

Good Grief

WGA # I307808

INT. GYM - CARDIO AREA - LATE NIGHT

The JANITORIAL CREW is cleaning the expansive windows in the mostly deserted cardio area.

Ignoring closing time, DOUG (30's, unshaven, awkward but attractive) runs on a treadmill. His clothes are drenched, sweat pours from his brow as he speeds up his pace.

His stride gets heavier, more aggressive.

His face becomes more and more focused.

His eyes get hazy.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug lays in bed. The sheets are white and fresh, sun breaks through the curtains. He has just awoken.

He turns to reach to the spot next to him, which he finds empty. His gaze rises a few feet, where he spots MICAH (30's, mixed race, curly natural hair, mid-western build), dressed in an oversized sweatshirt and striped colorful socks.

He smiles up at her.

DOUG  
Mornin'

MICAH  
Mornin'. Hungry?

Micah motions to the bedside table, where she has prepared a tray for him. Coffee, croissant, fruit.

DOUG  
What's this?! I've never gotten  
breakfast in bed before.

He leans over the bed to grab the tray, carefully sitting up as to not spill the coffee. He takes a sip and pops a strawberry into his mouth.

DOUG  
This is delicious, babe. What's the  
occasion?

MICAH  
Finish eating. I'm gonna take a  
quick shower.

Micah walks into an adjacent room.

Doug jumps out of bed. Newly energized. He takes another  
swig from his coffee and rips off a piece of croissant.  
While chewing, he struggles out of his t-shirt.

He sips his coffee again and takes off his underwear. He  
grins and walks towards the

INT. BATHROOM

Doug pulls back the shower curtains and steps inside.

INT. SHOWER

Micah is surprised. She haphazardly tries to cover herself.

DOUG  
Modesty? Really?

MICAH  
I was just about to come back out.  
I wanted to talk to you about  
something.

Doug moves closer to Micah. He traces her waist with his  
fingers and pulls her into him.

MICAH  
Doug, not today.

Doug finally begins to realize that something is wrong.

He steps back a half a step. The shower beats down on both  
of them.

DOUG  
What is it?

Micah hangs her head.

DOUG  
Seriously, Micah what is going on?

Micah stops trying to cover herself and steps forward again.  
She kisses Doug and pulls away slowly.

MICAH  
I can't do this anymore.

DOUG  
What?

MICAH  
I need you to move out. Today.

DOUG  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

Doug is in shock. He did not see this coming.

MICAH  
Don't worry about the rent you owe  
me. I'm so sorry.

Micah pulls open the shower curtain and steps out. She wraps herself in a towel and looks back before exiting the bathroom. Doug is left, standing naked under the shower head.

**END FLASHBACK**

INT. GYM - LATE NIGHT

Every 10 seconds, Doug ups the speed on the treadmill until he breaks form and trips. He jumps onto the stationary sides of the machine as the belt continues to run.

Doug closes his eyes, catches his breath, slams the emergency break button in anger before dismounting and walking away.

INT. GYM - STRECHING AREA

Doug walks over to where a WOMAN is practicing her yoga poses.

DOUG  
Sorry ma'am, we are closing down.  
Time to clear the area.

WOMAN  
Can you give me just a couple more  
minutes? I'm almost done with my  
series.

Doug thinks for a moment.

DOUG

Tell you what. You can stay until I finish my stretches but then its time to go.

WOMAN

Thank you!

She smiles at Doug, who does not return the smile.

Doug lies down on a yoga mat and begins to stretch out his legs. Knees to chest.

INT. GYM - LOCKER ROOM

Only a few men are still getting ready to go home. They mill around; showering, primping, changing.

Doug walks through them and into the

INT. GYM- SAUNA

He sits alone, fully dressed on the wooden benches.

Doug leans back on to the bench for a moment, before slowly standing up and exiting the room.

INT. GYM -BACK ROOM

ERIC (Early 40's, fit, salt and pepper hair), is sitting behind a desk that is covered in papers.

Eric looks up to see Doug standing in the doorway.

Doug looks a mess. His hair is completely saturated in sweat, his face has gone beyond "flushed" and into "spotty". His eyes look a bit frantic.

Eric stares for a moment before saying anything. Doug doesn't budge.

ERIC

You look like shit.

DOUG

I'm sure.

ERIC

You haven't worked things out with Micah yet, I take it?

Doug hesitates, swallows his pride and goes for it.

DOUG  
Just a couple more days? Please.

Eric sighs and grimaces.

ERIC  
You've got to get it together man.  
If anyone knew I was letting you  
crash here...

Eric lets that sentence go unfinished

ERIC (CONT)  
One more night. Thats it. And clean  
the bags.

DOUG  
Thank you.

ERIC  
And Doug, find someplace else. You  
make decent money here. Get a hotel  
room, find a cheap 6 month lease  
somewhere. Just do SOMETHING.

Doug nods his head before turning and walking out of the  
office.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATE NIGHT

Micah sits on a bar stool, on the phone.

MICAH  
I can't even make this stuff up.  
It's so bad. Yeah, no I'll meet you  
there in like, 15 minutes. (pause)

I'm not kidding! He just showed me  
a picture of himself with his last  
girlfriend, the stripper.

I should have known better than to  
even try on-line dating. (pause)

He went to the bathroom 15 minutes  
ago! Whatever, I'm leaving. See you  
in a bit.

Micah throws down a 20 dollar bill on the bar, leans back to  
look in the direction of the mens bathroom, where a line is  
forming. She rolls her eyes and walks out of the bar.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

Micah walks to her Ford Explorer and hops in the drivers seat.

She starts the car and pulls out of the parking lot just as a CONFUSED MAN in his 30s exits the bar and looks around. He notices the spot where Micah was parked is now empty, and he throws up his hands in exasperation.

INT. MICAH'S CAR

Micah expertly glides in and out of highway traffic while singing along to Robyn before taking a quick exit and pulling into a hole in the wall, yet well lit bar in Detroit. The awning reads The Old Miami.

She parks her car before pulling out her phone and texting "I'm here" to an unknown person.

Moments later, SHAILA (30's, thin, hipster, black) jumps in the car, clearly intoxicated.

SHAILA

Hey!!

Shaila reaches across the car to give Micah a hug

SHAILA (CONT)

I'm so glad you left that horrible guy!

MICAH

Me too. I needed to escape. So, what's up? What are you thinking for the rest of the night?

SHAILA

Sweatpants and wine at your place?

MICAH

Perfect

Micah turns the radio back up as they back out of the parking lot and get back on the road.

INT. GYM - LATE NIGHT

The gym is dark and empty. A glowing light is coming from a room in the distance.

INT. GYM - BACK ROOM

Doug sets up his sleeping area. He clears a space in the corner of the room and reaches for his duffel bag.

He pulls out a change of clothes, his toothbrush and a sleeping bag.

After setting up and changing into his sweat pants, he grabs his toothbrush and walks into the showers.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS

Doug stands under the shower head, water pouring down onto him. He does not move.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SINKS

A freshly bathed and dressed Doug stares into the mirror. He turns on a sink and brushes his teeth.

INT. GYM - BOXING ROOM

He picks up rags and spray from the corner and begins wiping down the hanging punching bags.

INT. BACK ROOM

Doug lies in his sleeping bag. It's dark but he is not asleep. He tosses and turns.

Frustrated, he sits up and rubs his face. Feels around on the floor, searching for something. He finds his phone and starts looking through the pictures. He stops on a picture of Micah, wearing a yellow dress and making a silly face for the camera.

Doug turns his head to look in the other corner and notices an old, beaten up punching bag, slumped over on the floor. He gets up and with all his might, he rolls it, foot by foot over to his area.

After getting back into his sleeping bag, he cuddles up to the old punching bag and spoons it, restlessly.

EXT. ERIC'S HOME - LATE NIGHT

It is past midnight. The lights over the garage illuminate a beautiful home. Larger than you would expect for someone who operates a gym.

Eric pulls up in his truck and parks in front of the garage. He approaches the front door and quietly opens it.

INT. ERIC'S HOME

The house is dark, but he knows his way around it. He maneuvers through the expansive home and up the stairs into

INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM

A slim figure can be seen, sleeping in the bed. Slowly, groggily she turns over. JILL (40s, red-head) is upset that she has been woken.

JILL  
You're home late.

ERIC  
I had to get Doug set up again.

Jill sits up, stares through the dark at Eric.

JILL  
You allowed him to stay there again?

ERIC  
I told him tonight was the last night. He has to find somewhere else.

JILL  
I didn't finance that gym so that your old buddies had a place to sleep it off, Eric.

ERIC  
Can we not do this right now? I know that. Let it go, it's handled.

Eric walks into the bathroom while he begins to disrobe and turns on the light before closing the door.

Jill stares at the closed door for a moment, before lying back down and closing her eyes.

INT. GYM - BACK ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Doug snaps up from his futile attempt at sleep.

## INT. GYM - BOXING ROOM

Simple, black boxing bags hang from the ceiling. Periodically a few stand-up martial arts dummies resembling a human torso and head, can be seen in-between the hanging bags.

A loud, fast and frantic track is blaring from the speakers as Doug spars with a stand-up dummy.

At first, he is training like any other boxer. Soon his punches get wild. They get sloppy, out of control as he becomes more and more angry.

The dummy weeble-wobbles dangerously with every punch.

Doug winds up for a right cross and misses.

The dummy weebles forward as Doug swings and it knocks him in the head. Doug falls backwards onto the mats. He stares at the dummy for a moment. Angry at first, before giving way to curiosity and finally a realization.

## INT. ERIC'S HOME - KITCHEN

The kitchen is dark. A freshly showered Eric sits at the kitchen table with a bottle of bourbon and a glass. In between sips, he is swiping his thumb against his phone and very minimally shaking his head "no" with every movement.

He puts his phone on the table and the logo for Tinder can be seen.

## INT. ERIC'S HOME - BEDROOM

Jill is still in bed, but she is now sitting up and on her laptop. Her email is open and there is a message from a man named Mark. It reads:

Jill,

Your presentation on the importance of embracing Hubspot today was fantastic. I know you are getting some pushback from the higher ups, but hang in there. You just have to keep pushing.

In the meantime, I'd love to take you to dinner and discuss further.

With a bottle of wine, of course.

~Mark

Jill reads the last line a few times before allowing herself a small smile. She closes the laptop and climbs out of bed. After walking over to the bedroom window, she pulls a cigarette and lighter out of a small box by the windowsill. After opening the window, she lights her cigarette and exhales with relief.

INT. ERIC'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Jill is back in bed. She is sleeping in a bra and panties, and has kicked the blanket off. She is just barely covered in a sheet.

The bedroom door opens and Eric quietly sneaks inside. He takes off his shirt and lifts up the sheet to crawl into bed. He settles in and closes his eyes.

Jill opens her eyes.

She throws the sheet off of the bed and straddles her husband.

Eric opens his eyes in surprise. The effects of the bourbon he had been sipping all night can be seen in his face.

He reaches towards Jill's face. She swats his hand out of the way and reaches into his boxers.

He reaches up again, to grab her waist. Again, she swats his hand away.

Understanding how this is going to go, Eric puts both of his hands up near his head. He doesn't try to move again.

Jill lowers herself towards Eric's face and bites his neck. He squirms and closes his eyes.

INT. MICAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Micah and Shaila lounge in sweats, on the couch. The apartment is old, but clean and roomy.

It is decorated in neutrals with an ethnic touch here and there. A mud-cloth throw pillow, an african mask, a zebra-hide drum stool.

The girls each hold a glass of wine. An empty bottle is on the coffee table, and a newly opened bottle sits next to it.

SHAILA

Have you talked to Doug?

MICAH  
He keeps calling.

Micah reaches over for the bottle, filling her glass.

MICAH(CONT)  
I don't know what else to say to  
him.

Shaila takes a sip and spills wine onto her shirt. She notices but doesn't care, and pats it in with her fingers in hopes that it will dry.

SHAILA  
Poor thing. He just doesn't get it.  
Have you told him in so many words  
that he's a man child?

MICAH  
How do you tell someone that their  
life disgusts you? He's been at  
that gym for what, a decade?

He needs to wake the fuck up. I  
don't know, Im just...I'm doing  
what I can to help with that.

Micah raises her glass in cheers before saying

MICAH(CONT)  
And trying to have a little fun  
myself in the meantime.

SHAILA  
Wait, so you are thinking of going  
back to him?

Micah sips her wine slowly, while Shaila watches her with curiosity.

SHAILA (CONT)  
I'm just saying...if that's your  
plan it could get dangerous.

MICAH  
I don't have a plan. I just know  
that how he is now, I can't be a  
part of it.

SHAILA  
Fair enough.

Shaila stands up with her wine glass still in her hand. She bends over and starts to shake her ass, trying to "make it clap" a la Nicki Minaj.

SHAILA

So for now...it's all about finding  
THAT ASS!

Shaila laughs as Micah jumps up and smacks her butt. Shaila loses her balance and falls on the floor, spilling her wine yet again, in the process.

INT. GYM -BOXING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Doug enters the boxing room. He drags something behind him. As he approaches the dummy, he raises his arms to reveal the sleeping bag that he had been resting on.

He wraps the bag over the shoulders of the dummy. Something is wrong. He approaches the dummy again and unzips the sleeping bag. Slowly he begins to drape the bag gently across the dummy, in the manner of a dress.

Doug steps back to admire his work. His smile fades as the sleeping bag starts to slip off of the dummy's form.

Doug ponders for a moment before heading to the

INT. BACK ROOM

Doug is bent over, rummaging through a box.

Written sloppily on the side of the box are the words "Lost and Found". He picks up a long red soccer sock and holds it up, looking at it for a beat before shaking his head and diving back into the box.

A moment later, he is holding a yellow karate belt and scowling.

DOUG

See, I DO know your favorite color.

Doug throws the yellow belt into the corner and dives back into the box again. He comes across a brown hand towel and throws it over his shoulder.

Doug collects more odds and ends from the Lost and Found box, which he keeps hidden in his hands. He turns towards the corner of the room, grabs the towel and yellow belt and heads back towards the

INT. GYM - BOXING ROOM

Doug faces the dummy.

He places the brown hand towel over its head and secures it with a black cotton headband.

Next, he wraps the yellow karate belt around its waist, cinching the extra fabric of the sleeping bag and creating a waist.

He takes the backs off of a pair of earrings and sticks them into the sides of the dummy's head.

Doug holds up a tube of lipstick. He takes the top off and twists the base, exposing a pinkish color. Doug leans in to apply the lipstick to the dummy's face.

His creation is complete!

DOUG

And you say I never take you shopping.

Doug walks over to the stereo and turns on a slow romantic song. He walks back over to the dummy, and embraces it tenderly. He begins to sway with it, tentatively at first. Not long later, he gets into the music and dances more confidently. Periodically he grins and laughs.

Doug gets carried away and weaves in and out of the hanging punching bags with his new "woman". It is awkward as the dummy's weight distribution is obviously not meant to be held.

Determined not to let a little thing like comfort get in his way, he continues to lead the dummy in time with this music, periodically grabbing onto her neoprene backside.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. GYM - EARLY MORNING

The sun is rising and is illuminating the studio. As the boxing corner lights up, Doug, who has fallen asleep on the mats, wakes up at the base of the dummy.

DOUG

Oh shit!

Doug struggles to pull himself together and get the dummy out of sight before anyone sees. It's too late.

Eric stands in the corner of the room. Watching Doug with a mix of amusement and concern.

Doug suddenly knows that he is being watched. He turns slowly to face Eric, standing in front of the dummy in an effort to hide it.

ERIC

Seriously, man? Clean that shit up and get yourself together. I'm about to open the doors.

Doug, highly embarrassed, nods in agreement.

ERIC (CONT)

We're going for drinks today. You obviously need it.

Eric turns away and grabs a large keyring out of his pocket. He heads to the front door.

Doug bolts into action, grabs the dummy and clumsily unzips the sleeping bag, struggling to remove it from his "date" before running out of the room.

Clients walk in and start to set up for their training. A YOUNG WOMAN (20s, glasses, racially ambiguous, disheveled hair but cute) notices the dummy. Doug has accidentally left the earrings and lipstick on it. She laughs to herself and looks off in the direction that Doug ran.

INT. GYM - BACK ROOM

Doug peeks out from behind the back room doorway. Luckily, it is early enough that there aren't many clients in the gym.

Doug nonchalantly walks over to his dummy woman, looks around to make sure the coast is clear, and drags it off towards the back room.

INT. GYM - STUDIO

The room is all mirrors and wooden floors. A handful of women lie on the floor, legs bent and holding rubber balls between their knees.

Doug stands at the front of the room.

DOUG

Come on! 3 sets of 20, let's go!  
1...2....3....4....5

On his count, the women in the room begin doing stomach crunches.

YOUNG WOMAN is in the class. After every crunch, she peeks at Doug to see if he is watching her. He isn't.

INT. GYM - STUDIO - LATER

The women are picking up their towels and water bottles and starting to head out of the studio. A couple of the older ladies stop to harmlessly flirt with Doug.

He plays into the flirting. A sparkle and a bit of mischief comes through in his eyes. Doug is enjoying himself!

YOUNG WOMAN waits patiently behind the them.

Eventually, the older ladies begin to file out of the room.

YOUNG WOMAN  
So, you're a boxer, huh?

Doug's head snaps up. He see's YOUNG WOMAN hanging out near the door.

DOUG  
Just in my free time. How'd you know?

YOUNG WOMAN smiles a sly smile.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Just a guess. Maybe you can teach me sometime. I promise I'll put up a bit more of a fight than your dummy.

YOUNG WOMAN walks a little bit closer to Doug.

Doug blushes and begins to stammer.

DOUG  
Dummy? What, um.. Ok, yeah.  
Uh...sure. Maybe.

Uncomfortable, Doug gathers his belongings and starts to head out of the door. He trips over his own foot and almost eats it. Luckily, he regains his balance before he hits the floor. He is mortified.

YOUNG WOMAN watches, chuckling.

INT. GYM - CARDIO AREA - LATER

Doug is jogging lightly on a treadmill. His headphones are in, he seems to be in a groove.

Eric walks up to Doug's treadmill and taps him on the arm.

Doug takes out his headphones, and slows the treadmill down to a walking pace.

DOUG

What's up?

ERIC

Go change. I want to take you to lunch before your next class.

DOUG

OK, I'll meet you out front in 15.

ERIC

No, just meet me at McShane's.

Doug nods.

Eric walks away.

EXT. PETOSKEY ADVERTISING AGENCY - MORNING

The offices stand 3 stories high. Reflective windows make the building glisten in the sun. The company name stands proudly on the front lawn, made from metal forming.

The parking lot is full of beautiful, well-kept cars. Not a jalopy to be seen.

Out of a shiny, black Jaguar steps Jill. Her navy blue heels click on the pavement as she walks towards the front door.

Dressed sharply in a cream skirt suit and navy silk camisole, Jill confidently passes through the front doors.

INT. PETOSKEY ADVERTISING AGENCY

Jill's heels continue to click down the hallways. She passes cubicles, offices, break room...no one greets her.

Finally, Jill turns into a sparsely decorated office.

INT. JILL'S OFFICE

A fake plant, a miniature sand garden and a few framed pictures of classic cars.

She sits in her large black office chair and pulls up to her desk.

MARK (20s, very attractive, dark skinned) dressed in slim fitting jeans and a snug gray sweater knocks on her door.

MARK

Hey, Jill.

Jill takes him in. Fit, young, virile.

JILL

Good morning, Mark.

Mark enters the office and sits in the chair opposite Jill.

MARK

Have you spoken to them yet?

JILL

No, I haven't seen anyone yet today. They are supposed to let me know this morning though.

MARK

Good luck. You deserve this contract. They liked your presentation. It's in the bag.

Jill smiles slightly.

JILL

Thanks for your confidence. I appreciate it.

MARK

Anytime.

Mark stands up to leave. He hesitates at the door.

MARK (CONT)

Let me know what they say. I can't wait to take you out for a celebratory dinner.

Mark walks out before Jill can respond. She looks after him, hazy eyed.

Jill snaps back to, and turns her chair to face her computer.

INT. MCSHANE'S - DAY

It is a dark and foggy bar, even though it is mid-afternoon. Every time the door opens, beams of bright light cut through the bar and the few patrons inside squint their eyes to guard themselves from the light.

At a high-top in the corner, Eric and Doug eat burgers and drink beer.

DOUG

Thanks for lunch. I needed to get out of the gym for a bit.

ERIC

I would imagine.

Eric struggles to find his words for a moment.

ERIC

It's going on a month, man. You really need to find a way to pull it together.

She is dating again. You should be as well.

DOUG

She's dating?

Eric doesn't respond for a while. The two sit in silence. Doug takes a sip of his beer.

Eric reaches into his pocket and pulls out a sheet of paper. Slides it across the table.

ERIC

The number of a friend of mine. He has a room available. 600 a month, no down payment or security deposit. I cut your checks. I know you can afford it.

Doug takes the paper, folds it up and puts it in his pocket.

DOUG

I'll call.

ERIC  
I'm serious, Dougie.

DOUG  
I said, I'll call.

Eric nods his head. He reaches for his burger and takes bite.

DOUG (CONT)  
Who's she dating?

ERIC  
You are concentrating on the wrong part of this conversati...

DOUG  
Who is she dating?

Eric wipes his mouth and finishes chewing.

ERIC  
I don't know. I just know that she is. I ran into Shaila last week and she mentioned something.

Doug rolls his eyes.

DOUG  
Shaila. Of course. I can't know shit about Micah without Shaila knowing first.

ERIC  
Oh, come off it man. Shaila was your biggest supporter. This is on you.

Doug reaches for his beer and takes the final swig. He motions to the bartender for a re-fill.

Eric watches the bartender bring Doug a new beer.

ERIC (CONT)  
You have class in an hour.

DOUG  
And?

Eric shakes his head and throws cash on the table. He stands up to leave and motions to the pocket where Doug has stored his friends phone number.

ERIC  
Call him today. You can't stay at  
the gym tonight.

DOUG  
Jill give you shit?

Eric shoots Doug a look.

Doug hisses like a vampire and bears his teeth.

Eric flicks Doug off before walking to the entrance and  
opening the door.

Doug holds one hand up to his eyes to block the light while  
picking up his freshly re-filled beer and consuming it all  
in one swig.

INT. JILL'S OFFICE - LATER

Jill looks a bit haggard. The day is wearing on her. She  
leaves her office and walks through the hallways and into  
the

INT. PETOSKEY ADVERTISING AGEENCY - BREAKROOM

She stands in front of the coffee machine, brewing a new  
pot.

Two OLDER MEN enter the breakroom.

Jill turns to greet them.

JILL  
Good afternoon gentlemen.

OLDER MAN 1  
Good afternoon, Jill.

JILL  
Any news on the Motor City Rubber  
account?

OLDER MAN 2  
Any minute now. Keep your phone  
line open. We will be calling.

Jill smiles.

JILL  
Will do.

Jill fills her mug and exits the breakroom. She hides behind  
the door, listening to the OLDER MEN.

OLDER MAN 2

Does she honestly think we are going to hand a brand new, high risk account to a woman whose only accomplishment I can think of is somehow managing not to blow all her daddy's money?

OLDER MAN 1 laughs.

OLDER MAN 1

After they forced us to "diversify" our innovation board, she can't expect us to hand this over.

Jill has heard enough. She quickly walks back to her office.

INT. JILL'S OFFICE

Jill escapes inside of her office and quietly closes the door. Her face reddens as she picks up her plastic plant and hurls it across the room.

The plant thuds against her wall and lands without pomp and circumstance at her feet.

Breathing heavily, she plops down in her chair. Her face begins to crumble. She quickly pulls herself together.

She turns to her computer and opens a new email.

She types

Mark,

Looks like its a no-go. I could use a drink tonight. Interested?

~Jill

She stares at the email for a long while. Her finger hovers on the mouse, which is positioned over the "send" button.

JILL

Screw it. It's just a drink.

She clicks send, leans back in her chair and closes her eyes.

INT. GYM -BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Doug is sitting at Eric's desk, his make-shift sleep area can be seen in the corner of the room. It is messier than before. Remnants of the Lost and Found box can be seen on top of his pillow.

He picks up the phone and punches in a number.

DOUG

Hey Micah. Please don't hang up.  
Just give me a second.

CUT TO

INT. MICAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Shaila is asleep on the couch, trying her best to shield her eyes from the sun with the flimsy throw that she is using as a blanket.

Micah is on the phone. She stands up from the chair and walks into the

INT. MICAH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

It is messy. Dishes need to be done, counters need to be wiped down. There are three empty wine bottles on the counter.

MICAH

I can't do this right now. It was a  
long night. Shaila is here.

CUT TO

INT. GYM -BACK ROOM

DOUG

Please just give me a few minutes.  
I miss you. I really need to talk  
to you.

Doug hangs his head. He is defeated before he begins.

CUT TO

INT. MICAH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Micah opens the fridge and pulls out a bottle of water. She quickly throws back a couple of pain killers before speaking.

MICAH

We have talked about this already,  
Doug. I miss you too. But this just  
doesn't work for me anymore.

CUT TO

INT. GYM -BACK ROOM

DOUG

Why doesn't it work? Thats the  
thing, you say it doesn't work but  
you haven't given me a reason.

The phone goes silent.

Doug glances quickly to the space behind the metal shelving units in the back room, to where he has hidden his dummy woman. Her brown towel hair and sleeping bag dress are no longer decorating her, however she still looks feminine with her lipstick and jewelry. Doug averts his eyes.

MICAH (V.O.)

You force me to be mediocre.

CUT TO

INT. MICAH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Micah bites her lip, waiting for a response. The line stays quiet.

MICAH

That sounds horrible, but....I'm  
sorry...you do.

Your work happy hours and Netflix  
and chill just weren't cutting it  
anymore.

Doug stays silent.

MICAH(CONT)

I'm sorry, Dougie. I have to go.

She hangs up the phone and heads back into the

INT. MICAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

...and sits on her chair.

Shaila perks up on the couch. Hair disheveled, clothes stained in wine.

SHAILA

You ok?

MICAH

Yeah. I'm alright.

Micah glances at the framed pictures of friends and family on the walls. Doug is prominent in most of them. She has yet to take them off of the walls.

Shaila's gaze follows Micah's. She scans the photos as well and frowns.

SHAILA

Come here.

She pats the couch next to her and lifts off the makeshift blanket.

Micah gets up from her chair to join Shaila on the couch. She lies down and puts her head on Shaila's lap.

Shaila grabs the television remote control.

SHAILA

Want me to stay for a while?

Micah nods.

SHAILA (CONT)

How about a little Sex and the City marathon? Make you feel better about yourself?

Micah nods her head.

SHAILA

Yeah, I like that plan too.

Shaila points the remote and switches the channel.

FADE OUT

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The sun is high in the sky and everything looks clean and crisp.

The door to the gym opens and Doug exits, carrying his belongings in a duffel bag. He approaches his car and pops the trunk.

He stops for a moment to consider the YOUNG WOMAN who is leaving the gym. She offers him a knowing smile. He sheepishly smiles back at her before returning his attention to his car. He opens the trunk and looks inside.

His dummy woman has been laid peacefully inside the trunk. She is fully decked out in her sleeping bag dress, yellow belt, brown hair, earrings and lipstick.

Doug gently puts his bag next to her and shuts the trunk.

He rounds the car and gets into the drivers seat.

INT. DOUG'S CAR

He reaches up and takes his sunglasses down from the visor. He puts them on and checks out his reflection in the rear-view mirror.

He puts the car into drive and rolls out of the parking lot.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT -LATER

Doug stands in his new apartment. Proud, accomplished.

It is tiny and sparsely furnished. Just a couch, television and card table.

He walks into his

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM

An air mattress has yet to be blown up, in the corner. The closet is open to show all of his clothes on the floor in multiple, neat little piles.

He reaches into one pile and grabs a pair of sweatpants before heading into the

INT. DOUG'S BATHROOM

Doug starts his shower. He is moving with a new purpose. He is relaxed, almost smiling even.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

A freshly washed and renewed Doug enters the kitchen and opens his fridge. Inside is a 6-pack, and a pizza. He grabs a beer and heads back into his

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

He plops on the couch and turns on the television. He cracks open his beer.

He stops when The Cutting Edge pops up on his screen. He watches D.B. Sweeny try to learn to skate.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

EXT. CAMPUS MARTIUS ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

It is a bright winter day. Snow is falling sparsely onto a packed ice skating rink.

Children in brightly colored snow pants are zig-zaging through the adults, falling without worry and laughing.

Doug stands outside of the rink, looking at the skaters. Micah glides through the skaters in a blue puffy coat and jeans. Her hair is messy from the wind and her face flushed from the cold.

She sees Doug watching and starts to act silly. She opens her arms wide, smiling while skating towards him.

Doug opens his arms as well, tilting his head back, shaking his hair in the wind. They are re-enacting so many romance films.

Suddenly, a small child zooms in front of Micah and takes her out at the knees. She takes a hard fall, but rolls into it. She lies on the ice, cracking up.

Doug runs to her, concerned. Relief washes over his face when he sees that she is ok. A goofy grin spreads over his face when he realizes that she is laughing.

DOUG  
You fucking weirdo!

Micah grabs his face and squishes his cheeks together.

MICAH

Yup! Fuckin' weirdo I am indeed!

Micah pulls his face into hers so that they can share a kiss.

**END FLASHBACK**

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Doug shifts on the couch and smiles to himself. Next to him is his dummy.

Her brown towel hair has been updated to a proper wig, and the sleeping bag is now a yellow sundress.

He snuggles up to her on the couch.

DOUG(TO HIMSELF)

Tomorrow...I start looking for a new job.

DUMMY(OFF-SCREEN)

Don't worry, we'll get her back.

Doug jerks his head towards the dummy and looks at her in disbelief.

The dummy is still a dummy. It's face staring blankly at the television.

Doug laughs at himself before getting off the couch.

DOUG(TO HIMSELF)

I obviously need another beer.

Doug walks to the kitchen while Dummy stays on the couch, watching T.V.

FADE OUT