

FADE IN.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

An obvious bachelor's pad - complete with dirty dishes, laundry strewn about, and video games piled everywhere.

ROWAN - mid 20's - snores loudly on an old couch beneath a quilted blanket.

AMANDA - a petite woman, mid 20's - peaks her head into the living-room from the kitchen. She's wearing a man's wife beater tank top and lacey panties. She tip-toes into the room and rifles through a pair of pants. She removes a cell-phone.

She notices a pile of twenty-dollar bills on the coffee table. She picks it up, plucks three off the top and stuffs them in her jeans.

Amanda gives Rowan a cursory glance and frowns. Rowan snorts and rolls over on the couch. She smiles.

Amanda retreats back into the kitchen.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY.

Amanda is looking at a photograph on the fridge.

She holds a picture up - it's an especially goofy portrait of Rowan. She smiles at it and puts it back on the fridge.

Her cell-phone is sitting on the counter. It rings. She yelps and answers it immediately.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

Rowan's eyes pop open. He sits up on the couch and squints. He hears talking in the other room and freezes.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY.

Amanda looks through Rowan's cupboards as she talks, taking items out and examining them, or pushing them around on the shelves.

AMANDA

Did you get my message? Amy - I swear to God - if you don't stop laughing our friendship is OVER...No...he was really drunk so nothing happened...I drove his car, it's nice...a Toyota Celica....shut up, I think it's nice...Sure...You know I always do...

She stops and then pulls out a box of tea. She inspects the label. She pulls out a package and sniffs it. Then sets it down on the counter.

Look - please just come and get me ok? If I can get out before this guy wakes up, he won't know I was ever here...

She begins opening cupboards again.

Alright, 30 minutes. But you'd better hurry. Alrighty. Bye.

She hangs up the phone, and glances towards the living-room.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

Rowan gets up off the couch. He's wearing boxers and a white pair of socks.

He tiptoes to the kitchen door.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY.

On the counter in front of Amanda is a packet of tea.

She opens up a cupboard and reaches to get a mug. Her hand can barely reach the shelf they are on.

Rowan enters the kitchen behind her. She doesn't notice.

ROWAN

Can I help you?

AMANDA

Jesus shit!

Amanda's hand knocks a mug to the counter. The handle breaks and goes flying through the air. It strikes Rowan's forehead.

He takes a step backward and runs into the fridge. A box of Honeynut Cheerios falls off and smacks Rowan's head - then spills all over the floor.

AMANDA

Holy fuck - are you ok?

Rowan looks up at her. A stream of blood is dripping from a cut on his forehead. He laughs.

ROWAN

Not a church goer, are ya?

AMANDA

God no. I'll get you a bandage or something.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY.

Rowan sits on-top of the toilet seat. Amanda is just finishing putting a superhero bandage on his head.

AMANDA

I like your band-aids.

ROWAN

Yeah right. No girl likes Batman band-aids.

Amanda's hands linger on his forehead.

AMANDA

Well - I like Batman. We kinda talked about that last night. You don't remember much, do you?

ROWAN

Is it bad if I say no?

Amanda turns to throw the band-aid refuse away.

AMANDA

It's not insulting. But that means I could pretty much tell you anything about last night, and you'd have to believe me.

ROWAN

I wouldn't be at all bothered if you said we had sex.

Amanda laughs heartily. Rowan laughs with her.

AMANDA

Damn. I kinda hoped you'd at least remember that part.

ROWAN

It depends. Was I any good?

Amanda turns around. She screws up her face, smiling.

AMANDA

You were drunk.

Rowan grabs his chest in mock pain.

ROWAN

Ouch.

Amanda shrugs. She smiles even wider.

AMANDA

You fell asleep on-top of me.

Rowan winces and holds a hand up.

ROWAN

Please - spare me what's left of my dignity.

Amanda pauses - then laughs. She smiles down at him, then reaches over and cups the sides of his head. She leans in and kisses the bandaged cut on his forehead.

She whispers in his ear.

AMANDA

You said you wanted to show me your comic book collection. I took it as a euphemism.

Rowan stares at her with wide eyes.

ROWAN

About that - I'm afraid I was deadly serious.

Amanda laughs.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY.

Amanda is sitting on the edge of the bathtub. She is still only wearing the top and panties. She whispers into her cell-phone.

AMANDA

He's making me breakfast...I know...he doesn't know...what do you mean? He's really nice and sweet...get this, he draws comic books...whatever. Yeah, I don't need a ride anymore...ok, talk to you later, bye.

She hangs up the phone and exits the bathroom.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

Rowan is in the kitchen - making breakfast. Amanda is sitting on the couch watching Wonder Woman on TV. She is still only wearing the tank-top and panties.

AMANDA

I love this show! Jesus - I haven't seen this in ages! (singing) Wonder Woman!

Rowan pops his head in from the kitchen.

ROWAN

How do you like your eggs?

AMANDA

Scrambled, please - and with lots of salt.

Rowan moves back into the kitchen.

Amanda's eyes move over to the stack of twenty dollar bills. Then over to her jeans.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY.

Rowan watches Amanda from his vantage point as she gets off the couch.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

Amanda picks up her jeans. She removes the bills.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY.

Rowan sets the spatula down, frowning.

INT. ROWAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

Rowan's head pops into the living-room again. Amanda clenches her fist around the money and freezes like a deer in headlights.

ROWAN
You want toast?

AMANDA
I'd love some.

ROWAN
Everything OK in there?

AMANDA
It's great - this is one of the best mornings I've had in a long time.

ROWAN
That's nice to hear.

AMANDA
Well, it's the truth.

Rowan goes back into the kitchen. Amanda sighs loudly, then replaces the three bills in the stack.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Typical mid-20's female apartment, neat and orderly - not much new furniture.

Amanda is sitting naked on top of the bed covers, painting her toe-nails. There is a man snoring beside her. It's not Rowan. It's BOB - mid 40's - fat with greying hair.

Her cell-phone on the night-stand rings. She puts her toe-nail polish down and answers it.

AMANDA
Rowan? What're you - oh jesus, are you sure? I mean - whatever. I'll be there in...

She glances down at the sleeping man beside her.

AMANDA
30 minutes. Can you wait that long?
I know - I know - I forgot.

(MORE)

AMANDA (cont'd)
I'm at work right now. Yeah - late meeting. Ok - see you soon. Bye.

She hangs up and tosses the cell phone down on the bed. She nudges Bob.

AMANDA
Time to get up.

Bob snorts awake. He blinks his eyes and then looks up at her naked body.

BOB
You look damn good.

Amanda smiles. Bob reaches up and cups a bare breast. Bob leans over and begins kissing her neck.

AMANDA
No - I've got an emergency - you've gotta go.

Bob climbs out of the covers and flattens her to the bed with his bulk.

BOB
I'll give you another hundred if we do it my way.

AMANDA
No - I've really gotta go.

Bob grins and flips her over. He leans down and bites her ear.

BOB
So do I.

The cell-phone starts to ring. Bob frowns and kicks it off the bed. Amanda doesn't notice.

INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH - NIGHT.

A cozy family-owned Italian restaurant. Rowan is sitting in a booth facing the door. He is spinning a cell-phone on-top of the table.

He stops, flips it open and checks the time. He slaps it closed loudly.

The door opens. Amanda enters. Her hair is wind-blown and her cheeks are flushed.

She sits down at the booth. Rowan doesn't look up at her. He keeps spinning the phone on the table.

AMANDA
I know I'm late.

ROWAN
That's not it.

AMANDA
Oh god Rowan, please don't start. I already fucking apologized.

Rowan winces when she swears. He looks at her.

ROWAN
You forgot our anniversary.

Amanda places a hand on top of his. The cell-phone stops spinning.

AMANDA
It's not like I meant to! I had to work late.

Rowan puts the cell-phone in his pocket.

ROWAN
Sometimes I wonder if you even like me. If I hadn't woken up that day when your stupid cell-phone rang...would you have stayed? In case YOU were wondering - those are the kinds of things I think about when you stand me up.

Amanda picks up the menu and holds it in front of her face.

AMANDA
I never have to WONDER about you Rowan. Hmm...the chicken piccata looks good.

Rowan glares at the menu. He puts a hand on it and flattens it.

ROWAN
You were an hour late Amanda.

AMANDA
I got held up. There was traffic, ok?

ROWAN
Does traffic have a name?

Amanda sets the menu down slowly.

AMANDA
What are you implying?

ROWAN
I don't believe your stories
Amanda. I don't even think you have
a real office job. Who wears a mini-
skirt and tank-top to a late
meeting anyway?

Amanda tosses the menu at him and gets up from the table.

AMANDA
You're an asshole, ya know that? I
thought you were different, but
you're just like the rest of them.

ROWAN
How many are there? How many guys
are you screwing around with?

Amanda pauses and narrows her eyes.

AMANDA
Hundreds. And everyone of them pays
a lot better than you do.

Rowan freezes - shocked.

ROWAN
You're a whore? You're a fucking
whore!?

AMANDA
Now who has the potty mouth.

ROWAN
I can't believe you're a fucking
whore. I'm dating a whore?

Amanda reaches into her purse and plucks out a hundred
dollars in bills. She throws it at Rowan.

AMANDA
That's what I made tonight. From
Bob.

(MORE)

AMANDA (cont'd)

At least HE has the guts to be honest about what our relationship is. Yeah - I'm a whore Rowan. But of course - you don't remember.

Rowan sits perfectly still - one of the bills has landed on his head. Amanda stares at it.

AMANDA

Look - I'm sorry I ruined your perfect little fantasy life.

Rowan reaches up and removes the bill from his head.

ROWAN

I saw you - putting the money back. I thought you were like - a reformed thief or something. Not a whore.

Amanda bites her lip.

AMANDA

Would you stop calling me that?

Rowan looks over at her - his face is cold and empty.

ROWAN

No.

Amanda turns and walks away. Rowan doesn't watch her go. He stares at the twenty in his hand.

EXT. STREET-CORNER - OUTSIDE OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

Amanda is talking on her cell-phone.

AMANDA

Yeah - Amy could you come pick me up? Thanks...Yeah...It's over.

THE END