiting.

Jordan leans very close to Chase and whispers into his ear.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I don't choose you.

Chase breathes heavily, not saying a word. From the look in his eyes, he almost looks relieved -- like a weight has been lifted off of his shoulders.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Look at you. Out of all of your flaws, and trust me, there's quite a few -- the biggest one has to be your lack of fuckin' balls. You were waiting for me to do it, weren't you?

CHASE

It's not like I didn't have hope for us, Jordan.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

There was something inside of me
wishing for things to be different.
Wishing for things to work. But
somewhere along the way, I just...
I fell out of love with you.

JORDAN

Whatta yah know, there actually is
a little truth buried deep down
there.

Jordan turns on her heel and heads toward her bedroom. She stops and without looking at Chase she says...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I want you gone in a week.

Jordan exits the room, never looking back.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. LOUIS' DORM, NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY - DAY

Louis is buried in school work, preparing for finals. He stares off into the distance, visibly distracted.

He pushes his books aside and scoops up his phone, texting Jordan. The text reads, "I know I fucked up. Can we please talk?" He clicks send, looking morose rather than hopeful.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Jordan is scrubbing some dirty dishes with purpose. Her phone vibrates on the counter beside her.

She dries her hands and scoops up her phone, pulling up the text from Louis. After she reads it, her thumbs hover reluctantly over the keypad. She begins typing a response but deletes what she's written after the first word.

She closes the text window and puts her phone back down. She heads over to the coat rack and grabs her hoodie, slipping it on.

She passes by numerous cardboard boxes, leaning against the wall, filled to the brim with various items and belongings. The boxes are labeled "Chase".

She exits the apartment.

INT. SOUND BITES, RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Post-shift. Chase leans on the counter of the bar, out of uniform, flirting with a CUSTOMER, a girl in her late twenties, attractive, dark brown hair.

She invites him to sit down. Chase motions to the BARTENDER, for two drinks. The Bartender slides two beers in front of Chase and the Customer as they laugh and converse.

They clink their glasses and sip. The Customer slides her hand up and down Chase's thigh, rubbing it erotically as Chase rambles on about something.

INT. JOHN HARVARD'S BREW HOUSE, HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Louis, Roy and Emmett kick back in their usual spot, chugging beers, watching the Red Sox game.

Roy and Emmett gesture toward the waitress from last time, Courtney, encouraging Louis to go talk to her. She walks by, smiles and winks at the group.

Emmett nudges Louis' elbow but Louis dismisses him and continues watching the game. Emmett leans over to Roy, whispering something to him. He hops off his high stool, and pursues Courtney, with nothing to lose.

Louis checks his phone, noticing no messages from Jordan.

Suddenly, The Red Sox make an incredible play and the PATRONS at the bar erupt in chaotic cheers. Roy throws his arms up in the air, cheering with the rest of the bar. He throws his arm around Louis, excited.

Louis throws his arm up too, joining the passionate mob of Patrons, attempting to mask his gloomy state but from the look in his eyes, his mind is elsewhere.

We easily discern his anguish and regret that burns deep within.

EXT. THE SINCLAIR, HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Down the street at the same time of night... Jordan walks by The Sinclair -- the concert venue she met Louis at.

She stops and stares at the marquee, glowing against the nighttime sky.

She gives a slight smile, tilting her head, sparking a thought. She trots up the front steps and heads toward the box office.

EXT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chase emerges from the building carrying a large box of his things. He makes his way down the steps and approaches an idling car, parked out front.

Someone leans forward from the driver's seat, pulling her sunglasses down to the edge of her nose and smiles, eyeing Chase -- it's the Customer from the bar at Sound Bites the other night.

Chase places the box in the backseat and hops into the passenger's side. He kisses the Customer from Sound Bites and she throws the car into drive, rocketing forward. The car eventually fades off in the distance.

INT. ALGIERS COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

A keen set of eyes will recognize this site as the place Jordan and Louis had chai teas together after the concert.

Jordan grabs two large coffees from the counter and approaches a table next to the large glass windows, looking out onto the bustling streets of Cambridge.

She sits down, joining a YOUNG WOMAN her age, with long and scraggly blond hair, cascading over her shoulders. She sports a white tank top that shows off her tattooed arms.

Jordan gives one of the coffees to the Young Woman and they engage in conversation.

Jordan reaches into her pocket, revealing a Friday Harbor album. She slides it to the Young Woman, showing her, explaining something.

CLOSE ON Jordan flipping the album over and pointing to one of the songs listed, "The Graveyard Gang".

The Young Woman nods her head, smiling.

INT. LOUIS' DORM, NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Louis sprawls out on his bed, with his headphones on, shutting out the world around him, visibly distraught.

Roy and Emmett enter the room. Roy has a few packages. He looks them over and tosses one of them onto Louis' bed.

The sudden impact towards his feet prompts Louis to peer up. He reaches for the package, which is specifically addressed to him, but has no return address.

He rips it open and reaches inside, pulling out its contents.

CLOSE ON a concert ticket that reads, "Krissy Divine and The Dark Side. The Sinclair - 18+ w/ ID. 52 Church Street - Harvard SQ. Friday May 14 2016 DRS 8PM"

There's a handwritten note with only a few words scribbled -- "Meet me at The Sinclair. - J"

Louis slips off his headphones. A glint of hope in his eyes, as a smile inches across his face.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. THE SINCLAIR, HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

Different night, same ol' routine. A line of HIPSTERS stretches down the better part of Church Street as they await access to the concert.

Louis -- this time without Roy and Emmett by his side -- passes by the front of the line near the doors. CLOSE ON the marquee, a spotlight shining on the headline that reads, "Krissy Divine and The Dark Side".

He slowly makes his way past the long line, advancing to the back. He eyes each person he passes carefully, seeing if he can spot Jordan, but to no avail.

Just as Louis makes his way to the end, the line begins to slowly creep forward, as fans file into The Sinclair.

Louis continues to scan his surroundings as he inches his way forward -- no sign of Jordan.

INT. THE SINCLAIR, MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Louis emerges through a curtain of ROWDY FANS, sipping a beer. He peers down at his wrist watch -- just a few minutes shy of 9PM.

Suddenly, the Fans get a whole lot rowdier as the band emerges from backstage.

Through a loud and vibrant welcoming from the crowd, the same Young Woman with tattoos stretching down her arms and blonde scraggly hair cascading over her shoulders that Jordan had a coffee date with, appears. This is KRISSY DIVINE, the lead singer.

She scoops up her guitar and her back-up musicians, THE DARK SIDE, all grungy males with dreadlocks and torn jeans, get situated behind her.

Unlike Friday Harbor, there is no introduction. After a few brief moments, Krissy just begins playing. And as soon as she plays, the crowd becomes very silent.

Krissy produces a soft and gorgeous sound. The music is even more mild and tame than Friday Harbor.

Louis dons an expression of immediate and pleasant surprise, nodding his head, illustrating his approval.

He looks around, studying the audience, who all seem to be in a mesmerized state. The crowd knows this type of music and they clearly admire the hell out of it.

Louis focuses his attention back on Krissy. He too, falls into a particular state of mind. He closes his eyes, listening, taking it all in.

After a few brief moments, a hand slowly reaches and gently grasps his shoulder. Jordan's face appears, and she leans into Louis.

JORDAN
(hushed tones)
Great music and no company to share
it with? Feels like a trick.

Louis' eyes snap open and he turns, meeting Jordan's gaze. He flickers a smile.

LOUIS
I was just waiting on some girl who
invited me here tonight.

JORDAN
Is that so?

LOUIS
Look...

Louis reaches into his pocket, revealing his ticket.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 She even graciously paid my way for
 the evening.

JORDAN
 Hell, I'd date her!

Louis emits a light laugh. Jordan smiles warmly, lifting her
 arm and waving her hand.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Come on. I'll take you to the best
 spot in the house.

Jordan snakes her way through the packed floor. Louis
 follows.

They ascend the staircase towards the back, and we are --

INT. THE SINCLAIR, UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Jordan leads Louis along the banister, and they start to make
 their way back towards the stage.

A few tables stretch the length of the aisle, peering down at
 the main floor, jam packed with passionate Hipsters, swaying
 gently to the music.

She stops at the table furthest down, directly over the
 stage, giving a perfect bird's eye view of the performers.
 It's easily the best seat in the house.

The table has a large white card with black lettering that
 says "Reserved for Jordan and Louis". Jordan extends her
 hand, inviting Louis to take a seat.

Louis looks around, mystified but content.

LOUIS
 Not like this isn't perfect, but
 what's the meaning of this, Jordan?
 I didn't think in a million years
 you'd --

JORDAN
 (interrupts)
 It's not you who needs to
 apologize, Louis. It's me.

Jordan extends her hand once more.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Please.

They both take a seat. Louis leans in, giving Jordan his full attention. She leans closer too.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I was wrong about you. You are different. I just never really gave you a chance.

LOUIS

Remember the morning after the first time, when you made me brekkie?

Jordan giggles, appreciating Louis' jab at her with the word "brekkie".

JORDAN

Yeah.

LOUIS

Remember when I was a little uptight about you not telling me about Chase and your relationship with him?

Jordan nods her head, completely attentive.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You told me one of the biggest reasons you weren't up front was because you and I had almost the perfect night, yah know after the concert. And you wanted to keep it that way.

JORDAN

I remember.

LOUIS

That's where my head was at. The entire time. I wanted to keep everything perfect. But instead, I fucked things up.

JORDAN

You didn't fuck things up, Louis.

LOUIS

I should have been honest with you. I should have told you what I did to you. What I did to get your attention with Roy and Emmett and...

JORDAN

Louis.

Louis stops, peering into Jordan's eyes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You already had my attention. The moment you came up to me at the concert that night.

A smile inches across Louis' face.

LOUIS

What about Chase, Jordan? I don't wanna get in between you two, especially --

JORDAN

I ended things with Chase. He told me everything. About him. About you. I admire what you did. And in a weird and fucked up way, I admire what Chase did too.

LOUIS

What did he do?

JORDAN

He let me know how great you really are. He knows. And I think deep down, he wants me to be happy and be with a person who is gonna give me what he never could.

Louis stares deeply into Jordan's eyes. She stares back with the same intensity.

The song comes to an end and Krissy Divine finally speaks into the microphone, grabbing Jordan and Louis' attention.

KRISSY

That shit was wild, man.

The crowd laughs and cheers.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

Yah know, there's no place like home. Whenever I come back here, to Cambridge, the energy that I can feel throughout this room, is an energy like no other. And for that, I thank you all. I am eternally grateful.

The crowd claps and cheers even more, giving Krissy an abundance of love.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

In fact, I'm so grateful, that I wanna give back. So tonight, I'm giving back to an old friend of mine from school. This is a cover by a band who played here about a month ago by the name of Friday Harbor, you guys might be familiar.

The crowd confirms audibly, excited.

With wide and surprised eyes, Louis turns to Jordan.

LOUIS

How did you...

JORDAN

(winks)

I put in a special request.

KRISSY

This one's for Jordan and Louis. It's called The Graveyard Gang.

Krissy begins to play.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

(singing)

When I was young, I knew what I would be. I'd work the mill and raise a family.

Louis peers down at the stage, admiring Krissy's take on one of his favorite songs.

Jordan leans into him, whispering into his ear.

JORDAN

(whispering)

I like to think of this as our song.

KRISSY

(singing)

Like my father and grandfathers, who came before. I'd be met by my girl, at the front porch screen door.

LOUIS

I don't deserve this. I don't
deserve anything this fuckin' cool.

JORDAN

I beg to differ.

KRISSY

(singing)

But when my turn came, the southern
man took the mill. The tannery, the
store fronts and the dam went
still.

Jordan reaches for Louis' hand. They lace fingers and rise from their chairs. They approach the banister leaning against the rail, peering down, listening to Krissy Divine and The Dark Side.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

(singing)

Me, I got drafted, went and fought
for the man. When I came back home,
not a soul needed my hands.

Jordan looks over at Louis. Louis looks to Jordan. They nod, smiling. With Krissy Divine, they begin to sing the chorus aloud with incredible passion.

KRISSY, JORDAN & LOUIS

(singing)

When my grandson asked how it goes,
this is the story I sang. Kid I'm
lookin' for my baby. I'm waitin' on
my baby. I'm goin' home to my
baby... a refugee of the graveyard
gang.

Krissy strums her guitar with fury. The Dark Side backs her up with an intensity of their own.

Louis and Jordan meet each other's gazes. Louis leans in, placing his lips softly on Jordan's.

Jordan takes her hands and places them on Louis's cheeks pulling him in, embracing him.

After a moment, they pull back slightly and rest their foreheads on one another and close their eyes, taking in the moment and savoring it.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONT'D)

