

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CARDBOARD BOXES ARE SCATTERED ABOUT THE OTHERWISE EMPTY LIVING ROOM. FURNITURE HAS BEEN SET DOWN HAPHAZARDLY. CALVIN, 31, SETS DOWN A BOX. WARREN, 30, ENTERS WITH A BOX IN HIS ARMS.

CALVIN

(TAKING IT ALL IN) We proved them all wrong, Warren. Dreams really can come true.

WARREN

I'm sorry... who exactly did we prove wrong?

CALVIN

The haters, Warren. The haters.

WARREN

Yes, we've finally shown everyone that two middle class white men really can get approved for a small business loan and open a high end bakery together in Los Angeles.

CALVIN

I'm glad somebody gets it.

WARREN GRUNTS AS CALVIN PULLS HIM IN FOR A BEAR HUG. POST-HUG, CALVIN NODS TO A DOOR.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Have you been into that room yet?

CALVIN CROSSES OVER TO THE DOOR.

WARREN

Uh, no. I think the realtor said it's
a radiator closet or something. It
was locked.

CALVIN JIGGLES THE HANDLE -- LOCKED.

CALVIN

Still locked. Keys?

WARREN LOOKS AROUND AMONG THE BOXES -- HE SPOTS A KEY RING.
HE GRABS IT AND TOSSES IT OVER TO CALVIN. CALVIN CATCHES AND
UNLOCKS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT, LOCKED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN STICKS HIS HEAD INTO THE DARKENED ROOM, WARREN RIGHT
BEHIND HIM.

CALVIN

It looks like it's a third bedroom.

CALVIN FLIPS THE LIGHT SWITCH. THE LIGHT COMES ON,
REVEALING:

AN EMPTY ROOM, SAVE THE DOZENS OF PAIRS OF PANTIES STAPLED TO
THE WALLS. THE WALLS ARE COMPLETELY COVERED.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Huh.

WARREN

Was the previous owner a serial
killer?

CALVIN

I can't imagine a scenario where
there's not a sad story that explains
this.

WARREN

Looks like about fifty sad stories.

CALVIN

(SPOTTING SOMETHING) Hold on...

CALVIN WALKS OVER TO A PAIR OF PANTIES ON A FAR WALL. HE PULLS OUT A LARGE BAG OF WHITE POWDER SITTING IN IT.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

What is this? Is this... drugs?

WARREN

Who would leave a huge bag of cocaine lying around? Screw serial killer, I think we bought this house from Scarface.

CALVIN THROWS COCAINE DOWN ON THE FLOOR IN A "GET IT AWAY FROM ME" MOTION.

CALVIN

We need to get rid of it.

WARREN

Get rid of it? How would we get rid of it? Let's just call the police.

CALVIN

What if Scarface comes back looking for it? He staples panties to walls -- imagine what he does to people!

CALVIN WALKS OVER TO THE BAG OF COCAINE AND SWIPES IT OFF THE FLOOR. HE MARCHES OUT OF THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CALVIN MARCHES IN, WARREN RIGHT BEHIND HIM. CALVIN LIFTS THE TOILET LID AND HOLDS THE BAG OF COCAINE OVER IT.

WARREN

Calvin. Calm down. Let's call the police.

CALVIN

No. I want this to go away quickly and never think about it again. This is how I deal with all of my problems.

CALVIN REACHES FOR THE KEYS IN HIS POCKET. HE PUNCTURES A SMALL HOLE IN THE BAG. WHITE POWDER DRAINS OUT SLOWLY. HE TURNS HIS FACE AWAY PROTECTIVELY, COVERING HIS NOSE.

WARREN

Maybe you should cut a bigger hole.

CALVIN

I don't want to risk powder residue getting everywhere.

WARREN OBSERVES AS THE COCAINE POURS OUT INTO THE TOILET.

WARREN

Calvin, how do you think a couple of real men would act in this situation?

CALVIN

Oh, you're still comparing yourself to real men? Why would you do that to yourself?

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEA

FADE IN:

INT. BAKERY - LATER

THE BAKERY, WHICH IS NEARLY SET UP, IS TRYING TO BE EARTHY AND HIP, BUT NOT SUCCEEDING AT ALL. "WITH THE GRAIN" IS WRITTEN ON A CHALKBOARD ON THE WALL. CALVIN SAMPLES AN ARRAY OF PASTRY PUFFS. WARREN WATCHES IN ANTICIPATION.

CALVIN

(CONTEMPLATING) Hm. I don't know...

WARREN

What? What don't you know?

CALVIN

It's like... it's missing something.

WARREN

Yes, Calvin. Sugar. What you're looking for is sugar.

CALVIN

Oh! Right. Yes. Sugar. You should put some of that in.

WARREN

This is a healthy bakery. We can't put sugar in.

CALVIN

But sugar's delicious. And this kind of sucks.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! CALVIN AND WARREN TURN TO THE FRONT DOOR -- THREE HOT WOMEN IN SLINKY DRESSES STAND OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

It's eleven thirty. What do you think they want?

WARREN

Maybe they're here for their panties.

CALVIN APPROACHES THE DOOR WITH TREPIDATION.

CALVIN

Hey. Sorry. We haven't opened yet. You can come back Monday, though.

HOT GIRL 1

"The steam in Cleveland."

CALVIN

Okay...?

HOT GIRL 1

(TAPPING ON THE GLASS) "The steam in Cleveland." That's the password, right?

CALVIN

Why do I have a bad feeling about this?

WARREN

Bad feeling? About what? Why would you feel bad about telling those strangers to go away?

CALVIN OPENS THE DOOR. THE GIRLS WALK IN, LOOKING AROUND.

HOT GIRL 2

Weird theme this week...

WARREN CROSSES OVER TO CALVIN.

WARREN

(THROUGH HIS TEETH) What are you
doing?

CALVIN

Look at them! When do we get to talk
to hot girls, ever?

WARREN

On the internet. For money. Like
always. Why are you messing with our
system?

HOT GIRL 2

Ummm... so, where is the booze?

CALVIN

Booze? We could go get some. Is that
what you want? I could be right back--

WARREN

Are you crazy? They obviously think
Scarface still lives here.

CALVIN

So? Let them believe. (TO THE GIRLS)
I think we have some white wine
spritzers in the fridge upstairs. (OFF
THEIR REACTIONS) But we have a whole
bunch of excellent booze on the way.

CALVIN TURNS BACK TO WARREN AND GRABS HIM BY THE SHOULDERS.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

You have to go and buy all the alcohol
in the whole world.

WARREN

Calvin, no. Give them back their
panties and send them on their way.

CALVIN

Not "Calvin, no" -- Warren, no! You,
no! I want to talk to attractive
women in a pressure-free way that
highlights my personality and ensure
that everyone has a fun time! Now go
get some liquor, you selfish ass!

WARREN

(BEAT) Well, alright then.

WARREN EXITS. CALVIN APPROACHES THE WOMEN.

HOT GIRL 3

Do you guys have any molly?

CALVIN

Is that street slang for wine coolers?

HOT GIRL 3

No.

CALVIN

Then no.

CUT TO:

BINT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

WARREN ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM HOLDING A CARDBOARD BOX FULL OF LIQUOR BOTTLES. THE PLACE HAS PRACTICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO A CLUB. HOT WOMEN AND DOUCHEY GUYS ARE EVERYWHERE, DANCING TO CLUB MUSIC PLAYED BY A DJ. ALL MANNERS OF DEBAUCHERY ARE HAPPENING -- PEOPLE MAKING OUT, DOING DRUGS, PASSED OUT ON THE FLOOR.

WARREN

...Calvin?

WARREN SCANS THE ROOM FOR CALVIN. HE'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. WARREN APPROACHES A DRUNK GIRL BY HERSELF TEXTING.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Hi. Do you know what's going on here?

DRUNK GIRL

Yeah, a party, dumbass.

WARREN

Touché. But why, specifically, is there a party?

DRUNK GIRL

Huh? This is the Fuck House. There's always a party here.

WARREN

The Fuck House?

DRUNK GIRL

Uh, yeah. How did you get in? Are you somebody's weird brother or something?

WARREN SPOTS CALVIN ACROSS THE ROOM, CHUGGING A BOTTLE OF GRAIN ALCOHOL. HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TO REACH HIM. CALVIN IS OBVIOUSLY DRUNK.

WARREN

Calvin, what are you doing? We need to get these people out of here.

CALVIN

What? Nobody's going anywhere. This is the Fuck House! YEAH!

WARREN YANKS CALVIN OVER TO A NEARBY CORNER.

WARREN

I just stepped over two people doing opium. Which is alarming because this isn't nineteenth century China.

CALVIN

(HAND ON WARREN'S SHOULDER) You need to chill out. Meet some people.

CALVIN NODS TO A MEATHEAD PASSING BY.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Yo, what's up, man?

MEATHEAD

"What's up?" This is the Fuck House, brosef!

CALVIN

You're being weirdly aggressive, but I'm into it.

THE MEATHEAD RAISES HIS HAND FOR A HIGH FIVE. CALVIN OBLIGES ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Look at me, Warren. I'm making friends--

THE MEATHEAD GRABS CALVIN, PULLS HIM IN CLOSE.

MEATHEAD

Yo man. You wanna do some butt
chugging?

CALVIN

Hell yeah. What is butt chugging?

WARREN

It's when you insert a tampon soaked
in vodka into your rectum to absorb
the alcohol more quickly. A bunch of
college kids died from it, I think.

MEATHEAD

Only because they were pussies.
You're not a pussy, are you?

CALVIN

I am. But I'd like to stop if
possible.

MEATHEAD

Then let's go, man. Fuck House!

CALVIN

Yeah. Fuck House! Let's do this!
I'm immortal. I'm a Highlander!

THE MEATHEAD AND CALVIN HIGH FIVE. THEY CROSS OUT.

WARREN

Oh graceful God, I have but one
request: please let him die.

CUT TO:

CINT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

WARREN ENTERS FROM HIS BEDROOM. THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THE WRECKAGE FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE. CALVIN SITS ON THE FLOOR MOANING IN PAIN, ROCKING BACK AND FORTH.

CALVIN

I was wrong, Warren. I was so wrong.

WARREN

Oh, good. You just saved us about a half hour of arguing.

CALVIN

...but it was awesome.

WARREN

Ah. There we go.

CALVIN STANDS UP, NEWLY INSPIRED AND FULL OF LIFE.

CALVIN

Don't you see, Warren--

WARREN

Nope.

CALVIN

--Don't you see? Scarface left us a gift. He left us the gift of the Fuck House. A sacred gift. A gift to be treasured and passed on. He wasn't the first Scarface. Each Scarface just acts as a caretaker for the Fuck House! We're Scarface now, Warren.
We're Scarface.

LONG BEAT.

WARREN

Did you smoke any opium last night?

CALVIN

It depends. What is opium?

CALVIN SWALLOWS HARD. HE GRABS HIS STOMACH. HE'S NOT OKAY.

WARREN

What's wrong? If you're going to die right now, go do it where I don't have to watch.

CALVIN

Bathtub. Right now. I need to go to the bathtub and vomit all the moisture out of my body.

CALVIN MAKES A BEELINE FOR THE BATHROOM. O.S.: SOUND OF THE SHOWER CURTAIN RIPPING OPEN, FOLLOWED BY CALVIN THROWING UP. A WOMAN SCREAMS.

CALVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh! Shit! Sorry!

WARREN

Calvin, what was that?

CALVIN (O.S.)

There's a naked lady in our bathtub.

I just barfed all over-- (BARFS)

WARREN RUSHES OVER TO THE BATHROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WARREN ENTERS. HE FINDS CALVIN SLUNG OVER THE BATHUB. INSIDE, NAKED AND THROWN-UP-ON, IS KRISTEN, 30, GIRL NEXT DOOR-ISH, DESPITE BEING NAKED AND COVERED IN VOMIT.

KRISTEN

Aw, c'mon man...

WARREN

Calvin, you have described the situation accurately.

CALVIN

Hi. I'm really sorry. I'm Calvin. I didn't catch your name...

KRISTEN

(GROGGY) No. It's fine. Don't worry about it. If I had a nickel for every time a stranger threw up in my hair... well, I'd have like thirty-five cents. Which is still way too much.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOD

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

DRESSED IN WARREN'S SWEAT PANTS AND T-SHIRT, KRISTEN SITS IN A RECLINER. SHE DRIES HER HAIR WITH A TOWEL. WARREN HANDS HER A CUP OF COFFEE. CALVIN BROOMS UP SOME BROKEN GLASS.

KRISTEN

Kristen, you've wasted your whole life.

CALVIN

This spot won't come up. (BROOMS) Oh, never mind. It's a bullet hole.

KRISTEN

This is the worst day of my entire life. It's not just the vomiting, either. Though that is a major facet. How did I let myself wake up naked in the Fuck House bathtub again?

WARREN

This has happened before?

KRISTEN

I always thought I could control myself. I'd say, "I'm just gonna go to the Fuck House, wear a sparkley dress, have some fun, and go home. That's it." But that was never it.

(MORE)

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

And here I am, ten wasted years later
-- sitting in the Fuck House, cleaning
a stranger's bodily fluids out of my
hair. Again. (BEAT) At least it's
only vomit this time.

WARREN

Well. Look on the bright side. At
least your day can't get any sadder.

KRISTEN

True. (BEAT) Wait. Today's my
thirtieth birthday. Oh God. I
totally forgot. I just turned thirty
today. Oh no.

CALVIN

I think we have cake downstairs...

WARREN SMACKS CALVIN IN THE ARM: "SHUT UP!"

KRISTEN

I need to call my mother and apologize
for everything. I'm only twenty
credits from finishing my masters. Is
there an age limit for going into the
Peace Corps? I can't ever come back
here.

WARREN

You don't have to worry. We just
bought the place. The Fuck House is
done.

KRISTEN

(HOPEFUL) No more Fuck House?

CALVIN

Well, we haven't exactly discussed the matter in full--

WARREN

No more Fuck House.

THE NEWS SEEMS TO CALM KRISTEN A BIT.

KRISTEN

(BEAT) So. When did you two get married?

CALVIN

What would make you assume that we're gay?

KRISTEN

Everything about you.

WARREN NODS TO CALVIN: "THAT'S FAIR."

CUT TO:

EINT. BAKERY - DAY

KRISTEN SITS AT A TABLE DRINKING A COFFEE AND EATING A PASTRY. WARREN AND CALVIN STRAIGHTEN THE PLACE UP FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.

KRISTEN

(CHEWING) You know what? This isn't completely terrible.

WARREN

Gee whiz, ya really think so, huh?

KRISTEN

No, really. This healthy baked goods shit is usually like eating the Grim Reaper's butthole -- but this is actually edible. And that's really saying something. Really, I'm jealous. I wish I had the balls to do something like this.

CALVIN

Well, we're actually opening on Monday. You think we actually have a shot?

KRISTEN MULLS THIS OVER, SURVEYING HER SURROUNDINGS.

KRISTEN

Well...

CALVIN

(ALARMED) What's wrong with it?

WARREN

Too much yeast? Was it yeasty?

KRISTEN

No, the food's fine. Your problem is presentation. "With the Grain?"

That's the name of the bakery?

CALVIN

I thought it was clever.

KRISTEN

Nobody's going to understand your opaque pun. The phrase is "against the grain." The name should be simple and explain what the place is. All you're saying with "With the Grain" is that you're a douchebag.

WARREN

Not inaccurate.

KRISTEN

And where are the lights for your display cases?

KRISTEN PACES THE SEATING AREA, PUSHING TABLES OUT OF THE WAY.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Look at this table placement. How do you expect anyone to get around?

Everyone's gonna bump into each other.

CALVIN AND WARREN SHARE A LOOK.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Your product is good, but there's no presentation. You lack finesse. And what about promotion? Are you on Facebook? Yelp? Twitter? Instagram?

CALVIN

Warren, could you step into our office for a moment?

CALVIN GRABS WARREN BY THE ARM AND PULLS HIM INTO THE KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN TRIES TO SHUT THE SWINGING KITCHEN DOOR BEHIND THEM, FAILING AS IT SWINGS BACK IN AND OUT. HE STOPS TRYING.

CALVIN

Did you just hear that? She's absolutely right about everything. She's what we've been needing this whole time.

WARREN

Calvin, we really can't hire an employee at this point. We spent all our money.

CALVIN

No. We make her a partner.

WARREN

Are you crazy? She woke up naked in our bath tub.

CALVIN

How is that not another plus?

WARREN

You vomited on her.

CALVIN

Not on purpose.

WARREN

We haven't even opened yet and you're already talking about restructuring our whole business model.

CALVIN

Wowwww, big fancy college words there. The deal was that you handled the food, I handled the business. And you know we need someone like her. She's smart, she's got good ideas, and she's really vulnerable right now. Which will make her easier to persuade.

WARREN CROSSES HIS ARMS, SAYS NOTHING.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Ohhhh, I know what that means...

WARREN

No you don't. It doesn't mean anything.

CALVIN

That means I'm right and you don't
want to admit it.

WARREN

No it doesn't.

CALVIN

I'll go ask her.

CALVIN STARTS TOWARD THE DOOR. HE SNAP-TURNS BACK TO WARREN.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

You're not trying to stop me. You
think I'm right.

WARREN

I think you're an asshole.

CALVIN

The two aren't mutually exclusive.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

WARREN AND CALVIN STEP BACK INTO THE BAKERY. KRISTEN SITS AT
A TABLE WITH A HUGE CHALKBOARD. SHE'S WRITING ON IT.

CALVIN

Hey, sorry about that...

KRISTEN

It's cool. I was just reordering your
menu. (THEN) Hey, it's Sunday, right?
Is church still a thing?

WARREN

We wanted to talk to you about
something.

KRISTEN

I knew this was coming. I don't do threeways with two dudes. Anymore.

CALVIN

No, we're just blown away with all this great advice you're giving us.

KRISTEN

Oh. No problem. It's really just basic stuff.

CALVIN

Well, I -- we were just thinking that we could really use somebody like you around here full time.

KRISTEN

Work for you guys?

CALVIN

Go into business with. As equal partners.

KRISTEN

I really don't think so.

WARREN

Well, where do you work now?

KRISTEN

Sure, throw that in my face. Listen, it's really sweet of you to ask. And believe me, it's tempting.

(MORE)

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

I just need to start fresh and taking a job in the Fuck House would be just as bad for my emotional state as following my ex-fiancé home every night for three years. Which I've definitely never done.

CALVIN CROSSES OVER TO KRISTEN. HE PUTS A HAND ON EACH OF HER SHOULDERS.

CALVIN

But we really need you.

KRISTEN

Please don't touch me. I associate you with vomit.

KRISTEN UN-WEDGES HERSELF FROM CALVIN'S GRIP.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Well. Thanks for the sweatpants, guys. And the pastry. Good luck!

KRISTEN BACKS OUT AND LEAVES OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

CALVIN

That girl was our last hope.

WARREN

(YODA-LIKE) No. There is another.

CALVIN

Wait, really? That's you're doing?

WARREN

What? I just thought we were quoting Star Wars.

CALVIN

We were, but I was also being serious.

WARREN

Oh. Yeah. We're totally screwed.

CUT TO:

HINT. BAKERY - DAY

WARREN LEANS AGAINST THE COUNTER. CALVIN SITS AT ONE OF THE TABLES, HIS HEAD PROPPED UP WITH HIS HANDS. THE PLACE IS EMPTY. THE DOOR OPENS, A CUSTOMER ENTERS.

CALVIN

(PERKING UP) Oh. Hello there. How are you? Can I help you with anything?

CUSTOMER

Uh, I'm good. Just looking around.

WARREN

Well, just let us know if you need anything. Because we will help you. A lot.

CUSTOMER

(EXAMINING THE MENU) K, cool.

WARREN AND CALVIN WAIT IN ANTICIPATION FOR THE CUSTOMER TO MAKE A MOVE. HE TURNS BACK TO HEAD FOR THE FRONT DOOR.

CALVIN

Wait! What are you doing?

CUSTOMER

Oh, I was just checking it out.

WARREN

Do you want a free sample? We can do that. Anything. What do you want? Tell us what we need to do to get your money.

CUSTOMER

No, it's cool. I might come back
another time.

CALVIN

"Another time?" Right. Thanks
anyway.

CUSTOMER

Huh?

WARREN

Who do you think you are, playing with
our emotions like this? Just gonna
come in here and not buy anything?
We've been so hospitable!

CALVIN

Ridiculously so! Some nerve this guy
has. Coming in our house. Our house!

CUSTOMER

Hey, you know what? Your bakery
sucks. "With the Grain?" The phrase
is "Against the Grain," morons.

THE CUSTOMER GIVES THEM EACH THE FINGER AND EXITS.

CALVIN

Good! Leave! We don't even want your
business anyway!

CALVIN WATCHES THE DOOR SHUT, RAGE SLOWLY LEAVING HIS EYES.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, that was a lie. We really needed his business.

WARREN

Why did I agree to do this? Why did I spend my twenties saving to open a business with my idiot freshman year roommate? And now I have nothing!

CALVIN

Warren, I know you don't mean that--

WARREN

Shut up, Calvin. Just -- just shut up!

CALVIN STANDS UP AND EXTENDS HIS ARMS OPEN FOR A HUG.

CALVIN

Our greatest failure is being afraid to fail in the first place.

WARREN GRABS A HANDFUL OF PASTRY BALLS FROM THE COUNTER.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

No, Warren. No.

HE THROWS ONE AT CALVIN, NAILING HIM IN THE CHEST.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Not the chouquettes!

WARREN THROWS ANOTHER PUFF AT CALVIN.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

No! Do you know how high the cost of ingredients is for one of these?!

WARREN FLINGS MORE PASTRIES AT CALVIN FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER, MISSING MORE THAN HE IS HITTING.

WARREN

I hate you!

CALVIN CHARGES AT WARREN AND TACKLES HIM TO THE FLOOR. THEY FIGHT LIKE TWO GUYS WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT WOULD FIGHT.

CALVIN

Ow! Warren! Your elbow is in my back.

WARREN

Stop rubbing my face!

CALVIN

It's the only thing I know how to do!

THEY ROLL OFF OF EACH OTHER, OUT OF BREATH AND PANTING.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Remember move-in day freshman year?

WARREN

You were arranging your Warhammer figurines by race.

CALVIN

You were three hundred pounds.

WARREN

Though not yet at my peak. I would never have made it through my donut relapse of oh-six without you.

CALVIN

And this bakery was supposed to be a culmination of all of that.

(MORE)

CALVIN (CONT'D)

My organizational mind. Your
preternatural urge to stuff your
formerly fat face.

WARREN LIFTS HIMSELF UP FROM OFF THE GROUND.

WARREN

Calvin, you were right. We need
Kristen.

CALVIN

No, Warren. All we need is each
other. And friendship.

WARREN

And somebody who knows what they're
doing.

CALVIN

That too. Let's go get her.

WARREN

(BRINGING HIMSELF UP) Just promise me
one thing.

CALVIN

Yes yes, I know. Not to initiate a
weird polyamorous three-way
relationship like some French movie.
We've been over this. I've got it
now.

CUT TO:

JINT. CLOTHING STORE - LATER

WARREN AND CALVIN STEP INTO THE CLOTHING STORE. IT LOOKS JUST LIKE AN EXPRESS -- ELECTRONICA PLAYS THROUGH THE SPEAKERS, THE WHOLE PLACE IS WHITE WITH FASHIONABLE CLOTHING YOU'D WEAR TO A CLUB -- SLINKY DRESSES, SILK SHIRTS, ETC. IT'S STAFFED AND POPULATED BY NINETEEN-YEAR-OLDS.

WARREN

(LOOKING THE PLACE OVER) Are you sure we're allowed to be in here?

CALVIN

Kristen really works in this place?
Her life is like a tragic poem.

A HOT FEMALE CLERK APPROACHES THEM, SHE CHOOSE APATHY AS A LIFESTYLE. SHE LOOKS YOUNG. TOO YOUNG.

FEMALE CLERK

Can I help you guys?

WARREN

Probably not in most states.

CALVIN

Is Kristen here today?

FEMALE CLERK

Who? (BEAT) Oh, you mean eighty-three.

Yeah, she's over in denim.

SHE GESTURES OVER TO KRISTEN, FOLDING JEANS IN A HIGH STACK ON A TABLE. SHE IS VERY APPARENTLY MISERABLE. WARREN AND CALVIN CROSS OVER TO HER.

WARREN

Can we talk to you?

KRISTEN JUMPS -- STARTLED.

KRISTEN

Why are you here? How did you find me?

CALVIN

We want you to reconsider our offer.

WARREN

I mean, just look at where you're at. You need to get out of this place.

KRISTEN

Excuse me? Who are you to say what I need to do?

A HOT FLOOR MANAGER, WHO LOOKS ABOUT TWENTY, PASSES BY.

FLOOR MANAGER

Hey, eighty-three, we need to unpack some size seven maxi dresses.

WARREN

Why do they call you that?

KRISTEN

One of them saw the birthdate on my drivers license. (THEN) Look, I appreciate the thought and the effort, and I have to admit that it's tempting. But it's just a commitment I really can't make right now.

THE FLOOR MANAGER COMES BY AGAIN, SHE GETS IN KRISTEN'S FACE.

FLOOR MANAGER

Eighty-three, we're a little busy, so
could you ask your sons to come back
and visit another time?

A HATEFUL RAGE FLARES UP IN KRISTEN'S EYES. SHE PUTS HER
HANDS AROUND THE FLOOR MANAGER'S THROAT AND STRANGLES HER.

KRISTEN

Okay! Fine. I'll do it. But I want
a third stake in the business!

CALVIN

Done.

KRISTEN

And I've got final say in the
marketing and the presentation!

WARREN

Yes. Good.

FLOOR MANAGER

(STRUGGLING FOR AIR) Help... please...

KRISTEN

Oh! Sorry.

KRISTEN RELEASES THE MANAGER FROM HER GRIP. SHE FALLS TO THE
FLOOR.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

And one more thing -- I will never
have sex with either of you. Ever.
So don't even bother.

CALVIN AND WARREN LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, BACK TO KRISTEN.

CALVIN

Well, you can't really say never, can you? A lot could happen if we work together long enough.

KRISTEN

What? No. Never.

WARREN

Well, sure. I wouldn't actively try to initiate sex, but if the situation arose naturally, I can't say that I wouldn't.

CALVIN

And we totally wouldn't make it weird if you chose one of us over the other.

CALVIN AND WARREN NOD IN AGREEMENT. KRISTEN STARES AT THE BOTH OF THEM IN FRUSTRATION.

KRISTEN

Claudia, can I still get my job back?

FLOOR MANAGER

(GASPING) I'm calling the police.

KRISTEN

So... that's a no?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEK

FADE IN:

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

WARREN AND CALVIN ARE IN NICE CLOTHES. THE FLOOR SPACE HAS BEEN ARRANGED FOR A PARTY -- STROBE LIGHTS, ALCOHOL, CLUB MUSIC. A DELICIOUS-LOOKING SPREAD OF PASTRIES AND BAKED GOODS IS PRESENTED ALONG THE WALL. "GRAND OPENING PARTY" IS WRITTEN ON THE CHALK BOARD.

KRISTEN ENTERS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. SHE'S WEARING SWEAT PANTS AND A HOODIE.

WARREN

You told us to get dressed up.

KRISTEN

Yeah, you guys get dressed up. I can't participate in this. I'm clean now and I need to prove to myself that I don't have to drink to have fun and I am more than my past mistakes. Plus, I just got my forty-eight hour chip from AA.

CALVIN

Forty-eight hours? The last party was a week ago.

KRISTEN

I needed time to say goodbye.

WARREN

Do you really think that using a Fuck House party as a grand Opening is going to get people to come to the bakery?

KRISTEN

Yes.

WARREN

How?

KRISTEN

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought I was handling the marketing.

WARREN

That doesn't mean I can't--

KRISTEN

Yes it does. It does mean that you can't.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. IT'S THE HOT GIRLS FROM LAST WEEK.

HOT GIRL 2

(THROUGH THE GLASS) Two days sober.

CALVIN

How is there a new password this week?

KRISTEN WALKS OVER TO UNLOCK THE DOOR.

KRISTEN

I used the e-mail blast. (OPENING THE DOOR) Come on in, ladies.

(MORE)

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the grand opening of Health
and Taste Fine Baked Goods.

HOT GIRL 1

(LONG BEAT) Huh?

KRISTEN

(WIND OUT OF SAILS) Go have some donut
holes.

WARREN

Actually, they're bossche bols.

THE GIRLS ENTER THE BAKERY, SURVEYING THE NEW SURROUNDINGS.

HOT GIRL 3

I love the way the tables are laid
out. So easy to navigate...

KRISTEN FLASHES WARREN A KNOWING LOOK: "SEE?"

CUT TO:

LINT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

THE PARTY RAGES. WARREN LEANS AGAINST THE WALL WITH A DRINK IN HAND, WATCHING TWO GIRLS MAKE OUT WHILE ANOTHER POURS CHAMPAGNE ON THEM. KRISTEN CROSSES, SIPPING A CUP OF COFFEE.

KRISTEN

Having fun?

WARREN

Their clothes are just gonna get sticky.

KRISTEN

There are lots of pretty women here.

Why don't you go to talk to one?

WARREN

No, I don't think so.

KRISTEN

Why not?

WARREN

Because that's just what they're expecting me to do.

KRISTEN

What are you talking about?

WARREN

Hot women know that they're hot, so when you talk to them -- they win.

KRISTEN

Getting to talk to you is a pretty loose definition of "win."

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

(THEN, POINTING TO A PRETTY WOMAN)

What about her? She looks like a perfectly lovely and approachable human being who doesn't look like she came here to score PCP.

WARREN STUDIES HER.

WARREN

What do I do?

KRISTEN

Talk to her, stupid. Haven't you ever done this before?

CAUTIOUSLY, WARREN WALKS UP TO THE WOMAN. SHE'S PRETTY, LATE 20'S, AND FRIENDLY-LOOKING.

WARREN

Uh, hi.

WOMAN

Hey there.

WARREN

Uh, you're attractive and look like you might be friendly and I wanted to start a conversation.

WOMAN

(LAUGHING A LITTLE) Okay, sure.

WARREN

But if you're so great, why are you letting me talk to you? I'm the worst. How low are your standards?

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

Do you let just anybody talk to you?

What's your problem?

THE WOMAN WALKS AWAY. KRISTEN WALKS UP TO HIM. SHE'S POPPING TINY PASTRY PUFFS INTO HER MOUTH.

KRISTEN

You're insane.

WARREN

That actually went better than usual.

CALVIN APPROACHES KRISTEN AND WARREN. HE'S ABSOLUTELY WASTED. HE PLACES A HAND ON EACH OF THEIR SHOULDERS.

CALVIN

I am having such a good time. I'm pretty sure someone groped my junk on the dance floor. I didn't see who it belonged to, but still I think I'm okay with it either way.

KRISTEN EATS ANOTHER PASTRY PUFF.

KRISTEN

These are so good. What's in these?

WARREN

Rum.

KRISTEN SLOWLY DEFLATES.

KRISTEN

Son of a bitch.

KRISTEN WALKS AWAY. BEAT. SHE RETURNS WITH A BOTTLE OF VODKA.

WARREN

You know those aren't alcoholic,
right?

SHE CHUGS FROM THE BOTTLE.

KRISTEN

Honestly, I was just looking for an
excuse.

CALVIN

Are you sure that's a good idea?

KRISTEN

(OFF ANOTHER SWIG) Fuck you, Dad!

CUT TO:

P

INT. BAKERY - LATER

THE PARTY IS STILL HOPPING. PEOPLE ARE SAMPLING THE BAKED GOODS. EVERYTHING IS A LITTLE CLASSIER THAN THE LAST PARTY.

CALVIN

Look at this, Warren. This is amazing. People are too drunk to realize how bland the food is.

WARREN

This is going way better than I expected it would. Kristen is actually really good at this stuff.

ANGLE ON: KRISTEN NURSING A BOTTLE OF VODKA AT A TABLE BY HERSELF. SHE'S DRUNK.

WARREN (CONT'D)

So I think that brings the total of things that she's good at to "one."

CALVIN

That we know of.

KRISTEN

What are you pussies doing? Go talk to some girls.

CALVIN

Excuse me, I was. I got a phone number.

CALVIN PULLS A NAPKIN OUT FROM HIS POCKET.

WARREN

This is only five digits.

CALVIN

She realized her mistake halfway through. But hey -- new record.

CALVIN HIGH FIVES WARREN.

KRISTEN

You know, I think it's sad you guys aren't gay.

CALVIN

Yeah, I've thought that, too.

WARREN LOOKS AT CALVIN, GIVES HIM A "WTF?" EXPRESSION.

KRISTEN

Hey. Look at that. Sergei's here.

ANGLE ON: SERGEI, 40, A PONY-TAILED, MUSCULAR, INTIMIDATING RUSSIAN GANGSTER MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE ROOM.

CALVIN

Who is Sergei?

KRISTEN

He ran the Fuck House before you guys.

CALVIN

Scarface! Warren, it's Scarface.

WARREN

He's here? What does he want?

KRISTEN

Probably here to kill you and take his house back. (OFF THEIR REACTION) What? Why aren't you guys laughing? I'm hilarious-ing over here.

SERGEI STEPS UP TO CALVIN AND WARREN.

SERGEI

You two. You own this place, yes?

CALVIN AND WARREN TURN TO EACH OTHER IN FEIGNED CONFUSION.

CALVIN

Own...? I don't think so..

WARREN

Doesn't sound like us.

SERGEI

Perhaps I refresh your memory.

SERGEI SHOVES THE TWO OF THEM THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS TO THE KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SERGEI APPROACHES SLOWLY. CALVIN AND WARREN BACK AWAY.

SERGEI

Bag of coke. It was here. Where is
it?

WARREN

I didn't know that Coke came in
bags...

CALVIN

Yeah, weird delivery system for a
beverage...

SERGEI

Cocaine! You know what I mean.
You're being deliberately obtuse.

SERGEI STEPS UP TO THEM. CALVIN IMMEDIATELY DROPS TO HIS KNEES.

CALVIN

We got scared and flushed it down the
toilet like Karen Hill in Goodfellas!
We're sorry, Sergei!

CALVIN'S HEAD FALLS INTO HIS HANDS. HE WEEPS.

SERGEI

You... you what?

CALVIN

It would upset my mother if I didn't
have an open casket at my funeral.

SERGEI

Oh no. I am so dead. Uncle Nikki is
going to kill me. Oh God...

WARREN

You're dead?

SERGEI

I owe him so much money already!
That's why I had to sell the Fuck
House. Now, I can't pay him back.
He'll kill me. Then you. Or vice
versa.

SERGEI PACES BACK AND FORTH, STRESSING OUT. WARREN AND
CALVIN EXCHANGE A LOOK. CALVIN GRABS A BAKING PAN TOPPED
WITH PASTRY PUFFS. HE OFFERS IT TO SERGEI.

CALVIN

Chouquette?

CAUTIOUSLY, SERGEI TAKES ONE. HE TAKES A BITE.

SERGEI

A little dry.

SMASH! SERGEI FALLS TO HIS KNEES CLUTCHING HIS HEAD, HIS GUN HITS THE FLOOR WITH A CLANK. KRISTEN STANDS OVER HIM WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE IN HAND.

KRISTEN

Quick, finish him off before he can retaliate! Go, go, go!

WARREN

What did you do?!

SERGEI

(RUBBING HEAD) Kristen? Why haven't you returned my calls?

KRISTEN

Sergei, leave my friends alone. They never did anything to you.

SERGEI

They flushed three kilos of my cocaine down the toilet!

KRISTEN

Wait, literally? Jesus Christ, you guys.

SERGEI

And unless you come up with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, we're all dead.

KRISTEN

Well, not all. I had nothing to do with this.

SERGEI

You just broke a bottle over my head. I'll tell him you were in on it, too!

WARREN

Wait. Come on. There has to be a solution for all this.

SERGEI

Do you have a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?

CALVIN SNORTS AT THE IDEA.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Then the solution is give you to Uncle Nikki in hopes he's tired of killing by the time he gets to me.

KRISTEN

Hold on. How about this? What if you didn't give us to your Uncle Nikki and instead collected a cut of their profits from their new business every week--

WARREN

Wait. No. We're not doing this.

KRISTEN

Would you rather die?

WARREN

Yes. I would rather die.

CALVIN

Shut up, Warren. Another bonus of not killing us: we could keep the Fuck House parties going. You'd always be invited...

SERGEI MULLS THIS OVER.

SERGEI

Yes. Yes, I like this. I pay back Uncle Nikki. I collect money from a business like a real gangster. And I have a place to go on Saturday nights. This is win-win. I like this. Yes, very good! I'll be back. Next week.

SERGEI GRABS A CHOUQUETTE OFF THE BAKING SHEET. HE WALKS OUT THE DOOR. LONG BEAT OF SILENCE.

WARREN

My life is over.

KRISTEN

I was at least expecting a "thank you."

WARREN

For what! I'm in debt a hundred and fifty grand to some Russian gangster.

KRISTEN

Big deal. Who hasn't been?

CALVIN STEPS FORWARD.

CALVIN

I think we're all missing what's
really important right now, you guys.

WARREN

What's that?

CALVIN

Kristen called us her friends.

KRISTEN

Oh. That? I was speaking in relative
terms. Very relative.

CALVIN OPENS HIS ARMS FOR A HUG.

CALVIN

Come on guys. Bring it in. We can do
this. We'll get through it. (SINGING)
We shall overcome, we shall
overcome...

WARREN/KRISTEN

You're the absolute worst. / No thank
you.

CALVIN

(SINGING) The Lord will see us
through, the Lord will see us
through...

WARREN AND KRISTEN EXIT, SLAMMING THE DOOR IN CALVIN'S FACE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

CALVIN AND WARREN SIT ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV. KRISTEN ENTERS, WITH A BOX OF HER BELONGINGS IN HAND.

KRISTEN

Which room is mine?

WARREN

The one all the way on the end.

KRISTEN WALKS OVER THERE AND OPENS THE DOOR. SHE WALKS IN.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Oh my God.

CALVIN

What is it?

KRISTEN (O.S.)

These are my panties.

WARREN

Which ones?

KRISTEN RETURNS FROM THE ROOM, PANTIES CLUTCHED IN EACH HAND.

KRISTEN

(GRAVE) All of them.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW