THE INVITE

Written by

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Based on the motion picture "Sentimental"
by Cesc Gay

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ANNAPURNA

FB1 OPENING TITLES... FB1

We see iPhone footage of a MAN running towards camera, laughing, then running away from CAMERA. We see A WOMAN flash her face onscreen as she chases him and tackles him. She smothers him with kisses. Hysterical. Blissful. The VIDEO ends on the MAN grinning wide.

Another iPhone VIDEO: Joe and Angela sit side by side on a piano bench, and figure out a duet.

1 INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 1

We PULL BACK to reveal ANGELA, the woman from the footage, 41, peeing, nude. Her jumpsuit is around her ankles. She watches the VIDEO.

DOORBELL RINGS.

She drops her phone. She pulls up her jumpsuit. We see the phone on the bathroom floor, the video has stopped on the smiling face of the man.

2 INT. EAST BAY MUSIC SCHOOL - LATE AFTERNOON 2

The man from the montage, JOE, 42, sits in an auditorium, staring out, vacantly.

CLOSE UP on a METRONOME keeping time. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

Students sit on stage reading music and playing. They are good. Not great.

The students finish.

They look at him expectantly.

He waves and just leaves.

3 INT. APARTMENT - PACIFIC HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON 3

Angela drags a GIANT NEW RUG into the apartment.

4 INT. APARTMENT - PACIFIC HEIGHTS - MOMENTS LATER 4

Angela drags the OLD RUG into an office. She checks her WATCH. Time to go!

5 INT. BART TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON 5

Joe rides the BART and carries his BIKE while wearing a HELMET.

6 EXT. APARTMENT - PACIFIC HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON 6

Angela runs out of the building, wearing sunglasses, carrying shopping bags.

7 INT. BART TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON 7

Joe's still riding the crowded BART. He jockeys for room and rubs his stiff lower back.

8 EXT. BODEGA - SAN FRANCISCO 8

Angela browses in the market with her tote bag of FLOWERS. She samples and buys expensive cheese.

9 INT. POWELL BART STATION - A LITTLE LATER 9

Joe rides up the escalator carrying his bike, ascending into the light.

10 EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - SAN FRANCISCO - LATE AFTERNOON 10

Angela buys more cheese and olives.

11 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DUSK 11

Joe bikes up an IMPOSSIBLY STEEP street that could only exist in San Francisco. He struggles mightily.

12 INT. MOLINARI DELI - DUSK 12

Angela selects meat from the display case and the butcher slices.

13 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DUSK 13

Joe continues to struggle uphill. Worse now.

14 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PACIFIC HEIGHTS - DUSK 14

Angela waltzes back into the building, with flowers and supplies from her shopping excursion.

15 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DUSK 15

Joe now walks backwards up the hill, dragging his bike.

16 INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DUSK 16

Angela is cooking -- whisking an egg souffle, arranging flowers.

17 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DUSK 17

Joe has folded up his bike and now drags it. The commute home has been a war. He lost.

18 INT. BATHROOM - DUSK 18

Angela undoes her shirt and puts on deodorant. She stops to look at herself in the mirror. She pushes her hair around to make it look good. She cups her boobs and then, lets them drop.

19 EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 19

Joe rides up to the building, panting.

20 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK 20

Joe exits the elevator and opens the apartment door.

21 INT. APARTMENT ENTRYWAY - DUSK 21

Joe enters, takes off his coat and hangs it up by the front door. He lets out a deep, guttural sigh.

He closes the front door.

22 INT. STUDY - DUSK 22

Joe chucks his bag on top of the piano, which is littered with papers and books.

Joe slowly works himself down onto the floor and gets horizontal.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Shoes off please.

Joe looks at his feet. He grunts and kicks off his shoes.

Suddenly:

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Hi.

Joe sees Angela at the doorway.

JOE
Oh. Hi. Tell me again why you got me a bike?

ANGELA
Core strength and spine health.

JOE
Right.

Joe slowly hoists himself off the ground.

JOE (CONT'D)
Where's Maggie?

ANGELA
She's at a sleepover. Sadie's.

JOE
That's a first, right?

ANGELA
Yeah. No older brothers, no weapons in the house. I checked.

JOE
Oh cool. I wasn't worried.

Angela walks into the kitchen.

23 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 23

Joe follows her in and notices several trays of food.

JOE
What's this?

ANGELA
It’s food.

JOE
Ooh, manchego.

Joe goes in for some cheese. Angela swats his hand away.

ANGELA
No, not yet.

JOE
What’s that smell?

ANGELA
Soufflé.

JOE
You’re making a soufflé? Are we expecting someone?

ANGELA
Our neighbors.

JOE
What neighbors?

ANGELA
The upstairs neighbors. I told you yesterday...remember?

Joe moves closer.

JOE
You told me you wanted to invite them over, not that they were coming over *tonight*. I wish you had asked me.

ANGELA
I did.

JOE
Did you, sweetheart? When?

ANGELA
Yesterday. I told you.

JOE
Telling me is very different than asking me.

ANGELA
It’s not a big deal. It’ll be fun. Did you get wine?

JOE
No.

ANGELA
Really? I texted you.

JOE
You did?

ANGELA
Yes, I did.

JOE
I missed it, sorry.

ANGELA
Ugh, this is a nightmare.

JOE
(sotto) I don’t think it’s a *nightmare*.

ANGELA
What’d you say?

JOE
Nothing.

Angela gives him a look and walks out. Joe takes off his jacket.

ANGELA
Can you please clean up your office? It’s like a bomb went off in there.

24 INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - EVENING 24

Angela, her back turned. She takes off a shirt and puts on another one. Joe looks at her through the doorway.

JOE
Can you please just call them? And say we’ll do it some other time...okay?

Joe smiles. Angela considers.

ANGELA
No.

JOE
No?

ANGELA
It's too late, they'll be here in ten minutes.

JOE
Ten minutes?

ANGELA
We've been talking about having them over for six months. They put up with all our noise from the renovations.

JOE
Our noise? You're making soufflé for strangers. What is happening?

Joe turns his back on her and takes things out of his pocket and puts them on the dresser. He sniffs his underarm.

He says nothing while Angela looks for something.

ANGELA
She said she wanted to see our place when it was done. They seem really cool. She's got so much presence. And she's...gorgeous.

JOE
Ehhhhh they always want to "chat" in the elevator. It's so fake.

ANGELA
Yeah, people do that, Joe.

Joe goes toward the study. She follows him.

JOE
They stop, they do small talk... and then *you* ask how everything's going...

Angela looks at him for a couple seconds.

ANGELA
Ohhh. You mean like a *conversation*?

25 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 25

Angela sets out her flower arrangement on the side table.

Joe starts for the bathroom but sees a RUG. He stops. He keeps going into the bathroom where Angela does her makeup.

JOE
Uhhh...what is that rug in the living room? On the floor?

ANGELA
It's a rug.

JOE
It's new.

ANGELA
Yeah.

JOE
Is that also for the neighbors?

ANGELA
No, it's for us. Do you like it?

JOE
How much was it?

ANGELA
You're so predictable.

JOE
I'm predictable? You bought a rug to impress the neighbors.

Angela closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. Then:

ANGELA
Can we do a reset?

JOE
A what?

ANGELA
Walk in again and let's start over.

JOE
Start over. Did you get that from a podcast?

ANGELA
Does it matter? Yes. But so what. Please?

JOE
Do you physically want me to walk out of the apartment and come back in?

ANGELA
Yes!

JOE
No! That's dumb.

ANGELA
Just, please Joe! Just do it.

JOE
Okay, fine.

They face off. Staring at one another. Joe then picks up his bag and jacket. Angela walks to the bathroom.

26 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING 26

Angela lights a candle and puts it on the sink. She hears the front door open.

JOE (O.S.)
Hi honey...

Joe closes the door.

ANGELA
Hi honey!

27 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - EVENING 27

Joe gets on the floor again.

JOE
How was your day?

ANGELA
Hey, good news, the neighbors are coming over!

JOE
Oh. I loooove how chatty they are. When are they coming over?

ANGELA
Tonight.

JOE
Ooh, I'm really looking forward to having them over sweetheart. But tonight's not great for me. I'm really tired. Can we try for another night?

They look at each other. A silent pause.

ANGELA
(dryly) No.

JOE
No?! You're saying 'no' again?!

ANGELA
So are you!

Joe pops up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I already invited them. It's rude to cancel now.

JOE
Rude?

Joe winces from back pain. She finishes drying a dish.

ANGELA
I thought we were resetting.

JOE
So did I.

Angela turns and walks down the hall.

28 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING 28

Angela puts on makeup.

29 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - EVENING 29

Joe stops by the half-open window overlooking the inner light shaft. He looks up and peers into a window across the light shaft.

Angela comes out of the bathroom and looks at him.

JOE
We really need curtains here...

ANGELA
I don’t want to cover those windows. We get so much light.

JOE
I don’t like the fact that the neighbors can see us.

ANGELA
Just be cordial for one drink. Then you can go up to the roof and smoke weed.

JOE
I would happily smoke weed in here but I’m not allowed.

ANGELA
No, you’re not. It gets stuck in the walls.

Angela walks away from him into the living room.

30 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING 30

Angela enters. She tidies up some of her daughter’s clothes and homework.

Joe walks closer, sees the food. He points at it.

JOE
There’s so much cheese. I really can’t eat any of it?

Angela sets down the glasses and picks up a dirty plate.

ANGELA
Not until they get here. I worked hard on that.

Angela walks towards Maggie’s bedroom.

31 INT. DAUGHTER’S BEDROOM/ HALLWAY - EVENING 31

Angela tidies her daughter’s bedroom. Joe follows her, looks in from the hallway.

JOE
You know what? It’s good they’re coming, actually.

ANGELA
It is?

JOE
Yeah!

ANGELA
Why?

JOE
I can finally talk to them about the noise.

Angela stops what she's doing and looks at him.

ANGELA
Joe. We made a deal.

JOE
What deal?

ANGELA
We decided we weren't gonna say anything to them.

JOE
I changed my mind.

ANGELA
It's none of our business what they do at home.

JOE
It's none of our business? When our family is woken up in the middle of the night? We're jolted awake by floor shaking, animal fucking?

ANGELA
Hey, she's having *spectacular* orgasms up there. And that's not an easy thing for women.

JOE
Oh, so she's a role model for you?

ANGELA
She's definitely my role model.

Joe thinks for a beat and pivots.

JOE
I almost told them in the elevator, remember?

ANGELA
I do. I also remember that we agreed not to.

JOE
Because we thought it couldn't get any worse. Guess what, it got so much worse.

ANGELA
We are not bringing it up, Joe.

JOE
We'll bring it up and then we'll all laugh about it and eat some cheese...I mean, they're super 'cool', right?!

Joe turns and goes out to the hallway...Angela follows him.

ANGELA
Joe...

JOE
Or we can finally figure out whose orgasm is whose? Who's the growl and who's the whimper? Maybe he's the whimper. We can talk about it and laugh and then tell them they need to STOP.

32 INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM - EVENING 32

Joe sits on their bed and takes off his pants. Angela comes in.

ANGELA
It's like you want to make everyone uncomfortable.

JOE
What are you talking about? If our neighbors blasted their music at full volume at 4 AM and woke us up multiple times a night, wouldn't it be appropriate to say something to them? How is this different?

ANGELA
Please don't say anything. I'm asking you. Just for tonight.

Joe gives her a look.

JOE
What's that shirt...is it also new?

Angela looks down at it.

ANGELA
Yeah.

JOE
It looks nice on you.

ANGELA
You could tell me that once in a while.

Beat.

JOE
I just did.

Angela leaves.

33 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING 33

Joe enters the kitchen and watches Angela at the bar, wiping off some glasses. Joe approaches her:

ANGELA
Shit. I can't believe you forgot to get wine.

JOE
I didn't...

ANGELA
Do we have *anything* nice to drink?

Joe goes to the fridge and looks.

JOE
Cheap champagne?

ANGELA
I guess.

She says nothing, looking sad. Joe pops the bottle. Then:

JOE
Let's celebrate...

They look at each other with a hopeful smile. Joe picks up Angela's phone, reaching out and handing it to her.

JOE (CONT'D)
... by calling the neighbors and telling them not to come ...

Angela glares at him and grabs her phone back.

ANGELA
Joe, they're already coming.

JOE
Okay...if they come, I'm gonna bring up the noise.

ANGELA
Do you know how challenging it is for a woman to come that hard?

JOE
You've mentioned it.

ANGELA
It's very hard! And if we tell them we can hear them and that it bothers us, every time they fuck and she's about to come, she'll suddenly see our faces. That's not fair.

JOE
Fair to whom??

ANGELA
To her!

JOE
Why are you so invested in her orgasms?

Angela breathes deeply. She puts down champagne on the coffee table.

Angela heads toward the entryway. She stops and turns.

ANGELA
You know, I just want us to have a nice night. Drink a little. Show off our apartment. Be normal people.

She turns and goes. Joe watches her.

34 INT. HALLWAY/PRIMARY BEDROOM - EVENING 34

Joe follows her down the hallway and sees her enter their room.

JOE
These people are disrespectful.

Joe goes back to the light shaft window and looks up and points, as if speaking to their neighbors.

JOE (CONT'D)
Do you really think they don't know we can hear them? Come on!

ANGELA
Trust me. This is not about us.

JOE
They're fucking with us. They *know* we can hear them and they don't care! They're low-lifes! They're perverts!

Angela comes out of the bedroom and looks at him sadly.

ANGELA
Can you actually hear yourself? You sound like your dad. You're paranoid. They are not thinking about us!

JOE
Well, maybe they should!

Joe walks to the kitchen.

35 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING 35

Joe pours himself more champagne. Angela follows him in.

ANGELA
We're not cancelling. Do you know that we have no friends? We have no couple friends?

JOE
Oh, you think they're gonna be our friends??

ANGELA
Also, it's rude at this point. They're probably on their way down. Just don't say anything, okay?

JOE
I don't get it. Why?

ANGELA
Because it will make me uncomfortable. Is that not enough?

He looks at her and considers.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
That's not enough? My discomfort? Fine. I'll cancel.

She picks up the phone.

JOE
What are you gonna tell them?

ANGELA
The truth. That you don't want them here.

Angela dials her phone and waits.

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS. Angela drops her phone. They look at each other.

TITLE CARD: THE INVITE

36 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 36

Angela downs her glass of champagne in one gulp.

ANGELA
What do we do? Should we hide?

JOE
One drink. That's it. Then I'm getting an emergency call from work and they're leaving.

ANGELA
Emergency call from music school?

JOE
Yes, whatever. I'll make it work.

ANGELA
Okay, fine.

Angela goes toward the door. She turns back to him and whispers urgently.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Joe...please don't make tonight about your back pain.

JOE
My back? Are you joking? I hate my back too, trust me.

ANGELA
I just mean, let's not talk about it too much.

JOE
Wow, okay. I'll try not to embarrass you with my back pain.

ANGELA
And Joe...will you touch me once in a while?

JOE
You want me to touch you?

ANGELA
Just like people who...actually like each other.

JOE
Okay...uh...cough twice and I'll touch your ass.

ANGELA
Ass is good...okay. I'm opening the door now.

37 INT. ENTRY HALL - NIGHT 37

On the way to the front door, Angela stops and looks in a mirror and straightens her shirt.

She takes a breath.

Then finally, opens the door.

38 INT. ELEVATOR LANDING - EVENING 38

We see the front door of the apartment. Angela, with a huge smile plastered on her face, opens the door.

ANGELA
Oh hey! You're here! How are you?

HAWK, 50s, and PINA, 45, both fit and good looking, stand at the door, amused. Pina holds a dish.

PINA
Hi. Good! How are you!

HAWK
Hello, Angela.

ANGELA
I'm so glad...I mean, we're so glad! That you're here! Welcome!

Pina hugs Angela affectionately. Hawk follows suit.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Joe.... look... they're here... here they are...our neighbors! You remember Pina and Hawk...

Joe barely gets himself off the couch in the study. He meanders towards them.

JOE
How could I forget?

For a few moments, nobody speaks. Smiles plastered. It's a little awkward.

PINA
Is this still a good time?

ANGELA
Of course...

PINA
Are you sure? Are we interrupting something?

HAWK
Took you a minute to get to the door.

PINA
Hawk...

Beat.

ANGELA
No...

HAWK
We could hear you arguing.

PINA
Hawk, cálmate. He has no filter.

He smiles at Pina.

ANGELA
We were just talking, we're loud. Passionate.

JOE
No, we were definitely arguing. It's a contentious environment. You're entering a contentious environment. Does that make you not want to hang out with us?

HAWK
We love contentious environments.

Beat.

HAWK (CONT'D)
No. We really do.

JOE
Oh you do, huh? Great come in! You're in the right place.

PINA
Should we take our shoes off?

JOE
Yeah...uh..

ANGELA
Don't be silly, of course not! Please, come in!

Joe looks at Angela.

HAWK
Joe, tell the truth. What do you want? Shoes off?

JOE
I legitimately don't care. Do whatever the fuck you want.

HAWK
Great. I love this guy.

Angela leads Pina in. Hawk and Joe linger in the entryway.

JOE
Sorry, your name is Hawk? Am I saying that right? Like the bird?

HAWK
Yeah. Like the bird.

39 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 39

Angela nervously rearranges some books. The neighbors look around the living room.

PINA
We've been dying to see your apartment.

ANGELA
I know, sorry. We weren't quite ready.

JOE
Still not.

HAWK
We were waiting on the invite. You kept saying you were going to, and then you never did. We wondered if we did something wrong...

ANGELA JOE
No! Well... *

Pina admires the apartment.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Well, what do you think?

Pina looks around and takes it in.

PINA
Wow, it's so big. It has such a nice flow.

HAWK
It's much bigger than ours.

PINA
It’s so homey and nothing feels out of place.

HAWK
Do you have a lot of money?

PINA
(Spanish)
Hawk, don’t ask that.

HAWK
(Spanish)
No, but it’s incredible...
(English)
Sorry, I just mean...you have incredible taste.

ANGELA
Thank you! I mean, I know what I like...it’s not always expensive though.

JOE
It’s expensive sometimes.

HAWK
You can tell it’s been done with a lot of care.

JOE
It’s all Angela.

ANGELA
Yes, I do care a lot.

PINA
Yes, I can feel it. It was done with love.

ANGELA
That’s so nice of you to say. I really did put my heart into this apartment and it means a lot that you see that ...
(tearing up)
Wow, I’m getting emotional. Sorry...

PINA
Well, it’s got great energy.

HAWK
Well, it’s got great energy.

ANGELA
Energy...yes. That's what I was trying for.

JOE
Wow, everyone's talking about 'energy' like it's an actual thing.

PINA
Well, energy is everything... kinetic, chemical, potential, nuclear, sexual...energy can't be created or destroyed. So *we* have to find ways to shape it.

HAWK
You shaped it beautifully.

Everyone looks at her.

JOE
Didn't know furniture could lead to a deep discussion on thermodynamics.

PINA
Too existential for you, Joe?

JOE
Not existential enough!

They all laugh uncomfortably. Pina remembers:

PINA
Oh, we brought this for you. It's my flan.

ANGELA
Flan! How...elegant.

PINA
Yes. This recipe has been in my family for hundreds of years. Very simple but delicious.

HAWK
Be warned, once you tuck into Pina's flan, there's no going back. You're gonna want more.

Angela grabs the dish from Pina. Angela clears her throat twice. Joe thinks this is the signal. He touches her ass.

ANGELA
(sotto)
What are you doing?

JOE
(sotto)
You coughed twice.

ANGELA
(sotto)
Don't.

They regroup.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
We love a flan!

JOE
I'll be looking forward to that flan.

Angela is still holding the flan.

PINA
It's good to put that in the fridge.

ANGELA
Yes yes.

Angela heads towards the kitchen. Pina follows.

40 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 40

Pina sits on a stool. Angela stands there, with the flan in her hand, frozen and smiling. It's as if she's forgotten how to socialize.

ANGELA
Oh god, I have a soufflé! The soufflé...

With the flan still in hand, Angela opens the oven and takes out the soufflé, which is clearly charred, and she chucks it directly into the trash, hoping no one will notice. They do.

Pina breaks the awkwardness:

PINA
Do you want to put that in the fridge?

ANGELA
Oh. Yes. Ha.

PINA
So...how are you?

ANGELA
We're good! Good good.

HAWK
This marble. Italian?

ANGELA
Yeah.

HAWK
So nice. That grey is so hard to find. Reclaimed?

JOE
No. Very new. Very expensive.

ANGELA
Oh God! I haven't even asked if you want a drink. How rude! What would you like?

PINA
Wine?

HAWK
I'll take a glass.

ANGELA
I don't think we have any...

Angela panics, looks at Joe. Then remembers:

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Actually, there's an incredible Châteuneuf-Du-Pape that we've been waiting for the perfect moment to open...

JOE
This is the perfect moment?

ANGELA
It is, Joe. Will you grab it?

JOE
Where?

ANGELA
In the pantry...

Joe reluctantly walks into the pantry. A beat later, he emerges, blowing dust off a beautiful bottle.

JOE
Are you sure we should open this?

ANGELA
Yes, I'm sure.

HAWK
I think Joe wants to save it for another time.

ANGELA
No, this is a great time. Open it, Joe.

Joe places the bottle on the kitchen island.

JOE
Yeah, I was going to. I just...need a bottle opener.

ANGELA
Do you need me to tell you where that is too? Or...

JOE
I know where it is.

Joe goes to a drawer with confidence.

ANGELA
Not in there.

JOE
Well, it should be...

ANGELA
Left of the sink.

HAWK
Are these the contentious issues?

JOE
Oh no. This is just foreplay.

HAWK
Hot.

ANGELA
Sorry, we don't invite people over often.

Beat.

PINA
And how is your beautiful daughter? I love her sense of style. She's so original.

ANGELA
I know! She asked me for my old t-shirts. I can't believe she thinks anything I own is cool! Because she's so cool. I'm really gonna miss her.

JOE
Sorry, where's Maggie going?

ANGELA
To college.

JOE
In six years? She's 12.

ANGELA
And then I'll be all alone.

JOE
Um...I think I'll still be here. Unless I'm dead.

ANGELA
I know, I know. I just meant...it won't be the same when she's gone.

Angela is suddenly moved.

JOE
It won't. Kids. They're designed to break your heart.

Angela starts to choke up again and wipes a tear.

ANGELA
I'm crying again. I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm sorry.

PINA
Don't be. That emotion is the proof that you love with your whole heart. And it's good to cry.
(MORE)

PINA (CONT'D)
It's healthy. The best way to release cortisol.

ANGELA
Being a mom is just the best thing ever. I mean, for some people. You guys don't have kids, right?

PINA
Not yet. I've thought about it.

HAWK
It hasn't been a priority. We're focused on other things.

JOE
You're gonna want to make that decision sooner than later.

HAWK
Why?

JOE
Cuz..you know...your age.

Beat. Angela is tense.

HAWK
Me encanta. I love this guy.
(beat)
Your daughter's not here, right?

ANGELA
No. Maggie's at a sleepover. Should I text her? See if she's okay?

JOE
She's fine.

ANGELA
She's very independent. I just worry. Maybe I'll call.

JOE
Don't call. Let her be.

An awkward beat. They all nod at each other, hoping someone breaks the silence.

Angela leaves the kitchen.

ANGELA
Does anyone want charcuterie?

41 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 41

They all head to the dining room. Pina notices the food.

PINA
Wow. When did you have the time? We only made plans this morning.

JOE
Yeah. When did you have the time?

Joe looks at Angela.

ANGELA
Just wanted to do something a little special for you.

She presents the board to Pina.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Jamón?

Angela shoves an overflowing charcuterie board in Pina's face to break the tension.

PINA
No thank you, I don't eat meat.

ANGELA
Ohhhh. Oh no.

HAWK
I do.

Hawk shoves a fistful of meat in his mouth and looks at Angela.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Full carnivore.

Angela blinks hard, embarrassed. Is he hitting on her?

ANGELA
I'm so sorry, I feel terrible, Pina. I should have asked. Do you eat cheese?

PINA
No.

ANGELA
Oh my god. Oh no. Do you eat almonds? We have almonds.

JOE
LOTS of almonds.

ANGELA
And...olives! Oh god, I really failed on the meat.

HAWK
Angela, the meat will get eaten. I will eat her meat. I'll eat your meat. I'll eat all of the meat. Where is the bathroom?

Joe points to the hallway. Hawk heads off.

ANGELA
I'm sorry. Should I order you something?

PINA
I'm okay, I promise.

ANGELA
I'm so sorry.

JOE
What are you sorry about? She said she's okay. Several times.

ANGELA
I have a little social anxiety, so...

We see Angela panicking, breathing irregularly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I...think I'm having just a little bit...oh god, am I okay?

PINA
Angela, are you breathing? Give me your hand.

Angela nods. Pina gently grabs Angela's right hand and places it over Angela's heart.

PINA (CONT'D)
It's okay. Take four deep breaths slowly in through your nose. Hold your breath for seven...and breath out slowly for eight, in a slow hiss. There you go. Once again...

Angela closes her eyes and breathes while Pina counts. Angela opens her eyes. Angela takes a big exhale.

42 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 42

We see Hawk washing his hands. He starts to snoop in the medicine cabinet, picking up prescription medications and creams and studying them. (So much Bengay).

43 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

Pina is still focused on Angela.

PINA
How do you feel?

ANGELA
I feel...better. Thank you. God, I've been getting anxious a lot recently. I don't know why.

PINA
More than normal?

JOE
Yes.

ANGELA
Yes, actually.

PINA
You could be starting perimenopause.

ANGELA
Oh. Right. Wait...what? Really?

PINA
Anxiety is one of the most common symptoms during perimenopause. It can be a very challenging time and last more than ten years.

ANGELA
Oh god.

JOE
Oh no.

PINA
It makes me so angry to see how so many people think about hot flashes as the only problem. We are talking about a huge neuroendocrine change that affects everything: memory, metabolism, sexual function and we are expected just to deal with it. Panic attacks, depression, insomnia, brain fog, heart palpitations, frozen shoulder...

ANGELA
Frozen shoulder...Yes. Yes.

JOE
You missed mood swings.

PINA
Yes, mood swings.

JOE
Resentment of your spouse, overspending on rugs...

PINA
Are you making a joke? Because Joe, it’s not a joke.

Hawk returns from the bathroom and wanders by them to the study.

PINA (CONT’D)
What if your testicles shriveled up and died and your empty ballsack flapped around in the breeze for the next 30 years? Would you like it?

JOE
No.

Joe looks legit scared.

JOE (CONT’D)
Are you a doctor?

PINA
I’m a psychotherapist.

From the study:

HAWK (O.C)
A very good one.

44 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS 44

Hawk starts playing the ukulele.

HAWK
They do have instruments! There's a whole music room in here.

JOE
Yeah. Why?

HAWK
We hear it.

PINA
We hear someone playing a lot.

JOE
Oh, you can hear us too?

Angela jumps in.

ANGELA
Does it bother you?

PINA
Not at all! Just the opposite. We love it.

HAWK
Who plays the uke? Joe?

ANGELA
Maggie, actually.

PINA
She sounds great.

ANGELA
Joe teaches her. He's a great musician.

PINA
Oh really!

45 INT. STUDY/LIVING ROOM 45

Hawk lingers in the study.

HAWK
And the piano? Who plays the piano?

ANGELA
Joe plays piano. So well.

Joe looks at Angela, as if she had told them a secret.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
But not so much anymore.

JOE
Never, anymore.

Hawk tries to lift the lid of the piano. Joe slams it down.

46 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 46

ANGELA
Joe was in a band!

HAWK
You were in a band! That's cool.
Were you well-known?

JOE
For like a week.

ANGELA
Do you guys remember The Onslaught?
They had that great song, "One
Girl."

HAWK
"One Girl."

ANGELA
Super popular in 2008...

PINA
Ohhh! Are you the "girl"?

ANGELA
I was. I mean I am.

JOE
It was a different era.

Hawk walks into the living room from the study.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

Joe and Angela sit far apart. Hawk and Pina are on the couch.

PINA
What kind of music was it?

JOE
You wouldn’t know it. It was...pop punk indy, a dead genre now.

HAWK
Let’s listen to it.

JOE
Let’s not.

HAWK
Is it on Spotify?

JOE
No.

HAWK
Apple?

JOE
No.

HAWK
Tidal?

JOE
No!

PINA
Do you ever play live? We would love to come see you!

JOE
No, I don’t. Can we just not...

They realize it's a touchy subject.

ANGELA
Joe teaches music now.

HAWK
Where?

JOE
In the East Bay.

HAWK
Oh. Berkeley?

JOE
No. East Bay Music. It’s a small conservatory.

HAWK
Never heard of it.

ANGELA
It’s a great school.

JOE
It’s a fine school.

HAWK
Wow, you’re a professor!

JOE
Associate.

HAWK
Wow, that’s really cool.

Hawk gets distracted by something on the floor. He gets on all fours.

JOE
What?

ANGELA
What is it? What is it?

Hawk tenderly touches the rug. He looks up at Angela.

HAWK
Whoa whoa. Wow. This rug. Where did you get this?

PINA
He is obsessed with carpets.

ANGELA
I am too! Joe doesn’t get it.

JOE
Rugs just don’t give me the right energy. I’m more into marble. Right, Pina?

We see Hawk looking at the underside of the rug.

HAWK
Holy shit! This is a Heriz.

ANGELA
It is? How do you know?

HAWK
The knotting. Where did you get it?

ANGELA
A flea market. I just loved the colors.

HAWK
You love the colors? You have a great eye. You know this rug is very valuable.

ANGELA
Really??

JOE
Bullshit. Wait, really?

HAWK
You found a Van Gogh at a garage sale.

ANGELA
Did I?

HAWK
You didn’t pay a fortune for this?

ANGELA
No!

HAWK
You’ve really got an eye. God, I just want to lie naked on it.

Hawk continues to fondle the rug.

PINA
Hawk did our whole apartment. You should come over sometime.

HAWK
We actually mean it. Unlike you, Joe.

They all laugh uncomfortably.

JOE
Are you like an interior designer or something?

HAWK
No, I’m a firefighter, actually.

A long beat of silence.

JOE
For real?

HAWK
Well, I was.

PINA
Hawk was a fire *captain.*

ANGELA
Captain Hawk!

JOE
Wowwwww. A firefighter. Huh. That is very unexpected.

HAWK
Why?

JOE
Well, just, you don’t seem like a firefighter.

HAWK
What do firefighters seem like?

PINA
Yes, what do firefighters seem like?

JOE
They’re you know...maybe more...brawny.

PINA
Brawny? ¿Qué es...?

HAWK
Fuerte.

PINA
Sí. Pero tú es fuerte.

JOE
You could be more fuerte.

ANGELA
I mean, he’s pretty fuerte.

HAWK
Well, I'm recently retired. I've decided to take my pension and start a new chapter.

PINA
Hawk has been studying rolfing (pronounced "roofing")

JOE
Roofing?

HAWK
Rolfing.

Beat.

JOE
Rolfing. Oh like...massage?

HAWK
No. It's a lot deeper. More challenging for the recipient. Maybe you'll be my first patient.

JOE
No, I won't.

Beat.

HAWK
I love this guy.

JOE
Do you? Are you fucking with me?

HAWK
No, I do.

JOE
You love me? How can you love me, you don't even know me? We just met.

It's tense. Angela steps in.

ANGELA
Who would like a house tour??

HAWK
Yes. Me. Please.

JOE
I've seen it. I'm gonna go work on this.

ANGELA
Where are you smoking that?

JOE
Uh...my study?

ANGELA
Okay. Fuck it. Special occasion, right??

JOE
Sure, so special. Thanks.

Joe presents a joint from his pocket.

PINA
I'll join you.

JOE
Really?

PINA
Sure.

ANGELA
Cool cool. Joe, open the window please!

They head off to the study. Angela walks down the hallway, Hawk follows.

48 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 48

Angela walks Hawk down the hall.

ANGELA
It used to be two units. But they knocked down the wall and it was combined. Way before we lived here.

She points into a bedroom.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
This is Maggie's room.

They continue down the hallway.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
We redid this bathroom...I did all the grouting myself...

HAWK
It looks original.

ANGELA
That's what I wanted.

HAWK
You are good. I would have never known.

He picks up a framed photo leaning against the wall.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Who is this?

ANGELA
It's me. It's mine.

HAWK
No, it's not.

ANGELA
Yes!

HAWK
Wow. Stunning. You're a photographer. A great one.

ANGELA
I went to art school a lifetime ago. I've done nothing with it.

HAWK
Well, that's not true. Look at this whole place, Angela. You're really gifted.

ANGELA
Thank you.

They share a look and a smile. She feels seen.

Suddenly, Hawk looks beyond her at the ajar door at the end of the hallway.

HAWK
What's going on here?

ANGELA
Oh, that's our bedroom but it's not done, though...

He opens the door.

49 INT. PRIMARY BEDROOM - NIGHT 49

Angela follows Hawk into the bedroom.

HAWK
Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. What is going on here?

ANGELA
It's unfinished.

HAWK
Pretty important room.

ANGELA
I know, I just haven't gotten around to it...sorry I didn't want to show you.

HAWK
No, it's full of potential. Everything else is so great. What's the problem? Why isn't it done?

Hawk sits on the edge of the mattress.

ANGELA
I feel a little lost in here. The apartment was actually Joe's parents. This was their bedroom.

HAWK
Whoa.

Beat.

HAWK (CONT'D)
So Joe grew up here?

ANGELA
He inherited it. But he hates people knowing that so...

HAWK
Why? That's so lucky.

ANGELA
Exactly. He's embarrassed, I think. We could never afford something like this.

They sit in silence.

HAWK
You just gotta make it your own.

Angela points to the wall. There is a row of what looks like three identical paint samples.

ANGELA
Which one should I choose? I'm leaning towards the middle. Joe thinks they all look the same.

Hawk studies the wall.

HAWK
No. They're so different. That's a cold winter evening. That's dirty melted snow. It's that one. A warm summer morning.

ANGELA
Are you really a fireman?

HAWK
I was. I got hurt in the last big wildfire and it was time to stop.

ANGELA
It's very dangerous, right?

HAWK
Yes. But I liked it. Until I didn't. I needed a new adventure.

ANGELA
Hence, rugs.

HAWK
Exactly, rugs.

They lock eyes for several seconds. Angela takes a sip of wine to break the tension but her wine glass is empty.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Do you have any tequila?

ANGELA
YES. I think I do. I do.

HAWK
Let’s have some.

ANGELA
Yes. Why not??

Angela starts to leave the room.

ANGELA (CONT’D)
I just have to run to the bathroom.

Angela squeezes past him.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 50

Angela splashes cold water on her face. She looks in the mirror and notices she is beaming. She takes a long breath, gathering herself.

EXT. STUDY - NIGHT

Pina holds the joint and looks around Joe’s study. It’s a MESS. Joe immediately self conscious, like a college guy on a first date, tries to clear the couch for her.

JOE
Let me, uh...move some stuff.

PINA
Don’t worry. Do you spend a lot of time in here?

Joe lights the joint and takes a long drag.

JOE
I do. Yeah. Can you tell?

PINA
I can.

JOE
Sorry it’s a mess. I’m usually alone.

He passes it to Pina. She takes a tiny hit and passes it back.

PINA
Chaos is a sign of creativity. It means you're focused on more important things.

Joe takes a huge hit.

JOE
Totally.

He takes the longest drag anyone has ever taken.

PINA
Can I ask you a question?

JOE
Sure.

PINA
What is your fucking problem?

JOE
My what?

PINA
Your problem? You make all these jokes, your wife is having a panic attack, you don't care-

JOE
Look, you're right... I'm sorry... really, I'm sorry... see I didn't know you guys were coming over here till like twenty minutes ago... and it sort of felt like her inviting you here was like an act of aggression-

PINA
We are an act of aggression?

JOE
No, you're not, it's just... she didn't tell me, and then she works herself up into a frenzy...

PINA
She doesn't seem easy to live with.

JOE
She's not. She used to be different...but this is just what she does. This is normal for us.

PINA
So you just decided to stay and just be a dick all night?

JOE
Yeah.

Joe passes the joint back to Pina.

PINA
No, thank you.

JOE
That's it?

PINA
I have a one hit rule. Or else I start counting objects.

JOE
Oh no. Don't do that in here, it will never end.

PINA
Well, you didn't want us here, but here we are... so maybe now you can get to know us before deciding you don't like us.

JOE
You're right... again. I feel like you're right a lot.

PINA
I am!

They laugh for a second.

JOE
How long you been with the fireman? Was he really a fireman?

PINA
Yes, he was really a fireman. One year we've been together.

JOE
Only a year, huh?

PINA
I was married before...

JOE
Oh yeah? How'd you meet?

PINA
He was my patient.

JOE
Oh shit. Really?! Isn't that against the rules?

PINA
Whose rules?

JOE
I don't know, the medical community? Did you leave your husband for Hawk?

PINA
The marriage was already over.

JOE
What happened?

PINA
We stopped having sex. Then we stopped talking. Then we were strangers. People start to forget that they deserve more. They exist on...migajas...uh...crumbs. I didn't want to live like that anymore.

JOE
I don't know, isn't that just what marriage is?

PINA
It doesn't have to be.

JOE
Well, I'm glad you met someone else. Even if his name is Hawk.

They both laugh again.

PINA
Me too.

She notices something and GRABS Joe's arm.

PINA (CONT'D)
Holy!

She rolls up his sleeve and we see his TATTOOS.

PINA (CONT'D)
These are beautiful...

Her touching Joe clearly makes him VERY uncomfortable.

JOE
Yeah... I got 'em when I was younger. They're dumb...

PINA
(turning his arms around)
No, they're lovely. I got one too.
(she shows him)
See?

JOE
Oh yeah! Look at that.

PINA
Did you get them when you were in that band?

JOE
Yeah...

PINA
Play me something, Joe.

JOE
I should go check on Angela... make sure she doesn't need to be reminded to breathe...

Joe gets up and leaves. Pina follows.

52 INT. HALLWAY - NEAR BATHROOM - NIGHT 52

Hawk, in the hallway, looks out the window. Angela comes out of the bathroom. She goes over to him.

Hawk TAPS the glass.

HAWK
You should put heat resistant windows in here. It's dangerous. Single pane. These will shatter in a fire.

ANGELA
There's no risk of that at all in in here. Joe keeps it very, very cold. I prefer it warm.

HAWK
Me too.

Beat.

ANGELA
Maybe. Let's...get that tequila.

Angela heads toward the kitchen.

53 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 53

Angela searches the cupboard.

ANGELA
Where did I put that bottle...I don't really drink tequila but Joe bought me this in Mexico because I thought it was funny.

She reaches up high. Her shirt comes up a bit and reveals her body. Hawk takes her in.

HAWK
Do you need help?

ANGELA
I think it's right here somewhere...

HAWK
Is that it?

Hawk points to the top of the cupboard.

ANGELA
Aha.

HAWK
Need a hand?

Before she can answer, Hawk scoops her up by the waist and lifts her effortlessly.

ANGELA
Ohhh...My...thanks...I'm almost there...

Angela grabs the enormous guitar tequila bottle.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Got it.

HAWK
It is funny.

Just then, Joe and Pina come in from the study. They see Hawk and Angela in this sensual ballet hold.

They watch the acrobatics, with Hawk's face up pressed against Angela's bottom.

Joe and Pina continue to watch, in disbelief. Finally, Joe clears his throat. Angela turns to them, realizing she's being watched.

ANGELA
Ok Hawk...I've got it...here... you can put me down...

JOE
Who needs a ladder when you've got a fireman in the house?

ANGELA
We were getting tequila.

JOE
Tequila? You don't even drink tequila.

Angela interrupts.

ANGELA
I love it. I love tequila. Pina, we haven't tried your flan yet!

Joe still holds the joint and wonders if he could sneak one more hit but then:

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Joe, can you take Pina to the living room? I'll get some plates.

PINA
Have you met the neighbors yet? The Garbooshians on the second floor?

Joe and Pina go to the sofa. Hawk stays with Angela in the kitchen.

JOE
No, but you know what? They never do small talk in the elevator and we never hear them in their apartment. They're great neighbors.

ANGELA
JOE. Put on some music.

He gets up and goes over to the stereo.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What do you want to listen to, Hawk?

HAWK
To be honest, I don't really know a lot about music. But I'd like to.

JOE
Wait you know no music? At all?

PINA
I play him classical, opera, R&B, rock...

HAWK
Sade.

JOE
Sade? Not jazz but that's cool.

HAWK
Pina got me into Sade.

ANGELA
Who doesn't like Sade?

HAWK
That's jazz, right?

PINA
No Hawk, no es exactamente jazz.

HAWK
But then what is jazz? Joe, what's your favorite jazz? I don't really know jazz.

Hawk walks over to the records.

JOE
My favorite jazz?? Like of all it? Just so I understand, like you don't even know who Miles Davis is? Dizzy Gillespie? Coltrane?

HAWK
Miles Davis...hm...

Hawk wanders over to the record collection and starts rifling through.

JOE
You have to work hard to specifically not know who Miles Davis is.

HAWK
Oh, look, it's Joe! Your band!

Hawk holds up a record from "The Onslaught".

PINA
Oh yes, we should play your band!

JOE
No. Don't. We should not.

ANGELA
Joe, don't be rude. They want to listen.

JOE
You know actually, no music. We have something important to talk about.

Angela chokes on her drink.

JOE (CONT'D)
You okay, honey?

ANGELA
Yeah fine, just went down the wrong pipe.

They all finally sit down on the sofa. Angela serves food on their plates.

JOE
As I was saying...

ECU of FLAN with caramel dripping down its side. If sex were a dessert, this would be it.

ANGELA
WOW! This flan is so WOW! Try it, Joe.

Joe glares at Angela. She shoves a spoonful of flan into his mouth.

JOE
Oh wow, indeed. That is delicious.

PINA
Gracias. I can't really be objective but my Spanish Flan is the best.

HAWK
The silky custard...

JOE
It actually melts on your tongue. Incredible.

Angela looks hopeful for a moment.

JOE (CONT'D)
Anyway, where was I...

ANGELA
More wine??

Angela pours for Joe and the guests.

JOE
We want to talk to you about the...

Angela takes a deep breath.

ANGELA
HEY! Thank you for putting up with our renovation. We know it was noisy and longer than expected.

HAWK
Don't mention it. We're neighbors, right?

PINA
We are so happy you invited us over. Actually, we also wanted to talk to *you* about something...

JOE
What a coincidence!

ANGELA
What is it?

PINA
It's nothing bad.

HAWK
But you had something to tell us?

ANGELA
No, no you first.

PINA
No Joe, you go.

They all start talking at the same time, arguing about who should go first.

Angela's had enough.

ANGELA
NO YOU FIRST!

Everyone falls silent. They look at her. She smiles and calmly finishes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You first, you're the guests.

HAWK
We want to apologize.

Joe and Angela look at each other in confusion.

JOE
Really? You do?

ANGELA
Why?

PINA
We think we may have bothered you...

ANGELA
You? Bothered us? Nooooo. No.

PINA
Yeah. On more than one occasion, actually.

ANGELA
We don't know what you mean. When?

Angela seems nervous.

HAWK
Well, particularly at night.

ANGELA
Whaaat?

HAWK
When we have sex.

ANGELA
You??

PINA
Yes. Occasionally, we make love.

ANGELA
Of course you do. Who doesn't!

JOE
Yeah. Who doesn't.

PINA
Sometimes we uh...make more noise than usual. We really try to keep it down but it's hard not to lose control...

HAWK
...even for a firefighter.

Joe and Angela smile.

PINA
If we've gone too far, we're so sorry.

ANGELA
Not at all! No! No, really! Right, Joe? It happens to us all, doesn't it? I'm sorry if our sex has ever bothered *you*.

HAWK
We've never heard you. Not even once.

Angela and Joe exchange a glance.

ANGELA
Right. Because we're downstairs. Sound doesn't travel up. Like...gravity.

Everyone looks at her. Joe is stunned.

JOE
Yes, honey. Sound is just like gravity.

HAWK
Well, we do want to apologize...we really go at it. And it must be intrusive.

ANGELA
Honestly? We've never heard anything! Right, Joe?

Joe is silent, considering.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Right, Joe?

Angela looks at Joe with an imploring look.

JOE
Not a thing. I sleep very well. Like a log.

A LONG silence. Hawk stares deep into Joe's soul. Then:

HAWK
Don't lie, Joe.

JOE
Me?

ANGELA
Him?

HAWK
Yeah. You're not telling the truth.

JOE
What do you mean?

PINA
What he means is we know it bothers you.

JOE
It doesn't bother me. Barely hear anything.

PINA
You knocked on our door one night.

HAWK
Banged on it pretty good.

JOE
That wasn't me.

HAWK
It definitely was.

PINA
We have a Ring camera.

JOE
No you don't.

PINA
Yeah. It's hidden. It's in our...mirilla. Como se dice?

HAWK
Peep hole.

PINA
Si, peephole.

HAWK
We saw you bang on the door and then run away.

ANGELA
You banged on their door??

JOE
No, I did not.

HAWK
We have the footage on my phone. Do you want to see it?

JOE
No, I don't.

Hawk ignores Joe and gets his phone. He presents it to Joe.

HAWK
See? There's our door. And here you come.

JOE
I don't want to see this...

ANGELA
I can't believe you.

HAWK
And then you run. And then you trip on the planter here. Do you remember?

JOE
Turn it off.

HAWK
Here it comes...there you go...oopsy!

JOE
Turn it the fuck off!

Joe swats at Hawk's phone, harder than he expects to. The phone hits the floor. An awkward silence.

Then, Hawk reaches for his phone.

HAWK
I get it. It was a very active night for us.

ANGELA
Active? Was it?

PINA
Explosive. We're really sorry.

ANGELA
We're the ones who are sorry. This is so embarrassing.

Joe considers this.

JOE
You know what? Okay. I did actually knock on your door. It was incredibly loud. You two were fucking like animals. It was just inconsiderate.

ANGELA
Don't talk to them like that.

JOE
You're defending them? It wakes Maggie up! There's only so many times I can tell her they're moving furniture up there! She's on to me! You and I have been talking about their orgasms for months!

Silence. They all look at each other, expectantly.

PINA
You talk about my orgasms?

After a tense silence.

ANGELA
Yes. We do. But they don't bother me! I love them, actually.

PINA
You...love my orgasms?

JOE
She does. She's very invested. She especially likes the growl. Is that you, Pina?

They all look at each other and suddenly start laughing, relaxed, as if their relationship had moved to a new level. As if the worst was over.

HAWK
That's actually not Pina.

ANGELA
That's...you?

HAWK
No, no.

PINA
The growler is Vanessa.

JOE
Oh.

Joe and Angela are silent and confused.

ANGELA
Who's Vanessa?

PINA
A friend.

ANGELA
Does she live with you?

HAWK
Vanessa? No...our place is half the size of this. Vanessa lives in Nevada City... with Kai.

JOE
Who the fuck is Kai?

PINA
Another...friend.

HAWK
The thing about Kai is he's really big and his breath is labored. Like a buffalo...Maybe you're hearing him?

ANGELA
Kai?

JOE
Are you guys fucking with us right now?

Joe and Angela share a perplexed look.

PINA
Listen. I know you're upset, Joe. And you have every right to be. Things have gotten...I don't know, more intense in the last few weeks. We've had a few...parties.

ANGELA
Parties.

HAWK
Sex parties.

Joe and Angela force a diplomatic smile.

JOE
Oh! Sex parties. Of course.

HAWK
We know how it sounds.

JOE
I don't think you know how it sounds...

PINA
We wanted to explain...

ANGELA
No, no. No explanation. No judgment. We get it! Joe, where's that J?

JOE
That J?? You don’t even smoke.

Angela gives him a look.

ANGELA
Who wants more tequila? In the pantry? Joe? Will you help me...

Joe gets up.

JOE
Yeah yeah.

Joe and Angela huddle in the pantry.

They take the tequila and swig it, shocked.

They look at each other and laugh, mouthing “Holy shit” and “What the fuck”.

They pull it together and walk back out to the living room.

ANGELA
Got it!

JOE
So...you were saying. Sex parties?

PINA
Yes. They started recently.

JOE
We should have our next co-op meeting at your place. It would be a lot more fun...

They all chuckle. Hawk smirks.

HAWK
I think the reason you’re hearing more is because our bedroom is simply not big enough to hold everyone. So we have to do it in the living room.

JOE
So that’s why the sound permeates our whole apartment.

ANGELA
And you do it...just right on the...floor?

HAWK
On the rug.

JOE
Ah. That’s why you know rugs.

Looking at their rug.

HAWK
Well, this one would be uncomfortable. Not a high enough pile.

JOE
Gotta have a high pile. Good to know for our next sex party.

Angela is staring at the rug, fantasizing.

ANGELA
So...how does it work?

JOE
I was kidding, Angela.

ANGELA
Are there rules? Who is invited? Can anybody do...anything to anybody?

She takes a sip of tequila.

HAWK
Yes, the rules are important. They promote safety and comfort. For starters, clear, verbal consent.

PINA
Also, the connection must be about joy and expansion, never anger, negativity or revenge. Very important.

HAWK
Patience. Everyone is coming from a different place. And we honor that.

ANGELA
That sounds wonderful! Wow. And how did you guys get into all of this...stuff?

PINA
I've always been...bi-curious. The pleasure I get from being with a woman is...different.

HAWK
When Pina and I got together, we made a commitment to expanding. It started with Pina's interest in women. And I was supportive of that.

JOE
How nice of you.

HAWK
And then from there, it's been boundless.

ANGELA
Yes yes.

PINA
I just wanted to keep pushing our expectations, our definitions of a traditional relationship.

HAWK
Now, we have all genders. Which explains the increase in noise.

ANGELA
Hmmm hmmm.

JOE
Well, that explains it.

ANGELA
So, are Vanessa and Kai your friends? How do you know them? Did you meet on an app?

HAWK
No no no, we are very against the apps. Our meetings have to be organic. But there are conventions.

ANGELA
Of course, you need rules and boundaries.

HAWK
No no, like actual conventions. Like where people get together.
(MORE)

HAWK (CONT'D)
Who are interested in that lifestyle. That's where we met Vanessa and Kai.

PINA
At a convention. Called 'Come All'.

HAWK
As in...come one...

JOE
Yeah, we got it.

ANGELA
Come one come all! Very clever! Hahahaha.

Angela laughs a little too hard.

PINA
The conventions help with vetting...no diseases, no drugs, no personality disorders. And they give you a template, a menu, it's really helpful.

JOE
A MENU?

HAWK
A menu of things you're into.

PINA
À la carte. So when you engage with someone, they've already sent their preference list in advance.

ANGELA
Oh, like Below Deck!

HAWK
Sure. The menu makes it easy just to dive right in.

ANGELA
A menu...organized. I like that.

Angela considers this detail.

HAWK
The best thing about group sex is that there is clear communication.

JOE
That's probably not the *best* thing.

Beat.

JOE (CONT'D)
What if you don't get picked? You have to just jerk off in a corner?

HAWK
Anyone can watch.

ANGELA
No one gets jealous?

HAWK
We practice...um...how do you say...

PINA
Compersion...

JOE
Compersion. Never heard of it.

PINA
It's a new word. Compersion is all about finding joy in the joy of others.

ANGELA
I know about this. This is very "sex positive".

JOE
Podcast.

PINA
Yes, sex positive. Correct. Hawk and I trust each other. We have no secrets.

Hawk and Pina touch. Joe and Angela are silent.

ANGELA
Wow. Sounds healthy.

PINA
There is so much beauty in seeing your partner in the hands of another, in utter delight.

ANGELA
Hm. Uh huh. So it’s just the four of you? Four is a good number.

Joe shoots her a look.

PINA
Well...

HAWK
Sometimes other people join in.

JOE
Come one, come all.

HAWK
Absolutely. You get it.

JOE
I really do.

ANGELA
How many people have you...had? At one time?

PINA
No more than six.

ANGELA
Six? At the same time?

JOE
Jesus Christ.

HAWK
Except for last weekend...

PINA
Right. But that was a special occasion.

HAWK
A birthday. A big birthday.

ANGELA
A birthday’s a birthday, right? It’s important to celebrate.

JOE
Gotta celebrate the good things.

HAWK
It was Vanessa's birthday. We rented a beautiful house in Bolinas.

PINA
And her wish was to have ten people.

JOE
Wow, that *is* sex positive. That honestly sounds exhausting to me.

Pina and Hawk chuckle.

HAWK
No Joe. It was energizing. I think it was some of the best sex of our lives.

ANGELA
Mmmm. Vanessa sounds amazing. Is she just like young and energetic?

HAWK
Vanessa? No, she's...pretty mature. We don't know her age but she is the most experienced of all of us.

PINA
I've learned so much from that woman.

HAWK
Yeah. Like anal...

JOE
I'm sorry? Anal?

HAWK
Well, not everybody but...Pina loves anal...

ANGELA
...we all do!

Joe shoots Angela a look.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
More or less...

PINA
I do love anal, yes.

This hangs...

PINA (CONT'D)
I love giving it. I don't want to speak for Hawk but he loves receiving it.

HAWK
I do. I didn't at first but I do now.

ANGELA
Oh! Pegging! Podcast. Yes. That's with a...

HAWK
With a strap on.

ANGELA
Strap on. Right.

HAWK
Or a handheld device.

Hawk smiles at Angela suggestively.

PINA
It's not really about penetration. It's about surrender. All of it is.

HAWK
And trust. Because with trust, there is no surrender.

ANGELA
You have to let your body surrender.

HAWK
No, Angela. Not your body.

ANGELA
No?

HAWK
It's here.

He touches Angela's forehead.

PINA
Sex is not a thing you do. It's a place you go.

JOE
Isn’t the place Hawk’s butt?

PINA
Yes. Everyone has different fantasies that can lead them to emotional intimacy.

ANGELA
And you have that menu. With all the different choices...

HAWK
Bondage, role play, foot fetish....

ANGELA
D.P....

HAWK
D.P.?

ANGELA
Double penetration.

JOE
Double penetration?? What the fuck...

Everyone looks at Angela.

ANGELA
That’s on the menu, right? I mean, people love D.P.

PINA
I don’t do it.

HAWK
We try not to bring the tropes of pornography into our sessions.

ANGELA
Toootally. But, you never know what people like...I mean, you’re a fireman who loves getting pegged!

HAWK
Ex. But fair point.

Pina and Hawk kiss. Angela doesn’t look at Joe. Pina smiles at Angela.

JOE
Well, we certainly have a clearer picture now of what's going on up there. Just try to keep it down, okay? Maybe go back to Bolinas for the next big blowout.

HAWK
Of course.

PINA
Thank you both for being so accepting. And warm.

ANGELA
We accept. We are accepting.

HAWK
From the little we've interacted with you two, you seem...progressive.

JOE
I'm actually registered as an independent.

PINA
I mean, the Garbooshians do *not* seem open.

ANGELA
No way.

JOE
That is definitely a single penetration household.

ANGELA
Probably zero penetration, if you know what I mean.

They laugh heartily. Joe grabs the tequila.

JOE
Another shot?

PINA
Why not.

ANGELA
The more the merrier!

JOE
Come one, come all!

They laugh.

HAWK
You're both very funny!

ANGELA
Yes, Joe, funny and free. That's us.

JOE
Funny and free!

HAWK
No, we knew you were cool. I mean I knew Angela was cool but I wasn't sure about you, Joe, but you are! And I really appreciate it.

JOE
Wait. Why did you think she'd be cool?

ANGELA
BECAUSE I'M COOL.

HAWK
Well, because of the window thing.

ANGELA
Mmm mmm no window.

JOE
What window thing?

HAWK
You know, the window thing. The thing you do in the window, Angela.

JOE
Sorry, what?

PINA
Ahora. ¿qué tienes que hacer?

JOE
Yes a-hora. What are you talking about?

HAWK
Angela likes to be looked at naked.

JOE
Hang on. Stop. You've seen my wife naked?

HAWK
Not in person. Only through the window.

JOE
You've seen Angela naked through the window???

HAWK
Yeah.

Hawk looks at Angela. Silence. Angela doesn't answer.

Joe gets up and heads toward the hallway.

54 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 54

Joe walks up to the window. He opens it. He looks up.

JOE
You see Angela, my wife, through... the window... you sure it's not Mrs. Garbooshian?

They laugh and reply from the sofa.

HAWK
There would never be a way to mistake Angela for Mrs. Garbooshian.

ANGELA
Thank you.

JOE
Are you ready to comment on this revelation, honey?

Angela gets up and goes toward the kitchen.

ANGELA(O.S)
That might have happened once, okay?

HAWK
Well...

ANGELA
Once.

HAWK
More than once.

JOE
Word is it was more than once.

HAWK
...sure, the first time might have been an accident. But since then, if you know I'm in the kitchen, you walk around naked so I see you, don't you?

Angela is silent.

JOE
This is why you don't like curtains!

HAWK
I don't like curtains either.

55 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 55

Joe goes up to Angela in the kitchen.

JOE
Are you gonna say something? Do you want to fucking explain yourself?

ANGELA
No, I don't. I do that sometimes and that's that.

JOE
Do you want to at least try to make this better?

ANGELA
No, Joe. I'm gonna take a page out of your playbook. I'm not even gonna try.

JOE
I think you should. I deserve an explanation.

Angela looks at him.

ANGELA
Joe...

JOE
Now. Tell me.

56 INT. HALLWAY/BATHROOM - NIGHT 56

Angela stops by the bathroom window. Joe follows her.

ANGELA
Okay, fine. You wanna know? The first time, I was coming out of the shower.

She points to the bathroom.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I was...nude...I was going to the living room. When I passed the window, I looked up, I saw him, he looked at me and I kept walking.

HAWK (O.S.)
Exactly.

ANGELA
And since then, after I shower, I walk past here, knowing he might be watching me.

JOE
Oh, so it's like a little routine.

ANGELA
Yes. It is. It's like a ritual. It makes me feel good about myself...what's wrong with that?

JOE
Everything. Everything is wrong with that.

ANGELA
But I never look him in the eye. Never.

HAWK
She doesn't ever.

JOE
What the fuck does that matter?

ANGELA
It matters a lot.

JOE
Oh well, in that case, I feel much better.

ANGELA
Do you actually care? You barely look at me.

Joe looks at Pina.

JOE
You show your tits to a stranger and somehow it's my fault? This is fucked.

PINA
One second...I don't see this as fucked. At all.

JOE
Oh? Really? Please Doc, grace us with your expertise.

PINA
Well, what Angela is doing in the window is actually very hopeful.

JOE
Hopeful? For who?

PINA
For her. For all of us. Most women let go of their erotic aspirations. For good. Capturing the gaze of another will help her reclaim something vital that she was losing.

Pina looks at Angela.

PINA (CONT'D)
Angela, good for you. You are holding on to the part of yourself that needs to be loved and desired. Do you know how important that is?

ANGELA
Yes, I do. It's important.

PINA
At the end of the day, what do we all want? To be desired and to desire. Just like when Joe looks at my boobs in the elevator.

Angela looks at Joe in surprise. Then, to Pina:

ANGELA
Joe looks at your boobs?

PINA
Yes...he thinks I don't notice. But I notice. It's like a game.

ANGELA
You're disgusting.

JOE
They're out there. I'm sorry but they're hard not to look at...

PINA
It's okay.

JOE
Is it?

PINA
When you look at my boobs, do they seem out of reach to you?

JOE
No, I feel like I could reach them. But it's not appropriate. I just wouldn't do that.

PINA
No, I mean something else, do you feel worthy of desiring them?

JOE
Well...I don't know.

PINA
Joe. Look at my boobs right now. It's okay. Enjoy them.

ANGELA
Look at them, Joe.

HAWK
Yeah come on, Joe. Enjoy her boobs.

JOE
Why? I don't need to ogle another man's wife so I can jerk off to her later. Like you.

HAWK
No, I would never do that. I make love to my wife and we talk about Angela.

PINA
He tells me about it. I like it too.

ANGELA
You think about me? While you two are...wow.

Angela beams. Joe looks at her. Then at Hawk and Pina, processing.

JOE
Wait one second...what the fuck is this? Is this a setup? Angela? Did you plan this?

ANGELA
Plan what?

JOE
Inviting them over without asking, making a soufflé, the cheese, the new shirt...you were setting up a little threesome here. You knew they were fucking other people up there. I'm not stupid.

ANGELA
What are you talking about?

JOE
You were hoping they would lure you upstairs into their sex den? That's a new low, Angela.

ANGELA
That's not what this is. Give me a break. I just wanted to drink some wine and have a nice night.

JOE
You all want to fuck each other! It's obvious! You've been plotting this. It's fucked up!

HAWK
No, no, no, no that is not what's going on here. We did NOT discuss this with Angela.

PINA
No, we did not.

Beat.

HAWK
BUT...it *is* actually why we came over tonight.

PINA
(in Spanish) Not tonight, Hawk.

HAWK
(in Spanish) I think they're ready honey.

PINA
(in Spanish) No, they are so angry with each other. It's not healthy. Look how angry they are. We have a rule.

HAWK
(in Spanish) I'm telling you it's hot friction. I can tell.

PINA
(in Spanish) You can tell them but don't push them too hard. I don't think they're ready.

Hawk speaks to Angela and Joe.

JOE
What are you guys talking about?

HAWK
We came here tonight to invite you.

ANGELA
Invite us where?

PINA
To join us.

A LONG silence. Joe and Angela stare at Pina and Hawk for what seems like an eternity.

ANGELA
Join you for...?

HAWK
Group sex.

ANGELA
Us?

PINA
Yes.

JOE
Me?

PINA
Yes. Both of you.

JOE
Both of who?

HAWK
Both of you.

JOE
Including me?

HAWK
Yes.

LONG SILENCE.

ANGELA
Did you hear that, Joe?

JOE
I think so?

HAWK
We talked about having sex with you both for quite some time.

PINA
Yes. We feel such a strong connection with you.

HAWK
That's what this is about. We were getting some pretty clear signals. Signals that we liked. In the window, in the elevator.

Angela nods, blushing.

ANGELA
Really?? That's so...nice of you. Wow. Thank you. Joe? Say thank you.

JOE
Um. Yes, thank you. Thanks.

PINA
You’re both very attractive.

HAWK
Hot.

JOE
You think I’m hot.

HAWK
Sure.

ANGELA
We talk about you, too.

PINA
I know, you talk about my orgasms.

HAWK
We think you’ve got a lot of quiet sex appeal.

ANGELA
So do...you two.

JOE
Well, I wouldn’t call them quiet.

They all laugh.

HAWK
We’d love to propose sharing a sexual experience with you.

JOE
Just to be clear, the four of us? Like you and you and you and me?

PINA
Yes.

JOE
Me too?

PINA
You too. But it doesn’t have to be tonight.

ANGELA
Ohh.

HAWK
Or it can be tonight. I did bring condoms.

JOE
You have condoms? I haven't seen a condom since 2010.

HAWK
Oh, they're much more subtle now.

Joe laughs nervously. No one joins him. Angela is focused.

ANGELA
So how does it work? I mean, if we were to do it? At some point? Like what is the procedural protocol?

JOE
Yeah, how do you do this? Where would one start?

HAWK
Well, there are several ways. We could all be together, we could watch you two...

ANGELA
Ew, no.

JOE
You don't want to see that.

HAWK
You could watch us, or we could swap...

PINA
Sometimes adding a neutral party is nice. We could invite a fifth.

HAWK
Pero, ¿quién?

(they speak in Spanish and bring up a variety of names: Pepe, Thomas, Carolina and discuss availabilities)

HAWK (CONT'D)
No Pepe. No Thomas.

JOE
I'm with Hawk on that one. No Pepe. No Thomas.

PINA
It's whatever feels good and right for us. And whenever feels right. Doesn't have to be now.

HAWK
But again, it definitely can be now.

ANGELA
Weeknights are tough because of Maggie. Weekends are not great, I'm actually training for a half marathon...

JOE
They're inviting us to an orgy and you're giving them your Google calendar? Really? That's your response? You're such a control freak.

ANGELA
At least I'm brave enough to get into scheduling! You haven't offered up anything.

JOE
Oh, are you saying I don't want to do it? I'll schedule it for right fucking now. I would do it. The answer is yes, I would do it.

HAWK
Yes, Joe! Exactly! This guy is great.

JOE
Yeah, let's fuck, I'm not scared.

ANGELA
Amazing how unsexy you manage to make this moment.

JOE
I'm just more spontaneous and you're jealous.

ANGELA
I'll fuck right now, let's go. I can be spontaneous. Look how fast I made that cheese plate.

JOE
That's a lame thing to say.

ANGELA
Oh whatever, Joe. LET'S DO IT. How do we this? Tell us how to do this.

PINA
Hold on. Like we told you, we really can't do this from a place of anger.

ANGELA
We're not angry.

PINA
I don't think you guys are there.

ANGELA
We're there. We're there. I'm there. I can't speak for him.

JOE
I'm not angry! I'm so happy about this. This is me when I'm happy.

ANGELA
This is good for us!

JOE
SO good for us!

ANGELA
I would do it. Do you want to do it?

JOE
Are you kidding? I want to do it!

Joe and Angela awkwardly put their arms around each other.

ANGELA
I'm not angry.

Angela grabs Hawk's face and plants a kiss on him.

JOE
I'm not fucking angry.

Joe grabs Hawk's face and plants a kiss on him.

PINA
Mmm...are you sure your desire is coming from a healthy place?

ANGELA
We are looking for expansion. And positivity! We need it.

JOE
I like to fuck. I want to fuck. And I don't currently fuck. I would like to fuck. That's a good reason.

HAWK
Yes, it is.

ANGELA
We're all here, we're all a little buzzed...

JOE
We haven't eaten too much cheese. Our stomachs are relatively empty...

ANGELA
Maggie's not home...

JOE
Don't bring up Maggie right now, what's wrong with you.

ANGELA
Sorry, right. I just know now is the right time. Definitely now.

HAWK
I think ahora is good.

JOE
See? We've all decided. Ahora.

ANGELA
Ahora.

Pina studies them all. Finally:

PINA
Okay. I don't think it is the night for us all together.

Beat. Pina and Hawk discuss.

PINA (CONT'D)
(in Spanish) It's decided they're too angry.

HAWK
(in Spanish) I know, I know. But we are here, they want to...

PINA
(in Spanish) I have an idea.

Pina speaks to Joe and Angela.

PINA (CONT'D)
But, we can try connecting separately.

JOE
Okay...

PINA
Joe, how would you feel if we spent a little time together, alone?

JOE
Me? Yes. I'm willing to move forward with that plan. Yes.

HAWK
Angela?

ANGELA
Yes. I can do that.

HAWK
Guys, can we all take hands?

They all join hands. Joe bows his head like they're about to pray and then peeks around and sees everyone looking at each other.

HAWK (CONT'D)
This experience will be about positivity. Do we all feel positive?

ANGELA
Positive. Yes.

HAWK
A few rules. Is kissing okay?

ANGELA
Yes.

JOE
Yes. Everything's fine. Just no anal. I'm not ready.

PINA
I respect that.

HAWK
Okay. Where shall we...bedrooms?

ANGELA
NO.

HAWK
Kitchen?

ANGELA
Sure.

Hawk and Angela head off.

PINA
Your study?

Joe nods. They head off. Joe looks back and sneaks a look at Angela but she doesn't look at him. Hawk turns around.

HAWK
Joe?

Hawk hands Joe a condom. He takes it. They shake hands.

57 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS 57

Joe walks in and Pina walks around him, surveying him. She comes behind him and hugs him from the back, seductively. Joe looks worried.

PINA
How do you feel, Joe?

JOE
Good. Good good. Are we gonna...

PINA
Shhhh.

Pina takes off her shirt. Joe looks at her boobs.

PINA (CONT'D)
Good. Now look in my eyes, Joe.

But he is kind of glued to her boobs.

PINA (CONT'D)
Eyes, Joe.

He looks in her eyes.

PINA (CONT'D)
Be here with me.

58 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 58

Angela and Hawk stand across from each other. Hawk approaches her and kisses her. Hawk takes his pants off. Angela quickly unbuttons her pants. She takes off her blouse.

HAWK
So.

ANGELA
So...

HAWK
How do you want to do it? What do you like?

ANGELA
Um. I haven't been with someone in a while. Sorry, I'm not matching.

She is referring to her underwear.

HAWK
It's okay. We're not keeping those on, are we?

ANGELA
No. Right. Yeah of course.

HAWK
You're beautiful.

ANGELA
Ugh. Not really.

HAWK
No, no. You have to take that in. I mean it. I'm so into this. What do you want?

He kisses her neck.

ANGELA
I don't know...I didn't think this was gonna happen tonight. Let's do the thing with the um...<u>you</u> say.

HAWK
What I want?

He laughs.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Wow. You really have to get back in touch with yourself.

ANGELA
Yeah. Fuck. I'm a fucking cunt. I don't know what I'm doing. I'm so fucked. Idiot.

HAWK
Hm. We don't...That sounds like anger. You can't be angry at yourself.

He pulls back from her.

ANGELA
What did I do? No, I didn't mean it like that. That's just how I talk to myself.

HAWK
That's mean, Angela. We can't be negative.

ANGELA
No, no it was just a joke. It was a joke.

Hawk looks to the living room, clearly nervous.

HAWK
Pina will know. If I break the rules, she'll know...

ANGELA
I promise it was a joke. I'm not angry! Okay? If I promise it was a joke?

HAWK
You promise?

ANGELA
I promise. Yeah. I love myself! Positivity.

HAWK
Okay.

She looks at him, he smiles. He picks her up and puts her on the butcher block. It starts to drift away. He pulls her back to him. It's on.

59 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS 59

Pina and Joe are still breathing together. Pina grabs his hand. She runs it on her body. She starts to kiss and lick his fingers.

JOE
Oh!

PINA
Now, I want to watch you. Stand over there.

Joe obeys and crosses the room.

PINA (CONT'D)
Take off your pants.

He does. He's rushing. The pants get stuck on his ankles. He's tying to force them off when suddenly, his back seizes up.

Joe topples to the ground, taking most of the room down with him. It looks painful and it's LOUD.

60 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 60

Hawk and Angela are about to kiss. Suddenly, from the other room, we hear:

JOE (O.C.)
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! MY BACK!!!!

PINA (O.C)
Carino, ayudame que se ha hecho dano!

ANGELA
Just ignore it. It's his back, happens all the time.

PINA (O.C.)
Hawk, se ha hecho dano en la espalda, ayudanos por favor!

HAWK
I think she said he broke his back. Sorry, she's calling for me.

Hawk runs out.

61 INT. STUDY/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 61

Hawk finds Joe on the ground. When Hawk enters, Joe tries to army crawl away from him to the living room. But Hawk approaches him, trying to lift him.

JOE
Don’t fucking touch me...ah!

HAWK
Don’t move, man. I got you.

JOE
Seriously, don’t...

Hawk grabs Joe and effortlessly throws him over an ottoman in the living room.

PINA
It’s his L4, L5. A classic.

HAWK
Got it.

Joe is in his underwear, with his pants still around his ankles.

Hawk, also in his underwear, gets on his knees behind Joe. He grabs him in a bear hug from behind, tenderly.

JOE
Ahhh. What the fuck, get off me!!

HAWK
I have medical training. Don’t resist. Just relax.

JOE
Seriously, get off!

HAWK
You’re going to experience the worst pain of your entire life. But it will be over fast. Deep breath. Here we go.

Hawk CORKSCREWS Joe’s back. Joe yelps like a wild animal.

JOE
YEOOOOOOOWAHHHHHHHHYAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH FUUUUUUUCK.

Hawk gets up calmly. Joe collapses and flips over onto his back, panting, moaning.

HAWK
Do you feel any better?

JOE
Uh...No. What did you do?

HAWK
An adjustment. I just learned that technique. Needs some refining still.

JOE
I think I feel worse. Jesus.

Hawk goes and puts his pants on. Angela, quietly to Hawk:

ANGELA
Can we just go back to the kitchen...

Hawk looks to Pina who gives him the final “No, this is done” look...Hawk kisses Angela’s hand.

Joe grunts.

PINA
I think tonight is not the night...

ANGELA
Oh come on...we were just getting into it...

JOE
Can someone get me some ice?

ANGELA
Oh my god. This is so fucking embarrassing...we’re embarrassing.

Angela starts crying. She redresses herself.

ANGELA (CONT’D)
Your back. AGAIN. Our whole life is about your fucking back. Body pillows, canceled trips, endless complaining.

JOE
Sorry my chronic pain is so inconvenient for you.

ANGELA
It is and I’m not allowed to say it.

PINA
You know, Joe. Back pain is not really about your back.

JOE
Uh...really? I think it is. Ice? Anybody?

Hawk goes to the kitchen to get him ice.

PINA
None of those things will work. It’s about emotions trapped below the surface. Do you want to talk about it?

JOE
No, I don’t. What the fuck is going on here? A few minutes ago you were licking my hand and now I’m injured. This whole fucking evening is exactly why I didn’t...

Hawk hands Joe ice and grins at him. Joe looks away. He looks back and Hawk is still grinning at him.

JOE (CONT’D)
What the fuck are you smiling at?

HAWK
Me encanta.

JOE
Stop fucking saying that.

HAWK
I know right where you are.

JOE
You don’t know anything about me, you fucking pervert. Hawk? What kind of name is that? Nobody’s named Hawk. What’s your real name? On your fucking passport?

HAWK
Howard Wilson Kelly.

JOE
Howard? Howard the peeping Tom from 5B? What the fuck is Hawk?

HAWK
The name I gave myself.

JOE
When? At Burning Man with Sting and Trudie?

HAWK
No. When my wife died.

Silence.

HAWK (CONT'D)
We were total opposites. I was overachieving and tight and she was so free. And I loved that about her. But she started to express wanting to be sexually adventurous, I felt threatened by it. She wanted her own erotic expansion and I put the fire out. She kept wondering when we got to have fun. Where is the joy? And I lost the chance to give her that. The regret of my life was that I repressed that and then, she was gone. There was no more chance. I started to see Pina for therapy and she got me off the floor from a puddle of grief. She made me see that I could go on and actually live a life in a way that honors my wife. Her dying wish was for me to live my life, to expand. And I promised her I would. So I started my second life. With Pina.

Angela is teary.

Pina looks at Joe who has gone quiet, moved in some way...

JOE
Welp, I guess if your dead wife didn't get the chance to peg you, I'm really glad Pina can.

ANGELA
Oh my god.

JOE
What?

PINA
You’re making a joke again? Are you fucking serious? Hawk is vulnerable and tells you an honest story about his life and you make fun of him??

JOE
I was joking. Come on.

PINA
Come on where? How disappointing. I was wrong about you, Joe. You are just a little man who makes jokes because you can’t handle big feelings.

ANGELA
Yes, exactly. He does that. That’s his problem.

PINA
Why are you so focused on his problems and not your own?

ANGELA
I mean...well...he...

PINA
Not him. You. What’s your part? You two are unhappy, no? Why do you lie about that to us? To each other? It’s prestoprous.

HAWK
It’s actually ‘preposterous’, my love.

PINA
HAWK. ENOUGH. ENOUGH OF YOU.

HAWK
I just...

PINA
You just what?? You want to correct my English? Again?? Shut the fuck up, okay?? Your Spanish is SO bad, I don’t correct you ever. But I should. I’m sick of you interrupting me, you don’t listen to me.

HAWK
Mi amor...but...

PINA
NO BUT. I told you they weren't ready this whole time and you keep pushing. You keep pushing for sex. Tonight was not the night. You don't listen. I'm done with you! SHUT THE FUCK UP.

HAWK
I'm sorry, you're right. I didn't mean to do that.

Pina catches herself being impulsive. She takes a breath.

PINA
Lo siento. That was too much. I'm sorry for yelling.

He approaches her tenderly. She is resistant.

HAWK
No, don't, it's my fault. I was overexcited and I know I've been pushy. I'm sorry. I will listen to you. I'll do better.

PINA
Okay...I forgive you.

Hawk and Pina kiss. Joe and Angela are in their own shock. Having watched two people fight and make up so quickly, something they can't manage to do.

PINA (CONT'D)
You know, I'm glad we came over tonight.

ANGELA
You are?

PINA
Yes! Because we came here to have sex and we got something so much better; the reminder that we don't want to be like you.

JOE
Wow...that's...thank you for that.

ANGELA
She's right, Joe. We're living a lie. I don't want to be like us either...we can't even get an orgy right. We're basically dead inside.

PINA
You're dead inside? No. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. You wanted to fuck both of us. We saw it. But you're so mean to each other. How do you even have sex??

Joe and Angela are silent.

PINA (CONT'D)
Do you *have* sex with each other??

Still, silent.

PINA (CONT'D)
When was the last time you had sex with each other??

ANGELA
A year ago?

Hawk sips on wine. He chokes and coughs.

HAWK
Sorry, I thought you said a year ago.

He looks at them.

HAWK (CONT'D)
Oh, you did.

PINA
A year. No wonder you guys are so horny.

JOE
We don't have sex because she doesn't want to fuck me.

ANGELA
You don't even try to have sex with me anymore!

JOE
Because you shudder when I touch you.

ANGELA
Oh, so you just give up. That's what you do. You give up on everything.

JOE
I give up on everything??

ANGELA
Yes, Joe. Me, us, your music, your career...

JOE
Wow, you're going there? I gave up on my career? I had to! We had Maggie. You think you would have been happy living in a van, on tour? With a baby?

ANGELA
You never asked me! I would have done anything for you, Joe.

JOE
Bullshit.

ANGELA
You're unhappy because you gave up. At least I try. Look at this place! I did everything in here. You're so miserable, you don't believe you're worthy of nice things.

JOE
I don't need nice things to make me feel worthy, Angela.

ANGELA
I'm so sick of caring. I do *everything for you*. You don't even try!

JOE
Because you won't let me do anything. Because when I do, it's never good enough. You're so controlling!

ANGELA
I'm not controlling.

JOE
You're not? Maggie and I have wanted a cat for years and you wouldn't let us get one because you don't want one!

ANGELA
I don’t like cats! They’re withholding.

She glares at Joe.

Beat. Joe gets quiet. He speaks calmly, more calmly than he has all night. Or ever.

JOE
What do you do all day?

ANGELA
What do you mean?

JOE
What the fuck do you do all day?

ANGELA
Are you serious?

JOE
I’ve never been more serious. Let me answer for you. Nothing. You spend money and wait for Maggie to text you back. No one did this to you.

This cuts deep for Angela.

ANGELA
Fuck you, Joe. You’re cruel.

Joe realizes what he’s done. Angela crumbles to the floor.

ANGELA (CONT’D)
Why would you say that?

JOE
I don’t know....I...

ANGELA
You used to be funny, now you’re just bitter and mean. How did you become so bitter?

JOE
I don’t know...middle aged, bad back, failed career, I still live in my parents’ apartment. Can’t you just let me be miserable?

ANGELA
You live in a beautiful home, Maggie worships you, and you still get to teach music. You choose to be miserable.

Hawk returns with tea.

HAWK
Rooibos anyone?

PINA
Hawk. Not now. Do you remember a time when you were happy?

ANGELA
When we met, I couldn't stand to be apart from you for a second. And now I can't stand to look at you.

PINA
How did you meet?

JOE
Does it matter at this point?

PINA
It does.

ANGELA
I was on a bad date at a bar. Joe was playing there with his band. They were really fucking good. When my date went to the bathroom, Joe flirted with me. He made me laugh. I let the guy drop me at home and I went right back to the bar...

Beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I ran all the way back, eleven blocks. To see you at that bar. Did you know that?

JOE
I didn't...I just thought you were a very sweaty person.

ANGELA
God, I was so fucking in love with you. I'm an idiot.

Beat.

JOE
I couldn’t believe you wanted to be with me.

PINA
Maybe that’s part of your problem.

ANGELA
God, we’re really unhappy.

PINA
If you’re so unhappy, why are you in this marriage?

ANGELA
Maggie, I guess.

PINA
If you truly feel like this, imagine the burden it is for your daughter. You don’t think she knows?

Angela and Joe are silent.

PINA (CONT’D)
I think we only get a few chances for meaningful relationships in life. It can be with different people. But sometimes, we can have a new relationship with the same person. It’s up to you...

Beat.

PINA (CONT’D)
You want to know what I think?

BEAT.

JOE
Do we have a choice?

PINA
I think your relationship is over.

JOE
Oh.

Angela and Joe look at each other. They know Pina is right.

HAWK
Shit... now I feel bad... we just wanted to see the apartment, maybe fuck a little...

Pina looks at them. Then:

PINA
I think we'll go. We've come a long way tonight.

HAWK
Well, not all the way.

ANGELA
Oh, your dish...

Angela turns and goes to the kitchen. Joe instinctively follows Angela.

62 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 62

Angela slowly washes the dish. Joe ambles in, in a daze.

JOE
You okay?

ANGELA
Huh? Yeah.

63 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 63

Angela and Joe return with a dish to find an empty living room.

ANGELA
They're gone.

Finally, they are on their own. They don't speak for a beat, not knowing what to say, exhausted.

Angela pours herself a tea.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'll finish cleaning up tomorrow.

JOE
That's all right... I'll do it.

ANGELA
... And we'll talk more about what we're going to do, okay?

JOE
We have that house in Tahoe for August. Maggie loves it...what do we do about that?

ANGELA
We'll figure it out.

JOE
I'll miss that.

ANGELA
Me too. I'm tired.

JOE
Me too.

ANGELA
Is your back okay?

JOE
Better, actually.

ANGELA
Good, Joe. I'm going to bed.

JOE
Should I sleep on the sofa?

Beat.

ANGELA
Whatever you want.

She heads toward the hallway.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Joe?

She turns around.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry we never got a cat.

JOE
Me too.

She walks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe clicks off a lamp. He walks to the other side of the room and clicks off another lamp. He walks out of the room.

64 INT. MAGGIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 64

Angela walks in and looks around. She sits on the edge of Maggie's bed, exhausted. She sits for a moment, quiet. Suddenly, she hears...a piano.

65 INT. STUDY - CONT. 65

Joe plays the piano. It's the song he played in the iPhone footage at the top. But a slower, more somber version.

Joe is emotional.

Angela appears at the door. Her eyes well with tears.

Angela walks to the piano. She sits next to Joe.

She watches him play.

We cut to BLACK.

THE END