

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. ASHLEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

ASHLEY is still writing her comedy sketches. She is having a bit of writers block.

ASHLEY  
I need some fucking inspiration.

She opens her browser to social media and logs into her role as account manager of "Are we dating the same guy NYC"

She works through some new member approvals and then onto the comments and posts. Scrolling, scrolling, scrolling....nothing.

Frustrated, she closes her laptop, just as there is a knock at her door. She goes to answer it.

At the door is CHAD BISHOP, handsome, early 40's, very well dressed with just a smidge too much arrogance surrounding him, which is overlooked because of his charm. He is holding coffee, a cronut, and an overnight bag.

CHAD  
Morning, sunshine.

ASHLEY grabs him and kisses him, pulling him into the apartment.

ASHLEY  
Thank god. I've been up all night.

She grabs the coffee and the cronut, immediately biting into it and taking a swig of the now tepid coffee.

CHAD  
Working on your sets?

ASHLEY  
So I ever do anything else?

CHAD  
Well...sometimes.

CHAD grabs her ass and pulls her to him.

ASHLEY  
I'm as horny as you are, but I have to have this to my manager to pass on to some producers by 11am...

CHAD  
Producers?

ASHLEY

Trying to get into some writing rooms. Maybe a different path to that Netflix special.

CHAD

Can I see...

He tries to turn the laptop around, but she grabs it from him.

ASHLEY

You know I don't show you until it's finished.

CHAD makes a pouty face.

CHAD

Please...

ASHLEY

Stop that shit.

CHAD comes after her, picking her up and moving her into the bedroom.

FADE TO:

INT. ASHLEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON.

ASHLEY walks into her bathroom and turns on the shower. She walks to the sink to grab a towel that is next to it.

CHAD is asleep, naked, wrapped in sheets in the bed. We can see his reflection in the mirror.

On the sink is his toiletry bag, open. She smiles seeing it.

Then, her brow furrows as she looks closer.

She reaches in the bag and pulls out a gold hoop earring.

The camera moves focus from her to CHAD.

She moves quickly into the living room, where her laptop is.

INT. ASHLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ASHLEY opens her phone and, holding the earring snaps a picture. She uploads it and types wildly.

The page "Are We Dating the Same Guy NYC" Displayed in bold letters on top. A PING as ASHLEY'S message is posted.

ASHLEY (TEXT)  
*Anyone missing an earring? I found  
it in my boyfriend's toiletry bag.  
My ears aren't pierced."*

ASHLEY rifles through her phone's gallery to find a picture of CHAD. She attaches it to the comments of the post.

ASHLEY (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
*Or, if that's not familiar, maybe  
this lying two face is.*

ASHLEY puts down her phone and looks to CHAD laying peacefully unaware in bed.