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IN. LA EAGLE BAR - NIGHT

ABEL, 30ish and average looking in every way and MISSY, 25, his unapologetically big-boned best friend sit together on stools at the bar of a lively gay nightclub in Silver Lake. Loud dance music blasts. Surrounding them is a rowdy crowd of approximately 40-60 mostly older gay men hoot and holler. Some of the patrons wear leather and many have facial hair and tattoos. SHEA, 40s, the bartender finishes pouring a beer into a mug. He hands it to Abel with a familiar smile. Abel smiles meekly at Shea who snatches the dollar Abel leaves him and moves on to other customers. Abel takes a big swig of his beer.

ABEL
So, I kind of got dumped tonight.

Missy throws Abel a sympathetic look and caresses his shoulder.

ABEL (cont'd)
Again. That shit. Mr. Wonderful, my ass.

MISSY
Oh, Honey. Come on. Bring it in.

Missy practically crushes him with a hearty bear-hug. Abel pulls back.

ABEL
(slightly annoyed)
I'm fine.

Missy's eye is caught by a passing CUTE YOUNG THING. He awkwardly squeezes past Missy. Missy is a fag hag.

ABEL (cont'd)
By text. He texted me that his heart goes out to me but "he just doesn't know where to go from there."

The music picks up enough to where Abel has to nearly shout to Missy, who strains to hear him.

Missy gasps in shock, her jaw dropping.

MISSY
(mouthing the words)
O... M... G...

(CONTINUED)
The two carry on their conversation pantomiming as the music increases in intensity. Abel acts it all out, but there are also subtitles to accompany the conversation for the audience. Abel called up Mr. Wonderful to talk. (subtitle: "I called him to talk") Abel discovered Mr. Wonderful was sleeping with a guy named BOBBY because during the conversation on Facetime, he saw with his own eyes Tom walking around in a towel in the background at Teddy's place. (2nd subtitle: "And I found out he actually was fucking Bobby the whole time.")

MISSY (cont'd)
(mouthing)
He was FUCKING Bob?! You mean literally?

Abel nods. (Third subtitle: "Yes.") Able then pantomimes for Missy all the various sexual positions, fisting, gagging on dick he can rapidly to convey the dirty sex his beau may or may not have described earlier to having with his other lover, Tom. After the sexual pantomime, Abel shrugs his shoulders. We can hear the two again speaking normally.

ABEL
And then he said it was over. His heart blah blah blah.

Abel lifts up five fingers to symbolize the five years he they had together.

ABEL (cont'd)
(mouthing)
Five years.

Missy shouts over the music loudly enough to be heard.

MISSY
Wow! Was it really that long? It seemed longer.

Abel matches her volume.

ABEL
I know.

Abel takes one last swig of his beer as ADDISON Gray, 35, tall and bearded, looking a bit too much like a Norse god in the vein of Thor saunters nearby. He wears a pair of trendy, expensive looking jeans and a flannel shirt with the sleeves cut off, showing off his ridiculously hot body. Abel tries not to be obvious but his jaw drops when Addison struts by. Abel stares at Addison's ass. Addison doesn't even notice.
EXT. EAGLE BAR PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Abel and Missy sit outside at a shoddy looking wood table, as several men stand and talk to each other nearby, a more mixed crowd than inside the bar. The two appear more relaxed although Missy appears to be more drunk than Abel. Missy lights a cigarette as two get up from the bar and walk towards the door to the bar's patio, outside.

ABEL
And you know what's messed up? I just knew those two were banging the whole entire time. I never, ever got a straight answer. I mean, men are such liars.

MISSY
And whores.

ABEL
I mean, he was kind of in another relationship when I met him so I can't say I'm like, that surprised. Still kind of crushed.

MISSY
Kind of? Honey, the man was married.

Missy sips her beer.

ABEL
I know. Never again. But five years, Miss.

MISSY
To a woman.

ABEL
Oh I know. It's just like with-

MISSY
And what a bitch dumping you over the phone, too.

Missy hands Abel the remains of her mostly smoked cigarette. and gets up to go back inside for more drinks. Abel takes a couple drags as Addison steps out onto the patio. Abel glances at Addison who still doesn't even notice him. Addison smells a few whiffs of the smoke outside then turns around to leave. He finally catches Abel and gives him a quick smile that dissolves into a smirk as soon as he sees Abel holding the cigarette. Addison saunters back into the bar, waving the smoke away.

(CONTINUED)
Abel puts the butt out, looking defeated. Missy returns with a couple shots. Missy smiles and pokes at Abel as she sits down at the table with him.

MISSY (cont'd)
You should go talk to him.

Abel reels at the thought, suddenly anxious.

ABEL
Oh my God. You just dragged me out here when he was about to come back in. And he's like, wow... I don't know.

MISSY
What are you going on about?

ABEL
He's just so.. oh my god, so pretty.

MISSY (slurring)
So? More reason to have all of his babies then, right? The two's of you would have such beautiful children, my love.

Abel laughs.

ABEL
Gross.

MISSY
These will turn that frown upside down. Liquid courage!

The two clink the shot glasses together then down them. Missy grabs Abel and practically drags him again away from the table.

MISSY (cont'd)
Come on, you little bitch.

INT. LA EAGLE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Abel and Missy walk back into the bar from the patio and find their way back to the stools at the bar. Across the bar from them, Addison animatedly talks to a very handsome looking pair of men, both of whom smile and just stare at him, rapt with attention.

(continues)
MISSY
Abe, did I tell you how glad I was that you finally got rid of that caterpillar that was living on your lip.

ABEL
I only had it cuz he liked it. I always hated it. Pornstache.

A beat as Abel studies Missy's reaction.

MISSY
(slurry)
I liked it, too.

He smirks at her.

MISSY (cont'd)
Yeah, no. You really do look so much better, now.

ABEL
I guess I look better.

MISSY
Oh, you do. I love the clean-cut look on a gentleman.

ABEL
Not a whole lot of them in this city.

MISSY
Well, you are. You're really one of a kind, Abel. I mean-

Abel glances distractedly at Addison, enamored with him as the couple have been replaced by another couple of admirers, circling him a bit like a piece of meat. Missy catches Abel and pokes him again.

MISSY (cont'd)
Yo.

Missy snaps her fingers at Abel who keeps darting glances at Addison. Abel finally snaps out of it.

ABEL
Man.

MISSY
Oh, here we go.
ABEL
He is just so smoking hot. I can't...

MISSY
You can't... what? Learn his name?
Say hello? Blow him and every other
guy in the loo?

ABEL
I meant I can't even stand it. He's
beyond. I would have no chance. I
seriously don't even know what I
would DO with him. I mean, seriously.

They laugh.

ABEL (cont'd)
(laughs)
Actually, I think I do.

MISSY
(laughs)
Oh yeah you do!

They take a moment to look around the bar and scope out the
rest of the room. Missy nudges Abel playfully.

MISSY (cont'd)
You really should go talk to him. Buy
him a shot or something. Maybe even
say hi. Dare to dream.

ABEL
He's with someone. Several someones,
actually.

MISSY
Well, we all know your history with
that sort of thing! Just pretend your
back in the dorm washrooms and it's
orientation weekend again, you slut.
Or that he's Mr. Wonderful...

ABEL
(mock insulted)
Too soon! Bitch.

Abel pretends to storm off, mimicking a slapping motion with
Missy, who plays along. He approaches Addison.Addison shines
handsomely as he leans against the wall casually.Abel looks
nervously at the ground as Addison notices him approaching.
Addison immediately moves into defensive position and jockeys himself between a passing couple, smiling charmingly at them as he intersects the passing couple. One of them spills their drink a little on themselves and on Addison, who immediately takes his shirt off, or at least strips it off and ties it around his waist, which surprises Abel, who turns around and stumbles as he turns back towards Missy. Missy has gone to the bathroom or away from where she was, though, so Abel turns around and sees Addison by himself for a rare moment. The couple argue as one wants to buy him a drink and the other has become jealous. Abel seizes his opportunity.

ABEL (cont'd)

Hi. I'm-

Addison interrupts him.

ADDISON

Hey.

Addison begins to put his shirt back on.

ABEL

Oh, hey now. Don't go to any trouble on account of me.

Addison chuckles and gives Abel a genuine smile. He seems to be willing to give Abel a chance.

ADDISON

What's your name?

ABEL

My friends call me Abe.

ADDISON

Hey Abe. It's nice to meet you. I'm Addison. Addison Gray.

ABEL

Abel Fuhrman. Though not nearly as fur a man as you.

Addison looks away awkwardly. Abel immediately looks mortified by what he's just said.

ADDISON

Well, it's just what God gave me.

ABEL

You must be very religious then. God was good to you.
Across the bar we see, Charles DIAMOND, 35, hirsute and cute, but not outright hot like the dreamy Addison. Charles gives Addison a friendly but brief wave to which Addison recoils slightly, rolls his eyes and waves back. Charles notices Abel. Abel notices Charles, but only when he is looking back at Addison.

ABEL (cont'd)
Ex of yours?

ADDISON
How'd you guess?

ABEL
Oh I can just tell. You two clearly have some history.

ADDISON
You're pretty smart, Adam.

ABEL
It's Abel. Or Abe.

Addison smiles but looks bored. Abel turns around to see Missy has returned. She gives him a wave. He waves back. As he turns back around, he sees that Addison is gone. Abel tries to shelve his disappointment. Addison reaches the door and gives Abel a light wave as he exits. Abel turns back to Missy and then towards the opposite side of the bar where Charles sits. Charles locks his eyes with Abel for a moment and motions him to come over and sit with him. Abel thinks about it for a moment then joins Charles at the bar, even farther from Missy.

CHARLES
Hi.

Abel smiles and puts his hand out. Charles reaches back and shakes Abel's hand firmly.

ABEL
Hi. How's it going? I'm Abe.

CHARLES
Not bad, Abe. I'm Charles. You want a drink? Hey Shea!

Charles makes a motion to SHEA, 40's, big bear of a man, for two beers with a wink.

ABEL
(shyly)
Sure. Why not? Thanks.

(continues)
Abel looks over at Missy who, even in the distance, is nodding her approval of Charles.

ABEL (cont'd)
So... you know Addison, huh?

CHARLES
Oh yeah, we go way back. Old BFFs..

ABEL
He said actually that you were more than friends, I think.

CHARLES
Oh did she, now?

Abel laughs nervously, timidly sipping his beer. Charles takes a big slurp of his. Abel gives Charles an embarrassed look.

ABEL
Oh, I wasn't trying to start anything.

CHARLES
Addison is a... special guy. He's a special guy.

ABEL
He certainly is popular.

CHARLES
Yes... Yes, he is.

ABEL
So I don't know if I've ever seen you here. Do you go to the other bars much?

CHARLES
I'm not really much of a bar guy but sometimes I do like to socialize once in a while, too a little. Can't be all work all the time, right?

ABEL
Yeah. Sometimes I really hate my job. So, I totally know what you mean.
CHARLES
Well, I wouldn't say I hate my job. I'm just usually really busy, that's all. Sometimes I just wish I had more down time.

ABEL
Nothing wrong with keeping busy. Where I work isn't exactly easy all the time but once I clock out I forget all about it. And I get to work with my roommate, so it's still fun. It's just retail. Department store. Really fascinating stuff.

CHARLES
Wow. They actually still have those?

ABEL
Stores? Yup.

CHARLES
No, I meant department stores. I thought everything was online now.

ABEL
I've been there about a year. Miss and I live together, too. We're kind of like sisters.

CHARLES
That's cool. I was afraid maybe I was flirting with another straight guy for a second.

They both smile awkwardly at each other.

EXT. STREET - DAY

It's the crack of dawn. Abel and Missy walk down the street to work. Only a few cards drive by every now and then. The city has more of a ghost town feel, but this is Abel and Missy's routine and they appear to enjoy it. Missy chews some gum. GEORGE, 40, bookish and short tags along behind the two until he catches his bus a few blocks down. George and Missy wear matching Harry Potter inspired scarves.

ABEL
Well, don't you guys look so cute together.

(CONTINUED)
Thanks!

Adorable.

Oh, whatever. Who died and made you Joan Rivers anyway, bitch.

Too soon.

George chuckles.

Good one, honey.

I know. I really zinged him.

Oh, got tired of calling me "her" once and for all, huh?

Wow, you are in a super bitch mode this morning.

Ooooh... Is that like a level of Defcon readiness?

(stern)
Just shut it, George.

George can't tell if Missy is joking or not. Abel knows she doesn't mean it and sighs.

What?

No, I'm just not feeling all this ex bullshit. I mean. I loved this guy. I really loved him. I've never loved anybody that much, not even my first crush. I Mean would have done anything for him. I don't know. Maybe he was right. God...

(continued)
Missy comforts Abel with an arm around his shoulder.

MISSY
I know, sweetie. Let it out. Mama's here.

GEORGE
You guys are weird.

George stands at his bus stop as the two continue to walk, ignoring him. They get about 50 feet away from him before they notice. George yells at them and points to the stop.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Here's my stop, hon.

George catches up to Missy and each pecks the other on the cheek. George shuffles back and hops on the waiting bus.

ABEL
Ugh. I thought he would never leave.

MISSY
Oh stop! What do you have against George anyway?

ABEL
Nothing.

MISSY
What did the man ever do to you?

ABEL
Nothing. So, like how does it work with you guys? I mean... What do you see in a guy like George, anyway?

MISSY
What do you mean? He's honest. And sweet. And predictable. And I like that.

ABEL
To each their own.

MISSY
Oh. I'm sorry, princess. Are you saying you're too good for someone like my Georgie Porgie?

ABEL
No.
MISSY
That's good.

ABEL
I just don't want to settle.

He laughs to break the tension. Missy laughs and grabs Abel's arm. The two walk arm in arm down the street.

ABEL (cont'd)
You know. Like you did.

Missy drops her arm and smacks Abel on his shoulder then pretends to strangle him with her Harry Potter scarf. Abel and Missy approach the department store where they work. A digital billboard across the street on the wall of another building displays some news stories and ads. JACKAY JEANETTE, 30, a flamboyant, Perez Hilton-type delivers some inaudible gossip stories in the background with a big shit-eating grin. Afterwards, a ticker with scrolling news feeds across the screen under the weather report. We might see Abel standing in front of the screen with a quick shot of the city council race, with a photo of Addison in a split shot with Charles, but Abel doesn't see it, just to clue the audience in a little that these guys are "somebodies." Abel then turns around as Jackay pops back up again to deliver more fluff.

ABEL (cont'd)
I liked fat Jackay so much better.

MISSY
Well, duh. You just like fat guys.

ABEL
Yeah, he was way cuter, too.

MISSY
Surprised that you don't like George more.

The two approach BULLOCK'S, the department store they work in occupies the bottom several floors of a high-rise building. The two enter.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

It's a busy Sunday afternoon in the toy department. Abel stands behind a register staring blankly at his smartphone. Missy enters and approaches Abel, snapping her fingers to get his attention.
Yo! Ground control to Major Tom.

Oh. Hey. Planet earth is doomed.

Isn't there anything you can do?

Missy leans against the counter, taking in the morning rush. She gives Abel a look of curiosity.

What's going on? Looks pretty busy today.

Just another day in paradise.

Abel's boss, Mr. Pitts, late 40's, well-groomed, enters from a door behind the counter. Abel's posture immediately improves and Missy stops slouching by the counter.

Good morning, Mr. Pitts!

Abel's posture has changed but he stares blankly at the sea of shoppers. He looks depressed.

Good morning, Mr. Pitts.

Energy, Mr. Fuhrman. And you, Missy. What are you loitering around here for? You do work in Mens Wear, yes? That is to say, for now, you do still work here, anyway?

Yes, sir! I was just... Sorry. I'll see you on break, Abe. Have a wonderful day, Mr. Pitts!

Mr. Pitts shuffles through some paperwork behind a counter next to Abel, who shifts uncomfortably the more Pitts stands there. Missy exits hurriedly. Abel's smiles knowingly.
CONTINUED:

ABEL
Sorry about that.

PITTS
Nothing for you to be sorry about. I don't have to supervise her. But I have noticed lately that you're a bit out of sorts. Is everything OK?

ABEL
Yeah. I just have a lot going on. Some personal things.

PITTS
Breakups can be difficult, sweetie. I certainly have had my share of losers come and go, too. But you're a catch! You know you don't need to settle like your roommate slash life partner did.

Abel nods and smirks.

INT. MENSWEAR DEPARTMENT - LATER

Missy glides about the department, stopping to check on several very attractive men shopping for suits and ties. She smiles effortlessly, almost as though this isn't even work to her. Abel walks up to her with two coffees, and stands behind the department's counter at the register. Missy lingers with a tall, HANDSOME SHOPPER, 40s.

ABEL
(whispering)
I got Starbucks.

MISSY
I'll be right there. I'm just helping Mr...

HANDSOME SHOPPER
Wright.

MISSY
(giggling)
Oh, yes you are...

The shopper raises his eyebrows and smiles receptively to Missy.
MISSY (cont'd)
(back to Abel)
Mr. Wright find the right tie to match his amazing sky blue eyes.

Abel rolls his eyes. Mr. Wright notices and smiles awkwardly, then quickly grabs a couple of ties.

WRIGHT
These actually will do just fine. I'm just... Yeah. Thank you!

Mr. Wright smiles politely at Missy and gives Abel a look as though to suggest he may be more interested in Abel than Missy, actually. Abel doesn't notice. Missy does.

MISSY
They can ring you up front. Thank you for shopping at bollacks!

Missy intentionally mispronounces the name of the store. After Wright leaves, Missy looks at Abel with a shocked look, and gives him a light shove on the shoulder. Abel sips his coffee, looking bored.

MISSY (cont'd)
That guy was totally into you!

ABEL
(disbelieving)
Whatevs. Sure.

Abel rolls his eyes again.

MISSY
He was! He was. You know what your problem is? You never see what's right in front of your eyes.

ABEL
What do you mean?

MISSY
There are tons of guys out there who would love to get to know you better. But you're so hung up on a "type." Mr. Wonderful and all that.

ABEL
I know. I'm only into... certain guys. I may not be much to look at but I like guys who look a certain way. It's my Achilles heel.

(CONTINUED)
Now Missy rolls her eyes.

MISSY
No. I just meant you're into jerks, Abe.

Two neatly dressed men in their mid-40s, BARRY and JIM, push a stroller between them and walk by the counter. Both smile at Missy and Abel. Missy approaches the stroller and makes googly eyes at baby.

MISSY (cont'd)
Oh my God! What a beautiful baby! Please let us know if there's anything we can help you gentlemen with! My associate Abel works in the toy department!

Barry and Jim nod. The two men casually look around as they push the stroller together around.

MISSY (cont'd)
(whispering to Abel)
Oooh, babies. I want one.

Barry and Jim push their strollers over to a rack of suits where Barry lingers for a moment, looking through the garments on the rack.

JIM
(horrified)
Really, Barry? Off the rack?

BARRY
Oh my god, you are such a snob! But yeah, honestly this stuff is crap.

JIM
Total crap. But we came here to get stuff for the fundraiser, remember?

BARRY
It doesn't hurt to look, does it?

Barry glances in Abel's direction. Abel again fails to notice.

BARRY (cont'd)
Anyway. Everyone in LA is going to be there. It's not like Addison Gray is some flash in the pan. I just want to make sure we look our cutest.

(MORE)
BARRY (cont'd)
It's not every day you meet the great-nephew of a Vanderbilt. Oooh. Do you think Anderson Cooper will be there?

JIM
Oh my God, Barry, would you please just stop with all of the Anderson Cooper, already? Anyway, this is serious. We want to do our part to make sure our people are represented in City Hall.

BARRY
I just think he's such a dreamboat. I mean, he's got my vote.

JIM
You are such a goddamn stereotype.

BARRY
I know darling. But, cliché or not, I'm all yours. Your stuck with me, bitch.

Jim gives up on finding anything wearable on the racks. Missy gives the two a hopeful looks. They ignore her.

JIM
Let's just try Barney's instead.

BARRY
Thank you, ladies.

Barry and Jim exit holding hands and pushing the stroller. Abel slurps his coffee loudly.

ABEL
See. That's what I want.

MISSY
What? A bitchy husband?

ABEL
No... Someone that I can just count on. You know? Be myself around.

MISSY
Well. I'll always be your bestie, sweets. My life partner...

Missy gives Abel an awkward bear hug. Other shoppers look at them uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)
And hello. Shut the front door. I had no idea Addison was even in politics.

Or that his name was even Addison.

Well, yeah. I think this calls for a little research. Actually, I think break time is over. I'll see you later, OK? And no Eagle tonight. I still have a hangover from all those shots that hooker bought me last night.

Life partner.

Abel looks at his watch, downs the rest of his coffee and gives Missy a peck on the cheek as he runs back out of the Menswear Department.

Abel sits on his bed engrossed in his laptop with his dog, EINSTEIN nearby. Piles of printouts relating to Addison are strewn about. He looks like he's been up for a while. Missy knocks on the open door from the hall.

Yeah?

Babe. What time is it? All I can hear is clack clack clackety clack.

Just checking my email.

Missy shakes her head.

Are you on those sites again?

She picks up some of the papers. Abel stares at the screen without looking up.

What's up?
MISSY
What the bloody hell is this? Your Ph. D dissertation?

ABEL
No, silly. Come look.

Missy sits on the bed, rubbing her eyes and yawning, petting Einstein. She looks at the computer and leafs through some more of the print-outs on Abel's bed.

ABEL (cont'd)
This, my dear, is how we are going to land me the husbear of my dreams!

Abel smiles wildly. Missy is unimpressed.

MISSY
Do you really need all this? I mean isn't this a bit borderline stalk-

ABEL ignores Missy and continues to type away at the keyboard, bringing up all of Addison's social media profiles and even a Wikipedia page with his bio.

ABEL
See. It's all right here.

MISSY
What?

ABEL
Everything. It's all I need to get to know him and to be the kind of guy that he would fall for. See, here's his bio. Did you know he graduated from Princeton at the top of his class? And played the trombone in high school, too.

MISSY
Wow.

ABEL
Here's his FaceBook page. I can basically figure out his entire schedule is and his personal appearances will be by what he posts here.

MISSY
Well that's great, sweetie. But what are you going to do?

(MORE)
MISSY (cont'd)
Go up to him on the street and say, "Hey, Addison, I've got this big humongous borderline stalking crush on you, but I was always too afraid to just say hi, so I figured the next best thing was to obsess about it and cyberstalk your arse off so you and I could have a nice chat, then?" I don't know if that's really going to go over very well, honey. I mean, have you really thought this through?

ABEL
Look, it's the age of information. It's all out there anyway. It's all public domain. I'm just trying to give myself an edge here.

MISSY
Honey, you don't need one. You're really a terrific-

ABEL
See. Here's the official page for his campaign for City Council.

MISSY
Oh, joy.

ABEL
And they're looking for volunteers!

MISSY
Look, sweetie, I don't know about this, but... I do want you to be happy. And ever since way back when Scott and you... Well, I've just been concerned. But more than anything, I do want you to be happy.

ABEL
Will you come with me to the campaign headquarters then? it's just down on Wilshire. We can go together after work tomorrow? Unless that cuts into your social life at the bar. I mean, I don't want to get in the way of you avoiding George like the plague or anything.
MISSY
Yes. If it means you'll go to bed, and stop with all of the clackety clack business. It annoys George.

ABEL
Ugh. Tell him to shut it. OK, I promise.

Missy yawns and gets up from the bed. Abel shuts the laptop cover. Missy exits Abel's room as Einstein follows her. After Missy has left, Abel opens the computer up again to continue his obsessive research. He accidentally clicks on a link to some porn.

MISSY (O.S.)
I heard that! Go to bed or the deal's off!

GEORGE (O.S.)
What deal?

MISSY (O.S.)
Shut it, George!

ABEL
Ok... OK! Bitch.

Abel shuts the computer off with a smirk, turns the lights off as his head falls towards his pillow, landing with a thump.

EXT. LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Abel dreams. Snow falls gently as we approach a rustic log cabin nestled into the side of a mountain. The chimney brews a constant stream of smoke as lights flicker from inside, breathing life into the cold winter air.

INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Abel and Addison play house as two lumberjack lovers, hidden away from prying society and living as men should live together, in perfect harmony and flannel. Abel ALWAYS wears pajamas while Addison wears his pair of trendy, overpriced jeans and ALWAYS appears shirtless.

INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Abel and Addison snuggle on the couch.
INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Abel and Addison make breakfast. Grease from the bacon pan splashes up and hits Addison's chest. Instead of recoiling in pain, Addison laughs it off, to which Abel also laughs it off.

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Abel and Addison wash their clothes by hand using a laundry tub.

EXT. LOG CABIN - LATER

Addison takes a bath in the laundry tub as Abel washes his back.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Abel and Addison cuddle in bed as the enormous fireplace crackles.

    ADDISON
    Oh, darling I've never been so happy.

    ABEL
    Me too, darling. So very happy.

    ADDISON
    I never dreamed it could be like this.

    ABEL
    You're everything to me.

The next morning, the two wake up in each others arms. Abel smells coffee brewing. He gets up excitedly as Addison joins him. Missy, in a getup that makes her look like Glenda the Good Witch smiles at Abel as he pours himself some coffee in a mug labeled: WORLD'S GREATEST HUSBEAR.

    MISSY
    Waffles are on. And almost ready.
    How's the coffee?

    ABEL
    (dour)
    Great. Thanks, Miss. Ok. You can go now. Really.

    (CONTINUED)
Abel puts his index finger up and taps it in Missy's direction. A pink bubble like the one Glenda travels in from the Wizard of Oz envelopes Missy. She smiles and waves to Abel as she floats away and eventually vanishes from sight.

A shirtless Addison walks into the kitchen rubbing his eyes.

ABEL (cont'd)
Oh darling, is there anything so wonderful as coffee in the morning with one's lover?

ADDISON
Yes. Nothing so wonderful, darling.

ABEL
You complete me.

ADDISON
Ditto, babe.

We pull away from the cabin as the two remain locked in their gaze at each other, mesmerized by their mutual admiration of each other and coffee. The two kiss.

INT. ABEL'S BEDROOM - DAY
Abel wakes up to Einstein licking his face.

EXT. STREET - DAY
Abel and Missy walk down the street. They make their way to the coffee shop.

ABEL
What a dream but still no sex. It was no fun. I just saw him for a minute then he ran off.

MISSY
And you can't get enough.

ABEL
I can't. What's wrong with me?

Missy begins to open her mouth to answer. Abel quickly puts his hand in Missy's face to interrupt her.

ABEL (cont'd)
Hi, I'm still speaking here.
Abel points to the coffee shop.

ABEL (cont’d)

Coffee?

Missy nods and the two enter the coffee shop, then exit almost immediately holding coffee.

ABEL (cont’d)

I mean. I'm a nice guy. I don't do drugs, I'm not some PNP slut-box. I'm not trying to "find Molly." I mean, I live a pretty morally decent lifestyle right?

MISSY

Some would disagree.

ABEL

Thank you, Miss Living in Sin. Oh, and by the way, nobody cares about those people anyway.

MISSY

Well. Someday hopefully they'll get their shit together... those people.

ABEL

Yeah, well that's all really interesting, but we were talking about me, not them. May I finish, please?

MISSY

Oh, oh oh... God forbid we ever stop talking about you, dearest.

ABEL

Sorry. But I am kind of fascinating. Some slut-box told me that once.

MISSY

One time! And have been regretting it ever since.

ABEL

Oh shut up. You love me.

MISSY

You know, I say one nice thing one time and it haunts me for the rest of my life. Live and learn.

(Continued)
They hop on a bus.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

The two sit together on the bus. They see the Addison's election offices approaching. Missy presses the stop for the bus to pull over.

**EXT. ELECTION HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Abel and Missy hop off the bus in front of the campaign offices of Addison Gray. The storefront is lavishly decorated. It looks like they spared no expense. Abel looks impressed.

**MISSY**
(nervously)
You sure you really want to do this?

Abel has second thoughts.

**ABEL**
Well, we don't actually have to go in, really do we?

**MISSY**
So, we're just going to stand here and hope he comes out for a peek? Now I feel like a stalker. This was not a well-thought out plan.

**ABEL**
We can just look at it as recon. Research.

**MISSY**
Stalker.

**ABEL**
I'm just trying to get to know him better!

**MISSY**
I understand. This is much better than just talking to the guy the next time you see him at the bar. What a story to tell the grandkids.

**ABEL**
Ugh. You're so old fashioned. I swear. And baby crazy.
Missy sighs.

MISSY
I think I there's a Jomba Juice over on La Brea. Do you want me to get you anything?

ABEL
No... Wait, you're leaving? Already?

MISSY
I'm parched. I have to get something to drink. It's fine. I'll be right back. Don't lose your mind or anything.

ABEL
Wait. What if he comes out?

MISSY
I'm sure you'll think of something to say and maybe even actually say it.

Missy walks away. Abel continues to stand at the corner. He glances at the window to the headquarters. Abel moves closer to peer inside, still trying to be discrete. He sees a busy staff of young but serious workers moving about, seemingly doing important things. MARY, a tall, 50-ish transgender man exits a second city bus behind Abel, and approaches him.

MARY
See something you like?

Abel turns to Mary, startled.

ABEL
Oh Jesus.

Abel shakes it off.

ABEL (cont'd)
I'm sorry. Excuse me?

MARY
(smiling)
It's OK. I know what you're looking for.

ABEL
Um. You do?
MARRY
You want to do your part to make sure our City Council is represented by only the best and the brightest?

ABEL
Oh. Yeah. of course.

MARRY
And you know it takes a lot of work, from a lot of people to make that happen?

ABEL
Sure.

MARRY
Time. Commitment. Sacrifice. Pride. Mhmmm. I'm Mary, the Volunteer Coordinator for Team Addison!

ABEL
Actually uh, Mary... I was just waiting for my fr-

MARRY
I know. You can't wait to get started. Come on, come in... come out!

Mary gently tugs at Abel's arm and walks to with him to the front door.

MARRY (cont'd)
I'll introduce you to everyone and we can get you started. We really appreciate the help.

Before Abel can protest any further, he is practically dragged into the campaign office by Mary.

INT. ADDISON GRAY ELECTION HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Abel holds Mary's hand awkwardly as the two enter the building. Mary blasts an enormous smile to everyone in the office. They respond with waves and smile back at her. Abel recognizes Barry from the store. Abel smiles at Barry who nods but can't quite place Abel's face.

VOLUNTEER #1
Morning, Mary.
Hey, Mary!

Mary walks up to Barry with Abel in tow.

Barry, this is one of our new volunteers...

Abel.


Have we met before? You look familiar.

Abel pretends not to recognize Barry.

I'm not sure. Do you ever go to the Eagle?

Barry and Mary laugh simultaneously.

Barry, at a leather bar? You'd be more likely to see him at an RNC fundraiser.

(still laughing)

Or working for Charles Diamond's office!

Abel looks confused.

Charles is the enemy. Oh I mean, don't get me wrong. Sure he's a sweetheart and all, but he IS the incumbent we're running against for our spot on the City Council.

So, naturally... we hate her.
ABEL
Jesus. Is everyone in this town gay?

MARY
(playfully)
It's LA, honey, so... yeah?!

BARRY
(playfully)
You know what they say, Adam. Even spaghetti's straight until it gets hot!

ABEL
It's Abel.

MARY AND BARRY
I'm sure you are!

Missy knocks on the window outside to get Abel's attention. She sips a straw from a cup with a Jomba Juice logo. She mouths the words, "I have to go. Sorry." and points to her watch, then waves as she runs toward the bus and hops on. Abel looks at her a bit hopelessly. Mary walks off, leaving Abel with Barry.

BARRY
So, what attracted you to Addison Gray in the first place?

ABEL
(surprised)
What?

BARRY
I meant the campaign, silly. What made you to decide to volunteer? Why do you want to help here?

ABEL
Um. I guess. I don't really know. I just want to be part of something.

BARRY
Cool. Well, why don't you start by helping me with these envelopes.. put that tongue to good use. Then we can figure out what else you're good at.

Abel isn't entirely sure whether Barry is flirting with him or not, but smiles politely and begins to stuff and lick envelopes, setting them in a pile.
INT. ELECTION HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Barry stretches his arms and stands up.

BARRY
Well, I think that's about as much stuffing I can take for one night.

Abel gives him a funny look.

BARRY (cont'd)
Maybe...

Mary approaches the two.

MARY
Hey, you two. Playing nice?

ABEL
Yeah. It was super fun.

MARY
Well I hope we'll get to see more of you... I'm sorry, what was your name again, dear?

ABEL
It's Abel.

BARRY
As in "ready and willing."

Mary notices Abel squirming and rolls her eyes at Barry.

MARY
Oh would you shut up, Barry. Why don't you go sit on a fire hydrant or something?

Abel smiles shyly. Mary smiles back at him broadly.

MARY (cont'd)
So, Abel. What do you bring to the table?

ABEL
Meaning?

MARY
What's your talent. And don't say baton twirling. That one's already taken by Barry.
Mary glares at Barry. Barry peels a banana seductively and tries to impress Abel.

BARRY
Wanna see a trick?

Barry opens his mouth wide suggesting he can swallow the banana whole.

ABEL
Well, I work downtown at Bullocks in the toy department, I guess I know a lot about toys. Probably more than I would like.

BARRY (sleazy)
I bet. Who doesn't like toys? Wait, what kind of... Oh my God. Now, I remember where I saw you. Oh, funny!

Abel shifts awkwardly.

ABEL
Yeah and in my spare time, I like to write. I just wrote a novel, actually.

MARY looks impressed. Barry just looks at Abel's crotch, then back up to Abel, smiling.

MARY (seriously)
A novel? Really? Wait, is it any good?

Abel's reply is interrupted by Mary's laughter

MARY (cont'd)
(smiling)
I's just messing with ya, lumpkin. You know though, we have been looking for someone to help us out with press releases. We're doing so much as we get closer to the primary to get the message out. You might prove very helpful to our Communications Team. Come on. I have an idea.

Abel enthusiastically follows Mary as she leads him down a hallway. They stop outside a door which reads ADDISON GRAY.
INT. ADDISON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mary closes the door behind her as Abel fidgets nervously. Addison's office is luxuriously decorated, with leather-bound books lining the shelves and a very modern art deco feel to it. It's even nicer than the rest of his campaign headquarters. Everything is clean and orderly. Addison sits behind a desk wearing reading glasses and looking at some poll numbers and press releases, among other things on two computer monitors. He looks up at Abel, reaches to shake his hand and smiles.

ADDISON
(shaking Abel's hand)
Hey. Addison Gray.

ABEL
HI. I'm Abel. Abel Fuhrman.

Addison starts to recognize Abel now.

ADDISON
Yes. Right! Abel. The smoker. From the bar. I think I kept calling you David.

ABEL
Actually, Adam.

Addison laughs.

ADDISON
Right. Adam. That's what people call me all the time. It's so annoying. Sorry, Adam.

Abel tries to laugh it off.

ABEL
Oh, it's no problem. I don't mind, really. And it's Abel. But you can call me Abe. If you want.

ADDISON
Well, have a seat. Thanks for coming by today and helping us out.
ABEL
Oh I just wanted to be, you know, part of... help the campaign. Do my share. Mary said maybe I could help with your Communications Team writing some press releases. I have a degree in English from UCLA and just finished my first nov-

Addison motions to Abel and looks at his computer then starts typing.

ADDISON
(interrupts Abel)
That's great. We really appreciate all the support I can get. It's just small campaign. I am running against an incumbent you know.

ABEL
Right. Your ex.

Addison shoots Abel a guilty look and now he tries to laugh it off.

ADDISON
Oh, come on now, you know you can't believe everything you hear in a bar.

Abel shrugs.

ABEL
Or see. Charles is really actually very nice. He said he wanted to meet for drinks again, later.

Addison immediately stops typing, then continues to basically ignore Abel and focuses instead on his phone.

ADDISON
Oh... That's...

Addison puts his cell phone down.

ADDISON (cont'd)
Charles is great. Listen, it's not that our politics are that much different. I think we're honestly two sides of the same coin, Abel.

ABEL
Wow. You know, that's actually kind of refreshing to-

(CONTINUED)
What I meant was, I don't have anything bad to say about Charles. He is a great guy and he's obviously done so much for our people. But the city is bigger than just our own neighborhood. Anyway, the torch has to be pass at some point.

Right.

We need some new blood, some fresh meat up there. Am I right?

And you're the fresh meat?

They pause for a moment in awkward silence.

I guess I'm the one being fresh now... Sorry.

I think what we bring to the table offers more potential than his side. That's all. We're younger, we're smarter and damn it, we're sexier.

They both laugh.

Sold. I mean, whatever I can do for you to help with the program. Put me in, coach. Mary did mention the press releases. I can certainly write those. I took journalism in col-

Addison interrupts Abel again.

Well, we can definitely always use all the help we can get around here. And about Charles.

Yes?
ADDISON
Well, normally I would tell you avoid him like the plague. He is the enemy, after all.

Addison laughs.

ADDISON (cont'd)
But actually, if you did see Charles again, maybe you could be kind of like a little spy for us.

Abel perks as Addison says "us."

I mean, if you're OK with that. I know that's kind of... oh forget it. It's stupid.

Addison studies Abel who considers the scheme.

ABEL
Well...

Addison turns on the charm.

ADDISON
So, what really brought you down here? Because I kind of get the feeling that you're not really that into politics. And it is kind of a coincidence that you and I just met the other night and now you're here doing grunt work for my campaign all of a sudden. And with that horn-dog Barry all day, to boot.

Abel realizes the cat is out of the bag. Addison grins slightly.

ABEL
Well, I mean, I do think you're handsome. Everyone does. I know I'm not the only one. And I certainly wouldn't kick you out of bed, I mean, if we're being honest.

ADDISON
Oh. That's really flattering.
ABEL
OH jeez. I mean. You're smart. You seem like you have a good head on your shoulders and you looked really great in those jeans the other night...

ADDISON
No, I meant that I'm very flattered you would go to so much trouble. I'm just not really not looking for anything serious right now, anyway.

Abel has heard this line before. Addison can tell.

ABEL
I get it.

ADDISON
(guiltily)
It's not you. I'm just so busy lately.

ABEL
Right. No, I... Totally.

Abel smiles and looks down at the floor.

ADDISON
Awkward...

The two laugh nervously.

ABEL
I'm sorry. I'm not trying to make you uncomfortable. No, I really enjoyed working here today and I agree with you. City Hall probably could use some new blood. And you're still a great candidate even if I'm not your type.

ADDISON
(smiling)
Oh stop! You are very cute, Abel. I'm sure Charles really likes you.

ABEL
Oh, Charles is sweet but, I don't know.
What's wrong with sweet? I like sweet. Who doesn't like sweet? Sweet is nice.

No, I like sweet too. I just don't know. I mean I look at a guy like you and I just know, yeah that's what I like, but I see someone like him and I feel like, I don't know. Maybe?

Well, life's too short to say maybe, Abel. You gotta know what you want and go for it.

Yeah.

Well, I have some stuff to finish up on here. Hey, maybe I'll catch you guys at the bar then later.

Charles stands up to signify it's time for Abel to go. Abel stands up and walks towards the door.

I hope you have a good night. And Abel?

Abel turns around back towards Addison.

Yeah?

Addison has his reading glasses on again and completely ignores Abel. He looks down at his smartphone, checking for messages.

Thanks again.

Abel smiles meekly and walks backwards towards the door. He tries to glean as much of a view of Addison before he leaves as he possibly can. He almost trips over an umbrella stand that sits by the door. Again, Addison doesn't seem to notice. Abel leaves the room. He closes the door behind him.
INT. EAGLE BAR - NIGHT

There are two DJ's battling in the respective DJ booths while some patrons wear glow sticks on their bodies and party on G on the dance floor. Abel sits with Missy at the bar.

MISSY
Do you ever go anywhere else?

ABEL
What?

MISSY
You seem bored. I mean like when was the last time you went bowling. Or we did something else.

Abel takes a swig of his beer and looks around the bar then back to Missy.

ABEL
(horrified)
Bowling? Who in the hell ever actually wants to go bowling?

MISSY
Oh Jesus. Come on. You know what I mean.

ABEL
No. Miss. You tell me. Enlighten me. Please.

MISSY
God. You're super fun tonight. What's gotten into you?

ABEL
Do I amuse you.

Abel starts to put his bad Joe Pesci accent on thick for Missy, who tries her best not to laugh.

ABEL (cont'd)
Do I make you laugh?

Missy stands up abruptly and adjusts her skirt.

MISSY
I have to go change my tampon.

(CONTINUED)
Missy reaches her hand under her skirt and drops her the used tampon into Abel's mug of beer. Abel gags.

MISSY (cont'd)
Yeah. See what happens? Shit just got very real again.

ABEL
You are a filthy animal.

SHEA
Another Bloody Mary, Abel?

Abel sees Addison walk in. Addison gives him a slight wave which is neither polite or friendly, but acknowledging. Addison goes across the bar and out of Abel's sight. Abel looks around the bar. Mary and Barry from the election office enter. Mary looks like a dominatrix and Barry looks even more uptight than usual. Abel looks on shocked.

ABEL
Oh my God.

Abel smiles as Mary and Barry approach him with big, bright smiles.

MARY
Hey, you.

BARRY
(a little drunk)
How's it going? Wanna get a room?

MARY
(to Barry)
You better stop. Let's get some cocktails. Your husband is not going to wait up for you all night, bitch.

MARY (cont'd)
(to Abel)
And how's our little lumpkin?

ABEL
Fine. It was really nice meeting you guys today.

MARY
Aw you're sweet. Now where's the beef? All I see are a bunch of little boys.
CONTINUED:

BARRY
Some people are into that. In Thailand you can-

Mary slaps Barry on his ass with a little spanking whip. Barry whimpers for a moment, but shuts up.

BARRY (cont'd)
Ow.

MARY
Oh, shut up. That's better. Now, where were we?

ABEL
Well, I was just looking for my next husband and you were teaching our friend Barry some new manners, apparently.

MARY
Ah yes. Romantic love. How deliciously naïve. And this little dog here is into it.

Mary lightly slaps Barry again with the whip's handle.

BARRY
Yeah, I mean, come on kid. It's not like anybody really has that. Not for more than forty minutes, anyway.

Mary whips Barry again.

MARY
Silence!

BARRY
(quietly)
I'll be good.

ABEL
(to Mary)
It really is just so hard to find good slaves these days.

MARY
I know.

Mary and Abel laugh for a moment. Mary takes out a chain and puts it around Barry's neck.
Barry complies with a look of indignation as some of the men in the bar stare in his direction, some smiling while others look embarrassed for him.

MARY (cont'd)
Oh don't listen to Buffy here. You want that perfect love, you go get it. But don't forget to start here.

Mary gently taps Abel's chest near his heart with the whip handle. Cuz you know if you don't love yourself first et cetera and so on. Can I get an Amen?

BARRY
A-

MARY

BARRY
Woof.

Mary drags Barry by his leash and exits to the patio. Abel looks around. He sees Addison dancing by himself to the DJ's in the disco area. Abel stays put at the bar and orders another beer. He orders a couple more and starts to get a little tipsy. After his third beer in a row, Charles walks in with another guy who looks a lot like Abel. The two part ways and Charles walks up to Abel extending his arm for a hug. Abel complies, a bit drunk by this point.

CHARLES
Hey, little buddy.

ABEL
Hi Skipper. I mean Charlie. Charlie Brown!

Abel leans in on Charles and lingers.

CHARLES
Hitting the sauce a little hard tonight, huh?

ABEL
Yope.
CHARLES
I see Mr. Bad Influence is already here.

Charles sees Abel's glass of beer is almost empty.

CHARLES (cont'd)
Let a guy catch up. Can I buy you a drink?

Abel nods affirmatively, still quiet. Addison stands over by the DJ booth talking with one of the Dj's in between sets. The DJ writes something down on his business card and hands it to Addison. Abel notices. Charles motions to Shea for two beers. Charles notices Abel checking out Addison. He puts his arm around Abel.

CHARLES (cont'd)
So how's my little cubby?

ABEL
Sweet talker. You know who would really like you? Well, I guess I probably would if I had better taste in men.

CHARLES
Well, that sounds tempting. I've heard that I can be pretty tasty. I'm kind of like chicken.

ABEL
You are hilarious.

Addison reappears across the bar and leans against a wall by himself. He seems to be interested in what's going on between Charles and Abel. This gives Abel an idea.

ABEL (cont'd)
Do you want to kiss me?

CHARLES
What?

ABEL
Suck face? You wanna make out?

CHARLES
Um. Uh, wow.

ABEL
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)
(continues)

CHARLES
(intrigued)
Kind of.

ABEL
What a gentleman.

Abel reaches out and rubs Charles's shoulder. Charles doesn't resist.

CHARLES
OH. I'm so tight.

ABEL
I know. Poor baby.

CHARLES
(playing along)
I am poor. So poor...

Abel falls off the stool as he rubs Charles's back and simultaneously cranes his neck to see if Addison notices. Addison has walked away by now though and is nowhere to be seen. Charles immediately wakes up from his brief trance-like state and springs to action, helping Abel up off the ground.

CHARLES (cont'd)
Oh my god, are you ok?

ABEL
Yeah, I guess I'm just a little accident prone.

CHARLES
You could say that. Maybe take a cocktail break for now.

ABEL
I don't usually get drunk. I'm not sure what's wrong with me. Maybe someone slipped me a mickey.

CHARLES
A mickey? Don't they just call it G now?

Abel laughs.

ABEL
I don't know. Probably. I'm so not into that stuff.
CHARLES
Oh me either. Can you imagine me on drugs? It would not be pretty.

ABEL
Well that's good to hear. No dirt so far to bring back to Camp Addison.

CHARLES
Yeah what's with that? You're playing for the wrong team, bro.

ABEL
Not the first time I've heard that. I don't know. Addison is... young and hung and full of... ideas. And I hear he gives great... personality.

CHARLES
You sound really informed. I'm glad you're becoming more active politically.

Abel stares at the wall. Addison has vanished.

ABEL
He is never gonna notice me.

CHARLES
I notice you. I think you're adorable.

ABEL
Oh thanks. You're just being nice, though.

CHARLES
Right. I'm being nice.

ABEL
Yeah.

CHARLES
What's wrong with that?

ABEL
Nothing.. It's just-

CHARLES
Not what you're used to.

ABEL
No. Well kind of.
CHARLES
Yeah. I know. It's a dying art.

ABEL
Ha ha.

CHARLES
But we don't all finish last.

Charles gets up momentarily and walks over to the bathroom. When he reaches the bathroom door, the guy he walked in with suddenly re-appears. Abel takes his bottle of beer over to a booth and slouches uncomfortably into the seating area. Addison swoops in and sits with Abel at the other side of the booth.

ADDISON
Hey, you.

ABEL
Hey. What's going on?

ADDISON
How's it going?

ABEL
It's OK. You?

ADDISON
Good. Just wanted to say hi.

Addison gets up and struts over to the bar. He orders two drinks as two equally attractive men start talking with him. He hands the men the drinks and they buy him one in return. Abel slumps more into the chair to the point where he's practically lying down.

INT. EAGLE BAR - NIGHT

Abel hits the Eagle tonight solo, without Missy. He sees Charles sitting at the bar when he walks in, but then sees Addison pop inside from the patio and quickly his gaze falls upon him instead of Charles. Instead of approaching Addison, Abel decides to go to the bar instead and pushes his way through the crowd of big, intimidating men. He finally reaches Shea and orders a beer. As he turns back to see Addison, he has vanished. He looks over to Charles, who in fact, now speaks with Addison. Addison looks up and sees some friends on the other side of the room. Abel makes his way over to Charles.
Well, howdy stranger.

Hey, Charles. How's it going?

Abel looks around as though trying to see if Addison is coming back.

(using airquotes)
Good. You just missed my "old flame."
Charles laughs at the notion.

No. I got the whole story last week when I got recruited into their little cult down on Wilshire.

Oh that Mary. She sank her fangs into you, too? You know, I've lost neighbors to her? Actual neighbors.

She's got spunk.

And I hate spunk. No, Mary's the best. I was sorry to see her move, actually. We were like sisters.

Charles jumps into his best Faye Dunaway from Chinatown impersonation.

She's my sister. She's my mother. She's my sister...

Abel looks at Charles, confused.

You have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

Sorry. Before my time, I guess.

I'm sure a lot of things are.

Not as much as they used to be.
CHARLES
You know, I never did get that kiss the other night.

Abel laughs uneasily.

CHARLES (cont'd)
So, you have it pretty bad for Big Addy huh?

ABEL (stunned)
Am I really that obvious?

CHARLES (joking)
No, but your erection is.

ABEL
Oh ha, ha. Do you think he knows?

CHARLES
Little buddy, just about everyone in town has the hots for the guy. He looks like Thor, he's got more money than God, probably. I'm sure the novelty of being rich and good-looking must wear off after a while though.

ABEL
I can't imagine that ever being the case.

CHARLES
Well, you're not the first guy to flip over him is all I'm saying.

ABEL
Oh I know. I've done it before. I just. I don't know. There's something. It seems different.

CHARLES
Yep. It's spacial.

ABEL (Laughing)
Oh shut up. You're hilarious.

They clink their beer mugs.

(CONTINUED)
ABEL (cont'd)
I just have to get him to notice me.
He's always hanging out with guys who
are way hotter than me and I don't
know I could ever be in his league.

CHARLES
Well, I like you.

ABEL
Thanks. But honestly. I'm not even
trying with you.

Charles looks intently at Abel but it is unclear on whether
he is flattered or insulted. He decides to give Abel the
benefit of the doubt.

CHARLES
Well, maybe the point is you
shouldn't have to try so hard with
the right guy. It either just works
or it doesn't.

ABEL
(not listening)
That is super interesting.

CHARLES
Yeah, so definitely try to get his
attention. Make him jealous. He gets
off on that. Hell, why don't you
pretend that you're into me. That'll
get his attention and then he'll want
to go out with you.

Charles now has Abel's attention.

ABEL
I don't know. I wouldn't want to
like, use you. Or anyone really.

CHARLES
Hell, it was a joke.

ABEL
No. I mean. It actually does sound
like it might work. Maybe just to get
his attention we could canoodle a
little bit.

CHARLES
Do people even say "canoodle." I
mean. Really?
ABEL
Yeah. I just did.

CHARLES
Touche. Yeah let's make him think we're hot and heavy and maybe I can get inside his head a little bit. I mean, all's fair in love and politics right?

ABEL
Right.

CHARLES
It's not like I wouldn't get anything out of it. I mean, I'd have to, otherwise I'd just be this huge douche. OK, I'll help you. Only on one condition, Abel.

ABEL
What's that?

CHARLES
Don't kiss me-

ABEL
All ri-

The two see Addison approaching as Charles reaches in for a kiss.

CHARLES
Unless you mean it.

Abel reciprocates Charles's kiss. Addison notices.

INT. GYM - DAY
Abel runs on a treadmill while checking his watch. He picks up his smartphone which reads "ADDISON GYM - 130PM WED." Abel looks up at a clock hanging from the wall in the gym which reads 125 PM. In walks Addison beneath the clock. He immediately sees Abel on the treadmill and gives a disappointed look. Then, either out of pity or curiosity, he decides to run on the treadmill next to Abel's.

ABEL
(feigning surprise)
Oh, hey!
ADDISON (also feigning surprise) Hey, how's it going? It's Adam, right?

ABEL

Abel.

ADDISON

I know. I was just joking.

An awkward silence creeps up between them.

ADDISON (cont'd)

So, I didn't know you worked out here. You live in this neighborhood?

ABEL

No. I just-

Abel sees Charles out of the corner of his eye. He breathes a sigh of relief.

ABEL (cont'd)

I work nearby. I just came here with a friend.

ADDISON

Oh. Yeah I was gonna say I've never seen you here before. I know pretty much all the regulars here.

ABEL

I'm sure.

Abel looks over at Charles, struggling with a rowing machine then back to Addison who practically puts off a golden glow as he runs the treadmill, which from Abel's perspective is in slow motion.

ABEL (cont'd)

Yeah. Definitely.

ADDISON

Well. I hope I have your vote. I mean, I do remember you stuffed some envelopes for our side if I recall.

ABEL (coyly)

Oh don't make me choose. You're both worthy.
ADDISON
Well, keep me in mind. I'll catch you later.

Addison turns to walk away then turns back and Abel looking at him.

ADDISON (cont'd)
Maybe you could help us with our press releases or something, you know, when you decide on a side.

ABEL
Yeah. I'll definitely let you know.

Abel remains transfixed on him as Addison walks away.

Charles, a sweaty gross mess, walks up to Abel and plants a peck on his cheek. A gym patron takes a snapshot with their smartphone of the kiss.

CHARLES
Hey, little buddy.

ABEL
Hey, Skipper.

GYM PATRON
Jackay is gonna love this.

The Gym Patron dashes away as Abel and Charles laugh it off.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Abel, fresh out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his waist, approaches his locker and opens the door. He looks at his phone. It has over one hundred notifications on his Facebook app. And just as many texts.

ABEL
Uh oh.

Abel closes the door to his locker and standing next to him, with a towel on, but still nonetheless in all his shirtless glory, is Addison.

ADDISON
Wow. I didn't actually think you guys were serious. But I guess it's the real deal. So that probably means I won't be seeing you again in the office?
ABEL
Oh, that? That was nothing. I definitely want to help write some stuff for the campaign.

ADDISON
Well that's cool. Like I said, Charles's a great guy. But he is still the enemy.

Addison throws his shirt on and turns to walk away. Abel throws his towel into the locker in frustration. He sits on a bench in front of his locker. He looks torn.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Abel and Missy walk home from the gym, past BULLOCKS. They see on the Jumbo Tron across the street the disembodied head of Jackay Jeanette appear.

JACKAY JEANETTE
Hey, kids. Well it's official. Looks like it's going to be a Spring wedding between City Councilor Charles "Shine Bright Like a" Diamond and some complete nobody, Abel Whatshername. Will this hurt or help LA's first openly gay City Councilor in next month's elections? The polls are not pretty for Diamond. Not as pretty as his opponent in the race, that dreamboat Addison Gray who is looking like a shoo-in to usurp Old Man Diamond. Stay tuned, kids. This could get really juicy. Jackay out!

The jumbotron screen reverts back to the usual news tickers and weather reports.

MISSY
Baby doll, you're famous!

ABEL
I hate that thing.

Abel and Missy walk away continuing onward towards home.
INT. BULLOCKS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Abel and Missy walk into work together. Abel gives Missy a wave goodbye as they pass the Menswear department and he moves on to the Toy Department. Chairs line the wall. Abel notices Mr. Pitts approaching him at a hurried pace.

    PITTS
    Abel, a moment?

    ABEL
    Sure. What's up?

Pitts motions for Abel to sit down with him.

    PITTS
    Well, first of all... Congratulations!

    ABEL
    (confused)
    For what?

    PITTS
    For meeting someone. And sweetie, you could do so much worse than a City Councilor. Charles Diamond is a good man.

Passersby overhear Pitts inflection of the words "City Councilor" but otherwise continue moving along to continue shopping.

    ABEL
    Thanks, Gabe.

    PITTS
    So, what's next? And wait a minute. Weren't you supposed to be working for Addison Gray's campaign?

    ABEL
    Yup. I'm writing their press releases, getting the mail, stuffing envelopes. Just helping out a little.

    PITTS
    Isn't that a bit of a conflict of interests?

    ABEL
    Not for me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PITTS
If you say so. But that's not what Jackay said this-

ABEL
(playfully)
Shut it!

Pitts gives a puzzled look.

PITTS
Is everything OK?

ABEL
Yeah. . I just... Everything's fine.

Abel's phone rings. The phone's caller ID shows the caller as Charles.

INT. CHARLES'S OFFICE - LATER

Charles's office is the complete polar opposite of Addison's. It's a complete mess. There are books lying around everywhere. Papers are strewn all about the desk. Charles doesn't even seem to own a computer. An old-fashioned typewriter sits in the middle of his desk.

PRICE, 60 wears a cheap suit and a fedora. He stands next to Charles. They have been talking.

A loud KNOCK interrupts their conversation.

CHARLES
(loudly)
Hey, Abel. Come on in.

Abel opens the door and walks into Charles's office. He looks around.

ABEL
Hi.

CHARLES
Hey Abel. Thanks for coming in. I really appreciate it.

Abel sits in one of the chairs in front of Charles's desk and faces him and Price.

ABEL
No problem.
This is our Director of PR, Bob Price.

Oh, hello.

Abel shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

Am I in trouble or something?

No. No, of course not. It’s just all this viral video business of us supposedly making out at Crunch. I mean-

It’s a goddamn cluster fuck.

Um. I’m sorry. Who are you again?

Price. I’m the one who cleans up all the messes.

What? You think this is a joke or something?

I thought I wasn’t in trouble.

No. You’re not. And seriously Bob. Lighten up, all right? Can you just chill out for a minute?

This is a very big deal, Charles.

I know it is.
MCNABB
You two are the ones who need to chill, not get caught screwing around at some gay gym like horny teenagers.

CHARLES
So my gym is gay now?

Charles shakes his head.

ABEL
(dry, sarcastic)
In fairness, it is pretty gay.

Charles snickers. Price is not amused.

CHARLES
Look. Abel. Bob's right. This is kind of turning into a mess now. And this isn't just about damage control for me. This affects a lot of people. All my constituents. I know it was kind of fun to mess with Addison. And don't get me wrong. That's one of my favorite things to do.

Abel laughs. Price does not.

CHARLES (cont'd)
But we really have to cool it for now. We're putting out a press release that the picture wasn't what it looked like.

PRICE
That there's NEVER been a relationship! Maybe you can write that press release for US? Ha.

CHARLES
Yeah. Whatever, Bob.

Charles looks at Abel, who looks a little hurt but conceals it well.

CHARLES (cont'd)
Hey, little buddy. You know I love ya. After the election, we can totes hang out again. But for now... I'm gonna have to focus on the election. I'm really sorry.
CONTINUED:

ABEL  

(shaking his head)  
No. I understand.

CHARLES  
I hope so.

Charles stands. He extends his hand to Abel's. Abel walks out of the office without shaking Charles's hand.

ABEL  
Yeah, it's cool.

Abel walks out of Charles's office, leaving the door open behind him.

EXT. STREET - DAY  

It's one month later. Abel and Missy walk to work as usual. Abel looks a bit discouraged. Missy looks happy.

MISSY  
Today's the big day. I can't wait to find out.

ABEL  
Find out what?

MISSY  
Whether I'm having a boy or girl.

Missy gives Abel a look of contempt.

MISSY (cont'd)  
What? Did you forget?

Missy walks ahead. Abel rolls his eyes. Missy turns and faces Abel from down the street.

MISSY (cont'd)  
(shouting)  
You know, it's not all about you!

ABEL  
Oh, stop with all the drama. I can't deal with it right now. I have so much going-

MISSY  
I told YOU before I told GEORGE!
Missy storms off. Abel realizes he's screwed up. He walks into the coffee shop.

INT. ABEL AND MISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Missy and George sit curled up on the couch looking at ultrasound photos. Abel walks in carrying a cake in a box. He puts the box down on the coffee table.

ABEL
Hey, you guys.

MISSY
Hey.

GEORGE
Did you hear the good news? Can I tell her honey? Him. I meant "him."

Missy begins to speak but Abel interjects.

ABEL (coyly)
No. Good news? Now you have to tell me, George?

GEORGE
We're having a baby girl.

ABEL (to Missy)
It's a girl?

Abel tears up. Missy's look softens. They hug.

ABEL (cont'd)
Oh, honey. I'm so happy for you. For you guys. Congratulations, George.
(to Missy)
Want some cake?

MISSY
Well, I am eating for two. I was planning on eating George's piece of cake anyway that is, too.

ABEL
Oh, there's plenty for everyone. Even Georgie Porgie and the little one too.

(Continued)
GEORGE
I'll get some plates and silverware.

MISSY
Great, hon. (To Abel) You want to see
the ultrasounds?

ABEL
Oh my god. Yes. Of course.

Abel leafs through the numerous photos of Missy's baby. He
hugs Missy again.

ABEL (cont'd)
Oh honey. I'm so happy for you. I'm
sorry I was so on the rag today.

MISSY
I understand. I freaked out too just
a little. I started thinking about
what this all means.

ABEL
What do you mean? What what means?

MISSY
Well, you know. It's not like we're
going to raise this child in this
tiny little apartment. Or in Silver
Lake.

ABEL
Oh. Well, yeah. I mean, of course
you're not.

Abel pauses for a moment to think about it.

ABEL (cont'd)
You're not like, going back to
England, are you?

MISSY
No, darling. We'll stay in
California. But probably going to be
going to San Francisco for this job
George was offered. I mean, we work
in a shop, right? It's not like
selling ties and galoshes to
attention-starved knobbers at
Bollocks is much of a career or
anything.
ABEL
You're moving?

MISSY
Not like today or tomorrow. But yes, sweetie. Eventually

ABEL
Wow. Leaving me all alone, huh.

MISSY
Oh right. Like you won't visit. You love SF. I hear you watching Looking on your computer at night, among other things. You perv.

Abel begins to cry softly. George returns with the plates and utensils and a bright smile. Abel stops crying.

MISSY (cont'd)
(barking)
Not now, George!

George immediately turns around and walks back to the kitchen with the plates and napkins, confused.

MISSY (cont'd)
You know you'll be OK, hon. You have Charles now. Or is it Addison. I can't even keep up myself anymore.

ABEL
Me either. I don't think I have really anyone. Charles hates me. Addison could really give a shit, right? I think he only keeps me around because he thinks I'm useful. I mean until after the election next week. After that, I'm sure it's probably just back to pining over him from afar.

MISSY
Ugh. what a bloody mess.

ABEL
Tell me about it.

Abel stands up.

MISSY
Aren't you going to have any cake? George, we're ready!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

    GEORGE (O.S.)
    (timidly)
    Are you sure?

    ABEL
    None for me, George. It's bedtime for Bonzo. Come on, Einstein.

Einstein follows Abel out of the living room and down the hall.

    GEORGE(O.S.)
    Night, night.

    MISSY
    We'll come up with something.

Abel registers a weak smile.

    ABEL
    Like we always do?

    MISSY
    Partners in crime, babes.

Abel smiles again then turns and walks down the hallway to his bedroom.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Addison sits in a barber's chair, leafing through the Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Edition, and waits for his PETE, 40, muscular and tatted, to walk up to him from behind to start his cut.

    PETE
    Hey, handsome!

    ADDISON
    Hey, bud. I've got this campaign thing to do tonight so I really appreciate you squeezing me in.

    PETE
    Love squeezing you in.

Pete runs his hands through Addison's hair.

    PETE (cont'd)
    So, what are we doing today?
ADDISON
Oh, just the usual.

PETE
Dry cut it is.

Pete reaches for his clippers. Addison puts the magazine on the counter where he found it.

ADDISON
So, what's new?

PETE
Same old. Can't stand the wife. You know. the usual.

ADDISON
Yeah, so glad I will never have to use that word in a sentence.

PETE
What's all this shit I heard about that shameless Charles Diamond and his new little protege, who if I'm not mistaken is supposed to be working for your campaign? Awkward..

ADDISON
No. They're just... friends.

PETE
That's not what I heard. You know, on the news.

ADDISON
What?

PETE
Yeah, apparently they were caught doing the nastay in the Crunch showers or something. Which gym do you belong to, again?

ADDISON
Get the f-. No way. They were definitely not doing that.

PETE
OK. Whatever. I don't care. I just cut hair, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)
Pete clips Addison's hair. It looks really good when he's finished. Addison walks out of the barber shop and out to the street.

INT. GYM - LATER

Addison runs on the treadmill, sweating profusely. He sees on one of the tv monitors a story running on the news with the headline "Diamond Scandal Tarnishes Local Election." Two women, SALLY and BECKY jog on a treadmill closer to the TVs.

SALLY
Wow. Oh that really sucks. I like Charles Sandford.

BECKY
You are always trying to convert these guys. Give it a rest, girlfriend.

SALLY
Oh shut up. I meant I feel like he's been the best thing to happen to LA in years. It would be a shame for bullshit like this to be the reason he loses the election to some rich schmuck.

BECKY
Did you just tell me to shut up?

Addison rolls his eyes and hops off the treadmill. He picks up his phone from his gym bag and calls Abel.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Abel and Addison sit at the bar, each with a mug of beer in front of them.

SHEA
Hey, guys. Everything good? Can I get you anything else? Another drink? You good, Abel? Where's Charles? I thought you guys were-

ADDISON
We're good.

SHEA
Well, excuse me, your majesty.
Shea walks away, offended.

ABEL
Nice. Piss off the guy who brings us drinks. You might as well have just asked him to spit in our beer.

ADDISON
Sorry. And thanks for meeting.

ABEL
Sure. I mean I'm still with the campaign, aren't I? I even see you at the office sometimes.

Abel looks around. The bar is nearly empty.

ABEL (cont'd)
What's up, anyway?

ADDISON
I just. It's none of my business. But i just wanted to know where you stood with Charles.

ABEL
Well. It's kind of weird. I mean, I don't really know. Why?

ADDISON
You don't know? So, are you two dating or not?

ABEL
No I mean I don't really know. But...
No.

Addison looks confused.

ABEL (cont'd)
It's complicated.

ADDISON
What is?

ABEL
Our relationship.

ADDISON
You mean, you and Charles or?
ABEL
I wasn't talking about us, like you and me. Unless you would like to.

ADDISON
Well. I actually have been thinking a little bit about us. I mean. You've been really helpful with the Communications Team and I honestly appreciate people who I know I can count on.

Addison reaches over and caresses Abel's hand.

ABEL
Wait. What's going on?

ADDISON
(pulling back)
Sorry.

Abel now looks confused.

ABEL
What are you... I'm confused.

ADDISON
I guess I'm a a little bit, too.

ABEL
Are you entering the contest tonight?

ADDISON
Best Chest in the West? Probably not ideal for a guy running for office to run around in bars with his shirt off.

ABEL
Right. Because showing off that perfect body of yours would cost you votes.

ADDISON
You're so funny.

ABEL
You have the election in the bag.

ADDISON
Nothing is ever "in the bag."

(CONTINUED)
ABEL
This is. Go have fun. Let your hair
down. (shouting) Hey, Shea!

Shea returns and scowls at Addison but smiles broadly at
Abel.

SHEA
Yes, Abel.

ABEL
Miss Congeniality here is doing the
little pageant tonight. So we're
signing him up. I think he could
use some attention. He needs some
cheering up.

Shea changes his tune.

SHEA
Well, I'd be happy to cheer you up
anytime, Addison.

Addison smiles and signs the form.

INT. EAGLE BAR - LATER

The place is now packed. Addison walks off the stage with a
sash that reads "HOT" and sits next to Abel at the bar.

ADDISON
(French accent)
Abe Frohman. Zee sausage king of
Chicago!

ABEL
(not getting the joke)
Yeah, that's me.

ADDISON
Thanks for the encouragement.

ABEL
I'm just surprised a guy like you
would ever need any, honestly.

ADDISON
It's all an act. I'm not really that
confident, either to be honest.

ABEL
Really? Are you serious?
(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

CONTINUED:

ADDISON
(chuckles)
No.

Addison throws his arm around Abel's shoulder in a friendly, non-threatening way.

ABEL
OH. This is nice.

ADDISON
Can I buy you a drink?

ABEL
Oh. Shea just took care of me.

ADDISON
Then how about dinner?

Abel looks at Addison unsure of how to answer him.

INT. LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

A pregnant Missy works hurriedly, sweating profusely over the stove of the cabin's kitchen. Abel enters, again wearing his dalmation print pajamas.

ABEL
Miss, what are you doing here?

MISS
Oh, I'm not really here.

ABEL
You're not. So... Where are you then?

MISS
No, silly. I meant we're not here. You and I. I'm stuck here because your subconscious is trying to tell you something.

ABEL
What?

MISS
I can't tell you that.

ABEL
You're making no sense.

(CONTINUED)
MISSY
It's a dream. Who said it needs to make sense? Great. George is awake.
You know he never does dishes.

Abel raises his index finger.

MISSY (cont'd)
Don't you fuckin' dare put me in that bubble again. I damn near floated halfway to Leeds last time.

ABEL
Ok, Ok. Jesus. George is in my dreams, now?

Addison walks into the kitchen, shirtless and about 50 pounds overweight. He still looks good of course, but not like his usual self. He wears the "HOT" sash across his beer belly that he won in the contest at the bar.

ADDISON
Coffee.

ABEL
(saccharine)
Yes, darling. Isn't coffee just-

ADDISON
(terse)
Please. Not today. I can't deal with all the poetry and bullshit. I am SO hungover.

ABEL
(hopeful)
But... Coffee?

ADDISON
Yeah, yeah. We're in love. It's magical. OK. I'm gonna go take a bath in our washing machine out in the backyard now.

Addison sulks off with a scowl holding a cup of coffee.

ADDISON (cont'd)
Livin' the dream!

MISSY
Well, that was ironic, now wasn't it?
ABEL
Miss. What's going on?

MISSY
You gotta figure that out for yourself, hon. And wake up.

Abel's alarm clock rings.

INT. ABEL AND MISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Abel has set the table and is in the kitchen preparing dinner. He hears the doorbell ring and goes to answer it.

ADDISON
It's Addison.

ABEL
Hey!

Abel opens the door for Addison. He takes his coat and puts it in the closet.

ADDISON
I brought wine.

ABEL
Great. Let me just see if Missy's ready. She's joining us for dinner.

ADDISON
Missy?

ABEL
My roommate. She can't drink though. She's all knocked up. Relax. I'll be right out in a minute.

Addison takes in the place. It's not what he's used to. He looks at his smartphone. Abel and Missy enter. The three sit at the dinner table, eating dinner in near silence.

ADDISON
Yeah, so Abel's been super helpful down at the office. I don't know if we could have done it without him.

MISSY
When's the election, again?

ABEL
This weekend.
MISSY
I can't vote.

ADDISON
Because you're English?

MISSY
No, just the felonies.

ABEL
Miss.... we have a guest.

MISSY
I'm just kidding. Although I do think it would be fun to have a kid in jail. I mean it would give you something to do besides lifting weights in "the yard."

ADDISON
Orange is the New Black is seriously the best show.

ABEL
(to Missy)
Ok. Night night, Crazy Eyes. We're going to have our dessert on the balcony. I'll clean up in the morning.

MISSY
All right kids. Don't have too much fun without me.

ABEL
What does that even mean?

MISSY
I'm with child, prick. Back off. And I have to sleep in the same bed as George, who snores like a chainsaw.

Missy goes to her bedroom.

ADDISON
She seems nice.

Abel hands Addison a slice of cake with a fork and carries one for himself. The two walk to the balcony.
EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Addison and Abel stand on the balcony by the railing.

ADDISON
Wow, so she's really ready to pop, huh?

ABEL
No, she's just fat. She's got a few more months.

ADDISON
Really nice night.

ABEL
Yes, it was. Oh, I meant. Oh.

ADDISON
Dinner was great. I can't cook.

ABEL
Nobody's perfect.

ADDISON
You used to think I was.

ABEL
(now visibly offended)
I did?

ADDISON
Well, I mean, I know I'm not. But I do get it a lot.

ABEL
You get what? I'm not really sure you get it at all.

ADDISON
I didn't mean-

ABEL
No, you meant people put people like you on a pedestal. I get it. Us peasants should be so lucky we get to break bread with the beautiful people, once in a while, I guess.

ADDISON
Well, OK. Thanks for dinner.
Addison abruptly puts the plate with the cake down on a table on the balcony.

    ADDISON (cont'd)
    Ok. I'll see you at the office, I guess.

    ABEL
    Ok. See you.

Addison leaves.

INT. EMPLOYEE ROBINSONS BREAKROOM - DAY

Abel and Missy stretch out on the couches that sit in the corner of the employee break room. Missy smokes a vape cigarette while Abel eats a bag of chips and sips his coffee. The both look up at the ceiling as they talk.

    ABEL
    So... Yeah.

    MISSY
    I know, right?

    ABEL
    I just don't understand guys. I never will. Maybe I'm not supposed to.

    MISSY
    Oh honey.

    ABEL
    Maybe I don't deserve to be happy.

    MISSY
    Sweetie.

    ABEL
    Ever.

    MISSY
    Here's the problem. You're looking for happiness in the wrong places, love.

    ABEL
    Oh I know. I have terrible taste in men.
MISSY
It has nothing to do with that. OK, well maybe it has a little to do with that. But seriously.

ABEL
What?

MISSY
OK. Do you know why it works between George and me?

Abel doesn't answer, just continues staring at the ceiling and chewing the chips from his bag very loudly.

MISSY (cont'd)
It's not because I like him or he likes me. Although I do like him. Very much. It's because I like myself.

Abel sits a little more upright, and pays more attention to Missy.

MISSY (cont'd)
Yeah, you wasn't expecting that. Mind blown.

Missy sits upright now, still on the sofa but with her feet firmly planted on the ground.

MISSY (cont'd)
Believe it or not, George isn't the center of my universe. It's me. Then him. I'm happy to be with him. But I'm just as happy being by myself, too.

ABEL
So I'm not happy?

MISSY
No, I'm not sayin' that. I mean that you have to be happy first and then you bring that into the relationship. It don't work the other way around, love. It ain't gonna come from anyone but you.

ABEL
I think I'm pretty happy.
MISSY
Trust, toots. You're not.

ABEL
Well...

MISSY
That's why you're always looking for the handsomest one in the room. You care too much about who looks good on your arm. And then you fixate. About shit that don't matter. You gotta stop chasing these assholes. It's like all you really want is some big hairy knight in shining armor to come and whisk you away like a Calgon commercial or something.

ABEL
This is true.

MISSY
You, my dear have to be your own best friend. You fierce bitch, you.

Abel crumples the empty bag and tosses it in the trash. He sits upright and the two exchange a casual high-five.

INT. CHARLES'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Abel opens the door to Charles's office. It looks nothing like Addison's. Whereas Addison's is sleek and modern, and clean, Charles's is stuffy, almost academic. It's cluttered with books and old newspapers, papers everywhere. He is clearly a smart guy, and a busy one, but completely disorganized. Charles looks up and smiles, pleased to see Abel.

CHARLES
Well hello there, young padouan. You have returned.

ABEL
Hi Charles. I just wanted to say I'm sorry for taking you for granted so much. I didn't realize what I was looking for was right in front of me all along. I mean, the qualities that I'm looking for, you possess. You've been nothing but super nice to me, and like, caring.

(MORE)
ABEL (cont'd)
You're just this nice guy and the whole time I've been known you I've been too busy chasing the wrong guy. Again. And I almost missed all of that. And I'm sorry. I just never wanted to settle. And now I realize that I do. I want to settle. If it means I get to be happy. We get to be happy, I mean.

CHARLES
Wait. Are you serious? You are joking, right?

ABEL
No. I mean, yes. I really mean-

CHARLES
About settling. You want to settle. For me?

Charles gives Abel an uneasy look. Abel recognizes his gaffe but also realizes there is little he can do about it now.

ABEL
I didn't mean...

CHARLES

ABEL
I'm gonna go.

CHARLES
Yeah.

Abel heads to the door slowly and turns to Charles at the last moment before he leaves.

ABEL
I'm sorry, Charles.

CHARLES
Yeah. Great now would you please just piss off?

ABEL
I'm really sorry.
Abel leaves and the door closes behind him. Charles flings a book at the back of the door.

INT. ADDISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Missy walks with Mary up to Addison's office. She gives her a nice smile and nods her head as Mary opens the door for her.

MISSY
Hey, Addison. It was so nice meeting you finally the other night.

ADDISON
Hi, Missy. Have a seat. Congratulations again. When are you due?

MISSY
Still have a few more months. I actually came here to see if I might entice you to come over again for dinner with Abel and NOT me.

ADDISON
Is he really up for it?

MISSY
You're all he ever talks about.

Addison looks stunned.

INT. LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Abel walks into the kitchen of the cabin, but Missy is nowhere to be seen. The kitchen itself is barren. No stove, no appliances, and worst of all, no coffee.

Abel turns and looks back at the bed, where he sees Charles, shirtless and snoring.

ABEL
(panicked)
What is going on? Is this is some kind of nightmare? There's no coffee.

Charles, wakes up, stretches and yawns then walks up to Abel and gives him a peck on the cheek.

CHARLES
Mornin', babe.
ABEL
This isn't right. You're not my husbear.

CHARLES
Sure I am.

Charles holds up his hand and reveals his wedding ring.

ABEL
What?

Abel hears someone knocking at the front door to the cabin and goes to answer it.

INT. ABEL AND MISSY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Abel wakes up on the couch in his apartment. He realizes that the knocking he thought he was hearing is coming from his front door.

ABEL
Just a minute.

Abel looks through the viewer on the door and sees Addison standing outside. Abel opens the door.

ABEL (cont'd)
Hey.

Addison smiles.

ADDISON
Hey. I just wanted you to know that I do value you. You know I couldn't have won the election without-

ABEL
Oh would you stop with that? You know that's not true. I wrote a few measly words for you and that's it.

ADDISON
No. It was more than that. But honestly, I just wanted to say I was sorry. I wish I had seen it sooner, what you were trying to tell me.

ABEL
What was I trying to tell you?

Addison reaches for Abel, bringing him in closer.

(CONTINUED)
Addison kisses Abel. Abel hesitates at first, then gives in, then pulls back.

ABEL
I don't know if I can do this.

ADDISON
Are you serious? I finally get my shit together and it's too late. Typical. This is what's wrong with me. I don't really have to work this hard when it comes to these kind of things.

ABEL
Oh, I noticed. And I am serious. For the first time in my life, I'm serious. I'm just sorry you didn't really see whom I was sooner. I still like you. Of course I still think you're handsome, but I don't want someone just because they looks good on my arm when I walk down the street. I don't care what those people think. I don't have to go home with them. I want someone I can count on. Always.

ADDISON
And that's Charles.

ABEL
No. It's me.

Addison looks at Abel, confused.

ABEL (cont'd)
I quit the toy store today.

ADDISON
(in disbelief)
Really? Why?

ABEL
I mean, in all honesty, it was really only fun for me because I had Missy there. And now that she's moving, why would I want to go to a job every day that I hate? No, the truth is, I don't want to waste any more time.

(CONTINUED)
On anything. I want to write another book. And, you know what? If I fail, I fail. That just means I do something else. But if I don't try, then I'm definitely a failure.

ADDISON
I never saw you that way. Sure you're not rich, and you live in kind of a dumpy apartment, but you have good friends and I think you're pretty amazing.

Charles walks around the corner in the hallway towards Abel's apartment with a bouquet of roses. He only hears Addison telling Abel that he's amazing.

Abel sees Charles. Addison gives an awkward look.

ADDISON (cont'd)
See you later.

Charles shakes his head and throws the bouquet of flowers out an open window onto the street. He storms off. Abel looks worried. He grabs his keys and quickly darts past Addison down the hall.

ABEL
(brusquely)
I'm glad we're friends.

ADDISON
Me too. That makes me happy. I want you to be happy, Abel. I know you can do it. Now go get your man.

Missy pops up behind Abel. He turns and smiles at her. She gives him a shooing motion to chase Charles.

MISSY
Before it's too late.

Abel runs down the stairs still in his pajamas to see if he can catch up with Charles.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Charles stands by his car, looking upset. Abel walks up to him.
ABEL
Hey. That really wasn't what it looked like.

CHARLES
Oh, really? What did it look like?

ABEL
That actually was "goodbye."

CHARLES
Goodbye?

ABEL
To Addison. I mean I know we'll still be friends, but he's not the one that I want. I didn't want to settle, actually after all.

CHARLES
I thought-

ABEL
I know. We all say things we regret sometimes. I do it all the time.

CHARLES
Why the change of heart? He's the dreamboat. He's the new City Councilor. I'm just some shlub with a lot of books and a gym membership I almost never use.

ABEL
Because I like you. I like who I am with you. I've always felt good enough.

CHARLES
I don't even have a sashe that says "HOT," you know.

ABEL
I'm done chasing.

CHARLES
Me too.

Abel smiles at him. Charles returns the smile. Charles runs to the sidewalk and picks up the flowers, which are an awful mess. He hands them to Abel who takes them and gives Charles a big hug.
CONTINUED:

ABEL
Now kiss me like you mean it.

Abel and Charles embrace and kiss.

FADE OUT: