

**PERMISSION**

written by

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INT. DIANA AND JAMES' BEDROOM - DAY

DIANA -- 35, pretty in a J Crew way and her husband JAMES, 37, handsome but looking a bit suburban -- finish a round of sex, breathless. As they lie next to each other --

DIANA

What time are we supposed to be there?

JAMES

Seven. Should we go for a run first?

DIANA

(sighing)

I'll hate myself for the rest of the day if we don't.

She gets up and puts on her running clothes. No pretense of cuddling whatsoever. There's no need. James heads into the bathroom.

DIANA

(continuing)

Did you send in our registration?

JAMES (O.S.)

Tuesday. We have to run six days a week if we're really gonna do it.

DIANA

Shit, did you call the kennel?

JAMES (O.S.)

I forgot.

She walks into the bathroom --

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Grabbing a scrunchy and putting her hair up as as she frowns at the box of Preparation H on the counter.

DIANA

Do you really need to leave this out for me to see? I don't like being confronted with evidence of your inflamed asshole every time I walk into the bathroom.

JAMES

How is that any different than your tampon boxes?

DIANA  
Because that's a natural function.

JAMES  
So my ass pain is a character flaw?

DIANA  
Just put it back in the medicine cabinet when you're done. Please?

She walks out as James puts it away.

EXT. DENVER STREET - DAY

Diana and James jog, bundled up in the cold March air. Three-day old snow on the ground.

JAMES  
If we run eight miles a day and fifteen on weekends, we should be able to finish without embarrassing ourselves too badly.

DIANA  
Maybe we should just do the half-marathon.

JAMES  
We could just do the 5K --

Diana frowns.

DIANA  
Old people do 5Ks. I'm not old yet.

She picks up her pace and passes him, smacking his ass.

EXT./INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

James and Diana enter their house, tired and sweaty.

DIANA  
What do you mean we need a new retaining wall?

JAMES  
What else could that statement possibly mean?

DIANA  
Now?

JAMES

We could wait until the house slides down the hill, but now would probably be better.

DIANA

(sighing)

We're never spending a month in Tuscany, are we?

JAMES

Not this month --

Their dog Daisy, a black Lab, is waiting for them. James grabs her leash from a hook.

JAMES

(continuing)

I'll take Daisy for a spin while you make the salad.

DIANA

Why does Joanne always ask me to make salad? I can make something else.

JAMES

Like what?

DIANA

I don't know -- something different. A baguette. Some brie?

JAMES

That's not making, that's buying and unwrapping. Besides, I like your salad.

He kisses her on the cheek and heads out the door with Daisy. Diana looks into the fridge, uninspired.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

On the way to her shower, Diana picks up James' boxers and a pair of his dirty socks from the floor, throwing them into the hamper. Annoyed.

She turns on the water and looks at her naked profile in the full length mirror, sighing.

DIANA

Fucking gravity.

INT. BOB AND JOANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diana and James walk in, shaking off the snow. Salad and a bottle of wine in hand. JOANNA, mid 30s, cute and very pregnant, and BOB, mid 30s, ex-frat boy with a receding hairline, relieve them of their burdens.

BOB

Jimmy D! You ready for the slopes?

JAMES

Seven more days --

JOANNA

No talking about ski trips in front of the pregnant wife, please.

BOB

It's a boys' trip. I wouldn't let you go even if you were skinny.

JOANNA

This isn't fat, genius, it's your child.

She turns to Diana, handing her a glass of wine.

JOANNA

(continuing)

So... Elaine's bringing her new guy tonight.

DIANA

(intrigued)

Really...?

BOB

(scoffing)

First guy after the divorce?  
Disposable.

SARAH, mid 30s, gorgeous and bullet-proof, walks in through the back door, carrying a bowl of guacamole.

SARAH

So, we've already decided we don't like him?

Joanna takes the bowl from her.

JOANNA

We don't know if we like him. We haven't met him yet. But we hear he's cute.

BOB

Oh, do we? Then I'm sold. As long as he's cute.

SARAH

I hear he's hung like French bread.

DIANA

(surprised)

They're already having sex?

SARAH

Of course they're having sex. What would be the point of not having sex?

JAMES

Speaking of which, no date tonight?

SARAH

No one worth subjecting you all to. He's coming over when I get home.

JAMES

I take it he's not good at making conversation?

SARAH

Not unless you like talking about his abs.

The front door opens and ELAINE -- late 30s, pretty but with a recently-shattered-and-trying-to-rebuild quality and STEVE, 30s and clean-cut -- walk in.

ELAINE

Okay, everyone has to stop talking about me now. I'm here.

She hands Joanna a pie.

JOANNA

Damn, we were just getting to the good stuff.

ELAINE

(re Steve)

This is Steve. I met him at a Bronco's game, we've been dating for a month, he's a broker at Smith Barney, never been married, drives an Audi. Any more questions?

JAMES

Is there a history of smallpox in your family?

BOB

Ever shot a bear?

SARAH

Does it hang past your knee?

Steve looks a bit frightened.

JOANNA

(to Steve)

Let me get you a drink. It's gonna be a long night.

INT. BOB AND JOANNA'S KITCHEN - LATER

The men are now off in the living room as the women congregate in the kitchen, watching Joanna cook as they decimate a couple bottles of wine.

DIANA

(eager; to Elaine)

So... what's it like having sex with someone new? I can't even imagine it, so describe it well.

ELAINE

It's good. Really good. He doesn't act bored. Makes a huge difference.

She samples some of Sarah's guacamole, spilling a glop in her cleavage, then uses a chip to retrieve it.

DIANA

So, it's not weird at all?

ELAINE

Why would it be weird?

DIANA

I don't know -- after fifteen years of sex with just James, I'd be worried there're new tricks I don't know about.

SARAH

There are. We all do it in different holes now.

JOANNA

It's not like Steve's a different species--

SARAH

I beg to differ. Jim was a walking piece of shit.

ELAINE

Honestly? The thrill of someone new got me more excited than the actual sex itself. I'd forgotten how fun it is to see someone naked for the first time.

JOANNA

(agreeing)

I walked in on Bob's cousin getting out of the shower once? Thought about it for months. You'd've thought I'd never seen a penis before.

INT. BOB AND JOANNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys sit on the couches with their beers.

BOB

(to Steve)

So -- you and Elaine.

STEVE

Yeah.

Beat.

JAMES

How's the Audi in the snow?

STEVE

Good. Kick ass cornering.

BOB

Sweet.

INT. BOB AND JOANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME

The women continue their far more interesting conversation.

SARAH

(to Elaine)

How many guys were you with before you were married?

ELAINE

Eighteen? Somewhere around there.

JOANNA

(kidding)

Slut!

SARAH

Oh, please. Sixty-three. Sixty-four once I get home tonight.

JOANNA

I guess I was close to thirty when I met Bob.

They all look at Diana.

DIANA

(chagrined)

Four. Including James.

SARAH

Well, that's what happens when you meet the love of your life in college. You miss out on a lot of bad one night stands and sex on the hood of a car after the White Stripes show. While the motor was running, thank you very much.

DIANA

I know... I'm not complaining.

JOANNA

Yes, you are.

ELAINE

It was a disgruntled sigh at the very least --

DIANA

It's just sometimes I wish there had been a voice that told me "In one week you'll meet the man you'll spend the rest of your life with, so screw everyone you can in the next seven days."

ELAINE

And whose voice would this be? The patron saint of whores?

SARAH

Maybe that's my problem. I keep hearing the voice, but the husband part never comes through. I have a shitty saint!

JOANNA

(to Diana)

Speaking of which, what are you gonna be doing at Club Med while this one screws everything that walks?

SARAH

You're presuming I'll limit myself to the ambulatory?

DIANA

Scuba diving. I haven't done it in years. I used to love it.

ELAINE

Ugh. Too much trouble. Screwing sounds like more fun.

James pokes his head in the door.

JAMES

Are we ever going to eat or are you guys gonna talk about Steve's penis all night?

JOANNA

We stopped talking about Steve's penis a long time ago. Now we're talking about yours.

JAMES

Then by all means, continue. It does tricks.

(to Diana)

Tell them.

He leaves. Elaine looks at Diana.

ELAINE

Anything other than the basic Up, Down and Play Dead?

SARAH

You know what trick I'd love to see? A penis that can have an orgasm without ejaculating.

(more)

SARAH (cont'd)

I don't know why we're expected to use our internal organs to sop up their wad.

The other women groan. Diana carries a stack of plates into the dining room.

DIANA

Let's bring that up over dinner.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S JEEP - NIGHT - LATER

James is at the wheel as they pull out of Bob and Joanna's driveway.

JAMES

He seemed okay. Not a Mensa candidate by any means, but at least he wasn't offensively stupid like some of the guys Sarah brings around.

DIANA

Sarah goes for quantity, not quality.

JAMES

You say that like it's something to be proud of.

DIANA

No... I'm just saying it.

She stares out the window as they sit at a red light.

DIANA'S POV: A YOUNG COUPLE is passionately making out in the Applebee's parking lot. The guy has his hands on the girl's ass.

DIANA

(continuing)

That's what we were talking about in the kitchen. Our numbers. Mine was the lowest.

James looks at her.

JAMES

You sound disappointed.

DIANA

Uh, no, you're projecting.

JAMES  
How am I projecting?

DIANA  
You're not upset that you didn't  
sleep with more women?

JAMES  
So, you're "upset" about not  
sleeping with more guys?

Diana sighs and stares out the window at the dirty snow.

DIANA  
Why do you pick fights with me  
over nothing?

JAMES  
Your disappointment at not having  
banged half the city is nothing?

DIANA  
Pull over.

JAMES  
Why?

DIANA  
Just pull over.

He does. Diana straddles him, kissing him.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
I love you, you know.

JAMES  
I love you, too.

She kisses him again, pushing the button that leans his seat  
back and unzipping his pants.

JAMES  
(continuing)  
Twice in one day. Not bad for an  
old married couple.

DIANA  
Who're you calling old?  
(then)  
Is it too cold to do it on the  
hood?

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana sits at her desk on the phone. The Rocky Mountains are framed in the window behind her.

Her phone pitch is less than enthusiastic.

DIANA  
 (into phone)  
 I think the Vegan Food Council would make a fantastic cover story.... no, sure, I realize they're not exactly "sexy", but a lot of sexy people are vegans... okay, well how 'bout I send you the press kit in case you change your mind? ... No, actually, I don't like to waste trees.

She hangs up and looks at her co-worker ERIC, 30s, handsome before God took all of his hair, something he's clearly pissed about. He stands in her doorway.

DIANA  
 (continuing)  
 I am the world's worst publicist.

ERIC  
 Agreed.

He cocks his head toward the receptionist. Diana can see her through her glass wall.

ERIC  
 (continuing)  
 What the hell is Bridgette wearing? Does she not have a mirror or is it trendy to look like a whore?

Diana looks out at BRIDGETTE, 20s, who does indeed look like a streetwalker on her way home from a gang bang.

DIANA  
 Who do you have coming in today?

ERIC  
 Ah. That's it. Shortstop for the Rockies. He showed her the ceiling of the dugout once.

He raises his eyebrows to infer "sex" in case Diana is too dim to get the reference.

DIANA  
Isn't he married?

ERIC  
Yep. He has "an arrangement".

DIANA  
I'm guessing that's a code word  
for "stupid wife"?

ERIC  
I'm guessing we shouldn't let our  
staff have sex with our clients.  
How was your weekend?

DIANA  
The usual. Yours?

ERIC  
Went to a bar, talked to some  
girls who wouldn't even pretend to  
be interested in me, then went  
home and contemplated adopting a  
kid on my own.

DIANA  
That's a terrible idea. And I say  
that only because I know you're a  
complete imbecile.

Through the glass wall, they see the HOT SHORTSTOP walk into  
the lobby. Bridgette does her best hair toss and tits-out  
pose.

ERIC  
Yep, it's on.

As Eric goes out to greet him --

ERIC  
(continuing; to Diana)  
By the way, has Sarah decided she  
loves me yet?

DIANA  
On the very slim and non-existent  
chance that that ever happens,  
you'll be the first to know.

As Eric walks out, the Hot Shortstop catches sight of Diana  
through the glass wall. He winks at her, giving her a love-to-  
fuck-you-baby look.

Diana blushes, then quickly looks down at her desk. After he passes by -- she lets herself look up again and smiles.

She's still got it.

EXT. DENVER STREET - NIGHT

Diana and James run around Washington Park. Not bothering to make conversation, the way married people often don't.

Coming from the other direction is the Denver University male and female TRACK TEAMS -- young, athletic, gorgeous. Diana and James shrink a bit in comparison.

As they pass, both Diana and James turn to check them out. A bit wistful.

INT. DIANA AND JAMES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still in their running clothes, Diana and James make dinner. She fixes salad, he prepares some chicken for the grill.

DIANA

Who was the last girl you slept with? Before me. Was it Margie?

James thinks for a moment.

JAMES

Fiona. She was a Sigma Kappa.

DIANA

You don't even remember her last name?

JAMES

Why?

DIANA

I don't know, it's just at the time, I'm sure you never thought it would be the last time you'd sleep with someone. Other than me. That's kinda weird when you think about it. I never thought Zach Ferguson was gonna be mine.

JAMES

I definitely would've gone for someone sluttier if I'd known. Fiona apologized to Jesus afterwards. Kinda killed the mood.

DIANA

Who would you sleep with now? If  
I gave you permission?

James bends down to fill Daisy's bowl with food.

JAMES

The biker chick we saw at Costco.  
I've never been close to that much  
armpit hair.

DIANA

I'm serious.

JAMES

(frowning)  
I don't know...

DIANA

Sure you do.

JAMES

What, like you're going to give me  
permission all of a sudden so I  
better have a list of names ready?

DIANA

No... I was just wondering.

JAMES

Don't forget to call the septic  
tank guy. Our yard is a swamp.

He walks out to the grill with the chicken as Diana marvels  
at how he just went from sex to sewage.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diana and James read. All of a sudden, she puts her book  
down and looks at him.

DIANA

What if I did give you permission?

JAMES

Permission to what?

DIANA

To have sex with another woman.

James looks at her, confused.

JAMES

And why would you do this?

DIANA

We could both have permission.  
You could sleep with another woman  
and I could sleep with another  
guy. While we're on vacation.

James stares at her, incredulous and angry.

JAMES

You're serious?

DIANA

It's not like we'd be cheating,  
because we'd have permission. And  
it would just be this once. We'd  
never even talk about it  
afterwards. Nothing in our lives  
would change.

James tries to process this.

JAMES

You're telling me you'd really be  
okay with me sleeping with another  
woman --

DIANA

Only if I never had to hear about  
it. Ever. We come home and  
everything is the same as always.  
We just act like nothing happened.

James mulls this over, still in disbelief that she suggested  
it.

JAMES

You seriously want to do this?

DIANA

Don't you?

JAMES

Well -- yeah, but I don't want you  
to.

DIANA

Just think about it. We can  
decide tomorrow night.

She reaches over and turns off the light. James lies there  
in the dark, eyes open, freaked out.

EXT. DENVER STREET - DAY

James drives to work, stopping at a crosswalk to let the Denver University GIRLS TRACK TEAM pass by.

He watches them with new interest.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - DAY

Bob is at his computer, simultaneously writing Unix code and watching streaming porn in the corner of his screen. Two girls are enjoying a banana in an orifice it wasn't meant for.

James walks up.

JAMES

I've got something I need to run by you.

Bob looks up.

BOB

What's up?

JAMES

(voice lowered)

Diana is going to let me sleep with another woman. While we're on our ski trip.

BOB

(confused)

You're gonna ask her for this? Because I'm pretty sure she won't go for it.

JAMES

No, she asked me. It was her idea.

Now Bob is even more confused.

BOB

It was her idea for you to sleep with another woman?

JAMES

Yeah.

BOB

(in awe)

I always thought your wife was cool, but this is un-fucking-precedented.

James looks around, making sure no one else is in earshot.

JAMES

Well, she gets to sleep with another guy, so it's not totally for my benefit.

Bob frowns.

BOB

You're letting some other guy plow your wife?

JAMES

You were all over this idea a second ago --

BOB

Don't get me wrong -- I'm still all over it. I'm just pointing out that the deal got a little less sweet. But it's still a goddamn tangerine.

JAMES

Am I crazy to consider this?

BOB

You'd be crazy if you didn't. You've got permission!

JAMES

But am I crazy to let her sleep with another guy?

Bob thinks about it for a second, then shrugs.

BOB

As long as you don't know him and you don't have to see him around town.

JAMES

She's gonna do it in the Caribbean. While we're skiing.

Bob lets out a what's-the-problem snort.

BOB

Then you're golden. You'll never see the guy, so you won't even think about it.

(more)

BOB (cont'd)

I mean, you might once or twice,  
but then you can start thinking  
about the girl you banged and it  
won't seem so bad.

James takes this in.

BOB

(continuing)

How do I get Joanna to sign on to  
this? Can Diana call her?

JAMES

Do me a favor and don't say  
anything to her. I don't want  
anyone else to know.

BOB

Good point. She'd just talk her  
out of it.

LISA, a pretty co-worker, walks by.

BOB

(continuing)

Hey, Lisa. You gonna be in Aspen  
this weekend by any chance?

James gives him a look.

BOB

(continuing)

What? It's an innocent question.

James walks off, pointing at Bob's computer screen.

JAMES

That banana's gonna give them an  
infection.

INT. WINE BAR - DUSK

Diana sits at the bar, glass of wine in front of her. Face  
creased with worry. Sarah enters and pulls off her coat.

SARAH

I hope you realize I was in the  
middle of writing a very important  
article on campaign finance  
reform. I'm pretty sure it's the  
newspaper equivalent to Ambien.  
Especially if I keep using words  
like "fiscal malfeasance".

Diana checks out her suede mini-skirt and thigh-high boots.

DIANA

You wore that to work?

SARAH

No, I keep back-up bar clothes in the office. So -- what happened?

DIANA

Nothing happened. Yet.

SARAH

Fuck. You're having a baby.

DIANA

No! God, no.

Sarah sighs, relieved.

SARAH

Don't scare me like that. It's bad enough that you're married.

(off Diana's look)

You know what I mean. So -- what's this thing that's going to happen?

DIANA

I told James I want to sleep with another guy. While we're on vacation. And that I'd let him sleep with another woman.

Sarah stares at her for a moment and then bursts out laughing.

SARAH

WHAT?!

DIANA

I know! It was idiotic. And now I have to figure out how to take it back.

SARAH

Back up -- this is very un-Diana. Where the hell did this come from?

Diana sighs.

DIANA

When I was listening to you guys the other night it hit me that I never did the things you do. And the things Elaine gets to do now. And I never will. Every day of my life will be exactly the same for the next fifty years.

SARAH

First of all, you would never do half the things I do --

DIANA

You know what I mean... I just feel like I missed out. I never had a one night stand. The three guys I slept with before James were all boyfriends. I never had cheap, smutty sex with someone and I've always wondered what it's like.

SARAH

It's pretty damn good, but I'm confused -- you always said you were happy with your sex life.

DIANA

I am. It's just -- I can't remember the last time I was excited to have sex with James. That doesn't mean I don't like it when we do it, I do, most of the time, it's just hard to get excited about something you can have whenever you want. There's no anticipation. And I'm fine with that. Usually. I just thought, why not try it this one time? But it's insane, right? There's no way we can do this.

Now Sarah is appalled.

SARAH

Are you kidding me? You get to fuck a stranger! This is genius!

DIANA

(encouraged)

Really?

SARAH

Why didn't you think of this before?

DIANA

(worried again)

But what if James likes it -- the other girl -- too much? What if he wants to keep doing it?

SARAH

(placating)

Don't worry about James. He loves you. It's not like he'll start an affair. He'll just screw some slut in Aspen and be done with it.

DIANA

So, you don't think this is a terrible, awful idea?

SARAH

I'm telling you -- every married couple should do it. Variety is the spice of a happy snatch.

DIANA

What if she's prettier than I am? The girl he picks. And what if he thinks about her every time we have sex for the rest of our lives? Wishing I was her?

Sarah waves a hand, dismissing the thought.

SARAH

Never happen.

(then)

But if it did -- that would suck.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Diana stops at a red light next to a bus with a VICTORIA'S SECRET AD. The model is in a bra, sitting in a hot tub at a ski lodge, surrounded by adoring males.

Diana glares at it, then floors the gas when the light turns green.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James is in front of the TV, watching an equally salacious Victoria's Secret commercial, more interested than he would normally be.

Diana walks in, tense.

DIANA  
We shouldn't do this.

He looks at her.

JAMES  
(slight  
disappointment)  
You changed your mind?

DIANA  
What? Now you want to do it?

JAMES  
Yeah. I think it could be good for  
us.

DIANA  
(worried)  
You do?

JAMES  
This was your idea -- why am I  
convincing you?

She gets defensive.

DIANA  
You're not.

JAMES  
You obviously feel like this is  
something you need to do, so --  
I'm in.

Diana tries to figure out how to unhoist herself from her own  
pitard. She can't.

DIANA  
Fine. We'll do it, then.

She heads into the kitchen and starts loading the dishes into  
the dishwasher. James follows her.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Diana slams plates into the rack.

JAMES  
Did you tell anyone?

DIANA

Just Sarah. She thought it was genius.

JAMES

Of course she did.

DIANA

Why, what'd Bob say?

JAMES

He can't believe I'm letting another guy plow my wife, but he likes my end of the deal.

He comes up behind her and hugs her, moving his hands up to her boobs.

JAMES

(continuing; re the dishes)

Do this later.

Diana turns to look at him, upset.

DIANA

Are you horny right now because you're thinking about the stranger you get to screw in Aspen?

JAMES

(oh shit)

No -- I'm horny right now because I'm with my hot wife and I want to screw her.

DIANA

Liar.

JAMES

You have no idea how good you look when you bend over to put the silverware in the dishwasher. It's better than any stripper on a pole.

He starts to lift her shirt. She warms to him.

DIANA

You are so full of shit.

He kisses her.

DIANA  
 (continuing; worried)  
 Everything is going to be fine  
 after this, right?

JAMES  
 Of course it is.

DIANA  
 You won't think about it  
 afterwards? When you're with me?

He frowns.

JAMES  
 Why would I think about another  
 woman when I'm with you?

She gives him an "oh, please" look.

JAMES  
 (continuing)  
 Okay, Michelle Pheiffer in  
 "Scarface" a couple times, but  
 only when I'm tired. And I know  
 you think about that guy from  
 "Lost", so I'm not gonna feel bad.

DIANA  
 I'm serious --

JAMES  
 Look -- the way I see it is we  
 take this little break, we're not  
 impressed, and we come home  
 happier than ever about what we've  
 got. Trust me. I've thought it  
 through.

DIANA  
 You have?

JAMES  
 We'll dive into the great unknown  
 and both come back laughing about  
 how bad it was.

Diana smiles.

DIANA  
 Well, you better.

EXT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Diana drags her suitcase out the door. Sarah is waiting in her car in the driveway.

SARAH  
(calling out)  
Ready for strange dick?

Diana shushes her.

DIANA  
Can't you wait until we're on the plane?

SARAH  
Oh, come on! It's not like he doesn't know what you're going to do.

James walks out and hands Diana her carry-on bag. He eyes Sarah in the car, looking like she can't wait to indoctrinate Diana into the world of sluthood.

SARAH  
(continuing)  
Hi, James... don't worry, I'll take good care of her.

JAMES  
I think I'd be more comfortable if you were going with Joanna.

She gives him a hug.

DIANA  
I love you.

JAMES  
I love you, too.

DIANA  
Please pick an ugly girl.

JAMES  
I'll do my best. Find a guy with a tiny penis.

Diana holds him tight, not believing they're making merry about this. As she lets him go --

DIANA  
I'm either the coolest wife ever or the dumbest bitch alive.

EXT. CARIBBEAN AIRPORT - DAY

A plane lands.

EXT. CLUB MED BEACH BAR - DUSK

A thatch-roof palapa on a white sand beach. A couple dozen people down drinks and eye each other, trying to figure out who they're going to fuck.

Diana and Sarah walk up to the bar, each dressed in sexy outfits. They're greeted by JOEL, a 40ish spindly geek with his shirt unbuttoned to his navel.

JOEL

Ladies. Welcome. I'm Joel. I like to consider myself the welcome wagon.

Sarah rolls her eyes, but Diana humors him. He seems harmless enough.

DIANA

Well then, you must know what drink we should order.

JOEL

Try the Yellow Bird. Benjy'll fix it right up for you.

He cocks his head toward the mid-20s, shaggy-haired bartender. BENJY nods and gets to work.

SARAH

(eyeing the crowd)  
So, tell us, Joel, who are the guys to stay away from this week?

Joel wrinkles his brow and gives this some thought.

JOEL

I'd steer clear of Paul.

He points to a cocky-looking, broad-shouldered guy with a swagger.

JOEL

(continuing)  
He's a bit of a ladies man.

SARAH

Are we talking one a night or is he doubling up?

JOEL

I believe there's been some nights  
where he's gone north of two.

Diana makes a face. Benjy sets their Yellow Birds down in front of them.

BENJY

Welcome, ladies. Be careful with  
Joel. He's been known to steal a  
few hearts around here. Including  
mine.

He gives Joel a wink. Joel blushes.

JOEL

Don't listen to him...

Sarah raises her glass.

SARAH

To a week of debauchery.

She clinks against Diana's and turns to Joel.

SARAH

(continuing)

Diana gets to cheat on her husband  
this week.

Diana nearly chokes on her drink.

DIANA

(sotto)

That's not really the kind of  
thing I want to announce.

SARAH

Why not? Joel won't think any less  
of you, will you, Joel?

JOEL

Not at all, in fact, I think there  
are a few other ladies here doing  
the same thing.

SARAH

But I bet they don't have  
permission. Her husband knows  
about it, so technically, I guess  
it's not cheating.

Joel gives Diana his best smolder.

JOEL

Well, if you'd like to get it out of the way tonight, I'd be happy to offer my services.

DIANA

I appreciate that, Joel, but I'm going to have to decline.

(to Sarah)

Let's take a walk.

She grabs her and drags her out to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

The sun sets behind a stunning turquoise sea.

DIANA

We have to get our story straight.

SARAH

What story?

DIANA

Exactly. There is no story. We're just two friends here to lay on the beach. Don't tell anyone else about my arrangement.

SARAH

Oh, come on! It's hysterical! And genius as I've already pointed out.

DIANA

I really don't think "hysterical genius" is the vibe I want to be putting out this week.

SARAH

As long as you put out the "owner of a working vagina" vibe, you'll do fine. C'mon --

(heading back to the bar)

Let's go sample the cock...tails.

Diana takes a deep breath and follows Sarah.

EXT. ASPEN - DUSK

Skiiers leave Ajax mountain as the sun begins to set.

INT. LITTLE NELL BAR - DUSK

The upscale Aspen apres-ski crowd. Twelve-dollar beers and twenty dollar martinis. Lots of pretty, gold-digging women.

James and Bob are at the bar.

JAMES

I'm never going to get laid here.  
These women are after money.

BOB

So, lie. Say you're a rap mogul or something.

JAMES

(skeptical)  
I'm wearing corduroys...

Bob spots a girl by the fireplace. A cute redhead who doesn't look quite as cash-hungry as the rest of the women.

BOB

What about that one?

JAMES

She's cute --

BOB

She may not be slutty enough but it's worth a shot. Let's go.

JAMES

Shouldn't you stay here?

BOB

You really think you can pull this off without a wingman? You're fifteen years outta practice.

James can't help but agree, so he lets Bob escort him over to the redhead, OLIVIA, at the fireplace.

JAMES

Mind if we join you in front of the fire?

OLIVIA

Sure, I probably shouldn't be hogging it all to myself.

She moves aside for them.

JAMES

I'm James. This is Bob.

OLIVIA

Olivia. Nice to meet you.

BOB

So, Olivia, are you here with anyone?

OLIVIA

My friend Paula. She's over at the bar getting our drinks. I think she got distracted.

She points to a girl in deep conversation with a rich-looking guy.

OLIVIA

(continuing)

Are you guys here with your wives?

James looks down in horror as she gestures to his WEDDING RING. He's forgotten to take it off.

Bob gives him a "how can you be so motherfucking stupid?" look.

JAMES

Uh, actually, no. She's in the Caribbean right now.

BOB

Mine's in Denver. She's pregnant.

OLIVIA

Oh.

(to James)

I think you're wife has the better deal.

James laughs painfully, knowing there's no saving this. Bob however, decides to let his wingman credentials fly high.

BOB

He gets to cheat on her this week.

OLIVIA

(frowning)

What?

BOB

He has permission --

James waves at him to shut the fuck up, but Bob continues on.

BOB  
(continuing)  
-- so if you two wanna -- you  
know -- it's okay.

Olivia stiffens. Now disgusted.

OLIVIA  
Thanks, I think I'll pass.

She walks away, going over to the bar where she immediately  
whispers into her friend Paula's ear.

JAMES  
(to Bob; incredulous)  
Well, I think we know what not to  
do. What the fuck were you  
thinking?

BOB  
I was trying to salvage your  
bonehead move.

He points to James' ring, which James immediately pulls off  
and puts in his pocket.

JAMES  
Funny, I don't think she went for  
it.

Olivia and Paula glare at them from the bar. James gives her  
his best "sorry" shrug, but they're not buying it. Paula  
picks up a knife from the bar and taps it against her glass,  
quieting the room.

BOB  
Oh, shit.

PAULA  
Ladies? I'd like to point out  
that the man by the fire in the  
blue sweater is looking to cheat  
on his wife this week.

James blushes to the point of a second-degree burn as a  
collective murmur of female disgust hovers over the room.  
Someone throws a lemon wedge at him.

JAMES  
(to Bob)  
I think we'd better go.

BOB

I think we'd better run.

EXT. CARIBBEAN OCEAN - DAY

Diana dips her kayak paddle into the turquoise sea, loving every minute of it.

Sarah paddles up behind her, splashing inefficiently.

SARAH

How are you supposed to find a guy out here?

DIANA

I'm playing hard to get.

SARAH

I checked out Paul. The rumors are true. He's had ten girls this week. He's leaving tomorrow and he's trying to hit an even dozen for his total.

DIANA

That's disgusting.

SARAH

Hey, guys don't come here for the culture.

DIANA

Please tell me you're not going to add yourself to his tally?

She makes a face.

SARAH

He's a plastic surgeon who specializes in vaginal rejuvenation. Any guy who makes a living convincing women their hoo-hoos are too big is not someone who deserves to be in mine.

(beat)

Not that mine's big.

Diana turns her kayak back and faces the beach.

DIANA

I'm not so sure I can go through with this.

SARAH

Of course you can. You just need to drink more.

DIANA

None of the guys I talked to last night were even remotely interesting.

Sarah frowns.

SARAH

Is that a requirement?

DIANA

It would be nice --

SARAH

I say keep it simple. The dumber they are, the easier it is to get them to leave afterwards.

Diana looks at her with a tinge of sadness.

DIANA

One of these days, you're going to want someone to actually stay again, you know.

Sarah remains bullet-proof.

SARAH

God, I hope not.

She paddles back to the beach.

EXT. ASPEN CHAIR LIFT - DAY

James gets on the lift next to a HOT GIRL. Wedding ring off. After a moment of uncomfortable silence --

JAMES

So, are you going to ski the blues or the blacks?

HOT GIRL

Blues. You?

JAMES

Double blacks if I can find some.

He grins, feeling like a bad ass.

HOT GIRL  
My boyfriend skis those. I'm too  
much of a wuss.

James deflates. Then decides to use the opportunity for  
research.

JAMES  
Can I ask you a question?

HOT GIRL  
Sure.

JAMES  
Clearly you're spoken for, but if  
you weren't, what would it have  
taken for me to close the deal?

HOT GIRL  
Excuse me?

JAMES  
I mean, hypothetically. I'm not  
saying you're a slut or anything.  
but if you were, what would it  
have taken? I'm out of practice  
and I really need to figure this  
out. Fast.

HOT GIRL  
Wow. You are severely out of  
practice.

JAMES  
It's been fifteen years.

HOT GIRL  
Since you got laid?

JAMES  
Uh, no, since I had to ask for it.  
From a stranger.

HOT GIRL  
Divorced?

James hates to even put that out into the universe but he  
doesn't know what else to say.

JAMES  
-- yeah.

Fuck. He's going to hell now.

HOT GIRL

Well, I'd start by not referring to it as "closing the deal"

JAMES

Noted.

HOT GIRL

I'd tell you to be yourself, but I don't know you and you may not be that interesting.

JAMES

Yeah, I'm pretty much -- not.  
(explaining)  
Software engineer.

HOT GIRL

Just don't act desperate. Women hate that.

JAMES

Did you think I was acting desperate before you knew I was desperate?

She shrugs.

HOT GIRL

I'm not saying I would've slept with you, but I wouldn't have laughed at you for trying.

JAMES

That's very encouraging. Thank you.

EXT. CLUB MED POOL/BEACH BAR - DAY

The staff is trying to get the guests to participate in a god-awful "Achy Breaky Heart" dance routine around the pool. Diana maneuvers her way around them and plops down on a bar stool.

DIANA

Can I get a Yellow Bird please?

Benjy, the young bartender, looks up through long hair and sleepy eyes.

BENJY

Ah, so you liked them. You disappeared last night, so I figured you weren't a fan. Most people here drink about twelve.

He opens a can of pineapple juice.

DIANA

I was tired and I needed to escape. Kind of like I'm escaping the dancing right now.

BENJY

Most people come here to escape something, not the other way around.

DIANA

Yourself included?

BENJY

Yep.

DIANA

(sizing him up)

I'm guessing...the pervasive evil of corporate America?

BENJY

My sister. She tried to do me.

DIANA

What?!

BENJY

Yeah, it was weird.

DIANA

(horrified)

Are you serious?

BENJY

No. I don't even have a sister.

He smiles and hands her a perfectly made Yellow Bird. Diana gives him her best faux-reproachful look, then smiles.

DIANA

You must be sick to death of tourists asking you stupid questions.

BENJY

No, I'm just sick to death of my answers.

Sarah walks up.

SARAH

Hot blonde guy in the green shirt ignoring the redhead in cornrows. He looks respectable, yet horny.

Diana turns to look at him, liking what she sees.

DIANA

Mmmm...

BENJY

That's Dan. He works here. Scuba instructor.

Sarah grins at Diana.

SARAH

Well, well, well... since you're diving tomorrow, I think you should test the waters tonight.

BENJY

Gay as the day is long.

DIANA/SARAH

What?!

BENJY

I'm just fuckin' with you.  
(to Diana)  
You're gullible.

Joel appears, shaking his hips.

JOEL

Ready for the Macarena ladies?

SARAH

Not even with a gun to my head.

She grabs Diana by the arm, dragging her toward DAN, 30s and indeed, hot.

SARAH

(continuing)  
C'mon, let's go talk to him.

DIANA

What if he's an idiot?

SARAH

Then we'll walk away. Although I should probably point out that idiots have penises, too.

EXT. ASPEN STREET - NIGHT

James and Bob walk down the snow-plowed sidewalk, heading toward The Red Onion.

JAMES

A bachelorette party?

BOB

These girls are cool. You're gonna like them. None of that gold-digger shit like at the Little Nell.

They enter The Red Onion, a dive bar.

INT. RED ONION - NIGHT

A bachelorette party in progress. Several girls in their 30s dance around a table filled with Jaeger shots. James and Bob wander up, beers in hand.

BOB

(sotto)

The one in the veil is the bride-to-be.

JAMES

You think?

The bride, SHEILA, seventeen sheets to the wind, spots James and grabs his package.

SHEILA

Last strange penis I'll ever touch!

JAMES

Whoa --

James backs away. Sheila immediately grabs the waiter's dick.

SHEILA

Nope, that was the last one.

She giggles uncontrollably then leans over and barfs into a margarita glass.

Bob clinks his beer against James'.

BOB

Well, at least you got a girl to touch it.

EXT. CLUB MED BEACH BAR - DUSK

Diana leans against the bar, talking to Dan, who is pretty damn glorious to behold.

DIANA

I got certified in college, but I've only gone twice in the past ten years.

DAN

No worries. Once you're in the water, it'll all come back. And I'll go over everything with you on the boat on the way out there.

DIANA

That would be great. I'm always worried there's some breathing rule I'll forget or that I'll get lost and end up miles from the boat.

DAN

That's only happened maybe -- six or seven times. And we always find the bodies eventually.

Diana looks stricken.

DAN

(continuing)

I'm kidding. Besides, I'll hold your hand the whole time.

He reaches for it and holds it now. Diana smiles. Oh yes, he's the one.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Diana kicks off her shoes as Sarah sits up in bed.

SARAH

Wait, explain to me why you're not fucking him right now?

DIANA

Because I have to dive with him tomorrow. I need his instruction. What if the sex is terrible? Then I'll be too embarrassed to go and I don't want to miss out.

SARAH

Okay, you put way too much thought into that, but as long as you fuck him tomorrow, I'll forgive you.

DIANA

I appreciate that.

SARAH

Just don't talk to him too much on the dive boat. Leave a little mystery. And make lots of eye contact. Touch his arm.

DIANA

I'm married, I'm not retarded. I know what to do to let a man know I want to have sex with him.

A GUY walks out of the bathroom, pulling on his shirt as he heads for the door.

GUY

Later.

SARAH

Probably not, but you have a good a night.

Sarah wraps a sheet around herself and stands, taking Diana's Yellow Bird from her.

SARAH

(continuing)

I might as well get drunk. I'm gonna be walking funny tomorrow as it is.

INT. RED ONION - NIGHT

James and Bob talk to an extremely hammered BRUNETTE. She's wearing her bra on the outside of her shirt in an attempt to be funny.

JAMES

So, you're the maid of honor?

She downs another tequila shot and shakes her head violently, trying to dispel the taste. Then --

BRUNETTE  
(to James)  
You are so cute!

BOB  
You two should get to know each other better.

James gives him the "shut up, game-killer" look, but Bob pays no heed. The Brunette looks around.

BRUNETTE  
Where's Sheila?

BOB  
She went back to the hotel.

BRUNETTE  
That's probably where I should go.  
I'm drunk.

She looks around for her coat.

BRUNETTE  
(continuing)  
Wait -- what hotel am I staying in?

BOB  
James knows where it is. He can walk you.

She smiles at him and links her arm through his.

BRUNETTE  
S'go.

James nods. This is it. Despite the fact that she belches loud enough for neighboring states to hear.

EXT. ASPEN STREET - NIGHT

James and the Brunette walk down the freshly-plowed street. She's hammered.

BRUNETTE  
Wait. Where are we?

JAMES  
We're walking back to your hotel.

She sits in a pile of plowed snow on the side of the street and lays down.

BRUNETTE

I need to sleep right here.

James frowns and grabs her hand, trying to pull her up and ignore the fact that she now has frozen snot on her face.

JAMES

I think you'd be better off in your room. It's probably warmer.

BRUNETTE

No, here's good.

JAMES

You'll freeze if you sleep here.  
Or get arrested.

His warnings go unheeded. She's unconscious.

JAMES

(continuing)

Fuck. Jenny! Wake up.

(then, unsure)

Jessica!

No go. She's out. He sighs, then leans down and picks her up, hauling her over his shoulder. He staggers backward a couple steps, but regains his footing and soldiers on.

INT HOTEL JEROME - NIGHT

James enters with the Brunette over his shoulder and sets her down in a chair in the lobby. He walks up to the desk clerk.

JAMES

Hi. I need to get her to her room but I don't know which one it is, or what her name is.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry, sir. I can't give out that information.

JAMES

She's with a bachelorette party.  
The bride's name is Sheila.

DESK CLERK

(rude)

I'm sorry, sir, I can have security look into it, but I can't let you up there.

JAMES

No -- I don't want to go up there, I just want to make sure she gets to her room safely.

DESK CLERK

I need to ask you to leave sir.

James holds up his hands and walks out.

JAMES

Jesus. Being single is fun.

EXT. CATAMARAN - DAY

Diana sits on the bow, turquoise water surrounding her. Dan sits down next to her with a regulator and gives her diving pointers MOS.

She tries to pay attention, but finds herself distracted by his deltoids.

INT. OCEAN - DAY

Dan and Diana descend to the bottom. He gives her the "Okay?" sign and she answers in the affirmative. He takes her hand and they swim off amongst a school of yellow-and black-striped angel fish.

INT. ASPEN CAFE - DAY

James and Bob devour breakfast burritos as they try to fight their hangovers.

BOB

Do you think she even remembers you?

JAMES

Does it matter? They're leaving today.

They continue to eat. After a moment --

BOB

Aren't you gonna be embarrassed if you have to go home and tell Diana you couldn't find anyone to bang you?

James glares at him.

BOB

(continuing)

'Cause, I know I would be.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Diana enters, fresh from the dive boat, as Sarah preps for Happy Hour.

SARAH

How was it?

DIANA

Amazing. Amazing fish, amazing coral, amazing day.

SARAH

Amazing Dan?

DIANA

So far... I'm meeting him for a drink in twenty minutes.

SARAH

(clapping)

This is so exciting!

DIANA

I know!

She turns on the shower.

DIANA

(continuing)

Listen to me, I sound like a fifteen-year-old. What should I wear?

SARAH

Something skimpy.

DIANA

Shoes?

SARAH

Why bother? It gives you one less thing to leave behind if you do it on the beach.

DIANA

The beach? Really? People could see.

SARAH

You say that like it's a bad thing.

Diana looks at herself in the mirror.

DIANA

I'm actually going to have sex with someone I met twenty-four hours ago.

EXT. ASPEN SKI SLOPE - DAY

James heads down his last run of the day. Halfway down, he sees a blonde HIPPIE CHICK, 20s, bent over, fiddling with her binding. He skis over to her and stops.

JAMES

Need any help?

HIPPIE CHICK

I can't get the freakin' thing to go back in the thing.

JAMES

Sounds technical.

He takes off his gloves and squats down to inspect her binding.

JAMES

(continuing)

I think you just need to slide the one thing over to the other thing. Step down.

She does, and her boot pops back into the binding.

HIPPIE CHICK

Thanks. I've been stuck here for ten minutes. I was worried the mountain was gonna close and I'd be up here all night.

James stands.

JAMES

I'm sure someone would've missed  
you eventually.

HIPPIE CHICK

(snorting)

I'm here with my sister. The only  
time she'd miss me is when I  
wasn't around to pay the bar tab.

Bob skis over, shit-eating grin at the sight of her.

BOB

Hey, there. Is she joining us for  
Happy Hour?

James looks at the Hippie Chick.

JAMES

I don't know. Are you?

HIPPIE CHICK

Where're you guys going?

BOB

Wherever you want.

HIPPIE CHICK

Little Annies? Six o'clock?  
First beer's on me. I owe you.

James smiles -- a pretty girl and a free beer. His day just  
got better.

JAMES

Bring your sister. We'll buy the  
second round to keep her happy.

HIPPIE CHICK

See you there.

She smiles and takes off down the hill. Bob looks at James.

BOB

Dude, she's the one. I can feel  
it.

JAMES

She's young --

BOB

What? You wanna fuck an old chick?

JAMES

No, I'm just saying she might not  
wanna fuck me.

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB

You're an attractive man. And  
please don't make me say that  
again.

He pushes off with his poles and skis down the mountain.

EXT. CLUB MED BEACH BAR - DUSK

A reggae band PLAYS. Diana and Sarah walk up, dressed to  
kill, or at the very least, maim.

Unfortunately, Dan is talking to a beautiful, dark-haired  
girl with a killer rack.

DIANA

Oh, God.

SARAH

He brought a date?

They park themselves at the bar.

BENJY

Two Yellow Birds?

SARAH

In a steady stream. And who's the  
slut?

Benjy looks over at Dan and the girl and shrugs.

BENJY

Must be her first day.

Dan finally catches sight of Diana and leaves the new girl.

DAN

Took you long enough.

DIANA

Sorry. Big fan of showers.

Sarah winks at Diana and slides away as Dan clinks his Red  
Stripe against her Yellow Bird.

DAN

To two successful dives.

DIANA  
 (re the dark-haired  
 girl)  
 Who's your friend?

DAN  
 Some girl from New Jersey. Just  
 got here. Terrible accent.  
 Sounds like Joe Pesci.  
 (re Diana's outfit)  
 You look nice. Is that for me?

DIANA  
 Maybe...

INT. LITTLE ANNIES - NIGHT

A western-themed dive bar. A sign above the cash register reads "Don't Sweat the Petty Things, Just Pet the Sweaty Things". James and Bob lean against the bar, watching the door.

BOB  
 You think she'll show?

JAMES  
 You've asked me that seven times.

BOB  
 Jesus, she was hot.

JAMES  
 Yeah, she was pretty.  
 (to the bartender)  
 Two Goldschlager shots?

The Hippie Chick walks up and smiles.

HIPPIE CHICK  
 You started without me.

James smiles at her.

JAMES  
 Wasn't sure you'd show.  
 (to the bartender)  
 Make it three.

HIPPIE CHICK  
 Four. My sister's in the bathroom.

BOB  
 Sweet. I won't be a third tire.

Just then, JENNA, extremely sour-faced, walks up and plants herself next to the Hippie Chick, looking at James and Bob with contempt.

HIPPIE CHICK

Here she is. This is Jenna. And I'm Angela. In case I never told you.

JAMES

James and Bob.

He hands out the shots and holds his up to clink.

JAMES

(continuing; re the sign)

To petting the sweaty things.

Angela laughs. Jenna opts out of the communal toast and looks out over the crowd.

JENNA

I'm gonna do a lap.

She proceeds to walk off without so much as a thank-you.

BOB

What's up her ass?

James gives him a shut-the-fuck-up look.

JAMES

So... where're you two from?

ANGELA

Boise. You guys locals?

BOB

We're from Denver. I'm married, he's not.

ANGELA

Glad to hear it.

She gives James a sexy smile.

ANGELA

(continuing)  
Next round's on me.

EXT. CLUB MED BEACH BAR - NIGHT

The bar crowd is now tipsy and horny. Diana lets Dan feed her a coconut shrimp on a skewer.

DAN  
Want another one?

DIANA  
Mmm, that's plenty.

DAN  
That's what all the girls say...

Diana laughs, trying to ignore the cheesiness of his comment.

DAN  
(continuing)  
You ready for the wall dive tomorrow? Coral for miles and fish you'll never see anywhere else.

DIANA  
I can't. I leave on Friday. Isn't there some rule about depth and altitude in the same 24 hours?

DAN  
What time's your flight?

DIANA  
Noon.

DAN  
No prob. We'll be back by ten and you'll get your day on land in before the plane takes off.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sinks down on the bed with disgust.

SARAH  
Are you shitting me?

DIANA  
He said this dive is amazing! And I'll need his help. It's deeper than I'm used to. I can have sex with him tomorrow night.

SARAH

I don't understand the correlation -- you can fuck and dive, you know.

DIANA

I'd rather do it when I don't have to see him the next day. Isn't that the point of a one night stand? For it to be just one night?

SARAH

I just had sex with some guy from Topeka in a hammock. Will I see him tomorrow? Who knows. Do I care? I do not. Will I wave? Maybe. Just fuck him already!

Diana gets in bed.

DIANA

I will. Tomorrow night.

INT. LITTLE ANNIES - NIGHT

James and Angela are in the midst of deep flirtation.

ANGELA

You've seriously never been to a Widespread Panic show? Where the hell have you been for the past ten years?

JAMES

Working I guess.

She holds up her shot.

ANGELA

There are many things I need to teach you, James.

He clinks his shot against hers.

JAMES

I'm a willing pupil...

Just as they make meaningful eye contact, Jenna's bitter visage appears.

JENNA

Let's go.

ANGELA  
Why? I'm having fun.

JENNA  
I've done three laps around this place and there are no hot guys here.

ANGELA  
Sure there are.

JENNA  
Trust me. There's not.

She gives James a pointed look.

JENNA  
(continuing)  
We need to leave. Now.

She turns and goes.

ANGELA  
I'm really sorry, she's not normally such a bitch.

JAMES  
Hey, who am I to judge? Actually, I'm the guy she just insulted, so screw her, stay here and hang out with me.

Angela puts on her coat.

ANGELA  
(apologetic)  
I'd love to, but if I don't go with her, I'll never hear the end of it.

Bob walks up, upset.

BOB  
You're leaving?

ANGELA  
(to James)  
Fill him in.

As she goes, James looks at Bob, shaking his head.

JAMES  
I'm going back to the condo.

BOB  
 (following him)  
 How did you fuck it up this time?

INT. OCEAN - DAY

Diana hovers in eighty feet of water surrounded by a school of fish the color of peacock feathers. A group of sea horses swim out of a crack in the wall in front of her.

She looks at Dan and smiles. Thank God she didn't fuck him last night and miss all this.

EXT. ASPEN SKI SLOPE - DAY

James and Bob carve through a hill of Volkswagen-sized moguls. When they reach the bottom, they try to catch their breaths.

JAMES  
 Are we tired because it's our last day or are we tired because we're old?

BOB  
 We're tired -- because we have mastered this motherfuckin' mountain. And now we must savor our victory in liquid form.

EXT. SKI SLOPE BAR - DAY

An outdoor bar at the base of the mountain. James and Bob clink Guinesses.

BOB  
 To a helluva week. Even if you didn't get laid, it was a damn good time.

JAMES  
 We've got one more night. It's not over yet.

EXT. CLUB MED - POOLSIDE HAPPY HOUR - DUSK

Diana and Sarah are once again dressed to kill. Diana nervously shoves marachino cherries into her mouth.

DIANA  
 I just want to get it over with.

SARAH

You sound like you're about to have surgery. Have another drink and relax.

DIANA

What if it's bad? What if I'm bad?

SARAH

I think you'd know by now. James would've made you take a class or something.

Diana spots Dan walking up from the dive pier. Looking good. He winks at her.

DIANA

Oh, God. I'm really going to do this, aren't I?

INT. CLUB CHELSEA - NIGHT

James and Bob are in a loud club. James chats up a very busty girl, DEE DEE. They yell over the MUSIC.

JAMES

So, are you single?

DEE DEE

Yep. Are you?

JAMES

Yep.

Dee Dee immediately grows surly.

DEE DEE

You hesitated.

JAMES

No, I didn't. The music is too loud. I just didn't hear you.

Dee Dee narrows her eyes.

DEE DEE

Why are you single? What's wrong with you?

JAMES

Lots of things.

DEE DEE

Name one.

Bob leans in.

BOB  
His johnson's too big.

DEE DEE  
I could live with that. For a  
night...

She gives him a drunken, lascivious gaze. Oh yes, it's on.

EXT. CLUB MED - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Diana and Dan are deep into their third Yellow Bird and standing very close.

DIANA  
How is it possible you don't have  
a girlfriend?

DAN  
Let's just say we don't always get  
the quality girls like you down  
here...

He tucks a piece of hair behind her ear and looks at her soulfully.

DAN  
(continuing)  
What took you so long?

INT. CLUB CHELSEA - NIGHT

James and Dee Dee are dancing to "Pour Some Sugar On Me" and she's managing to rub her boobs all over his torso. As she squats to rub them on his crotch (much to his mortification) he spots Angela across the room.

JAMES  
(to Dee Dee)  
I'll be right back. I have to go  
to the bathroom.

He walks over to Angela, ducking behind a column so Dee Dee can't see him.

JAMES  
(continuing)  
Hey -- Remember me?

ANGELA  
James! Hi!

JAMES  
Where's your sister?

ANGELA  
Believe it or not, she met a guy,  
so I get a night off.

Dee Dee walks up, pissed.

DEE DEE  
Who's this?

EXT. CLUB MED - BEACH - NIGHT

Diana and Dan stand at the edge of the water, kissing.

DAN  
Which room are you in?

DIANA  
Not yet.

DAN  
What do you mean, "not yet"?

DIANA  
Not yet.

She rakes her hands over his chest and kisses him again.

INT. CLUB CHELSEA - NIGHT

James stands in-between Dee Dee and Angela at the bar. Bob hands them all a round of shots, looking as if he might pee himself with joy.

BOB  
Here's to our last night in Aspen.

James takes his shot and clinks with the ladies, baffled by the fact that he now has two girls to choose from.

EXT. CLUB MED - NIGHT

Diana leads Dan by the hand back to her room.

DAN  
Finally! I thought you were going  
to tease me until your plane left.

DIANA  
I was just prolonging the  
anticipation...

As they walk up to her door, they find the DARK-HAIRED GIRL from New Jersey waiting for them.

DARK HAIRED GIRL  
What the hell is this?

Dan frowns, unnerved, but in no way intimidated.

DAN  
What do you think?

DARK HAIRED GIRL  
I think you're an asshole. How many girls are you planning on sleeping with today?

Diana looks at Dan, confused. The dark-haired girl sticks her hand out.

DARK HAIRED GIRL  
(continuing)  
Hi, I'm Rosalie. I fucked him last night and then again this morning.

INT. CLUB CHELSEA - NIGHT

Angela leans over to James as Dee Dee is temporarily distracted by the bartender.

ANGELA  
By the way? This girl is so not your type.

JAMES  
I have a type?

ANGELA  
Yeah. Me. Should we go back to my place?

James looks at her and smiles, relieved beyond all belief.

JAMES  
Lead the way.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Diana pulls off her slutty dress as she cries. Sarah walks in, confused.

SARAH  
What the hell just happened?

DIANA

He slept with Joe Pesci!

SARAH

He did what?

DIANA

That girl -- Rosalie. Last night and then again this morning.

SARAH

Well, I guess that explains why she just stood across the pool from him screaming that he's a cocksucker, but still -- what happened? Did you kick him out?

DIANA

Uh, yeah -- it kind of ruined the moment.

Sarah sits down on the bed.

SARAH

Okay, I get that. I do. But we're at Club Med. You've seen what happens here.

DIANA

I thought he was different.

SARAH

They're never different. I can personally testify that I've spent the last ten years sleeping with guys who are all exactly the same.

Diana starts throwing her clothes into her suitcase.

DIANA

Yeah, and you sleep with those guys so you won't actually have to date a real one.

SARAH

(stung but covering)

Well, look what happened when I did --

Diana immediately feels bad.

DIANA

I'm sorry -- I just -- I'm disappointed.

SARAH

You're here for a conquest, not a romance. Just grab some guy and have your way with him!

Diana sinks down on the bed.

DIANA

Why did this ever seem like a good idea?

SARAH

It's still a good idea. Come on -- Dan's gone, Joe Pesci went back to her room and there's a whole crop of new guys out there. If you waste this glorious opportunity for stranger sex, you'll hate yourself forever.

Diana looks at her.

DIANA

You're either a really good friend or a terrible influence.

SARAH

I'd like to think I'm a little of both.

DIANA

Just give me a minute to calm down and I'll meet you out there. Order me a Yellow Bird.

SARAH

I'm coming back for you if you're not out there in fifteen minutes.

DIANA

I'll be there --

She shoves Sarah out the door and locks it, knowing there's no way she's going back out there.

EXT. ASPEN STREET - NIGHT

James and Angela kiss on the street corner.

ANGELA

Okay, that warmed me up, we can keep walking now.

She puts her arm through his and they turn the corner. James doesn't see Olivia, the girl from the Little Nell, as she passes them, but unfortunately, Olivia sees them.

OLIVIA  
 (calling out)  
 Uh, excuse me. The guy you're with  
 is married.

James pales. Angela stops and turns around.

ANGELA  
 Are you talking to me?

OLIVIA  
 He's here this week to cheat on  
 his wife. Right, James?  
 (to Angela)  
 Just thought you might want to  
 know.

Olivia walks on, smug as can be. Angela looks at James.

ANGELA  
 Is that true?

JAMES  
 Yes. But it's not as bad as she  
 made it seem.

Olivia stares at him.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Diana is now in a t-shirt and shorts, climbing into bed. A KNOCK sounds at the door.

DIANA  
 (calling out)  
 It's only been ten minutes. Give  
 me another second.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Special delivery.

Diana frowns and opens the door a crack. Benjy is standing there.

BENJY  
 Sarah told me you might need some  
 liquid motivation.

DIANA  
 (horrified)  
 She told you what happened?

BENJY  
 I think neighboring islands heard  
 about what happened.

Diana lets him in, takes the Yellow Bird and chugs it.

DIANA  
 There's no way I'm going back out  
 there.

BENJY  
 Are you kidding? You're the hero.  
 No one ever kicks Dan out.  
 They're probably gonna put a  
 plaque up outside your room.

Diana sighs and leans against her dresser.

DIANA  
 I'm just not used to this. Any of  
 this. I'm married, you know.

BENJY  
 Yep. I hear everything at the  
 bar.

DIANA  
 It was supposed to be this fun,  
 meaningless thing... My husband  
 actually gave me permission.

BENJY  
 Maybe you didn't really want to do  
 it after all.

DIANA  
 I did! I really did. I just  
 wanted to remember what it was  
 like. You're young, you won't  
 understand, but trust me, sleep  
 with every girl you can now  
 because some day you're going to  
 be married and older and living in  
 a tiny claustrophobic house with  
 a useless, boring job and even  
 though you'll love your wife,  
 you'll wish you hadn't been such  
 a prude when you were younger.

(more)

DIANA (cont'd)

Not that it would make any difference in your present, but at least you'd have -- I don't know what you'd have, actually. But maybe it wouldn't feel so -- monotonous.

Benjy just stares at her.

BENJY

I don't think I'm going to have that prude problem.

DIANA

Well, good. You're a lot smarter than I was.

She walks over to her suitcase and starts packing again.

BENJY

That's debatable. I get horny people drunk for a living.

DIANA

I spent all of last week trying to get the Soy Council interviewed on NPR.

BENJY

About what?

DIANA

Soy.

BENJY

Okay, you win that one. But let me ask you a question. Do you think your husband went through with it? Your arrangement?

Diana stops packing and frowns.

DIANA

Yes.

BENJY

Then don't you think you should?

DIANA

I'm not going back out there --

Benjy takes the clothes she's packing from her hands and sets them in the suitcase.

BENJY

At the risk of stating the obvious, I would love to have sex with you.

Diana looks at him, surprised.

DIANA

You would?

BENJY

You find this hard to believe?

DIANA

You're not messing with me? Like you always do?

He kisses her. She kisses him back, surprised, then tries to figure out what to do with her hands. She decides to put them on his shoulders.

EXT. ASPEN STREET - NIGHT

James stamps his feet in the cold, finishing his story.

JAMES

So, I guess this is where you go back to your room thinking I'm an asshole.

Angela shrugs.

ANGELA

Well, it's not like I ever thought I'd see you again anyway. So, as long as you've got permission, I guess we should go for it.

She heads into the lobby of her hotel. James follows, raising his head to the heavens in a silent prayer of thanks.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Diana and Benjy continue kissing as they strip their clothes off and make their way to the bed. He kisses his way down her body.

She realizes that the lights are still on. Cheap, fluorescent, show-all-flaws lighting. She reaches up and hits the switch.

Once it's dark, she relaxes a bit and gets into it. There is a hot twenty-six year old with an erection on top of her.

She is no longer a suburban wife. She is a hot piece of island ass.

INT. ANGELA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Angela and James make out on the bed. After a moment, she rolls off of him. They're still fully clothed.

ANGELA

You're freaking out, aren't you?

JAMES

No --

She sits up.

ANGELA

Maybe you don't really want to do this.

JAMES

Look at you -- of course I want to do this.

ANGELA

I still have my clothes on. I've never had my clothes on with a guy this long before.

James sits up and leans against the headboard. He can't fucking do it.

JAMES

(sighing)

No matter what I tell myself. It still feels like cheating.

ANGELA

I can see that.

JAMES

And honestly? I don't think she's going to go through with it. So then how am I gonna feel when I go home saying I've done it? I'm gonna feel like an asshole.

He looks at her.

JAMES

(continuing)

And now you think I'm an asshole.

ANGELA

No, I think you're a good husband.  
Not the best date I ever had, but  
a good husband.

She pats him on the knee and stands up.

ANGELA

(continuing)

I think you should tell your  
friend Bob you got laid, though.  
I'm pretty sure he'll cry if he  
finds out you didn't go through  
with it.

INT. DIANA AND SARAH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Diana watches Benjy pull on his boxers. He looks over at her.

BENJY

So, will this hold you for another  
ten years or am I gonna see you  
down here every spring like Joel?

DIANA

(laughing)

I'm good.

BENJY

Did you think of your husband?

DIANA

No.

BENJY

Liar.

He squeezes her hand and sits up, pulling on his t-shirt.

BENJY

(continuing)

I guess I should get back to work.  
I left Sarah behind the bar. I'm  
pretty sure she's not watering the  
drinks down properly.

DIANA

She knew I wasn't coming back out  
there, didn't she?

BENJY

I told her there was no need. I  
was happy to make a house call.

Diana wraps herself in a sheet and walks him to the door.

DIANA

Well, thanks. For stopping by.

(feeling idiotic)

I mean -- actually, I don't. Know what I mean.

He leans down to kiss her.

BENJY

You mean, "Thank you, Benjy, for your masterful sex moves."

DIANA

Exactly.

BENJY

Stop by the bar in the morning. I'll get you drunk for the plane ride.

DIANA

(re outside)

You're not going to tell them, are you?

BENJY

Of course not. But since I've been in here for an hour, I'm thinking Sarah's gonna figure it out. Spot me a couple inches when you tell her.

He smiles and shuts the door behind him. Diana sits back down on the bed, trying to figure out if she feels any different.

After a moment, Sarah bursts through the door, drink in hand.

SARAH

Well?

DIANA

I did it.

Sarah sighs with relief.

SARAH

Oh, thank God. You just know James did it on his first night and you would've freaked the fuck out when you got home if you hadn't. So, how was he?

DIANA  
 (shy)  
 He was good.

SARAH  
 Good good or amazing good?

DIANA  
 Halfway between good and amazing.

SARAH  
 (raising her drink)  
 Well, congratulations on your  
 first one night stand.  
 (re herself)  
 The patron saint of whores finally  
 came through for you.

DIANA  
 Thank you.

Sarah sits down next to her on the bed.

SARAH  
 So, c'mon... emote. Do you feel  
 any different? Was it all you  
 hoped it would be? Do you feel  
 dirty and slutty?

DIANA  
 I feel --  
 (smiling)  
 Yeah. I feel dirty and slutty.

SARAH  
 I'm so proud!

She hugs Diana.

INT. BOB'S JEEP - DAY

Bob and James drive home. Bob can't stop grinning.

TOM  
 Thank God. Thank God, you did it.  
 I mean it would've been a fucking  
 crime if we were driving home  
 right now without you having  
 gotten some. Cops would be  
 chasing us with the sirens on.

James gives him a tight smile and thinks about all the "thank  
 you for being a good husband" sex he's going to get when he  
 gets home.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Diana gathers her things as the plane lands. Sarah is next to her.

SARAH  
Got your game face on?

DIANA  
What're you talking about?

SARAH  
I've seen you try to talk your way out of speeding tickets. You're not a very good liar.

DIANA  
I don't have to lie. I just have to omit.

INT. DIANA AND JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

James and Daisy are on the couch watching TV as Diana walks through the door with her suitcase.

DIANA  
Miss me?

Daisy jumps up to lick her. James puts the Tivo on pause and hops up to give her a long hug.

JAMES  
You're so tan...

DIANA  
How was the skiing?

JAMES  
I didn't do it.

DIANA  
(confused)  
You didn't ski?

JAMES  
No, I didn't sleep with anyone. I knew you wouldn't and I didn't want to be the asshole.

Diana freezes.

DIANA  
Oh.

JAMES  
You're not happy?

DIANA  
No... of course I'm happy...

She sets her purse down and pulls off her scarf.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
I'm just surprised. I thought you  
would have.

Her happiness is marred by her rising sense of panic. James  
takes this in.

JAMES  
You did it. You slept with  
someone.

DIANA  
Well -- yeah. We said we would.  
We both would. I don't understand  
why --

James walks out the front door. Diana looks baffled for a  
moment, then follows him.

EXT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James turns around in the yard to face her on the porch.

JAMES  
You fucking slept with someone?!

DIANA  
You said I could! You were  
supposed to do it, too!

JAMES  
Oh, so you would've rather I slept  
with someone -- ?

DIANA  
No, but --

JAMES  
I could've, you know!

DIANA  
Why didn't you?

JAMES

Oh, I don't know, maybe because  
I'm not a fucking adulterer!

The next-door NEIGHBOR, 40s, pot-bellied, pokes his head out of his front door.

NEIGHBOR

Everything okay out here?

JAMES

We're fine, Ted. Go back to  
Nascar.

The neighbor frowns, trying to figure out if that's an insult, then goes back inside.

DIANA

We're not fine. You're standing  
in the front yard yelling at me.

JAMES

You slept with someone!

He pulls his keys out of his pocket and walks over to his car.

DIANA

Where're you going?

JAMES

Away.

Diana watches as he pulls out. Fuck!

INT. JAMES' CAR - NIGHT

James stops his car in Washington Park and pounds on the steering wheel.

JAMES

Goddamnit!

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diana sits in bed, worried. Daisy is next to her, looking equally concerned. The phone RINGS and Diana grabs it.

DIANA

(into phone)

Hello?

SARAH (V.O.)

Is he back yet?

DIANA  
(disappointed)

No.

She hears the front door SLAM.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
There he is.

She hangs up and walks to the bedroom door.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
Where did you go?

James brushes past her.

JAMES  
What do you care?

He walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Diana follows him.

DIANA  
I don't understand -- you gave me  
permission. You agreed to the  
arrangement. What did I do wrong?

JAMES  
Let me think -- oh yeah, you  
fucked somebody.

DIANA  
You were supposed to do it, too!  
We were in this together.

James turns to look at her.

JAMES  
Well, I guess since I didn't do  
it, it's obvious that I care more  
about our marriage than you do.

DIANA  
That's not true! I figured you  
did it the first night. I only  
did it because I knew I would be  
pissed if you did it and I  
didn't --

JAMES  
Gift of the Magi. Never works  
out, does it?

Diana is at a loss.

DIANA  
James, I'm sorry. Please believe  
me. If I could go back and change  
things I would. This whole thing  
was a terrible idea.

JAMES  
You think?

DIANA  
You agreed to it! I'm not the bad  
guy, here.

JAMES  
Huh, your apology just got a  
little weaker.

He walks past her and gets into bed.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diana gets into bed next to him. Freaked out, but a little  
angry at the same time.

DIANA  
What do you want me to do?

James doesn't answer. He rolls over, facing away from her,  
and turns out the light.

JAMES  
Who was he?

DIANA  
Nobody.

JAMES  
You fucked a non-entity?

DIANA  
He was the bartender.

JAMES  
Of course he was.

Diana sighs. Eyes remaining open.

DIANA

I'm sorry.

No answer.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

James gets up at first light, putting on his running clothes.  
Diana wakes up, groggy from a night with no sleep.

DIANA

We're running now?

JAMES

No. I'm running now.

He walks out. Diana lies her head back down on the pillow,  
looking miserable.

Daisy looks up at her, accusingly.

DIANA

Don't look at me like that.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - DAY

James sits down in his cubicle. The same sour expression on  
his face as when he woke up.

Bob wheels around.

BOB

So? Did Diana do it?

James stares at his computer screen.

JAMES

No.

BOB

(flinching)

Uh oh. I'm guessing you're in  
deep shit right about now. Was she  
pissed?

JAMES

Yeah. She's pissed.

BOB

Why didn't she do it? Wasn't the  
whole thing her idea?

JAMES

Yep.

BOB  
Then just remind her of that.

JAMES  
Oh, I have...

INT. DOWNTOWN CAFE - DAY

Diana sits with Sarah amongst the lunch crowd.

DIANA  
You don't understand. He hates me. I've never seen him like this.

SARAH  
Okay, a) this pisses me off, because he agreed to it, and b) you need to do some freaky sex shit with him to get him to pull his head out of his ass and stop whining.

DIANA  
What freaky sex shit? James doesn't like anything freaky.

SARAH  
Trust me, they all like something freaky.

Diana sighs, looking miserable.

DIANA  
I just can't stand the fact that I hurt him.

SARAH  
He hurt himself! If he'd fucked some girl he'd be whistling a happy tune right now. He's the bad guy.

DIANA  
He's not the bad guy -- he's destroyed. He won't even look at me.

SARAH  
Imagine if the situation were reversed. Would you make him feel this guilty?

Diana thinks about this.

DIANA  
Probably...

Sarah's not having it.

SARAH  
Okay, shut up and go home and fuck  
your husband. Hard and weird.

INT. DIANA AND JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diana is waiting on the couch when James gets home from work.

DIANA  
Hey.

JAMES  
Hey.

James tosses his keys on the coffee table.

DIANA  
Do you want to go for a run? I  
know you went this morning, but --

JAMES  
I'm not doing the marathon.

Diana frowns.

DIANA  
But we've been training --

JAMES  
Well, now we're not.

He walks into the bedroom --

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- Diana follows.

DIANA  
I know you're mad at me, but --

JAMES  
(interrupting her)  
Oh, really? You figured that out?

DIANA  
Just let me make things okay  
again.

She walks up behind him and puts her arms around his waist as he pulls clothes out of the closet.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
Is there anything you want me to do? Maybe something I've never done before? Something you've been afraid to ask for?

JAMES  
Why? Did you learn some new tricks from the bartender?

Diana drops her hands from his waist.

DIANA  
I'm trying to make up for it.

JAMES  
By showing me your new moves? Spare me.

He grabs an armful of clothes.

DIANA  
What're you doing?

JAMES  
Moving into the guest room.

DIANA  
Are you serious?

JAMES  
Do I look like I'm kidding?

Diana is at a loss.

DIANA  
What am I supposed to do to fix this? Is there some sort of hard labor I can do? Pave the driveway? Build the retaining wall?

James walks out without answering.

DIANA  
(continuing; calling out)  
So this is it? We're going to sleep in separate rooms for the rest of our marriage?

JAMES (O.S.)  
Unless you can come up with  
something better.

INT. MARRIAGE COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

James and Diana sit in front of DR. PALUMBO, 50s, their  
marriage counselor.

DR. PALUMBO  
I'm a bit confused here. The last  
time I saw you two, things were a  
bit stagnant, but fine in the  
grand scope of things.

DIANA  
And they still are.

James's face begs to differ.

JAMES  
Except for the fact that Diana  
fucked a bartender.

DR. PALUMBO  
Well, James, I think you're  
overstating the situation,  
considering the arrangement you  
agreed to, but I do agree there's  
an over-riding issue that led to  
this scenario. If we explore it,  
then perhaps we can get to the  
root of her desire for this  
arrangement.

JAMES  
Wow, this sounds like fun.

DR. PALUMBO  
Diana, do you care to elaborate?

Diana does not.

DIANA  
There's no issue! I'm happy. I  
love James.

DR. PALUMBO  
Yet, you felt the need to sleep  
with another man.

DIANA  
That didn't have anything to do  
with James.

DR. PALUMBO

I think it had something to do  
with something.

Diana sighs.

DIANA

I thought it would invigorate our  
marriage. We'd each have a little  
bit of excitement and then come  
back and be happier for it.

JAMES

Yeah, good thinkin'.

DR. PALUMBO

If I were you, Diana, I'd try to  
figure out what led you to this  
place, so we can lead you away  
again.

Diana glares at him, not agreeing with him at all.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Diana sits with Joanna, Sarah and Elaine. Joanna and Elaine  
have clearly just gotten the news.

JOANNA

Okay, I never thought I'd say this  
to you -- but you're a fucking  
moron.

SARAH

Don't make her feel worse!

DIANA

That's not possible at this point.

ELAINE

What did your marriage counselor  
say?

DIANA

"Why do you think you felt the  
need to do this, blah, blah blah."  
Useless bullshit.

ELAINE

I completely get why you felt the  
need to do it.

JOANNA  
 (still baffled)  
 You do?

Elaine looks at Diana.

ELAINE  
 Inertia. You've been married  
 forever, your job sucks, you live  
 in the suburbs, you're almost  
 forty --

DIANA  
 I'm thirty-five.

ELAINE  
 Thirty-five in the suburbs is like  
 forty-five in the city.

Sarah shrugs in agreement.

SARAH  
 Why do you think I live downtown?

ELAINE  
 (to Diana)  
 You panicked that this was it.  
 This was all there would ever be.  
 I had that feeling twice a day.  
 Then Jim left me and I realized  
 that, nope, things actually can  
 get worse.

Sarah gives Elaine a look.

SARAH  
 Stop it. Now you have a better guy  
 and none of us have to listen to  
 Jim talk about Amway ever again.

JOANNA  
 And Diana's job doesn't suck.

ELAINE  
 She pimps organic food co-ops to  
 the press.

JOANNA  
 (to Diana)  
 Okay, so your job sucks. But your  
 marriage doesn't.

DIANA  
 It didn't until now.

She starts to tear up.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
I really messed up.

Her friends grow concerned. Joanna takes her hand.

JOANNA  
You know what you should do?  
Remind him of a really good moment  
from your past. Something sweet,  
from before you were even married.  
James is a sentimental guy. You  
can sway him.

Diana wipes her tear away, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

INT. DIANA AND JAMES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diana wears her sorority formal dress from 1992 as she lights  
candles and opens a bottle of wine.

James walks in from work, taking in the scenario.

JAMES  
What the hell are you wearing?

Diana poses for him.

DIANA  
Alpha Gamma Delta formal? Senior  
year?

James is taken aback, but not ready to budge.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
Remember? We were young and  
innocent and madly in love?

She puts her arms around his waist and kisses him. James  
wants to fold, but he won't let himself.

JAMES  
I do remember.

Diana relaxes for a moment.

JAMES  
(continuing)  
That's when I used to trust you.

He walks into the guest room, leaving her alone with the wine and candles.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

James changes into his running clothes. Diana walks in.

DIANA

You know what? Just fuck someone. Here in Denver. I don't care who it is, just do whatever you have to do to get back at me so we can end this.

JAMES

That's your solution?

DIANA

Are you ever going to forgive me unless you get even?

James doesn't answer.

DIANA

(continuing)

Then just do it. Have sex with someone.

JAMES

You don't think it was humiliating enough trolling for girls in Aspen? What am I supposed to do here? Stand next to the salad bar at Safeway and say, "Hey, ladies, who wants to help me get even with my wife?"

DIANA

So -- what? We're over?

JAMES

Is that what you want?

DIANA

No! I want you to forget this ever happened and sleep in our bed.

JAMES

That's not gonna happen.

She stares at him. At a loss.

DIANA

Why have we been together all this time? Fifteen years. You must love me --

JAMES

Why do you think I'm so upset?

He walks past her, leaving her feeling worse than before.

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Diana and Sarah sit at the bar, as Diana rants.

DIANA

He's been lording his moral superiority over me ever since the second we got home. As much as I hate the idea of it, I want to find someone to sleep with him just to take the stigma off me.

SARAH

Call girl.

DIANA

What?!

SARAH

It's a business transaction. No attachments, no aftermath. We can get it done within a day and you're back on track.

DIANA

(horrified)

I'm not going to let James sleep with a hooker!

SARAH

I'm not suggesting a streetwalker -- call girls are actresses who never made it. They're classier.

Diana considers this. Reluctantly.

DIANA

How much do they charge? And can we find an ugly one?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Diana talks on her cell phone with her co-worker, Eric.

DIANA  
I need a call girl.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Eric is making ramen, blue-tooth on.

ERIC  
I'm touching myself right now,  
just so you know.

We INTERCUT.

DIANA  
(into phone; ignoring  
that)  
Where would I find one?

ERIC  
Hotel Excalibur. The bar.  
Nothing but. Do I get to ask why  
you need a call girl?

DIANA  
(into phone)  
No.

She hangs up.

INT. HOTEL EXCALIBUR BAR - NIGHT

A business travel hotel bar filled with attractive women of varying ages and several traveling salesmen who look happy to make their acquaintance.

Diana and Sarah wander in, trying to look unassuming.

DIANA  
(worried)  
How do we tell which ones are call  
girls?

They see an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN approach an unfortunate looking older man.

SARAH  
That one. Definitely.

DIANA  
No! She's too pretty.

SARAH  
Well, let's just find out the  
going rate.

They sidle up to her, tapping her on the shoulder.

DIANA

Excuse me.

The woman turns around.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Yes?

SARAH

Are you, uh, working?

The woman looks annoyed.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(re her stylish  
outfit)

Do I look like a waitress?

She turns back to the man she was talking to. Diana looks at Sarah and frowns.

DIANA

Now what?

SARAH

There must be some code word or something, because there's no way she's gonna sleep with that guy for free.

DIANA

What about that one?

Diana points to a raven-haired woman with a BIG NOSE chatting up a balding man.

SARAH

James isn't going to sleep with that --

DIANA

Look at her boobs, he'll go for it, trust me.

She saunters over to her.

DIANA

(continuing)

Excuse me, can I ask you a question in private?

The Nose frowns and lets Diana pull her aside.

DIANA  
 (continuing)  
 Are you a call girl?

BIG NOSE  
 (horrified)  
 Am I a what?

DIANA  
 Did I use the wrong term?

BIG NOSE  
 Considering that I'm a high school  
 English teacher? Yes, you did.

DIANA  
 Oh. Sorry.

She walks back over to Sarah.

DIANA  
 (continuing)  
 Are we in the right place?

Sarah turns to the woman they originally approached.

SARAH  
 Okay, let's cut the crap, my  
 friend here needs someone to sleep  
 with her husband. How much do you  
 charge and when are you available?

The woman looks at the older man she's with.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
 Excuse me a moment, Dad.  
 (to the Bartender)  
 Can you call security?

Sarah and Diana cringe and hurry out.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Bob stares at James in horror.

BOB  
 What do you mean you didn't do it?

JAMES  
 I didn't do it.

BOB  
 Dude, you had permission!

JAMES

Yeah, well. I didn't think she'd go through with it.

BOB

Hold up -- she did it and you didn't?

JAMES

Yep.

He downs the rest of his beer.

BOB

Now I know why you've had that look on your face all week. I thought you were in the doghouse, but instead you screwed the pooch all on your own. What were you thinking?

JAMES

This really isn't helping.

BOB

You know what you need to do? You need to drive to Boise and bang Angela this weekend. Then you're even.

JAMES

I don't even know her last name. I doubt Boise is small enough for me to just drive around with my window down, calling out "Angela!"

Bob looks around the bar.

BOB

Then let's find you a girl in here.

He waves over the WAITRESS.

BOB

(continuing)

Hey, there. What do you think of my friend here? He's handsome, right?

WAITRESS

(confused)

Sure.

JAMES

Bob, stop. Just, stop!

Bob ignores him and presses on with the waitress.

BOB

So, is he tumble worthy?

As the waitress starts to get angry, James rises, apologizing.

JAMES

Please excuse my friend. He's  
legally retarded.

He throws his money down on the table and walks out. Bob follows.

BOB

Dude, why do you have to kill the  
magic?

EXT. DENVER STREET - NIGHT

Sarah pulls a Denver XPress paper out of the newspaper box on the corner.

SARAH

Escort ads. We should've started  
here to begin with.

(reading)

"38DDD with a booty full of juice"

(to Diana)

I don't even want to know what  
that means.

DIANA

I can't just hire someone sight  
unseen. What if she's skanky?

SARAH

So, pre-interview her. You should  
get to look before you buy.

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana looks around to make sure no one's paying attention to her through the glass wall, and pulls the XPress out of her drawer. She's circled an ad that says, "Discreet and Lovely".

She dials the phone. After a moment --

DIANA  
 (into phone)  
 Hi. I'm calling about your ad?...  
 Can you meet at the Cherry  
 Cricket? At 6?.. No, no, it's not  
 for me. It's for my husband...  
 okay. See you then.

As she hangs up, Eric pokes his head in the door.

ERIC  
 Do I get to hear the call girl  
 story?

DIANA  
 No.

ERIC  
 You realize that means I'm going  
 to make up my own version.

DIANA  
 Knock yourself out.

INT. CHERRY CRICKET - NIGHT

Diana waits nervously at a table in the dark dive bar. The  
 ESCORT appears in front of her.

ESCORT  
 Diana?

Diana looks up to see an averagely attractive woman, early  
 30s, certainly no prettier than she is. She smiles, relieved.

DIANA  
 Yes. Hello.

The ESCORT sits, looking a bit uncomfortable.

ESCORT  
 I don't usually meet with wives.

DIANA  
 I can imagine. But I just want to  
 lay out some parameters before we  
 make the arrangements.

ESCORT  
 Okay...

DIANA

I know this is probably one of your rules as well, but I'd prefer it if you don't kiss him.

ESCORT

(shrugging)

Doesn't make a difference to me.

DIANA

And obviously, you'll have him wear a condom. And only one, uh, round -- of sex. Preferably in the missionary position and I would really appreciate it if you could be somewhat bad at it. Maybe just -- lie there.

ESCORT

I'll do my best.

DIANA

And please take him to a hotel with clean sheets. A national chain if at all possible. And you can't let on that I've hired you. You have to just seem like a regular girl who's spotted him across the bar and has to have him. He goes to LoDo's every Friday after work. That's where you should approach him.

ESCORT

Anything else?

DIANA

I think that's about it. How much do I need to pay you?

She pulls out her checkbook. The Escort pulls out her badge.

ESCORT

I'm sorry, Diana, but you're under arrest.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Sarah is waiting in the reception area as Diana is led out of the holding cell.

SARAH

Wow. I always pictured this scenario the other way around. Who knew you were the deviant?

DIANA

Funny.

SARAH

Did you tell James?

DIANA

What do you think?

SARAH

Yeah, probably not a good call.

INT. DIANA AND JAMES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

James is in front of the TV when Diana walks in, tired and miserable.

JAMES

Wow. Home at midnight. Out trolling for bartenders? Or did you nail a valet?

Diana glares at him.

DIANA

I was out with Sarah.

JAMES

Oh, well, then I know you weren't doing anything untoward...

DIANA

James -- I suggest you don't fuck with me tonight.

She walks into their bedroom. He follows.

INT. DIANA AND JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

James stands in the doorway.

JAMES

I can see you're really trying to fix things.

Diana sighs, rubbing her temples.

DIANA

You're right. Do you think we can maybe go to dinner together tomorrow? I'd really like to talk.

JAMES

You sure you want to be seen in public with me? I might kill your action.

DIANA

There is no action! Will you stop?

JAMES

Not any time soon.

He walks back out as Diana throws a shoe at where he was standing.

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana watches Bridgette, the slutty receptionist, through the glass wall. When a cute male client walks by, Bridgette makes a humping motion to a female assistant and laughs.

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Diana walks up to Bridgette, who is now Googling something.

DIANA

Hey, there. I have a question for you. It might sound a little weird but --

Bridgette looks up.

BRIDGETTE

Hold on -- do you know how to spell syphilis?

Diana stares at her, then turns and walks back into her office.

INT. JAMES'S OFFICE - KITCHEN -DAY

James walks in with his coffee cup for a refill and finds LISA, his pretty co-worker that Bob ogled earlier, crying in front of the pot.

JAMES

You okay?

LISA

No...

She continues to cry. He's not sure what to do, but manages to reach around her and grab the pot to pour a cup of coffee.

JAMES

Is there something I can do?

LISA

Not unless you want to kill my boyfriend.

James frowns.

JAMES

What'd he do?

LISA

Cheated on me. And then came home and told me about it, as if he was doing me some big fucking favor by being honest.

James leans against the counter next to her, empathetic.

JAMES

So, what're you going to do?

LISA

I don't know. I just googled castration, but it looks too messy.

JAMES

(flinching)

Yes, I imagine it would be.

LISA

Be thankful you're married so you don't have to deal with shit like this.

She takes her coffee and walks off.

INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT

Lots of people in their 20s getting hammered. Clearly, lots of sex will occur at some point in the evening.

Sarah and Diana survey the crowd.

DIANA

This is ridiculous. They're babies!

SARAH

They're drunken college girls. If we have to find a girl to do him for free, this is the place.

Diana looks less than pleased at the plethora of nubile young women.

DIANA

Fine. Let's get it over with.

AT THE BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Sarah chats up a drunken COLLEGE GIRL.

SARAH

(full of shit)

Oh, my God! No way! I was a Zeta!

COLLEGE GIRL

No way!

She hugs Sarah.

SARAH

So, hey, my friend here needs someone to sleep with her husband. Are you up for it?

The College Girl squints at her, confused, then looks at Diana.

COLLEGE GIRL

Why do you want someone to sleep with your husband?

DIANA

So he can get even with me. Long story.

COLLEGE GIRL

Okay... but what's in it for me?

SARAH

He's a good looking guy, you'll like him.

Just then, a fucking breathtakingly hot 22 YEAR OLD GUY walks up to the College Girl and puts his arms around her waist.

HOT 22 YEAR OLD GUY

There you are!

COLLEGE GIRL

Chad!

He lays a kiss on her that goes on for an embarrassingly long time. When they finally come up for air and Chad leans over to order a drink, the College Girl looks at Diana.

COLLEGE GIRL

(continuing; re Chad)

Is your husband hotter than him?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Diana and Sarah walk back to their cars, dejected.

DIANA

It's over. He's never going to forgive me.

SARAH

It's not over. We could still go to some Botox bar and solicit cougars...

DIANA

(ignoring that)

I even contemplated asking my slut receptionist to do it, but how could I look at her every day knowing she'd fucked my husband? Oh yeah, and then there was the whole venereal disease thing.

SARAH

You know what I think? This whole thing will blow over in a week. Maybe two. Just give him some time.

DIANA

(hopeful)

Really?

EXT. BOB AND JOANNA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A barbecue is in progress. James is standing at the grill, beer in hand, with Bob and Steve, giving Diana the evil eye.

Diana, Joanna, Sarah and Elaine are at the picnic table, watching James.

DIANA

Look at him... he's glaring at me.

JOANNA

I've never seen him drink that much.

ELAINE

That is a bitter and angry man.

SARAH

Honestly? He's being a fucking girl about it. He needs to nut up and get over it.

A HUNKY GUY walks out with a pitcher full of margaritas.

HUNKY GUY

Ladies.... Round Two.

He pours them each a glass.

SARAH

Sweetie, we need some recon. Go over and listen to what they're saying.

She gestures toward the guys and gives him a kiss.

HUNKY GUY

You're actually gonna let me talk to your friends?

SARAH

No, sweetie, we just want you to listen.

She shoos him over, then turns back to the girls. Elaine shakes her head.

ELAINE

You are so evil to him.

SARAH

Why do you think he sticks around?

ON THE GUYS

Bob flips the burgers and looks at James, who continues to glare at Diana. Steve and Hunky Guy drink their beers.

BOB

Dude, it's been three weeks. Let it go.

JAMES

I don't know if that's possible,  
my friend.

He waves his beer as punctuation. Drunk.

STEVE

I don't want to tell you what to  
do? But Elaine says Diana's pretty  
broken up about it and she's  
willing to do anything to make it  
better. I say go for anal while  
you've got the chance.

JAMES

Well, Steve, I thank you for that  
invitation to butt-fuck my wife,  
but I'm going to have to pass.  
She betrayed me. And I don't know  
if I can ever get past that.

BOB

What does that mean?

JAMES

I thought being mean to her would  
be enough, but it's not. I need  
some form of penitence.

Hunky Guy looks bewildered.

STEVE

(explaining)  
Punishment.

HUNKY GUY

Yeah, I know what it means.

(to James)

I'm just wondering what you're  
after. Does she need to lop off  
a toe?

James sighs.

JAMES

I do not know, my well-abbed,  
friend. I do not know.

BOB

Look, man, I get it. If someone  
stuck his hose in Joanna, I'd be  
pissed.

(more)

BOB (cont'd)  
 Especially now 'cause it would  
 poke my kid in the ear, but,  
 seriously, you've got to figure  
 out a way to process this and hit  
 delete. I mean, what's your  
 alternative? The big D?

James shrugs in a "maybe" way.

INT. BOB AND JOANNA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The women and Hunky Guy are all huddled in the bathroom.

DIANA  
 What???! He actually said the  
 word "divorce"?

HUNKY GUY  
 Bob said it and James shrugged,  
 like "maybe".

Diana starts to panic.

DIANA  
 Oh, my God. Oh, my God!

JOANNA  
 Why would Bob even bring that up?  
 (to her stomach)  
 Please be smarter than your  
 father. I beg you.

HUNKY GUY  
 You still have the penitence  
 option.

DIANA  
 What the hell is that? Setting  
 myself on fire?

HUNKY GUY  
 (to Elaine)  
 Oh, and by the way, Steve's really  
 into anal.

ELAINE  
 What??

SARAH  
 You know what? Everyone out. I  
 have to talk to Diana alone.

HUNKY GUY

Did I do something wrong?

SARAH

No, baby, you did good. I just need to talk to my friend. I'll be right out.

She kisses him and he smiles, leaving with Joanna and Elaine.

Once they're alone, Sarah looks at Diana.

SARAH

(continuing)

I'll do it. I'll sleep with James.

DIANA

What??!! You can't sleep with my husband!

SARAH

I'm not saying I want to sleep with your husband, I'm saying I'll do it as your penitence. What better way for him to get revenge than to sleep with your best friend?

DIANA

(horrified)

No! Absolutely not!

SARAH

You have fifteen years of history together. You have all the same friends. The same dog. More importantly, you love him. Do you really want to lose that?

DIANA

Of course not, but I can't let you sleep with James! Jesus!

SARAH

I'm the one who sent Benjy into our room. I wanted you to be me for a day, so I could stop being jealous of what you have. Since clearly, I'm incapable of it...

Diana's head is spinning.

DIANA

You know, I'd love to give you my usual pep talk about how a fiance cheating on you doesn't mean every guy is shit, but I'm still reeling from the fact that you just offered to sleep with my husband.

She walks out, passing Elaine in the hallway, who is now in a heated conversation with a sheepish Steve.

STEVE

I didn't say "anal", I said "angel"...

INT. DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana is at her desk. Eric sits across from her.

ERIC

Wow --

DIANA

Skip the judgement, just tell me what to do.

ERIC

Just give me a moment to be amazed that he didn't do it. He must really love you. Too bad you fucked that up.

DIANA

This isn't helpful.

ERIC

Okay, first of all, you made a tactical error with the sorority dress. Don't wear something sweet and innocent when you're trying to woo him back. Wear something dirty! Go to the lingerie store, pick out something triple X and have it on when he gets home.

DIANA

Are you sure? Because I asked him if he wants me to try anything new and he said no.

ERIC

What were you wearing at the time?

DIANA

I don't know -- something like  
this.

She gestures at her work outfit. Eric makes a face.

ERIC

I wouldn't fuck you in that  
either. And honestly? I'm not  
that picky. Go get some lingerie.

INT. JAMES'S OFFICE - KITCHEN - DAY

James and Lisa eat lunch together.

LISA

It's weird. I'm kind of past the  
sadness and now all I want to do  
is get even. It's like my anger  
burned out all my feelings and  
replaced them with vengeance  
fantasies and visions of sexual  
carnage.

JAMES

That sounds -- very healthy,  
actually. I wish I could say the  
same for myself.

She stops eating.

LISA

What're you talking about? Did  
your wife -- ?

JAMES

Yep.

LISA

Get the fuck out.

JAMES

Wish I could.

LISA

So, what're you going to do about  
it?

He damn well knows what he'd like to do, but he's not going  
to be the first one to say it.

JAMES

What do you think I should do?

LISA

You run every night after work,  
right?

JAMES

Yeah --

He sounds a bit disappointed. This isn't going in the  
direction he hoped it would.

LISA

Well, after your run tonight, I  
think you should meet me at  
LoDo's, we should have a few  
drinks, and then kill two birds  
with one bone.

She smiles at him. He smiles back.

JAMES

I'll see you at eight.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diana is on the couch wearing a nearly obscene teddy. Bottle  
of tequila in hand. She's posed for seduction. She looks at  
the clock. It's 6:00.

James walks in the door and just stares at her.

DIANA

Hi.

(holding up the  
tequila)

Thirsty?

JAMES

Is that what you wore for Benjy?

He keeps walking toward the guest room. Diana slams the  
bottle down on the coffee table, losing it.

DIANA

Is our marriage seriously ending  
over this?! Because of one night  
with some guy I couldn't even look  
at? I had my eyes closed the  
entire time. It meant nothing!

JAMES

It meant something to me.

DIANA

So, you're willing to give this up? Fifteen years? The night we met... Spring Break and the hammock... Our wedding... Paris ... the day we bought this house, Daisy and --

JAMES

I'm keeping Daisy.

He goes into the guest room.

Diana sinks down on the couch, giving up. She pours herself a shot, downing it, as tears start to fall.

James walk out the back door in his running clothes. SLAMMING the door behind him.

She sighs, picks up the phone and dials.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Diana is out of her triple X teddy now and back in jeans and a sweater. She opens the front door to find Sarah on the porch.

SARAH

I promise you, I'll be terrible.

Diana wordlessly points toward the guest room. Sarah goes inside. Diana grabs her keys and walks out to her car.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - LATER

James walks in the front door, sweaty from his run. He kicks off his shoes and heads toward the guest room, pulling his sweatshirt off.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James opens the door and heads toward the bathroom, then notices Sarah, naked in his bed, sheet covering her. He stops.

JAMES

What the hell are you doing?

SARAH

Diana asked me to.

JAMES

Asked you to what?

SARAH

Save your marriage. Once we do this, you guys will be even and everything can go back to normal.

JAMES

I already know the answer to this, but are you fucking insane?

SARAH

You think it's easy to get what you have? You found it at twenty, you smug piece of shit. The rest of us have spent countless years and countless conversations and countless hours of terrible, soulless sex trying to get what you have and you're willing to give that up because you made one bad decision?

James doesn't answer. She takes his silence as an affirmative and sighs in frustration.

SARAH

(continuing; annoyed)  
Just stick it in and get your revenge.

She whips the sheet off.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Diana is at the bar, bottle of wine in front of her. She motions to the BARTENDER for another.

DIANA

Actually, bring two.

BARTENDER

You okay?

DIANA

I have never been less okay.

She downs her glass.

BARTENDER

Maybe you should have some food.

Diana nods.

DIANA

Bring me every carbohydrate you  
have.

ACROSS THE BAR -- LATER

Diana is now at a table, several plates of pasta and a basket  
of garlic bread in front of her.

Sarah walks in the door and spots her. Diana looks up and  
immediately bursts into tears at the sight of her. Sarah  
rushes over.

SARAH

He wouldn't do it.

Diana is overwhelmed with relief.

DIANA

Oh, thank God!

SARAH

I gave him my whole "stick it in"  
spiel and he just looked at me  
like I was insane and got in the  
shower. He told me to be gone by  
the time he got out.

DIANA

So, what does that mean?

Sarah shakes her head, worried.

SARAH

I don't know --

DIANA

Is it over?

Sarah shrugs. Diana rises.

DIANA

(continuing)

I have to go talk to him.

She sways, grabbing onto the garlic bread for support.

SARAH

I'm driving.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

James pulls up to the bar Lisa told him to meet her at. He turns off the ignition and sits there for a moment. Mind still reeling.

JAMES' POV -- Lisa getting out of her car and walking into the bar.

After a couple moments, he starts the car again and pulls out.

INT. JAMES AND DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Diana walks in. The house is dark.

DIANA

James?

James is nowhere to be found. She sinks down on the couch, tears falling, and hugs Daisy. Daisy is unsure how to handle this burst of emotion. She opts to lick the tears from Diana's face.

DIANA

(continuing)

I promise never to cheat on you.

She really loses it now, snot flowing, snorting back tears.

James walks in. Agitated. She looks up.

JAMES

(still agog)

You were really going to let me have sex with Sarah?

DIANA

(still crying)

Yes.

JAMES

You were going to let me sleep with your best friend --

DIANA

(still crying)

I think I've already confirmed that --

JAMES

That wouldn't have killed you?

DIANA  
 (still crying)  
 Uh, yeah...

JAMES  
 Then why would you do that?

DIANA  
 You wanted penitence. And I'm  
 afraid of fire.

He shakes his head. Still in disbelief. Then sits down on the couch next to her and kisses her. Realizing what a sacrifice that was.

Diana hugs him, relieved.

DIANA  
 (continuing)  
 Oh, thank God. Please don't ever  
 make me imagine a world without  
 you.

JAMES  
 No more separate vacations.

DIANA  
 Ever.

She kisses him. In between kisses --

JAMES  
 I didn't do it. With Sarah.

DIANA  
 I know. She told me.

JAMES  
 So, you still have to build the  
 retaining wall.

Diana laughs and keeps kissing him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lisa waits at the bar, checking her watch and getting pissed off. It's 8:45.

ERIC (O.S.)  
 Can I get a vodka tonic?

Lisa turns to find Eric, Diana's co-worker.

LISA  
Are you here alone?

He looks taken aback that such a pretty girl is talking to him.

ERIC  
Uh, yeah.

LISA  
Wanna fuck?

Eric looks at the bartender.

ERIC  
Cancel that.

He takes Lisa's arm and they head for the door.

FADE OUT: