

100 Questions For Charlotte Payne

"Pilot: Would You Consider Yourself An Honest Person?"

Written By

Christopher Moynihan

Final Network Draft

1/31/09

COLD OPEN

INT. SOULMATES.COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A NICELY FURNISHED OFFICE. A LARGE EXPENSIVE "SOULMATES.COM" SIGN HANGS ON THE WALL ABOVE A DESK WITH A COMPUTER MANNED BY **ANDREW**, AN EFFEMINATE GUY IN A SHIRT AND TIE. ACROSS FROM HIM SITS A VERY PRETTY GIRL.

THIS IS OUR HEROINE: **CHARLOTTE PAYNE**, 30-ISH, HIP AND ENERGETIC WITH AN OPEN FACE. SHE LOOKS NERVOUS.

ANDREW

(Dispassionately)

Welcome to "Soulmates.com", I'm Andrew, your "Soulmate Specialist". Today we're gonna have you take our signature "face-to-face" personality test. This is 100 scientifically formulated questions to let us know exactly who you are so we can find your soulmate.

CHARLOTTE

Um, Andrew? Excuse me. Can't I just take this test at home on my computer? I know most of these dating places let you do that.

ANDREW

Well, most of these "dating places" don't care whether or not you find your soulmate so they let you lie on the test.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I wouldn't lie. You don't have to worry about that.

ANDREW

Really? It says on your profile you were born in 1982.

CHARLOTTE SMILES SHEEPISHLY.

CHARLOTTE

Did I write that? I meant 1980.

ANDREW STARES AT HER.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Seventy-nine. Seventy...well, late seventies.

ANDREW

That's why we do it face-to-face.

CHARLOTTE

Fair enough.

ANDREW

Any questions before we begin?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. Do you believe in soulmates?

ANDREW

(Smiling)

No, I don't.

(Loudly)

Question number one.

ANDREW LOOKS RIGHT AT HER WITH A SCRUTINIZING EYE.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Would you consider yourself an honest person?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. Well, no. Not, I mean, obviously, 1982, but for the most part, no...yes. Sometimes.

ANDREW

I'm gonna need you to be more specific.

CHARLOTTE

It's complicated.

CUT TO:

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM -- EVENING

THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT. THE GAME IS UNDERWAY. **CHARLOTTE** SITS IN EXCELLENT BOX SEATS WITH AN INCREDIBLY GOOD LOOKING GUY, **RICK**, AND HER FOUR BEST FRIENDS: **LESLIE** AND **JILL** BESIDE HER AND **MIKE** AND **WAYNE** IN THE ROW IN FRONT.

WAYNE WEARS A GIANT FOAM FINGER AND MIKE WASHES DOWN JUNK FOOD WITH A HUGE BEER.

LESLIE IS TYPING ON HER BLACKBERRY.

JILL FLIRTS WITH **A SHIRTLESS BASEBALL FAN** WHO IS PAINTED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN BLACK AND WHITE PAINT.

RICK

You are a wonderful girl, Charlotte Payne.

CHARLOTTE

Thanks.

RICK STARES AT CHARLOTTE.

RICK

I really enjoy spending time with you.

CHARLOTTE

(A little weirded)

Me, too.

(After a beat)

Rick, are you okay?

RICK

I'm fine. Would you excuse me for a
sec?

HE GIVES CHARLOTTE A BIG KISS AND HEADS OFF.
CHARLOTTE'S SMILE FADES AND SHE TURNS TO HER FRIENDS.

CHARLOTTE

Guys, Rick's acting weird.

LESLIE

(Barely looking up)

Why? What did he say?

CHARLOTTE

Nothing specific, but he's looking at
me and smiling and telling me that I'm
a wonderful girl.

LESLIE

(Sarcastic)

Oh, my goodness. That must be just
awful for you.

MIKE

Maybe he's got a terminal illness and he's appreciating all the things he's taken for granted. He's doing a Bucket List!

CHARLOTTE

He's not doing a Bucket List.

JILL LOOKS OVER AND SMILES AT HER BODY PAINTER.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Jill, honey, I don't know if you should flirt with that guy. He's kinda creepy.

JILL

He's cute. Just because your boyfriend has a terminal illness doesn't mean I can't try to find love.

CHARLOTTE

He doesn't have a terminal illness.

LESLIE

Charlotte, I'm sure it's all in your head. He's just being sweet.

WAYNE

He's not being sweet. He's laying ground work.

CHARLOTTE

For what?

WAYNE

He's gonna dump you.

CHARLOTTE

What? That's ridiculous.

JILL

Wayne's right.

(A little ominous)

Public place? You can't make a scene.

LESLIE

(Putting it together)

He surrounds you with your friends so
you have an instant support system.

WAYNE

Tells you you're a wonderful girl simply
to build up your self esteem so he can --

WAYNE DRAGS THE FOAM FINGER ACROSS HIS THROAT.

MIKE

(Food in his mouth)

I still think it's a Bucket List.

CHARLOTTE

You guys are crazy. He's not gonna
dump me.

(Pause)

Is he gonna dump me?

WAYNE

It's how I'd do it. You know, if I
ever had a real relationship.

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is time for
the seventh inning stretch.

RICK RETURNS TO HIS SEAT.

RICK

Charlotte, there's something I need to
talk to you about.

MIKE

(To Wayne)

Oh, it's not a Bucket List. He's gonna
dump her.

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

Please remain seated for a moment as
we have a very special announcement.

AN **USHER** APPROACHES RICK AND HANDS HIM A MICROPHONE.
HIS IMAGE APPEARS ON THE JUMBOTRON.

RICK

(Into Mic)

Can I have your attention, folks?
This won't take long. Tonight there
are two thing in this room that I love.
My Yankees and my girlfriend. I'm
gonna spend the rest of my life with
my Yankees and I want to spend the
rest of my life with my girlfriend,
too.

CHARLOTTE'S FACE IS AS WHITE AS A SHEET.

RICK (CONT'D)

Charlotte Payne, the past three months
have been the sweetest of my life and
it's all because of you. I know it's
kinda fast, but I also know it's right.

RICK DROPS TO ONE KNEE, PRODUCES A RING.

RICK (CONT'D)

Charlotte Payne, will you be my wife?

THE STADIUM IS PERFECTLY SILENT. CHARLOTTE IS A
DEER IN HEADLIGHTS. SHE LOOKS TO HER FRIENDS WHO
ARE NO HELP. RICK PUTS THE MIC UP TO HER MOUTH.

CHARLOTTE

Uh --

THERE IS SOME FEEDBACK OVER THE P.A. SYSTEM.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Rick, I don't know what to say. I
just don't feel that way about you.

THERE IS A COLLECTIVE WINCE/MOAN FROM THE STADIUM.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I hope we can still be friends.

THE WORD "FRIENDS" ECHOES OVER THE WHOLE STADIUM.
RICK'S FACE IS FROZEN IN A HORRIFIC GRIMACE. HE'S
IN HELL. CHARLOTTE SMILES APOLOGETICALLY. THE
TENSION IS UNBELIEVABLE.

WAYNE

(To Mike)

We really shouldn't have carpooled
with him.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONESCENE ONEINT. RICK'S SUV - LATER

CHARLOTTE SITS BESIDE A SOBBING RICK. IT'S TERRIBLY AWKWARD. MIKE, WAYNE, LESLIE AND JILL ARE CRAMMED IN THE BACK.

DESPITE RICK'S LOUD SOBS, THERE'S A DEAFENING SILENCE IN THE CAR. IT IS BROKEN BY:

MIKE

Rick, could you kill the heat?

CHARLOTTE SHOOTS A LOOK AT MIKE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You know what? I'll just crack the window.

MIKE GOES TO CRACK THE WINDOW. AFTER A BEAT.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Rick, I think the child lock is on.

The window won't go down.

RICK SOBS. CHARLOTTE SHOOTS MIKE ANOTHER LOOK. HE RESPONDS WITH A "WHAT?" LOOK.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE TWOINT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A SPACIOUS, NICELY FURNISHED APARTMENT WITH A BIG KITCHEN. CHARLOTTE ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY HER FRIENDS. WAYNE STILL WEARS HIS FOAM FINGER.

WAYNE

That was brutal!

CHARLOTTE

Well, what was I supposed to say? Was I supposed to lie?

LESLIE

Yes. You were supposed to say, "Sure, Rick. I'd love to marry you." Then once you got to the parking lot say, "You know what, Rick? I don't want to marry you. I was lying before so you wouldn't look like a total ass in front of the entire world."

WAYNE

(Gesticulating with finger)

That would've been a stronger move.

MIKE

It was horrifying.

CHARLOTTE

Guys, it wasn't that bad.

WAYNE

When you said you "hoped you could still be friends" my testicles actually hurt. Like, *physically* hurt.

CHARLOTTE

Well, I wasn't expecting it. Because of you guys I was expecting him to dump me!

MIKE

Don't look at me. I thought he was doing a Bucket List.

LESLIE

I'm surprised none of us saw this coming. It's not like it's the first time this has ever happened to you.

JILL

Yeah, Charlotte, guys are always proposing to you. Why is that?

WAYNE

She must be wicked in the sack.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not wicked in the sack.

WAYNE

You're not?

CHARLOTTE

I *can* be wicked in the sack.
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

But I'd like to think that there's
more to it than that.

WAYNE

There's not.

LESLIE

I've never been proposed to. How sad
is that? What's wrong with me?

MIKE

Could be worse. You could be divorced
like Jill.

JILL

Hey, at least I was married.

MIKE

For four days.

JILL

It was what they call a whirlwind
romance.

MIKE

A whirlwind romance that cost your Dad
thirty thousand dollars.

JILL'S PHONE RINGS.

JILL

Speaking of Whirlwind romances.

(Into Phone)

This is Jill. Oh, hey.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

So, have you washed off all your make up? I'm sorry. "Body paint"?

SHE GIGGLES AND HEADS TO CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM.

CHARLOTTE

Shouldn't he have talked to me about it? You know? Done some reconnaissance? You shouldn't ask that question unless you know what the answer will be.

MIKE

Exactly. Screw Rick. He assumes that just because he has a strong jaw line and a beautiful head of hair that everybody's gonna say yes to his every whim. You did him a service. Took him down a notch. The guy's too gorgeous.

WAYNE REACTS. LESLIE IS LOOKING AT HER PHONE.

LESLIE

Charlotte, we lost the Franco account. The bride just sent me an e-mail saying she thinks what you did was awful and she doesn't want her wedding planned by a "cold hearted skank".

CHARLOTTE

Let me see that!

CHARLOTTE GRABS LESLIE'S PHONE TO READ THE E-MAIL.

WAYNE

(To Mike)

Dude. You asked me to let you know if you ever sound gay.

MIKE

Was it saying Rick had a beautiful head of hair?

WAYNE TOUCHES HIS NOSE WITH THE FOAM FINGER.

WAYNE

Bingo!

CHARLOTTE

I'm not a skank!

JILL ENTERS FROM THE OTHER ROOM WITH HER CELL PHONE.

JILL

So, I'm meeting the body painter for a drink tomorrow afternoon.

MIKE

Doesn't it bother you that you have no idea what this guy even looks like?

JILL

He had a great pick-up line.

MIKE

Really? What was it?

JILL

He said: Are you wearing space pants? Cause your ass is out of this world.

MIKE

You fell for that? That's the stupidest line I've ever heard.

WAYNE

(looking at his phone)

I've picked up girls with worse lines than that.

LESLIE'S PHONE BEEPS AGAIN. SHE LOOKS AT IT.

LESLIE

We just lost the Goldberg Bar Mitzvah. What is going on? Why are they all bailing on us?

CHARLOTTE

(Realizing what's happening)

Because we were recommended to them by Rick.

LESLIE

That's right. Rick's responsible for most of our current accounts. You should have said yes!

CHARLOTTE

Hey, I'm not gonna get married just so we can plan the Goldberg Bar Mitzvah.

MIKE

(To Jill)

I can come up with a better pick up line than that off the top of my head.

JILL

Let's hear it.

MIKE

Uh...Okay, What's a nice...no,
wait...Are those angel's...hold on --

JILL

You're an idiot.

MIKE

Give me a second.

LESLIE'S PHONE BEEPS AGAIN.

LESLIE

The Williamson party is out.

CHARLOTTE

That's Rick's brother-in-law.

LESLIE

We're going out of business!

CHARLOTTE

Would you relax?

LESLIE

We're event planners, Charlotte. Without
events we can't plan!

CHARLOTTE

This is just the initial fall out.
This will all be forgotten in the
morning.

WAYNE HOLDS UP HIS FINGER.

WAYNE

That I'm not so sure of. Check it out.

HE SHOWS THEM HIS PHONE, IT'S PLAYING A "YOUTUBE"
CLIP OF CHARLOTTE AT THE GAME.

CHARLOTTE

Where did you find this?

WAYNE

Youtube. They're calling you the
"Yankee Bitch".

THEY HUDDLE AROUND WAYNE'S PHONE. THEY WATCH FOR
BEAT. CHARLOTTE SEES HOW BAD IT WAS.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, man. That was really bad. I should
go talk to him.

YOUTUBE AUDIO (O.S.)

"I hope we can still be friends."

WAYNE WINCES AND COVERS HIS CROTCH.

MIKE

Do you clean your pants with Windex?
Cause I can see myself in them. That's
a good pick-up line!

THEY ALL LOOK AT HIM, THE GIRLS ARE DISGUSTED.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE THREE**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

CHARLOTTE, LESLIE AND JILL WALK ALONG THE SIDE WALK. JILL IS DRESSED VERY CONSERVATIVELY: HAIR UP, SKIRT AND SWEATER, GLASSES.

(THROUGHOUT THE SCENE JILL CHANGES HER CLOTHES AND PUTS ON MAKE UP, GETTING DOLLED UP FOR HER DATE.)

JILL

(Walking and applying blush)

Why can't we just take a cab? We're all going to the same neighborhood.

CHARLOTTE

It's eight blocks, Jill. You'll survive.

JILL

It's just that I have to get ready for my date with the body painter. It's easier in a cab.

CHARLOTTE

Do you have any idea what his name is?

JILL

Of course, I do! It's either Tom, Roger or something with a "K".

LESLIE

Okay, Charlotte. Here's what you do. Go up there and tell him, "Rick, we are adults. The fact that I refused your proposal of marriage --

JILL

In front of the entire world.

LESLIE

-- Should have no bearing on our professional lives." Then you demand that he call his contacts and get us those accounts back.

CHARLOTTE

Leslie, I'm not going over there to talk about business. I feel bad. You saw the way he was crying.

JILL

Sobbing.

CHARLOTTE

I'm worried about him. He hasn't returned any of my calls. I've sent texts, e-mails --

JILL

Maybe he killed himself?

CHARLOTTE

He didn't kill himself.

JILL

How sexy would that be though? A guy trying to kill himself just because he can't have you. I'd love that.

THEY ARRIVE AT RICK'S BROWNSTONE.

CHARLOTTE

Here it is.

SHE BUZZES THE DOOR. JILL REMOVES HER SWEATER, SHE IS BRIEFLY IN NOTHING BUT A SKIRT AND BRA.

LESLIE

Jill, we're in the middle of the street.

JILL

Hey, man. I gotta date. I can't show up looking like I just graded papers.

JILL PUTS ON A TOP AND TAKES HER HAIR DOWN.

JILL (CONT'D)

There. The transformation is complete.

LESLIE

You're like the Clark Kent of sluts.

CHARLOTTE

He's not answering.

JILL

(Ominously)

Maybe we're too late.

CHARLOTTE OPENS HER PURSE AND TAKES OUT A KEY.

CHARLOTTE

I'm gonna let myself in.

LESLIE

Good. Now, when you talk to him try and act sad. Like you've been having a rough night as well. Match his mood. It's a sales technique, works every time.

JILL

No! Act like you're on top of the world. Like he hasn't even entered your mind in the past twenty four hours. Guys will do anything for a girl who doesn't give a crap about them.

CHARLOTTE

Guys, please. I can handle this.

CHARLOTTE OPENS THE DOOR.

JILL

Charlotte. After you apologize, give him one more tug at the slots.

LESLIE

Jill!

JILL

It's a consolation prize.

LESLIE

Actually, it's not a bad idea. If you're really good, he might be more disposed to get us those accounts back.

CHARLOTTE

You've both been very helpful.

CHARLOTTE ENTERS THE BUILDING.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE FOURINT. RICK'S APT - CONTINUOUS

CHARLOTTE ENTERS RICK'S APARTMENT WITH HIS EXTRA KEY. IT SEEMS EMPTY.

CHARLOTTE

Rick? Rick? Are you here?

SHE MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE PLACE TO HIS BEDROOM. SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND HER FACE GOES SLACK.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Rick!

RICK

Charlotte! What are you doing here?

WE REVEAL RICK IS LYING IN BED WITH **ANOTHER WOMAN**. CHARLOTTE TURNS AND RUNS.

WOMAN

Was that the Yankee Bitch?

RICK PUTS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE ONEINT. MIKE AND WAYNE'S PLACE - LATER

A NICELY FURNISHED GUY'S APARTMENT. MIKE AND WAYNE SIT AT A TABLE, EACH HUNKERED DOWN OVER A NOTE PAD, WRITING. CHARLOTTE ENTERS.

CHARLOTTE

You are not gonna believe this! So, I go over to Rick's --

MIKE HOLDS UP HIS HAND.

MIKE

Wait! Don't say anything. We're trying to see who can come up with the best pick up line. Ready? Are you from Tennessee? Because you're the only ten-I-see.

CHARLOTTE

That stinks. It's terrible.

MIKE

Really? It's funny.

CHARLOTTE

No, it stinks.

WAYNE

My turn.

WAYNE RISES AND CROSSES TO CHARLOTTE. HE GETS CLOSE, SMILES AND LEANS IN.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Are you from Tennessee? Because you're the only ten-I-see.

CHARLOTTE MELTS A BIT.

CHARLOTTE

(A little hot and bothered)

Actually, it is kinda cute.

MIKE

That's my line!

WAYNE

I told you, it's not about the line.

It's about the delivery.

MIKE

Well, say something that you wrote.

WAYNE

I didn't write anything.

MIKE

What were you doing this whole time?

WAYNE

I was drawing a space ship.

WAYNE HOLDS UP A POORLY DRAWN SPACE SHIP. CHARLOTTE
COMPOSES HERSELF.

CHARLOTTE

So, guys, listen to this. I show up
at Rick's apartment to apologize and --

LESLIE ENTERS.

LESLIE

Well! We just lost the Callahan
account. You know why? Cause the
bride doesn't want the "Yankee Bitch"
at her wedding. What happened?

CHARLOTTE

Well, I went up there --

LESLIE

Did you apologize to him?

CHARLOTTE

(Starting to get frustrated)

I'm trying to tell you! People keep interrupting me.

LESLIE

Sorry. Go ahead.

CHARLOTTE

Okay. So, I go up there. I let myself in. And get this --

JILL ENTERS AND THROWS DOWN HER PURSE.

JILL

Get *this!*

CHARLOTTE THROWS HER HANDS UP.

JILL (CONT'D)

So, I go to meet the body painter.

SMASH TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLIER

JILL WALKS IN AND SCANS THE ROOM. THERE IS A BLACK GUY, A WHITE GUY, AN ASIAN GUY, A LATINO GUY, AND A NATIVE AMERICAN. SHE HAS NO IDEA WHICH ONE IS THE BODY PAINTER.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jill?

JILL TURNS. WE DON'T SEE THE "VOICE", WE JUST SEE JILL'S REACTION.

SHE IS HORRIFIED, BUT TRIES TO SMILE.

SMASH TO:

INT. MIKE AND WAYNE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

THEY ARE ALL IN BREATHLESS ANTICIPATION.

LESLIE

And?

JILL

Albino!

ALL

Albino?

JILL

Al-bino!

SMASH TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLIER

JILL STANDS BEFORE THE **ALBINO**, TALL AND WHITE WITH PINK EYES. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY FREAKED OUT.

ALBINO

You look hot.

JILL SMILES AWKWARDLY.

SMASH TO:

INT. MIKE AND WAYNE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

What did you do?

JILL

Well, he sensed that I was a little freaked out.

SMASH TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLIER

ALBINO

What's the matter? Does my translucent
skin give you the heebie-jeebies?

SMASH TO:

INT. MIKE AND WAYNE'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

THE GROUP IS IN TOTAL DISBELIEF.

CHARLOTTE

He said that? He actually used the
words heebie-jeebies?

JILL

Yup.

WAYNE

Did it? Give you the heebie-jeebies,
I mean?

JILL

Big time.

LESLIE

Well, what did you do?

JILL

Well, frankly, I lied. I said I didn't
even notice his...albino-ness and we
had a drink. Then he asked if he could
meet up with us later on tonight and I
said yes.

MIKE

Weren't you freaked out?

JILL

Yeah, but I couldn't tell him the truth!
It's like I was hypnotized. You guys
have to be there with me tonight.
It'll be less creepy if we're all
together.

LESLIE

That is wild!

CHARLOTTE

You want wild? That story's got nothing
on what happened to me.

JILL

What happened to you?

CHARLOTTE

You all might want to sit down for
this one.

THEY ALL SIT.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Ready? So, I go over to Rick's to
apologize. I let myself in and, here
it comes: he was in bed with another
woman.

THERE IS NO VISIBLE REACTION FROM THE GROUP.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Guys! He was having sex with another
girl.

WAYNE

Of course he was.

MIKE

He was getting back in the saddle.

CHARLOTTE

He cheated on me!

LESLIE

Honey, technically, you broke up with him last night.

THE OTHERS NOD IN AGREEMENT.

CHARLOTTE

Fine. But still, it's a little quick, don't you think? I mean, less than twenty-four hours?

WAYNE

If I were him I'd have gotten laid at the concession stand last night.

CHARLOTTE

So, he's completely innocent?

LESLIE

I think so. Sorry.

CHARLOTTE

Well, that stinks. He wants to talk to me later at the bar. I was hoping we could all be really mad at him.

JILL

Oh, we can be mad at him.

CHARLOTTE

Really? You guys would do that for
me?

ALL

Absolutely/Sure/You bet.

CHARLOTTE

You guys are the best.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE TWOINT. THE ROOST - LATER

A BAR. VERY HIP AND VERY HAPPENING. THE PLACE IS CROWDED. THE FIVE FRIENDS SIT ON COUCHES IN THE LOUNGE AREA. MIKE IS HUNCHED OVER A NAPKIN, WRITING.

MIKE

(Looking up)

How about this: Do you have a map?

Cause I just got lost in your eyes.

THE GIRLS ALL REACT NEGATIVELY.

WAYNE

Do you have a map? Cause I just got
lost in your eyes.

THE GIRLS ALL GIGGLE.

MIKE

Oh, come on. It's the same thing.

WAYNE

Michael, it's the singer not the song.

MIKE

That's ridiculous.

WAYNE

I'll bet you a hundred bucks I can
pick up any woman in this bar with any
line you write.

MIKE

Anything I write?

WAYNE

Yup. It's all in the delivery.

MIKE

You're on.

MIKE SCRIBBLES ON A NAPKIN.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There is no way a man could garner a
woman's interest by saying these words.

HE SHOWS THEM THE "LINE". THEY ALL READ IT.

LESLIE

Okay. That's just bizarre.

CHARLOTTE

What would make you write *that*?

MIKE

(To Wayne)

Any girl, right?

(Mike points)

Her!

MIKE'S POINTED TO A **STUNNING WOMAN** AT THE BAR.

WAYNE

(Looks from the napkin to
the woman)

Candy from a baby.

WAYNE TAKES THE NAPKIN AND HEADS OFF. RICK ENTERS.
LESLIE SPOTS HIM.

LESLIE

Here comes Rick.

JILL

Okay, just play it cool. Play it cool!

MIKE

What is this? West Side Story?

RICK APPROACHES THE TABLE.

CHARLOTTE

Hello, Rick.

RICK

I need to talk to you.

JILL

Tell your story walking, Rick, or Mike's
gonna kick your ass!

MIKE

What? No, I'm not.

JILL

Yes, you are.

(To Rick)

He's not afraid of you, Jackass.

MIKE

Yes, I am.

CHARLOTTE

Jill! Please.

JILL SETTLES DOWN.

RICK

(To Charlotte)

Can I talk to you?

CHARLOTTE

Go ahead. Talk.

RICK

Alone.

CHARLOTTE

(To her friends)

Guys, would you excuse us?

THE FRIENDS LOOK AROUND FOR A BIT. THE PLACE IS
EXTREMELY CROWDED.

MIKE

Are you kidding? This place is packed.

LESLIE

We'll never get these couches back
again if we all leave.

THE OTHERS NOD IN AGREEMENT. CHARLOTTE SIGHS.

CHARLOTTE

Fine.

SHE GETS UP AND CROSSES OFF WITH RICK.

JILL

You better watch yourself, Rick!

LESLIE

(Sarcastically to Jill)

I'm so glad you played it cool.

WAYNE ACROSS THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

WAYNE SIDLES UP TO THE STUNNING WOMAN. SHE IS VERY
INTIMIDATING. HE SMILES. SHE IS NOT INTERESTED.

WAYNE

In 1775, cancer of the scrotum was a
common disease among chimney sweeps.
AFTER A LONG, WEIRD BEAT THE WOMAN SMILES.

STUNNING WOMAN

(Totally digging him)

What's your name?

WAYNE SLIDES ONTO THE STOOL BESIDE HER.

CHARLOTTE ACROSS THE BAR: CHARLOTTE STANDS BEFORE
RICK WITH HER ARMS CROSSED.

RICK

You ran out of there so fast I didn't
have time to explain.

CHARLOTTE

Explain what? What you were doing to
that woman? Oh, I didn't need an
explanation, Rick.

RICK

You know, last night it was very hard.

CHARLOTTE

Apparently it was "very hard" this
afternoon, too.

BACK TO THE LOUNGE: LESLIE AND JILL WATCH CHARLOTTE
FROM ACROSS THE ROOM.

LESLIE

(RE: Charlotte)

She looks strong.

JILL

She looks angry.

LESLIE

That's good. Angry is good.

WAYNE APPROACHES, ALL SMILES.

WAYNE

Mike, you mind if I grab that hundred
from you? This girl likes her Sangria.

MIKE

How the hell did you pull it off?

WAYNE

Easy. I'm Wayne.

MIKE GETS AN IDEA.

MIKE

Double or nothing!

WAYNE

You got a line?

MIKE SCRIBBLES ON ANOTHER NAPKIN AND HANDS IT TO
WAYNE. WAYNE READS IT.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What's this?

MIKE

The truth.

WAYNE PUTS THE NAPKIN IN HIS POCKET.

WAYNE

You know, I think I'll just take the
money and run.

MIKE

You chicken?

WAYNE

No, there are just some thing you don't
say to a woman.

CHARLOTTE AND RICK -- CONTINUOUS

RICK

You were my everything, Charlotte.
And it was all a lie.

CHARLOTTE

Lie? I never lied.

RICK

It's not that you lied, it's that you
were dishonest.

CHARLOTTE

What? That's ridiculous!

RICK

You once told me that nine guys have
proposed to you in your life, right?

CHARLOTTE

(Gesturing towards Rick)

Well, ten now.

RICK

Why do you think we all proposed? Ten
guys. Why?

SHE THINKS.

CHARLOTTE

(Timidly)

Cause I'm wicked in the sack?

BACK IN THE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE, LESLIE AND JILL ARE WATCHING CHARLOTTE AND RICK.

LESLIE

God, Rick sure moves his hands a lot
when he talks.

MIKE

He looks mad.

JILL

It's like he's playing charades.

A BEAT AS THEY ALL WATCH.

LESLIE

Be strong, Charlotte.

MIKE

(RE: Rick's charades)

I think it's a movie.

JILL

Five words, sounds like --

MIKE

"Children Of A Lesser God".

LESLIE

Guys, he's not actually playing
charades.

JILL

Is he doing Bruce Willis?

MIKE

"Die Hard".

JILL

No.

MIKE

"The Sixth Sense".

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

THE THREE TURN TO SEE THE ALBINO AND SCREAM AT HIS APPEARANCE.

BACK TO RICK AND CHARLOTTE:

RICK IS WORKED UP. HE IS USING HIS HANDS A LOT.

RICK

We all proposed because we thought you would say yes. Why did we think you would say yes? Because you led us to believe you'd say yes. Every time we had an opportunity to get closer, Charlotte, you took it. You were dishonest.

CHARLOTTE'S JAW DROPS.

BACK IN THE LOUNGE:

THE ALBINO LOOKS UPSET. MIKE IS SEVERELY CREEPED OUT.

JILL

I'm sorry. You startled us.

ALBINO

You said my translucent skin didn't
give you the heebie-jeebies.

JILL

It doesn't.

ALBINO

Then why would you scream in my face?

MIKE

I thought you were a ghost.

THE ALBINO IS DISGUSTED. HE STORMS OFF. JILL GLARES
AT MIKE.

JILL

Thanks a lot, Mike.

MIKE

What? It was scary.

CHARLOTTE APPROACHES, VERY IRRITATED.

CHARLOTTE

Rick just called me dishonest.

LESLIE

What?

CHARLOTTE

He said that the reason I've been
proposed to so many times is that I
dishonestly lead men to believe I want
more from them when I really don't.

LESLIE

(To Charlotte)

Well, remember when you dated Kevin
the poet?

THE GROUP MOANS ABOUT KEVIN.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You told him that you loved his book
of poems and that you really thought
he should get them published.

MIKE

Those poems sucked.

CHARLOTTE

I know, but I was trying to be
supportive.

LESLIE

What did he do? He quit his job to
pursue his dream and popped the
question.

MIKE

In the form of a poem.

CHARLOTTE

So, I'm nice. Is that a crime? Being
nice to crappy poets?

JILL

What about Steve the computer guy?

LESLIE

Yeah. When he asked you to go to the Renaissance Festival with him? You didn't say, "You know what, the thought of going to a Renaissance Festival makes me want to blow my brains out." No! You put on a corset, ate a turkey leg the size of a house cat, and shouted "Huzzah" every time the Queen went by!

CHARLOTTE

Going to a Renaissance Festival doesn't make me dishonest.

MIKE

It makes you filthy.

LESLIE

You never say what you really think, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

That's not true.

JILL

Yes, it is. You're too sweet.

CHARLOTTE

I'm an honest person!

LESLIE

Not when it comes to the tough stuff. You're a big softy.

CHARLOTTE LOOKS COMPLETELY FRUSTRATED.

CHARLOTTE

(To Leslie)

You need to have more sex!

LESLIE

Excuse me?

CHARLOTTE

How's that for honest? You haven't had sex in over a year and you insist it's because you work so much. And every time you say that I want to say, "No! That's just an excuse! You're afraid of intimacy."

JILL

(Enjoying Leslie in the Hot
Seat)

I believe Charlotte is calling you frigid.

CHARLOTTE

(Still to Leslie)

You should loosen up.

JILL GIGGLES.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I mean, don't go crazy. Don't loosen up as much as Jill, but find a nice balance.

JILL

Excuse me?

LESLIE

(Enjoying the tables turned
on Jill)

I believe Charlotte's calling you a
whore.

CHARLOTTE

Jilly, you give your phone number to
every guy who tells you you're pretty.
You gave you're number to a guy who
was painted from head to toe! You
didn't even know what he looked like
and you still agreed to go out with
him.

JILL

Looks aren't important to me, Charlotte.

MIKE

Tell that to the albino.

JILL

Shut up, Mike.

MIKE

Charlotte's right. She's making a lot
a of sense.

THE GROUP STARES AT HER FOR A BEAT.

CHARLOTTE

(Pointing to Mike)

Mike's got a weak chin.

MIKE COVERS HIS CHIN SELF CONSCIOUSLY.

MIKE

Whoa! How did I get into this?

CHARLOTTE

You think that it makes you unattractive, but it's all in your mind. You're as good looking as the next guy but you have low self esteem and girls can smell it on you like body odor.

MIKE

Now, I have body odor?

LESLIE

Okay, Charlotte, I take it back. You can be honest.

CHARLOTTE

And Wayne?

SHE LOOKS ACROSS THE BAR AT WAYNE WITH HIS NEW GIRL.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Wayne is...just...sexy and spontaneous and I can totally see why girls fall for him.

CHARLOTTE STOPS, SURPRISING HERSELF. SHE CAN'T BELIEVE SHE JUST SAID THAT.

THE GROUP STARES AT HER IN DISBELIEF. *THEY* CAN'T BELIEVE SHE JUST SAID THAT.

WAYNE WALKS UP HOLDING HIS CELL PHONE.

WAYNE

Check it out. This girl just took a
picture of her boobs with my cell phone.

HE HOLDS UP HIS PHONE. THE GROUP LOOKS BACK AND
FORTH BETWEEN THE WAYNE AND CHARLOTTE.

IT IS AWKWARD.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE THREEINT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - LATER

THE WHOLE GANG SITS ON CHARLOTTE'S COUCH WATCHING "THE BUCKET LIST". THEY'RE EATING ICE CREAM.

MIKE

This movie sucks. None of these things would be on my Bucket List. If I were dying I'd do cool stuff. Like rob a bank, or punch out my boss, or kill a shark with a shotgun. Now, that's a Bucket List!

LESLIE

In no particular order I would get fat, meet Oprah, swim with dolphins, name a star, adopt a Chinese baby and track down Evan Grady, the jerk who ditched me at our Senior prom, and kick him in the nuts.

CHARLOTTE

I'd much rather watch that movie.

MIKE

What about you, Wayne?

WAYNE

I've done everything on my list.

MIKE

No, you haven't.

WAYNE

Listen, when you grow up as rich as I did you knock out your Bucket List by the time your eighteen. I'm just glad I got it all done before my old man cut me off.

LESLIE

There's got to be something you'd do.

WAYNE

Fine. A fivesome.

LESLIE

Fivesome?

WAYNE

Like a threesome, but with five.

LESLIE

Why not just a threesome?

WAYNE

Because a Bucket List is about doing things you *haven't* done.

LESLIE

A foursome?

WAYNE

I repeat. A Bucket List is about doing things you *haven't* done.

JILL

Charlotte, what's on your Bucket List?

CHARLOTTE

Oddly, I'd like to get married.

THERE'S A SWEET SILENCE.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Again, guys, I'm so sorry I said all that horrible stuff before. I didn't mean any of it.

WAYNE

What exactly did you say?

MIKE

She said that I have body odor and a weak chin.

JILL

(Teasing)

That's not all she said, Wayne.

CHARLOTTE

Okay! It's not important what I said. What's important is that I'm not gonna be honest anymore. You guys are my friends and you don't deserve that.

WAYNE LOOKS AT HIS PHONE.

WAYNE

All right, Mike, let's hit it. This kid needs his beauty rest.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(Holds up his phone)

I've got a date with these boobs
tomorrow night and I want to be as
perky as they are.

THE WHOLE GROUP RISES AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

MIKE

I'm gonna have nightmares about that
albino. His red eyes are seared into
my brain.

THEY ALL STOP AND FACE CHARLOTTE.

LESLIE

You gonna be okay?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah, I'll be fine. Thanks.

THEY ALL EXIT. CHARLOTTE STANDS FOR A BEAT IN HER
LIVING ROOM. THERE'S A KNOCK, WAYNE ENTERS.

WAYNE

I left my foam finger here.

HE CROSSES TO THE COUCH AND GRABS IT. HE HEADS
TOWARDS THE DOOR.

CHARLOTTE

What was written on that napkin that
Mike gave you?

WAYNE

The one thing I wouldn't say to a girl
I was trying to impress.

CHARLOTTE

What's that?

WAYNE REMOVES THE NAPKIN FROM HIS POCKET.

WAYNE

(Reading)

"My name is Wayne Rutherford. My father is a billionaire. Eighteen months ago he cut me off. I've never held a job and I have no money. I sleep on my friend's couch and have no idea what I'm gonna do with the rest my life."

WAYNE STARES HEAVILY AT THE NAPKIN. FOR A MOMENT HE IS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY VULNERABLE.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Now, would that line work on you?

THE LOOK ON CHARLOTTE'S FACE SHOWS THAT IT ACTUALLY MIGHT WORK ON HER.

CHARLOTTE

(Shaking it off)

You're right. That would never work.

WAYNE HEADS FOR THE DOOR. HE TURNS.

WAYNE

Rick's wrong, you know. Those guys didn't propose cause you were dishonest. And they didn't propose cause you're wicked in the sack.

CHARLOTTE SMILES.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

There's only one reason they all want
you to be their wife.

CHARLOTTE

What is it?

WAYNE

You don't know?

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

It's because you're Charlotte Payne.

HE TOUCHES HER NOSE WITH THE FOAM FINGER. HE EXITS.
SHE SMILES.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. SOULMATES.COM OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

ANDREW LISTENS TO CHARLOTTE. HE IS RAPT.

CHARLOTTE

So, yes. To answer your question, I consider myself an honest person. Most of the time.

ANDREW

What ever happened to the albino?

CHARLOTTE

Turns out he was a software engineer, sold his company for ninety million dollars and started dating a supermodel.

ANDREW

And Rick?

CHARLOTTE

I hear he's getting married.

ANDREW

Okay, I'm gonna be honest with you, at first I thought you were, like, a total snooze-fest. Most of these interviews make me want to chew on a bullet, but that was, like, the awesomest answer I've ever heard in the four years I've been giving this stupid test.

CHARLOTTE

Well, thanks.

ANDREW

Have you ever been arrested?

CHARLOTTE

Why would you ask that?

ANDREW

It's the next question on the test.

CHARLOTTE

Oh.

CHARLOTTE THINKS FOR A BEAT.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Funny story, actually...

ANDREW SMILES, HE'S DYING TO HEAR THIS ONE.

END OF SHOW