

"SURPRISE, SURPRISE!!!"

by

Crosby Tatum, Jacquin Holland

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT TO MORNING

MUSIC UP:

A breathtaking view. Everything from cars traveling to their destinations, to lights flickering on & off in the tallest buildings, are all moving at a high rate of speed. The night sky quickly turns bright blue before us. The sun rises before our eyes. Morning has come.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - CROSBY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CROSBY TYLOR, 20's, a glasses wearing, averagely-bright college student, sleeps soundly in a bedroom that is littered with books, dirty clothes, and empty food boxes strewn all over the place. It looks like a pigsty.

Crosby is under his bed covers, with his arm draped across a female BLOW-UP DOLL laying next to him.

Crosby's alarm clock goes OFF. Crosby reaches for his alarm clock and turns it off under the covers. He takes the covers off and looks at the time.

It reads 7:51 am. His eyes open up wide. Oh no!

CROSBY
Crap, I'm late.

He quickly grabs his glasses off the night stand and puts them on. Crosby jumps out of his bed.

He grabs a pair of previously worn socks just laying on the floor. He puts them on.

Crosby jumps onto his bed, grabbing a pair of pants laying on top of the blow up doll.

CROSBY
(to doll)
Sorry baby. Gotta go.

Crosby kisses the doll on the lips and stumbles to get his pants on. Crosby suddenly loses his balance, falling to the ground hard.

CROSBY (CONT'D)
Ouch.

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

A bus drives by before us. Crosby, now fully clothed, with his bookbag on his shoulder, runs by us, trying to catch the bus.

CROSBY
(shouting)
Wait up. Wait up.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Crosby is sitting in the back on a very crowded bus, half awake as the bus stops at one of it's pick-up points: CITY POINT.

The bus doors opens up. Several PEOPLE are getting on and off the bus at the front and back doors.

A beautiful, attractive GIRL is getting off.

Crosby eyes the Girl all the way through. He suddenly looks over at the "City Point" notification, flashing on the bus's location indicator. Crosby's eyes open up wide. That's his stop as well.

CROSBY
Oh snap.

Crosby runs for the back door. The doors closes up on him, with Crosby running into it.

BAM. Crosby smashes his face up against the door window.

CROSBY
Ouch.

Crosby eyes the Girl walking by as the bus drives off, with him looking on, with his smashed-up face against the window.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The bus drives off as Crosby runs past several PEOPLE, recklessly ignoring anyone in his way.

MALE PEDESTRIAN (O.C.)
(yelling)
Watch it dork.

Crosby jets past a sign that reads "WELCOME TO ADAMS UNIVERSITY."

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

MS. ADRIAN LYMAN, 30's, Crosby's beautiful, sexy, fun-loving philosophy teacher, fiddles with her pencil in hand. She is in mid-lecture with her STUDENTS.

MS. LYMAN

Now when we talk about logic, we're talking about the activity to draw inferences, or conclusions from several bodies of information that come from single and or multiple sources.

(pause)

Now as you know, this all depends on us observing what we see, to what is evident for us to believe in.

Ms. Lyman's pencil falls out of her hands onto the floor. The pencil rolls under her desk behind her.

MS. LYMAN

Hmm.

Ms. Lyman bends over to find her pencil under the desk. Her thong and unmentionables are suddenly exposed before everyone.

The male students, a couple of female students, collectively gawk at Ms. Lyman's booty.

Crosby silently enters the lecture hall from the back door, unbeknownst to anyone. His mouth drops out of shock as he notices Ms. Lyman's exposed booty as well.

Ms. Lyman grabs her pencil. She turns around, catching everyone looking at her so intently.

MS. LYMAN

Any questions?

THE CLASS

No, Ms. Lyman.

Ms. Lyman spots Crosby looking at her.

MS. LYMAN

Mr. Crosby. Want to review to everyone what draws conclusions from bodies of information?

Crosby closes his mouth and resets himself.

CROSBY

Bodies of what?

MS. LYMAN

(serious)

After class Mr. Crosby?

CROSBY

(embarrassed)

Yes Ms. Lyman.

Everyone laughs at Crosby.

MALE STUDENT (O.C.)

(silently)

Dork.

Crosby takes a seat at the nearest desk. He unzips his bag and takes his books and notebooks out, laying them on the desktop.

MS. LYMAN

Alright, class. Let's continue.

Ms. Lyman walks over to the white-board located in the center of the lecture hall. With a marker in hand, she starts writing the word "TRUTH" on the white-board.

MS. LYMAN

Now lets talk about truth real quick here. To find truth in reasoning, everyone should know the difference between critical and logical reasoning, and the process of informal and symbolic logic. These two logical forms perform key critical observations when describing subjects or individuals who argue certain viewpoints from a rational and or, empiricist viewpoint.

Ms. Lyman's words drastically begins to FADE OUT. Crosby is in his notebook taking down every single note possible.

MS. LYMAN (O.S.)
Mr. Crosby? Mr. Crosby?

CUT TO:

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - TWO HOURS LATER

Crosby raises up his head. The lecture hall is completely empty. Ms. Lyman is sitting at her desk, grading a couple of quiz papers in front of her.

MS. LYMAN
Step forward?

Crosby gets up, cautiously walking toward Ms. Lyman.

CROSBY
Yes Ms. Lyman?

MS. LYMAN
Why are you here Mr. Crosby? At this time? At this hour? This very moment?

CROSBY
Is this a trick question, because I kind of didn't study last night.

MS. LYMAN
(sighs)
Crosby. You are one of the most gifted and talented students I ever came across here at Adams.
(pause)
But with you arriving late and skipping class all of a sudden. Your just pissing away your whole future. Why is that?

CROSBY
Well you know, I'm in between jobs, and my other classes. It's like I'm all busy and everything so it's like...

Ms. Lyman puts her hand out, interrupting Crosby.

MS. LYMAN
You know I'm required to tell you, your in danger of failing philosophy, right?

CROSBY

Failing? How can I be failing? I carry an A plus average in here. I mean, yea, I know I've broken the "tardy rule" here, but, how am I failing when I've done everything you asked and then some? I mean, how...

MS. LYMAN

(interrupting)

Calm down Mr. Crosby, unless you don't want to hear what I have to say here. Now your final class presentation is due at the end of the semester. I'm going to assign you a special project, adjacent to what your fellow students will be presenting.

CROSBY

I'm listening.

MS. LYMAN

I want you to find out what attracts a female, to a male from different philosophical perspectives.

CROSBY

(confused)

Say what?

MS. LYMAN

Explain to me and the class if a female is attracted to a male because of his physical state of being, or his mental, or spiritual state of being?

(pause)

Do this project well, and you might save yourself from failing my class. What do you say?

Crosby thinks about it.

CROSBY

I'll do it. Really thank you for this Ms. Lyman. I appreciate it.

MS. LYMAN

Your welcome.

Crosby nods at Ms. Lyman. Ms. Lyman nods back at him. Crosby heads back to his desk. He stops in his tracks and faces Ms. Lyman.

CROSBY
 Question? Why help me out here
 when I'm an inch away from flunking
 your class?

Ms. Lyman smirks at Crosby.

MS. LYMAN
 Lets just say, I hate seeing a
 student like yourself, with great
 potential, fail a class due to a
 lack of being punctual.
 (pause)
 Just do your job and come to class
 on time, alright?

Crosby smirks.

CROSBY
 Sure thing Ms. Lyman. I'm gonna
 get started right away.

MS. LYMAN
 That sounds good to me.

CROSBY
 (walking away)
 Your going to get the best
 presentation ever. I promise.

Crosby clumsily bumps into a set of chairs in front of him, almost falling down in the process. Crosby gathers himself and regains his composure.

CROSBY
 (pointing toward exit)
 I'm gonna get out of here before I
 hurt myself.

Ms. Lyman smirks at Crosby. Crosby walks back to his desk.

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - CAFETERIA - LATE AFTERNOON

Crosby is sitting at a table with his friends, DAVID "HOTH" MICHAELS, 20's, a sci-fi, comic book geek, JASON, 20's, the campus "know-it-all," and DINO CAESAR, 20's, a skinny, unsympathetic, over-sexual pervert.

DINO
For real C?

CROSBY
For real. She told me to find out what attracts a female to a male, from different philosophical perspectives. It gets worse from there.

DINO
(interrupting)
Wait, pause that for a second.

Dino, turns his attention to a beautiful GIRL walking by their table. Jason, Hoth, and Crosby all gawk at the Girl, infatuated with her beauty.

HOTH
Thats talent right there.

DINO
(to Crosby)
Okay, continue?

CROSBY
As I was saying -- If I don't pass philosophy, I'm gonna lose my full scholarship. Which means, I don't have any money for school.

HOTH
If that's the case your better off fighting the dark side than doing Ms. Lyman's project.

JASON
Yea. I mean Ms. Lyman don't play. Seriously one of my boys had a C plus average in her class. He had to do a project similar to yours and failed it dude.

(pause)
Matter of fact, if you got a C plus average in any of her classes, you got an automatic fail written all over you.

HOTH
And it's not the type of fail you see in online videos either.

CROSBY

Jason. I'm sporting an A plus average in her class you idiot. I just can't seem to wake up in time. Doesn't help that philosophy isn't one of my favorite subjects either.

JASON

Then what's your problem?

CROSBY

My problem is I gotta find a way to get this thing done. Wish I knew how though.

DINO

My man. Check this out. Why don't you just base your project off Ms. Lyman? I know she has a thing for you and dude -- she a freak too.

(pause)

I know she be all up in the clubs, shaking that big ole' booty of hers. You can see it in her eyes man. I bet she'll even put it on you if you do it dog.

Hoth, Dino, and Jason all "high-five" each other.

CROSBY

What the hell do any of you know about putting it on a girl or dating? I mean look at you guys.

(pause)

Hoth, you haven't had a girl since Junior High, and she was a cardboard cut-out of Princess Leia.

DINO & JASON

(re:)

Oh...

HOTH

Well, for your information, in the past couple of months, I've been getting more T and A than any of you guys combined.

(to Crosby)

And their not Princess Leia's either. Check it out.

Hoth grabs his laptop out of his book bag and opens up his internet browser.

ON THE MONITOR

Hoth types in the address "WWW.LOVERSPACE.COM." The website pops up. The header next to the loverspace logo reads "LOVERSPACE: LOVE IN THE RIGHT SPACES."

HOTH

It's called loverspace.com. These girls on here...

(excited)

They don't want nothing but "sausage" man.

The guys stare at Hoth like he's retarded.

HOTH

I mean, just check this out.

Crosby, Jason, and Dino all crowd around Hoth's computer, looking at the loverspace website.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On Crosby's computer monitor, we see the profile of a beautiful GIRL on the loverspace website.

Crosby is sleeping on the couch, snoring his troubles away.

INT. PARK - DAY - DAYDREAM

A title on the screen FADES IN saying "1 YEAR LATER." Crosby, dressed up like a straggly-looking bum, is dancing for PEOPLE young and old, walking by him.

MUSIC UP: "Swagger Dance" - Laz & Cat

CROSBY

(rapping)

"Hey this is my dance, this is my dance, this is my dance, hey yo', this is my dance. This is my dance, this is my dance, this is my, this is my, swagger, swagger dance."

A YOUNG BOY walks up to him.

YOUNG BOY

Hey why you dancing like that old man?

CROSBY

Cause I never got my "edjumentation"
boy. Now I "dance" for the people,
just like I wanted to.

(pause)

Wanna see my Swagger Dance?

Crosby starts dancing badly to the boy.

YOUNG BOY

You wack. Crusty old negro.

The Boy kicks Crosby in his shin. He runs away. Crosby
grabs his shin. He is in a whole lot of pain.

CROSBY

(to Boy)

Hey. Hey get back here. Nappy ass
heaven. Hey. Don't run off.

A couple of people walk by. Crosby shakes the pain off.

CROSBY

Hey, ya'll wanna dance?

(rapping-dancing)

Hey this is my dance, this is my
dance, this is my dance, hey yo',
this is my dance.

BACK TO: SCENE

J, 20's, Crosby's handsome, womanizing best friend and
roommate, is beside him. He shakes Crosby vigorously, trying
to wake him up.

CROSBY

(singing in sleep)

This is my dance, this is my
dance...

J

Crosby. Crosby.

CROSBY

(singing in sleep)

This is my, this is my swagger,
swagger dance.

J stands up and grabs a pillow from the couch. He throws it
at Crosby.

CROSBY

(Re:)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey! J, what are you doing here?

J

I sleep here.

CROSBY

Since when?

J

Get up.

He helps Crosby up onto his feet.

CROSBY

Thanks.

J

What was that about?

CROSBY

Just a bad dream. Nothing more.

J looks over at the computer monitor, excitedly staring at the girl on the loverspace website.

J

Oh -- dude, you see this girl right here? Yo', I would air that out in a heart beat kid. For real.

CROSBY

You'll air anything out that looks good.

J

Wouldn't you?

(mocking Crosby)

Oh, my B. I'm scared to talk to girls. I just look at them.

J laughs at Crosby.

CROSBY

Eat my ass. By the way, what was last night all about? Huh? Two chicks at the same time? I couldn't sleep.

J
 Couldn't make up my mind between
 Sasha and Selena. But, damn them
 twins could throw it down boy.

Crosby looks at J like he's disgusted at him.

J
 Anyway, you want to hit the bar
 with me tonight? Pick up some
 chicks?

CROSBY
 Unlike you, I don't go out every
 night drinking and banging every
 hot ass that blows my way.
 (pause)
 I got responsibilities. And I
 don't have time to, as you would
 say, "pick up some chicks."

J
 Alright. Tried to help you out.
 But don't wait up for me man,
 cause, "I'm gonna pick up some
 chicks."

J smugly winks at Crosby as if he is all that and a bag of
 chips. Crosby rolls his eyes around as J heads for the door.

J
 And stay away from the internet
 broads. They're crazy. Peace.

J heads out the door. Crosby shrugs J's retort off and looks
 over at the girl on the monitor.

From the monitor's perspective, we see Crosby glued in on the
 attractive Girl online.

CROSBY
 I would air that out.

Crosby lets off a cheeky smile. He shuts his computer down.
 The monitor and the screen turns off.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The screen turns back on.

From the monitors perspective, we see Hoth, typing away at the computer. Crosby is laying on the couch. His face is buried into the pillows.

Hoth stops typing away and turns his attention to Crosby.

HOTH

Seriously bro, you got some major problems my friend.

CROSBY

You think? I just don't see myself finishing this thing the way Ms. Lyman wants me too.

(pause)

It's been over two weeks and I got nothing to show for it. Nothing.

HOTH

You tried talking to different girls lately?

CROSBY

"Talking," is a state of mind Hoth. I've felt as if I've been rejected more times than a character in a Rob Schneider flick.

HOTH

That many?

CROSBY

Well, one person...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Crosby is with a cute looking GIRL, sitting at a table together.

The Girl angrily splashes a glass of water into Crosby's face. She gets up and leaves.

CROSBY

(wiping eyes)

My eyes. My eyes.

BACK TO: SCENE

CROSBY

Then another one...

INT. JUICE BAR - DAY

Crosby is with another cute GIRL, both of them standing at the juice bar counter top.

Crosby lends out a cheeky smile to the Girl. The Girl, with her mouth open wide, smacks Crosby right in his face. Crosby holds his face, trying to convalesce the pain as the Girl leaves.

CROSBY
Owwww, that hurts. Owwww.

BACK TO: SCENE

CROSBY
Then "another" one...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Amist a few neighborhood buildings and several PEOPLE walking by, another cute-looking GIRL is running on the street past us, looking very afraid.

Crosby is running after her as he runs past our very eyes as well.

CROSBY
(running-yelling)
Wait, I only asked for your name.
Wait up.

GIRL 3
(yelling)
Leave me alone you psycho.

CROSBY
(yelling)
Come on.

BACK TO: SCENE

CROSBY
I mean, it's just been a disaster.

Hoth types away at the computer, completely ignoring Crosby.

CROSBY
What are you doing?

HOTH
Making you a loverspace account.

CROSBY
(sits up)
Are you nuts?

HOTH
Trust me, it's for the best.

Crosby gets up out of the couch. He approaches Hoth.

CROSBY
Give me one good reason why you
think this is for the best -- and
it better be a good one.

HOTH
Really hear me out here.
Loverspace will give you the edge
you need to finish your project.
(pause)
Just date a girl on here, grab all
the data you need, and base the
project on her reactions toward
you.
(pause)
And just to help you get started, I
already sent out a couple notes to
a few girls looking to hook up with
you already. Now tell me -- am I
your boy or what?

CROSBY
(beat-serious)
You're a retard, you know that?

Hoth gets up and wraps his arm around Crosby.

HOTH
Your just upset right now. Hey, I
know what will cheer you up.

CROSBY
What?

CUT TO:

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - LATER

Crosby and Hoth are sitting in the living room watching

ON THE TV

A professional wrestling program. They are both yelling and screaming all over the place as the match goes on.

HOTH
Told you this would cheer you up.

CROSBY
At least this is better than getting your drink spiked by a hermaphrodite, let me tell you.

HOTH
(laughing)
Been there before buddy.

CROSBY
Really?

HOTH
I'm just playing. Come on man.

They laugh.

HOTH
Hey I'll be right back.

CROSBY
Cool.

Hoth gets up out of his seat and walks into the kitchen. He opens up the refrigerator door looking for something to drink.

J walks in dressed like he is going out tonight. He walks into the living room.

J
What's going on killer?

CROSBY
What's up J? Thought you was on a date or something.

J
I am. Thought I stop at the "cribo" real quick and grab that CD I told you to make.

CROSBY
The one with the "rump-shaking" jams right? It's on my desk.

J

Sweet.

Crosby grabs a CD off the desk. He passes it to J who suddenly turns his attention to the TV.

J

Aren't you too old to be watching this?

CROSBY

J, professional wrestling is as much of an American pastime as baseball is.

(pause)

Except the parts where they smash your head up against chairs and stuff.

J

(laughing)

I don't know bout you Crosby.

The first wrestler performs a "signature move" on his opponent. Crosby shouts in excitement over the move.

CROSBY

Hoth, get in here. The finish is coming.

Hoth races back to the living room with a glass of milk in his hand. He ignores J.

HOTH

Smack him down.

The first wrestler hits his "finishing move" on his opponent. BOOM. Crosby and Hoth jump up and down reacting to the move. The wrestler pins his opponent. The referee counts it down.

CROSBY AND HOTH

(together)

1...2...3...

The match ends. Crosby and Hoth jump all over the place, excited over the match's end. They both do a chest bump in the air.

Hoth takes a big sip of milk from his glass. He spits the milk out in the air in celebration over the wrestlers win. The milk sprays all over the place, lightly hitting J and Crosby in the process.

CROSBY

Hey man.

J

(to Crosby)

Whats up with your boy, man?

HOTH

I'm sorry. I can wash that out for you if you want.

J

Nah. I'm good man. I'm good.

(to Crosby)

Now see what I mean? These people that you roll with, will always be the downfall of your sex life dude. Or lack thereof.

CROSBY

(to Hoth)

Hey Hoth. Don't you have a meeting in the online champagne room or something right now?

HOTH

Actually I do. Catch you later C.

(exiting apartment)

And check your loverspace man.

Loverspace.

Hoth exits the apartment heading for his home. J looks down at his clothes that doesn't have a lot of milk deposits on it.

J

You got a towel C?

CROSBY

Yea, one second. Sorry about that.

Crosby grabs a towel from his couch. He gives it to J and he wipes himself clean with it.

J

It's all good.

(pause)

So what are you doing tonight?

CROSBY

Nothing really. Just going to chill. Probably watch these wrestling videos here.

J
Dude, take it from me. Just roll
with your boy and lets have some
fun tonight at the club.

CROSBY
But your on a date.

J
And?

CROSBY
That means I'm a third wheel. And
I don't wanna mess you up.

J
A third wheel ain't messing up my
chances of getting booty tonight.
Hit the club with me and have a
good time man. C'mon.

CROSBY
J, I don't do clubs. I don't feel
like getting trashed on by a bunch
of half-drunk women tonight or
anything else, I mean, "No Means
No," I'm doing the club with you
or...

J puts his arm over Crosby, interrupting him.

J
Calm down. Don't get your panties
in a knot. Get your gear on.
Throw on that cologne from my room
and I'll be waiting in the whip.
You got twenty minutes.

J heads for the doorway.

CROSBY
But?

J
Twenty minutes.

J exits the apartment. Crosby sulks in place. He just lost
out in the conversation.

INT. CLUB - DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

PEOPLE are on the dance floor, dancing and having fun. The DJ is on the microphone as he spins the music LOUD.

DJ

What's popping people? It's the Friday Night Throwdown. I'm your main man DJ Trimspa on the 1's n' 2's. The weekend's here, the music's loud, so let's get it in, east to west ya'll. "Chea."

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - ENTRANCE

J and Crosby enter the club. Crosby is a little too overdressed for the occasion with a suit and tie on.

CROSBY

So why did you get rid of your date before we got here again?

J

C, you and me, we're here looking for talent. Not to show off. Feel me?

CROSBY

And no wonder your single.

J

Least I get ass every day. Don't you?

J laughs at his own joke. Crosby squeals at himself in response. J taps Crosby on his shoulder.

J

Relax dude. In the five years I've known you, I've never seen you so uptight.

CROSBY

I shouldn't even be here J. You belong here with all of these beautiful people. I should be on the couch playing XBOX right now.

(pause)

(MORE)

CROSBY(CONT'D)

And its seven years we've known
each other, not five.

J

Alright -- seven. But dude, stop
being so damn uptight. Relax, and
act like you the man up in here.

(pause)

Minute you start acting like you
the boss, all the honeys will be at
your doorstep. Feel me?

CROSBY

I guess.

J

Good. Now if you don't mind. I'm
gonna mix it up in here. Because
I'm too young. I'm filled with
fun...

A beautiful GIRL walks by J and Crosby, smiling at J
exclusively.

J

...and I can't be tied down "B."

J chuckles as he gleefully follows the Girl onto the dance
floor. J starts dancing with her as they both have a good
time.

Crosby looks on at J as he sulks in place.

Ms. Lyman, dressed in a very sexy outfit, carrying a
margarita in hand, unknowingly passes by Crosby. Crosby
notices her.

CROSBY

Ms. Lyman?

MS. LYMAN

Crosby, nice to see you.

CROSBY

Same here. Never pictured you'd be
in a place like this.

MS. LYMAN

Same with you. So how's the
project coming?

CROSBY

Along. On baby legs, but it's
coming -- along.

Ms. Lyman takes a sip from her drink.

MS. LYMAN

You know Crosby. Some people might be against this, but I believe going to the club is the best way to meet other people. Especially women.

CROSBY

Really?

MS. LYMAN

(places hand on Crosby's shoulder)

Just be yourself, have a drink, mingle around. Have some fun. Because the night is young...

A handsome GUY walks by her.

MS. LYMAN

...and so are the guys. Mmmm.

Ms. Lyman leaves following the handsome guy. Crosby is to himself.

CROSBY

Let's do this.

Crosby energetically walks off to have his fun.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS - MOMENTS LATER

Crosby, with a beer in hand, is talking to a couple of GIRLS at various spots in the club.

QUICK CUTS -- Multiple Girls laugh in Crosby's face.

Crosby looks dumbfounded as these Girls just laugh at him, rejecting his game in the process.

A beautiful TRANSSEXUAL, who looks unmistakably like a hot chick, is standing right in front of Crosby.

TRANSSEXUAL

(girly voice)

I...

(manly voice)

Think your hot.

Crosby screams in horror before our very eyes. This is not what he expected at all.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Crosby angrily walks out with a completely drunken J beside him.

J
What I tell you man? What did I
tell you? Tonight was bomb wasn't
it?

CROSBY
(angrily)
It certainly was J.

Crosby stops in his place. He starts sniffing J's clothes out.

CROSBY
Wait, J, are you drunk?

J drunkenly gets into Crosby's face.

J
What you talking about Crosby.

CROSBY
How many drinks you had?

J
It don't matter. Twenty-four shots
of tequila and your good to go,
"B."

J slams his shoulder up against a wall.

CROSBY
Twenty-four? Give up the keys.

Crosby reaches for J's car keys inside his pants. J fights him off.

J
Hold up. Back off man. I can
drive.

CROSBY
Dude your eyes are more redder than
a homeless wino. Now fork over the
keys.

J
I got it. I'm cool.

J flinches for a moment as if something is wrong with him.

CROSBY
J, are you alright...

J vomits all over Crosby. Crosby screams in horror.

CROSBY
(screaming)
Oh God, it's hot.

J
Hold me.

J passes out. He falls on top of Crosby. They both fall completely to the ground.

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

J is laid out on the couch, drooling from the mouth, wearing nothing but his pants. Crosby, wearing a tank-top, is on the computer, checking his new loverspace account inbox.

CROSBY
You're a wild one for hooking this up Hoth. And you didn't even put a picture up? I need better friends. And I gotta find a way to get this project done.

Crosby sees something on the monitor.

CROSBY
Hello...

ON THE MONITOR

Crosby wanders onto an unopened note. He opens it. The note is from a beautiful, attractive woman named CYNTHIA SIMPSON, 20's.

CROSBY
Whoa, she's hot.

ON THE MONITOR

Crosby reads Cynthia's words as they appear:

(MORE)

"Hi, I saw your profile and I liked what I read about you. My name is Cynthia. I don't normally do this, but if you want to chat, hit me up. My screen name is CynthiaS143. Can't wait to hear from you. Cynthia!"

CROSBY

No way. Has to be one of those Nigerian money scams.

(pause)

Well, only one way to find out.

Crosby opens up his instant messenger program. He enters Cynthia's screen name into his "buddy list." Her name pops up. She is online.

Crosby clicks on her screen name. An instant message window pops up. Crosby types on his keyboard. The words appear on the monitor:

"Hey Cynthia. How are you doing?"

Crosby spots Cynthia's response on the monitor:

"Good and yourself?"

Crosby types on the keyboard. The words appear on the monitor:

"I'm doing good. My name is Crosby. I just got your message off loverspace."

Crosby nervously waits for Cynthia's response. Cynthia's response appears on the monitor:

"Hey. Nice to hear from you. Where are you from?"

Crosby types away on his keyboard. The words appear on the monitor:

"Hyde Park. Yourself?"

Crosby sees Cynthia's response on the monitor:

"Newbury Ave."

CROSBY

Newbury Ave? Where the rich people live?

(MORE)

CROSBY (CONT'D)

(beat)

At least it ain't a scam. Oh...

Crosby types on the keyboard. His words appear on the monitor:

"You have a beautiful smile."

Cynthia sends Crosby a "smiley" icon. Cynthia's words appear on the monitor:

"Thank you. I like how you describe yourself as a big guy with a 'big' heart."

CROSBY

Big, what the hell? Oh...

Crosby types away on the keyboard. His words appear on the monitor:

"Glad you liked it."

ON THE MONITOR

Crosby sends Cynthia a "happy" smiley icon.

Cynthia sends a "kissing" smiley to him on the monitor in response.

CROSBY

(excited)

Oh yea.

Crosby sees Cynthia's response on the monitor:

"So, do you have a pic of yourself?"

CROSBY

(worried)

A pic?

Crosby hesitates. He frantically looks around for a picture of himself. Crosby suddenly sets his sights on J.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

QUICK CUTS -- J having fun with the beautiful Girl in the club.

BACK TO: SCENE

Crosby has an idea. He grabs his digital camera off his desk. Crosby types on his keyboard. His words appear on the monitor:

"Actually, I do. Hold on a second."

Crosby turns his digital camera on. He aims it at J. J unknowingly wipes away some drool off of his face.

CROSBY
(silently-to J)
This might seem like I'm going
behind your back. Might even seem
like I'm taking the easy way out.
But in desperate times --

Crosby turns his head away. He presses the shutter release on the camera. A bright flash of light appears before us.

CUT TO:

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

Crosby sends a file to Cynthia as an attachment through the Instant Messenger.

ON THE MONITOR

J's face pops up on the screen.

Crosby types on his keyboard. His words appear on the monitor:

"Not my best one, but it will do
for now."

Crosby sees Cynthia's response on the monitor:

"Aww. You look so cute."

Crosby smiles back at the monitor.

CROSBY
(typing)
"Thank you. So what you like to do
for fun?"

EXT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Shades of sunlight fall on the apartment complex.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Crosby sleeps on his computer desk. His cell phone RINGS out of nowhere. Crosby takes his phone out. He answers it.

CROSBY
(groggy)
Hello.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Cynthia is on the phone with Crosby.

CYNTHIA
Morning. It's Cynthia. You asked me to call you around 9 am today? Remember?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

Crosby energetically springs out of his seat. He deepens his voice, trying to sound like J.

CROSBY
Of course. Of course.
(chuckling)
How you doing?

CYNTHIA
Good. Just enjoying the beautiful day.

CROSBY
It's beautiful alright. Not as beautiful as you though.

CYNTHIA
(chuckling)
Cute. Hey, can't talk long. What are you doing next Friday?

CROSBY
Next Friday?

CYNTHIA
Yea, as in, your plans?

CROSBY

(beat)

Absolutely, nothing. What's up?

CYNTHIA

My friend gave me tickets for a dinner and concert at this restaurant downtown. Do you want to go with me?

CROSBY

With you?

Cynthia nods her head in response.

CROSBY

(beat)

Sure, why not.

CYNTHIA

Okay, lets meet at the Train Station, 7 PM next Friday. Sound good?

CROSBY

Sure, no problem.

CYNTHIA

Alright. Talk to you later?

CROSBY

Okay. Yup.

(nervous laughter)

Bye.

END INTERCUT

Crosby and Cynthia hang up on one another. J, already in the living room, stands in front of Crosby, holding a pan in front of him.

CROSBY

The hell?

J

Made some breakfast. Want to grub?

Crosby looks down at the pan.

It has broken egg shells cooked inside some watery eggs, with pieces of burnt-up bacon and toast cooked up together inside. It looks gross.

CROSBY

I'm good. The night was a little long for me.

J

Long? Bro, I went out, drunk my ass off, I think I passed out, and I got a hangover the size of my "jimmy" right now.

CROSBY

(rolling his eyes)

That's interesting. By the way, you got egg shells in your eggs.

J looks down in his pan.

J

Oh! Let me get that real quick.

CROSBY

Yea. You do that.

J heads back to the kitchen. Crosby looks back at his desk. He sees his digital camera, still connected to the computer.

Crosby's eyes open up wide.

QUICK FLASHBACK

Crosby taking J's photo, and giving it to Cynthia online.

BACK TO: SCENE

Crosby has a scared look on his face. He remembers what he did last night.

J

(from kitchen)

You want some links with these eggs, cause these joints is "fire."

CROSBY

(nervous)

No thanks man. Hey J?

J comes back in with the pan of food in his hand.

J

Yo!

CROSBY

We've, always been open with each other about anything, correct?

J

Of course we been real with each other man.

CROSBY

(sighs)

How would you feel if I told you I took a picture of you passed out last night, and gave it to this girl I'm talking to online, to have a chance at dating her for a class project?

J takes a beat to think about Crosby's question. He suddenly has an answer for him.

J

Was my shirt off?

CROSBY

(looking up and down at J's body)

You was wearing the exact same thing your wearing now.

J

How'd my face look?

CROSBY

How'd your "what..."

J

How'd my face look?

CROSBY

I don't know. Like a greek god or something?

J

(beat)

What?

CROSBY

You look like yourself. Hope you ain't mad at me.

J

Mad? Nah! I'm cool with it.

CROSBY
 (surprised)
 Really?

J
 Yea. Even though you took the easy
 way out, I'm still cool with it.
 So how does shorty look?

Crosby grabs a photo of Cynthia from his desk. He holds it
 up for J. J jumps out of his own shoes. He can't believe
 how beautiful Cynthia looks. He snags the photo out of
 Crosby's hands.

J (CONT'D)
 Dude she's banging. Bro I am so
 down. Whooo, don't let me get into
 that thing, boy.

Crosby snags the photo back from J.

CROSBY
 Your impossible you know that?

J
 (sarcastic)
 No, really?

CROSBY
 Seriously, are you gonna help me
 out or what? If I don't get this
 done, I'm gonna flunk my philosophy
 class and lose my full scholarship
 all at the same time.

J thinks to himself.

J
 Crosby, your my boy and all, but I
 don't know. Pretending to be you,
 to date an internet shorty? Sounds
 like a lot.

CROSBY
 You remember the night I waited for
 you in the car while you tried to
 have sex with three different girls
 in the same building?

J
 (chuckle)
 Almost pulled it off too.

CROSBY

Yea. Remember when they were chasing you down with meat cleavers & stun guns in hand, thinking you cheated on one of their sisters?

J

Yea.

CROSBY

Who do you think was there, waiting to pick you up, while they tried to tear out a new asshole in you?

J

(thinking)

It was you.

CROSBY

I had your back when you wanted to do something wild. Now I need your back to get out of this wild situation.

Crosby puts his hand out to J.

CROSBY

What do you say?

J looks down at Crosby's hand. He looks back up at him. J shakes Crosby's hand.

J

Tell me what I got to do.

Crosby wraps his arm around J.

CROSBY

My friend...
(evil deep voice)
...this is our game plan.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - TAXI STAND - LATE EVENING

J is standing next to Crosby, holding a bouquet of roses in his hand. Crosby has his book bag on his shoulders.

J

So why we waiting for shorty at the train station?

CROSBY
I don't have a car, remember?

J
Makes sense.

Crosby nods in response to J's comment.

CROSBY
Now you remember everything I'd
laid out for you, correct? Your
role and what your suppose to do?

J
Dude, I got it down packed.
(pause)
So what does she do again?

CROSBY
(sighing)
She's an assistant at Rubenstein
and Partners in the downtown
district, remember? Need I repeat
anything else to you?

J
Chill out dude. I'm just being me
here.

CROSBY
Which is what we can't have here J.
(pause)
This isn't one of your "freak-a-
leek," one-night stand, three or
four girl hook-ups man.
(pause)
Cynthia is not like every other
girl you meet once and bang out in
the streets. From me talking with
her, she's a very nice girl who
likes the simple things in life --
like, getting her roses and holding
her hand on the first date.

J glances at the roses in his hands.

CROSBY
Now I can't tell you what to say to
her word-for-word. Just don't make
a move or suggest you want to sleep
with her, cause I know you J, just
as well as you know me.
(pause)

(MORE)

CROSBY(CONT'D)

Act like a gentleman. Think like me. Not like you. Everything will fall into place once you do that, alright?

J

I gotta be a gentleman to her?

CROSBY

Ah, yea? Like any other sincere guy would act around a girl?

J

Crosby, this is not 1992, and you ain't R. Kelly.

CROSBY

Neither are you, "Mr. Lover Man." Shabba!

J

(beat)

Your whack.

CROSBY

I know. But back to business. Now I'll be in the background listening to your every word with this little device right here.

Crosby takes out a bionic ear listening device from his book bag.

J

What the hell is that?

CROSBY

It's a bionic ear. It's used to spy on terrorists and drug dealers alike. I think they also found Bin Laden with this thing. Tonight however, it'll be used to spy on you.

J

Now I really feel comfortable.

CROSBY

Whatever.

(pause)

Hey. Hey is that?

Crosby and J see a figure walking in the distance.

It's Cynthia, walking towards them. She is dressed in a nice and sexy outfit. Everything is in SLOW-MOTION as she walks toward us.

CROSBY
Oh my God.

J
She's "fire." Look at that.

Cynthia continues heading towards J and Crosby. J spots Crosby looking hard at Cynthia. He slightly leans over to him.

J (CONT'D)
(whispering)
What are you still doing here?

CROSBY
I'm waiting for...
(realizing)
...oh yea.

J
Get out of here.

J pushes Crosby away from him. Cynthia doesn't notice this. Crosby stumbles a bit trying to regain his footing.

He does so as Cynthia stands face to face with J.

CYNTHIA
Crosby -- right?

J
The one and only.

CYNTHIA
How are you doing?

J
I'm good. But, not as good or as fine as you.

Cynthia smiles. Crosby starts connecting his bionic ear together.

J looks down at the roses in his hands. He hands them to Cynthia.

J
For you.

CYNTHIA
 (taking the roses)
 Awww, their beautiful. You
 shouldn't have.

Crosby presses the record button on the bionic ear. He starts listening in on J and Cynthia.

J
 Only for the best.
 (pause)
 You ready to go?

CYNTHIA
 Ready when you are.

J
 Right this way.

J and Cynthia walk over to a nearby taxi. J opens the door up for Cynthia. They both get in. J closes the door. The taxi drives away.

CROSBY
 Better follow.

Another taxi starts to pull off the curb. Crosby runs down to catch it.

CROSBY
 (yelling)
 Taxi. Taxi.

The taxi drives past Crosby. Crosby bows his head in disappointment.

CROSBY
 (re:)
 Dammit.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A couple of PEOPLE walk by as cars drive by the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

J and Cynthia are seated at a table having dinner. Crosby is sitting a couple of tables away from them. He holds his bionic ear underneath the table recording J and Cynthia's conversation.

CYNTHIA

Wow. So you actually camped out in a blizzard while you was 14? All for a scout's badge? I bet your mom was proud of you.

J

You know my mama didn't raise no mice. She raised men girl. Remember that.

They laugh.

CYNTHIA

I'm so glad we met up tonight. I'm not really an online dater, but, meeting someone like you is like, a breath of fresh air.

J

Fresh air? Why would you say that?

CYNTHIA

Well you know, you get tired of the liars and cheaters. Guys who say they look hot and when you meet them, they're a hot mess.

They laugh.

CYNTHIA

At least you look like your picture. I mean, you wouldn't just take a picture of your friend and just, pass it off like their you. You know how silly that would be?

Cynthia laughs at her own joke. J awkwardly laughs with her. Crosby looks dumbfounded at this point.

J

So what kind of guys you like talking to?

CYNTHIA

I should ask you the same thing, except what kind of girls you like talking to?

J

Well you know, I definitely into girls who are smart and sweet.

(MORE)

J (CONT'D)

You know, Girls who got skin like yours, lips like yours, and a boot...

Crosby eyes open up wide in response to J's comments.

J

(covering up)

I mean, a beautiful smile like yours. Thats the kind of girl I like talking to. Someone like you.

They both smile at each other. Crosby clenches his chest tightly. The plan almost went out of the window on that exchange.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - MAIN STAGE

The house lights go down in the restaurant.

J

What's going on?

CYNTHIA

(silently)

Their about to start the performance.

J

Oh.

The RESTAURANT MANAGER, comes out on stage. A BAND consisting of a Guitar Player, a Bassist, a Drummer, and a Pianist, are already in place. He grabs a microphone from the mic stand.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

(into microphone)

Hey, how you guys doing tonight?

Everyone claps and applauds.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

(into microphone)

Thanks for coming out. Tonight's musical guest is none other than Mr. Soul. Give it up.

The Restaurant Manager walks off stage, handing the mic to MR. SOUL, an R&B singer. He comes out on stage. Mr. Soul begins his performance with the band.

MUSIC UP: MR. SOUL PERFORMANCE

Crosby continues to listen in on J and Cynthia. A BODYGUARD walks up behind him, tapping him on his shoulder. Crosby waves him off. The Bodyguard taps Crosby's shoulder again.

CROSBY
(waving Bodyguard off)
Go away.

The Bodyguard slaps a hand vice on his shoulder. Crosby immediately stares up at the Bodyguard.

BODYGUARD
Got a ticket bub?

CROSBY
Let me check my pockets here, uh,
they should be right...
(checking pants pockets)
...oh wow. Uh, looks like I
misplaced them.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The Bodyguard violently pushes Crosby out of the restaurant.

CROSBY
Hey, don't touch man. Don't touch
me.

The Bodyguard continues to push Crosby out. Crosby turns around and faces him.

CROSBY
Hey, I told you, don't touch me.
Put your hands on me again and
watch what happens.
(points in Bodyguards
face)
Put your hands on me again and see
what happens. Come on. I dare
you. I double dare you man.

The Bodyguard immediately snatches Crosby up by his collar, bringing him up to his face.

CROSBY
(cowardly)
Hey, man, this is stupid.
(MORE)

CROSBY (CONT'D)

What are we fighting for bro? Come on. Let by-gone's be by-gone's.
(opens his arms up)
Give me a hug.

The Bodyguard pushes Crosby away from him. Crosby trips and falls on the ground with his bionic ear in tow.

BODYGUARD

Dork.

The Bodyguard walks back inside. Crosby grabs his bionic ear and gets back up. He starts walking as a taxi drives by him.

CROSBY

(waving taxi down)
Taxi.

The taxi drives by as a PERSON throws a milk-shake out of the window, directly at Crosby. The milk-shake hits Crosby. It's contents splash all over his face and clothes.

Crosby stares up into the sky as if he is talking to God himself.

CROSBY

(yelling)
Are you freaking kidding me. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Soul continues his performance. Cynthia places her hand on top of J's. J and Cynthia look at each other, smiling at one another. J and Cynthia continue to enjoy the show.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up to the apartment. J and Cynthia are in it. J gets out first and holds the door for Cynthia. She gets out with her bouquet of roses in hand.

CYNTHIA

Thank you.

J closes the door. The taxi drives off. J escorts Cynthia to her front door.

J

Well, here you are.

CYNTHIA
Yep, here we are.

They laugh.

CYNTHIA
I really had a great time Crosby.

J
Same here. I'm glad you enjoyed
it.

CYNTHIA
(smiling)
Give me a call when you get in
okay?

J
You know what? How about I "IM"
you when I get in?

CYNTHIA
(confused)
"IM" me?

J
Yea. I know it sounds weird, but --
I feel this connection when I talk
to you online, I just don't want to
break that up for now.

(pause)
Plus, I want to keep you on your
toes a little bit. Surprise you
when you least expect it. If thats
cool with you.

J winks at Cynthia. Cynthia is taken aback a little bit.

CYNTHIA
Okay.

J
All right.

Cynthia and J hug. As they hug, Cynthia gives J a kiss on
the cheek. J places his hand on his cheek. The kiss catches
J off guard. Cynthia grabs her keys out of her pocketbook.

CYNTHIA
"IM" me.

She opens her door and smiles at J. He smiles back as Cynthia walks inside. The door closes. J walks away, and heads for home.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Cynthia leans up against the door. She exhales herself. This was the best date she's ever been on in a long time.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Crosby sits on the couch, with an ice pack on his butt and his clothes and face still sporting milk-shake residue all over. He is in a considerable amount of pain. J strolls into the living room.

J

Dude, I got to hand it to you.
That was one hell of a night bro.

Crosby gets up and sternly raises his finger at J. J approaches Crosby, placing his hand on his shoulder.

J

By the way. You might want to "IM"
Cynthia right now. She's waiting
to hear from you as we speak.

J heads for his room. Crosby has a confused look on his face. His finger is still sternly raised in the air.

J

Thank me later. I'm crashing.

Crosby grabs J's shoulder, stopping him in his tracks.

CROSBY

What was that comment you made
about Cynthia's beauty earlier, oh
excuse me -- her booty?

J

You didn't see that thing? For a
dude with glasses you sure is
blind. She made Nicki Minaj's
booty look like a white girls. And
those legs? Oh -- don't get me
started.

(pause)

But, its a one night deal. I ain't
going to stress it. Lots of fun.

(MORE)

J (CONT'D)

Wouldn't do it again. I'll just leave it at that.

J heads toward his room.

CROSBY

That's where your wrong.

J stops in his tracks. He turns around.

J

Say what?

CROSBY

You and her are going out again.

J

(chuckling)

Stop playing C.

CROSBY

I'm not playing J. See when you were doing your "thing" in there, I got my butt handed to me by some fat-ass security guard who threw me out on the street.

J

He whipped your ass? You should of fought back?

CROSBY

I did.

J

You didn't do shit.

CROSBY

(yelling)

What difference does it make?

J

You got your ass handed by "humpty-dumpty," that's the difference.

CROSBY

No, the difference is I missed out on a whole deal of info, and I need more to complete this project.

J

I don't mind dating shorty again. But under your rules?

(MORE)

J(CONT'D)

Your really hurting my "hit it",
"quit it" status. You know that
right?

CROSBY

Can you please take her out again
J? I need to see more of her
reactions towards you. I'll set
the entire thing up so nothing goes
wrong. Alright?

J stares up to the ceiling, unpleasantly thinking about
Crosby's plea.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

J presses Cynthia's doorbell. The doorbell RINGS.

The door opens up. Cynthia comes out, looking like she is
almost ready to go.

CYNTHIA

Hey. How are you?

J

I'm good, I'm good.

CYNTHIA

Want to come in?

J

Sure.

J walks inside. The door closes behind him.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia and J walk in. She closes the door behind them.

CYNTHIA

I'm so happy to see you again.

J

Yea you know, the thought of not
seeing you makes me want to go
"loco," you know what I mean?

They laugh. J notices a couple of paintings hanging on her
wall.

J

Nice paintings. These you?

CYNTHIA

Yes. These are my best paintings I did my senior year in college. They kind of represent some of my feelings back then. You know, "happy," "sad," "love." Things like that.

J

Definitely.

J notices a picture frame on the kitchen counter top. It contains a picture of Cynthia sitting with her MOTHER, and FATHER.

J

These got to be your parents over here, right?

Cynthia nods in response.

J

Now I see where you got your beauty from. "You got them from your mama."

They laugh.

CYNTHIA

Thank you. It's been a while, but, I miss them.

J

Where are they? In another state?

CYNTHIA

(beat)

No. Their dead. A car accident. They we're coming to see me one night. And a drunk driver hit them.

Cynthia emotionally sighs. A tear streams down from her eyes. J places his arm around her.

J

Hey. Regardless of what you're doing, I bet they're proud of you. And their smiling down at their baby girl. No matter what.

Cynthia looks up at J. She wipes away her tears and smiles at him.

CYNTHIA
 Why don't you take a seat? I'll be
 ready in a minute.

J
 Alright.

Cynthia walks into her bedroom to get herself ready.

J walks into the living room. He takes a seat on her couch
 and lets his eyes wander aimlessly, looking at all of
 Cynthia's possessions.

CYNTHIA (O.C.)
 Crosby.

J
 Yea?

We see Cynthia's leg revealingly pop out from her bedroom.

Cynthia walks out, wearing nothing but a piece of sexy
 lingerie. The kind you would find at a Victoria Secrets or
 Fredericks. It looks sexy and beautiful on her.

J's mouth drops like an anvil falling to the floor. He
 suddenly resets himself back in place.

CYNTHIA
 So how do I look?

J
 Nice.

CYNTHIA
 (walking toward J)
 Do you think I look, cute?

J
 That's an understatement. You
 looking "damn fine" girl.

CYNTHIA
 (giggling)
 Thank you.

Cynthia takes a seat next to J. Their thighs are touching
 one another. J scoots away from her a little bit. Cynthia
 scoots right back to him.

CYNTHIA
 You okay?

J
 (holding thigh)
 You know I think I got a Charlie
 horse on my thigh here.

CYNTHIA
 Want me to massage it for you?

J
 You don't have to. I mean, I can
 just walk it off...

Cynthia puts her finger on J's lips.

CYNTHIA
 (whispering)
 It'll only take a minute.

Cynthia puts her hands on J's thigh. She starts massaging it
 very sensuously. J immediately starts to get aroused.

CYNTHIA
 Feeling better?

J
 Getting there.

Cynthia moves her hand toward his inner thigh. Cynthia
 mistakenly touches J's penis, laying up against his thigh. J
 flinches in response to her touch. Needless to say, it's
 big.

CYNTHIA
 I guess I woke your neighbor up
 down there.

J
 I guess you did.
 (chuckling)
 Damn.

Cynthia rubs J's inner thigh and penis all together. J is
 making a bunch of crazy faces like he's about to explode in
 his pants.

CYNTHIA
 (whispering in J's ear)
 Turn around.

J
 Say what?

Cynthia forcefully turns J around to his side. She presses up on J's back and starts rubbing up his abs and arms. J bites his lips as she feels Cynthia's skin and bodily features pressed on his back. He's getting more aroused by the seconds.

Cynthia unbuttons J's shirt. She takes it off, revealing J's sexy body. She starts rubbing J's arms down. Cynthia starts kissing up on J's neck as she rubs him. J shivers in response.

CYNTHIA
You like that?

J
Do what you do girl. Mmm -- Do what you do.

J closes his eyes as Cynthia continues kissing up on him. A "dream cloud" starts to appear next to him.

J'S VISION - CROSBY IN A DREAM CLOUD

Crosby, surrounded by smoke inside the cloud, appears next to J.

CROSBY
Remember J, be more like me, not like you. You understand?
(yelling-to J)
Hey, you understand me "jackoff?"

BACK TO: SCENE

J shrieks in horror. He quickly jumps up off Cynthia's couch.

CYNTHIA
What's wrong?

J
(fixing himself)
Oh, nothing -- nothing, you know...
(chuckling)
You ready to go?

Cynthia gawks at J like he's crazy.

INT. ROLLER SKATING RINK - MOMENTS LATER

J and Cynthia enter the skating rink with a few people behind them. J looks to be in a foul mood.

CYNTHIA

Why are you so quiet over there?

J doesn't respond to Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

If it's about earlier, I'm sorry for what I did back there. I totally should of respected your space.

J

(smiling)

Don't worry bout it. Lets just have a good time. Alright?

CYNTHIA

Sounds good to me.

J and Cynthia walk on.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER SKATING RINK - CONTINUOUS

At the cashier's counter, the CASHIER lays out two pairs of roller skates and socks onto the counter. J grabs them.

J

(to Cashier)

Thanks.

J hands Cynthia her pair of skates and socks.

CYNTHIA

Do you find me attractive Crosby?

J

Say what?

J and Cynthia both take a seat at an empty table. They both start to put their roller skates on.

CYNTHIA

Do you find me attractive?

J quickly thinks about it.

J
 You know I find you attractive
 girl. You a dime piece out of a
 million.

CYNTHIA
 Aww, thats sweet.

Cynthia grabs J's arm. She starts hugging up on it. J
 shakes his head in response. This girl is nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER SKATING RINK - SKATING RINK

A number of people skate by as J and Cynthia glide through.
 They are seemingly enjoying themselves, especially Cynthia.

THROUGH THE EYES OF A PAIR OF BINOCULARS

It watches J and Cynthia skating around the rink.

It's Crosby. He is checking J and Cynthia out with his "spy-
 like" binoculars. Crosby puts his binoculars in his pocket.
 He raises up his bionic ear in hand.

CROSBY
 Lets do this.

Crosby presses the record button on the bionic ear. He
 skates onto the rink behind a few people going by.

Crosby is now a few feet behind J and Cynthia, unknown to
 them. He listens in on them through the bionic ear.

CYNTHIA
 Don't slip on me now.

J
 (chuckling)
 Never that.

Crosby continues to listen in.

CYNTHIA
 Hey. Catch me if you can.

Cynthia playfully skates away from J.

J
 (smiling)
 Okay then.

J tries to catch up to Cynthia. Cynthia turns a corner. She is now on the opposite end of the rink.

Crosby shifts his eyes toward Cynthia. Cynthia glides by everyone in SLOW-MOTION. Crosby looks awe-struck at Cynthia's beauty.

Cynthia locks her eyes with Crosby. Crosby's attention is squarely focused on Cynthia.

LITTLE KID
 (to Crosby)
 Hey.

Crosby turns around. A LITTLE KID is standing right in front of him. Crosby can't stop in time. He screams as --

He collides with the little kid in the middle of the rink. They both fall to the ground.

Cynthia stops in her tracks, seeing the collision first hand. J catches up to her.

J
 You beat me pretty good over here.
 (pause)
 Whats up?

CYNTHIA
 Check that out over there.

J eyes Crosby laying on the floor with the Kid. Crosby gets up first, trying to balance himself with his skates on. He reaches for the Kid's hand and pulls him up.

CROSBY
 My fault kid. Are you alright?

The Kid kicks Crosby in the nutsack with his skates on. Crosby crumples to the ground, holding his nutsack in place. He is in a world of pain.

LITTLE KID
 Now I'm alright you dork.

The Kid kicks Crosby in his back for good measure. He skates off the rink. Crosby is withering in pain.

CYNTHIA

Does this happen all the time you
come here?

J

Do you think I even chill with
these crazy people here?

CYNTHIA

(beat)

Makes sense.

J

What do you say we get out of here?

CYNTHIA

Okay.

Cynthia and J skate off the rink.

A SKATING REFEREE rolls up to Crosby, BLOWING his whistle at
him.

REFEREE

Sir your endangering the patrons by
laying here. Would you please get
off before you or anyone else gets
hurt?

Crosby throws his arms up like the ref never seen what
happened a second ago.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

J and Cynthia are walking around, bypassing other people,
including the BUMS, enjoying each other's company.

CYNTHIA

(smiling)

You've got to stop spoiling me with
these adventures Crosby. I can
only take so much.

J

I'm just being me girl. Thats all.

They laugh. Cynthia stops in her tracks. J stops as well.

CYNTHIA

Hey Crosby? There's something I got to tell you and, I feel like, I better tell you now before it's too late.

J

Don't tell me you got like four kids or something?

CYNTHIA

What if they were five?

J

(beat)

Say what?

CYNTHIA

(laughing)

I'm kidding Crosby. You know I don't have no kids.

(beat)

But, seriously, you remember how you told me you had a connection with me when we talk online?

J

Yea?

CYNTHIA

I feel that same connection when we talk online as well.

J suddenly starts coughing out of thin air.

J

Really?

CYNTHIA

You okay?

J

Yea. Yea. I'm good.

(clearing throat)

Go ahead.

CYNTHIA

Well. I just want to let you know, that, I'm not saying "I love you." But, I really like being around you. And I think you and me; we can be something more. If you know what I mean.

J starts coughing again.

J
Oh damn.

CYNTHIA
You sure your alright? We can stop
at the drug store and get something
if you want.

J
(clearing throat)
I'm good. Besides, we haven't even
capped things off tonight. Dessert
at your favorite spot?

CYNTHIA
Aww, your so sweet.

J
Only for the best. Come on.

Cynthia grabs J's arm and hugs up on it again. J rolls his
eyes around as if he doesn't even want to be next to Cynthia.

EXT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The bright sun shines down on the apartment complex.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

J, still in his clothes from last night, sleeps soundly on
the couch. Crosby gingerly limps into the living room
carrying his book bag, and holding an ice pack on his
nutsack.

J snores away as Crosby gawks at him with utter contempt.

Crosby throws his ice pack onto the floor. The sound wakes J
up.

J
(groggy)
Morning dude.

CROSBY
When you'd get in?

J
Like two hours ago?

CROSBY

Your date with Cynthia lasted till 1 AM last night. I know. I talked with her afterwards. Where were you?

J

The twins man. Need I say more?

Crosby sighs and shakes his head at J's response.

CROSBY

Well rest up. I'll brief you on last night affairs later, alright?

J

Sure.

Crosby opens up the door.

J

Hey Crosby? Quick question?

Crosby turns around and faces J.

J

Not to be funny or anything, but, how'd it feel to get kicked in the balls by a ten year old?

J laughs it up. Crosby angrily squeals at J. He storms out the door angry. J continues to laugh.

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Crosby, at his desk, is writing up some notes from class in his notebook. Ms. Lyman walks up to him with a piece of paper in hand.

MS. LYMAN

Well. On time and flourishing Mr. Crosby. I like that.

(hands paper to Crosby)

And I'm sure you will like this as well.

Crosby takes the paper from Ms. Lyman's hands.

INSERT - QUIZ PAPER

A "97%" is marked at the top in red ink.

CROSBY
Thank you Ms. Lyman.

MS. LYMAN
Your welcome Crosby.

Ms. Lyman walks away from Crosby's desk. Crosby grabs his books and places them into his book bag. Ms. Lyman walks back up to him.

MS. LYMAN
By the way. The other night at the club. You didn't see me drunk or dancing with all of those men in there now did you?

CROSBY
Well...

MS. LYMAN
(interrupting)
No you didn't.

CROSBY
Yea, but.

MS. LYMAN
No you didn't.

CROSBY
(beat)
Were you even at the club that night?

MS. LYMAN
I thought so.

Ms. Lyman walks away from Crosby again. Crosby gets up and heads for the door. Ms. Lyman stops in her place.

MS. LYMAN
(to Crosby)
By the way. You realize your final presentation's due a month from now?

Crosby stops in his tracks. He looks worried to say the least.

CROSBY
A month from now?

MS. LYMAN
Do your best Crosby.

Ms. Lyman walks away.

CROSBY
(worried)
No problem Ms. Lyman.

Crosby looks lost at this point. Time is running out.

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Crosby, Hoth, Jason, and Dino are all sitting together at a table hanging out. Crosby looks down in the dumps as everyone talks away at each other.

DINO
(to Hoth)
Yo' major props Hoth. Loverspace
is the joint man. I hooked up with
like five broads in a week dude.

Dino and Hoth give "dap" to each other.

HOTH
And you guys didn't want to believe
me.

JASON
I still don't believe anyone wanna
hook up with this nasty fool right
here.

DINO
Dude, don't hate. Just appreciate.

JASON
Appreciate what? Some girl getting
an STD looking at your nasty ass?

DINO
See, see, thats messed up man. You
don't even know if my ass is nasty
dude.

JASON
When was the last time you showered
Dino?

DINO
 What does that have to do with
 anything?

Jason stares at Dino awaiting his answer.

DINO
 Alright it was last week man. On
 my nuts dawg. For real.

HOTH
 (to Crosby)
 So. Any luck with the ladies yet?

Crosby continues to look down in the dumps. Hoth waves his
 hand in Crosby's face to get his attention.

HOTH
 Crosby. Crosby.

Crosby ignores Hoth's attention seeking gesture.

DINO
 (to Crosby)
 BOO!

Crosby jumps out of shock from Dino scaring him.

CROSBY
 What, man?

DINO
 You good C?

CROSBY
 Oh yea. I'm real good. Like
 "Happy-happy-joy-joy" good. Is
 that the good your looking for
 Dino?

HOTH
 What is up with you?

CROSBY
 Time is running out and I got about
 a month to finish Ms. Lyman's
 project. I'm stressed.

A beautiful, hot-looking GIRL walks by Crosby and the guy's
 table. Her name is JUSTINE.

A piece of paper, dangling from Justine's handbag, falls onto
 the floor without her knowing. Crosby spots this.

Dino leans in close to Crosby.

DINO
Dude, go pick it up.

CROSBY
What are you talking about?

DINO
The piece of paper. Pick it up
before she leaves.

CROSBY
I can't do that. She's too hot for
me to be in her presence.

DINO
I'll flash those pics of me with
the fat chick from the party line
at you.

Crosby quickly springs out of his chair.

He quickly grabs the note off the ground and heads for
Justine, who is sitting by herself at a table.

CROSBY
(nervous)
Hi. You dropped this.

JUSTINE
Oh my God. My notes. Thanks for
finding them.

CROSBY
No problem.
(extends hand)
I'm Crosby.

JUSTINE
Justine.

Justine shakes Crosby's hand.

CROSBY
Pleasure to meet you.

Crosby chuckles a bit. Justine smiles at Crosby. Crosby
takes a long look at Justine's smile for a moment.

QUICK FLASHBACK

QUICK CUTS -- Cynthia smiling at J on their dates together.

BACK TO: SCENE

Crosby gasps for a moment. He has a beleaguered look on his face.

JUSTINE
Are you alright?

CROSBY
Um. Well look at the time. Gotta
get to work.
(chuckling)
Nice talking to you.

Crosby runs over to his table and grabs his bookbag.

DINO
Whats good son?

CROSBY
(wryly)
Can't chat. Must go.

Crosby runs past the guys and Justine's tables, ignoring them completely as he heads for the exit.

INT. BUS - EVENING

Crosby is sitting in the back aboard a somewhat filled-up bus of PEOPLE in the middle of rush hour.

The bus makes a stop at one of it's pick-up points.

Crosby eyes some of the people getting off through the back door. He looks onward and sees

CYNTHIA

Getting off the bus through the front.

CROSBY
(to himself)
Cynthia.

Crosby gets up out of his seat and quickly exits out of the back door onto the streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The bus pulls off as Crosby watches Cynthia walk away in the distance. She has her cell phone out and starts typing into it.

Crosby's eyes are totally fixed on Cynthia's figure. He closes his eyes and takes a deep sigh.

CROSBY
I really wish...

A noticeable chime RINGS out of nowhere from Crosby's book bag. He takes it off his shoulder and opens it up.

Crosby pulls out his mobile PC tablet from his book bag. An instant message from Cynthia shows up as the screen turns on.

Crosby reads Cynthia's response on the monitor:

"Had an amazing time last night.
Can't wait to see you again."

Crosby thinks for a moment. Using the on-screen keypad function, Crosby types back. His words appear on the monitor:

"No problem. Do you wanna go to
the movies with me next week?"

Crosby waits for Cynthia reply. He sees her response on the monitor:

"Sure, IM me the details. TTYL!"

Cynthia sends crosby a "kissing" smiley face on the monitor. Crosby pumps his fist in the air, silently saying "yes" to himself.

Crosby's eyes open up wide again. Crosby didn't set up a date between himself and Cynthia. He just set up another date with J and Cynthia.

CROSBY
Oh crap.

EXT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The rays of the evening sun hit the apartment complex.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Crosby and J are sitting across from one another.

CROSBY

So she's feeling me?

J

No doubt about it. She's feeling your mind, and my body. But honestly -- I can't even do this anymore. I don't even feel comfortable around her.

CROSBY

What do you mean? She's a girl. I thought you like girls.

(beat)

Your swinging the other side of the fence, aren't you?

J

Nah. She's just a different type of woman I'm not familiar with. And besides, she's looking for love. I'm looking to play.

CROSBY

I understand that. However, I kinda made a date with Cynthia to go out with her to the movies next week?

J

(upset)

Really dude?

CROSBY

You mind taking her out again? Since you promised? Please?

J angrily stares at Crosby. He is certainly dissatisfied at Crosby's plea.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - ONE WEEK LATER - NIGHT

J and Cynthia are sitting together with a tub of popcorn and two sodas in their chair cup holders. Cynthia is hugged up on J's arm.

Crosby sits a few seats away from them, listening in with his bionic ear.

ON THE SCREEN

A newly released film called: THE FOAM KILLER. A bloody horror film about a CHEERLEADER being chased by a zombie known as THE FOAM KILLER, who kills people with a piece of Styrofoam, laced in barb-wire.

A big, tall, MUSCULAR MAN, sitting a few seats away from J and Cynthia, is eating popcorn as he yells at the screen.

MUSCULAR MAN

(yelling)

You better not go in there trick.
Get your shit and get the hell out
of there. Dumb broad.

The Muscular man laughs at his own joke as he eats up his popcorn. EVERYONE in the theater is annoyed by the Man yelling at the screen, including J and Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

I swear, he is so obnoxious.

J

My fault Cynthia. I should of
chose some place less "obnoxious"
than here.

CYNTHIA

At least your here with me. Makes
things a whole lot better.

J

i hear that.

Cynthia smiles at J.

ON THE SCREEN

The Cheerleader is trapped and has nowhere to go. The Foam Killer appears before her.

The Muscular Man continues to yell at the screen.

MUSCULAR MAN

Aww here we go. Trapped and
nowhere to go, huh? You goin' die
trick. You goin' die.

Cynthia and J collectively sigh to themselves. Out of
nowhere, Cynthia's cell phone RINGS from her pocketbook. She
opens it up and takes out her phone.

MUSCULAR MAN

(yelling at Cynthia)

Hey. Turn that phone off.

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to have
it on.

MUSCULAR MAN

I don't need an explanation. Just
turn it off, or I'll turn it off
for you, trick.

Cynthia and the entire theater audience gasps in shock.

CYNTHIA

(to J)

Can you believe this guy?

J shakes his head in reply. He looks up to the sky like he's
talking to God.

J

What the hell?

J gets up out of his seat, facing the Muscular Man.

J

Hey look. Sorry about the cell
phone. But the way you talked to
shorty was totally out of line. I
think you better give her an
apology.

The Muscular Man stands up before us. He looks chiseled out
of stone, with muscles in places people don't have places.

J looks intimidated to say the least as the Muscular man
starts flexing his pectorals up and down, like he's on
steroids.

MUSCULAR MAN

What if I don't. And whose gonna
make me?

The Man pushes J. J looks down at the ground for a moment and looks back up at the Muscular Man.

J swings at the Man.

BAM!

J punches him right in the chin. J hurts his hand in the process as the Muscular Man smiles at him, unaffected by J's punch. His chin is as hard as a rock.

Crosby looks on as J's eyes open up wide.

CROSBY
(worried)
Oh dear!

The Muscular Man cocks his fist back and punches J right in his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - TAXI STAND - MOMENTS LATER

From the movie theater sign, we see Cynthia and J walking toward the taxi stand, with J holding an ice pack over his eye.

CYNTHIA
(distraught)
I am so sorry Crosby. I should of had my phone off. I shouldn't of instigated him, I mean...
(pause)
I understand if you don't want to talk to me again. I'm so sorry.

J
Don't worry about it. I'm just glad you didn't get hurt.

Cynthia smiles. J flinches his head as a sharp sensation of pain travels through his eye.

CYNTHIA
Be careful.

J
I got it. Don't worry about it.

Cynthia and J arrive at an available taxi. J opens the door up for Cynthia.

J
Here you go.

CYNTHIA
Thank you.

Cynthia steps inside. J is about to enter the taxi.

Across the street from him, J spots a WOMAN, looking extremely beautiful and voluptuous, walking on the opposite side.

Her name is AP. J stares a hole at her, liking what he sees.

CYNTHIA
Aren't you getting in?

J
Hey I gotta do something real quick. "IM" me later, okay?

CYNTHIA
But?

J slams the door right in front of Cynthia, almost hitting her. He taps the back of the cab to drive off.

CYNTHIA
(inside taxi)
Wait, Crosby, where are you going?

The taxi drives off. J chucks away his ice pack, revealing his swollen eye. He heads across the street to catch AP.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

J catches up to AP. He taps her shoulder to get her attention. AP is startled a little bit.

J
Hey! Sorry to bother you but, I wanted to tell you, honestly, I think you look extremely beautiful.

AP
Thank you.
(looking at J's eye)
Are you okay?

J
Had a "little" altercation with an idiot down the road. No big deal.
(MORE)

J (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

I'm J.

J extends his hand to AP. AP shakes it.

AP

AP. Nice to meet you. See ya.'

AP walks away.

J

Whoa, whoa, whoa -- hold up?

J catches up to AP who is a few feet away from him.

J

I'm sorry, was it something I said?

AP

No, your fine. I'm just not interested right now.

J

I see. I see.

(pause)

Hey. You work around here do you?

AP

Yes. Why do you want to know?

J

Well it's pretty late out here. You shouldn't be out here by yourself. Let me walk you back to your job.

AP

(smiling)

Let me think about it.

J

Take your time.

AP thinks about it for a moment.

AP

Sure.

AP and J start walking together. J is all smiles from ear to ear.

EXT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The street lights brighten up the dark streets and the apartment building.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

J strolls in with a smile on his face. J looks down at Crosby, who is standing in the doorway.

J
Whats good?

CROSBY
What is this I hear about you forcing my experiment into a taxi? Huh? What happened to Chivalry? You're suppose to be doing this for me. FOR ME! What gives?

J
Look I understand your upset. But, I seen this beautiful shorty walk by, and I knew, the longer I spent with Cynthia, I was gonna miss out on an opportunity of a lifetime.

CROSBY
Opportunity?

J nods in response to Crosby's question. Crosby places his hand on J's forehead.

CROSBY
Are you feeling alright?

J
Yea -- why?

CROSBY
Because your sick. Absolutely sick. Like swine flu, African, Swahili ass-backwards, virus sick man. Your selfish actions almost jeopardized this entire project.
(pause)
Dammit.

Crosby angrily heads for his room.

J
You know you'd do the same thing in
my shoes bro.

CROSBY
I can't cause my feet ain't as big
as yours you "jack-wagon."

Crosby goes into his room. He slams the door shut.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - J'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

J falls down on his bed with his phone to his ear. The phone
RINGS. AP picks up.

AP (V.O.)
Hello?

J
Hey whats up? It's J. We met
earlier today?

AP (V.O.)
What's going on?

J
Hey I was wondering? What are you
doing next weekend?

MONTAGE - J AND AP'S FIRST DATE

MUSIC UP:

-- EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON -- J and AP walk the streets
together, enjoying the scenery.

-- EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER -- J and AP are sitting under a
tree. J tries to feed AP a drink. AP playfully rejects him
as J continues to try and get her to have a drink.

-- EXT. STREET - BOSTON SEGWAYS - MOMENTS LATER -- AP and J
speed past us on a couple of segways. AP has a handle for
them. J doesn't as he tries to work the motorized two-wheel
machine.

-- EXT. STREET - ICE CREAM CART - MOMENTS LATER -- J buys AP
an ice cream cone. They eat their cones together. AP grabs
J's hand and holds it. J and AP smile at each other.

-- EXT. CITY CAROUSAL - MOMENTS LATER -- They are now on a
pair of carousal horses, riding along, enjoying themselves.

-- EXT. MARKETPLACE - MOMENTS LATER -- A CARICATURE ARTIST draws a funny picture of J and AP looking cute together.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WHARF - SUNSET

J and AP stand near a guardrail as the sun sets before us, holding each other.

J
You enjoyed yourself?

AP
I did. I didn't think you was this spontaneous J.

J
I'm like a present girl. Every day's a surprise.

They laugh.

J
So how come you was so cold to me when we first met?

AP
I was at a financial firm a couple of years ago and at that time, I got my ex-boyfriend, Gerald, a job there.

(pause)
I loved him so much. I didn't even see it coming when he lied to me, telling me he was secretly married to another woman, who had a child. He used me to get a job for his family.

(pause)
That was the last day I ever trusted my heart to a man. That is until I met you.

J
I ain't going to lie AP. You stir some things in me I never felt before. I'm feeling you.

AP
 Just don't lie to me J. Because
 I'm feeling you too. Really
 feeling you.

AP leans in on J. They passionately kiss each other. The
 kiss lasts for a long time.

INTERCUT - CROSBY'S APARTMENT/CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Crosby and Cynthia, both in their night time clothes are on
 their computers talking to each other through instant
 message. We hear their voices as they type away on their
 keyboards. Their words appear on their monitors.

CROSBY (V.O.)
 I'm sorry I haven't spoken to you
 in a while. School's been real
 crazy lately.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 It's okay. I know your busy. I
 was worried you didn't want to talk
 to me after the other night. How's
 your eye doing?

CROSBY (V.O.)
 It's fine.
 (pause)
 Hey, I was wondering. You never
 really told me this, but, what kind
 of guys would you say your
 physically attracted to?

Cynthia thinks for a moment. She types her response.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 Well, I like someone who's cute,
 sexy, and a little bit in shape.
 Not really into big-looking guys.
 You know, guys who look fat.

Crosby looks disappointed reading Cynthia's response.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 But lately I've been learning. No
 matter how high my standards for
 men are, I'm always going to be let
 down in the end no matter what.
 Thats why for a while, I've shied
 away from dating.

(pause)

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I just want someone who can love me for me and help me look past my standards. So far, you fit that bill Crosby.

Crosby smirks. He lets out a sigh.

CROSBY

(to himself)

Maybe I should tell her the truth.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

(on the monitor)

So when are we going back out again?

Crosby pauses in shock.

CROSBY (V.O.)

(wryly)

Um, anytime you want.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

Okay. Do you want to do dinner next Friday?

CROSBY (V.O.)

Yup. Sounds good. See you next Friday.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

I'm thinking about you.

CROSBY (V.O.)

(quickly)

You too Cynthia. Goodnight.

Crosby gets off his computer. Cynthia is taken aback over how quickly Crosby logs off. She gets off as well. Cynthia turns her lights off and goes to bed.

END INTERCUT

J gleefully walks in.

J

Whats going on killer?

CROSBY

Nothing much? Hey J -- what are you doing next Friday?

J
Is this Cynthia-related, cause I
already told you how I feel about
her.

CROSBY
Just one last date man. One more
piece of bona-fide information to
close this thing out with a bang.
And you sir will provide that bang.

J looks at Crosby in disbelief.

J
You know I got a date with AP that
night do you?

CROSBY
Well, I think your going to have to
cancel that date now, don't you?

J
If you didn't have glasses on, I'd
punch your lights out dude?

CROSBY
J you promised. You was going to
help me out on this to the end man.
To the end.

J shakes his head in disbelief.

J
Why are you so intent on continuing
this thing? I mean, you got all
the data you need, so, why keep
this up?

Crosby is silent towards J's question.

J
Your feeling Cynthia aren't you?
(pause)
Aren't you...?

CROSBY
(snapping at J)
Yes, J. Yes. I am feeling Cynthia
Simpson. Your happy now?
(pause)
Let me tell you something.
(MORE)

CROSBY (CONT'D)

No matter how hard I try or look, A guy like me will never, ever get someone like Cynthia in my own lifetime. The only thing I'll get is the heartbreak that goes along with the effort of trying.

J

Crosby. I'm going to be dead up with you. I think you need to tell Cynthia the whole truth about everything. This all might blow up in our faces if you go through with this date.

CROSBY

J, on my word, I'll make sure nothing crazy happens. No bodyguards. No kids on roller skates. No steroid-inducing muscle-bound idiots. None of that. Just take her out and that's that. Please?

J

(sighs)

I'll reschedule with AP right now.

CROSBY

Thanks J. I appreciate it man.

J unpleasantly nods at Crosby in response. He heads for his room. Crosby lets out another sigh of relief.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

J and Cynthia are at a table eating together. Crosby is at the bar listening in on his bionic ear.

J

This is -- "banging."

CYNTHIA

Yea. I heard the chef is all the way from Italy, and he mixed in his family's recipes with some popular American dishes. And they end up like this.

J

All the way from Italy? Damn, we need to kidnap more of them Italiano's over here girl.

They laugh.

J
I'm playing.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - BAR

A BAR ATTENDANT walks up to Crosby. His presence startles him a bit.

BAR ATTENDANT
Can I get you anything sir?

CROSBY
Can I get an apple juice real quick?

BAR ATTENDANT
You got it chief.

The Bar Attendant walks away. Crosby turns his attention back on J and Cynthia.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

CYNTHIA
I swear, this is the best meal I've ever had.

Cynthia digs into her food. J suddenly takes a long stare at the hostess area in the restaurant. AP walks in with a couple of her CO-WORKERS in tow. J's eyes open up wide.

He looks over at Crosby, trying to get his attention through unobtrusive hand signals.

Crosby looks up at J. J points over at the bathroom door. Crosby nods in reply.

J focuses back on Cynthia, who is into eating her food.

J
Hey, I'm gonna run to the bathroom real quick.

CYNTHIA
Okay.

J gets up. He makes his way to the bathroom. Crosby follows behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

J paces back and forth. Crosby walks in.

CROSBY
 Alright, what now?

J
 AP's here.

CROSBY
 What? You two-timing son-of-a-bitch. What are you thinking? What, you wanna test yourself? You invited AP over here to date her and Cynthia at the same time? Really? What is wrong with you?

J
 Can you grow a brain for a minute dumbass? I didn't invite her. She came on her own.

CROSBY
 (frustrated)
 Dammit. Alright. I'm going to draw her attention out the door. You try to get Cynthia out of here, alright?

J
 Cool.

J and Crosby hastily exit the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - BATHROOM ENTRANCE

J and Crosby walk out the bathroom. AP approaches them.

AP
 J?

J
 AP. Whats up?

AP

What are you doing here? And why
is Crosby with you? Is this why
you canceled our date?

J is speechless. He quickly tries to think up an excuse.

CROSBY

Well J was kind to treat me out to
an end of the semester dinner,
seeing it's my kind of tradition.
You know, he just wanted to make it
special for me and...

Cynthia walks over to J and everyone else.

CYNTHIA

(to J)

Is everything alright Crosby?

Crosby and J both show incredulous looks on their faces.
Their busted.

J

(wryly)

Everything's fine Cynthia.

AP

What the hell is going on?

CYNTHIA

What are you talking about? This
is my date Crosby over here.

AP

(angry-pointing at Crosby)

No. No, this is Crosby over here.

(pointing at J)

And this is J. My ex boyfriend.

Cynthia looks at J in total disbelief.

J

AP, it's not what you think. Let
me...

AP slaps J in his face. She walks out of the restaurant, in
tears. J places his hand on his face to convalesce the pain.

J

(yelling)

AP.

J faces Cynthia. She has tears streaming down her face.

J
Cynthia. Let me...

CYNTHIA
I don't believe you.

J
Please, just let me explain...

Cynthia shakes her head in disbelief. She runs out of the restaurant, crying.

CROSBY
(yelling)
Cynthia.

J angrily faces Crosby.

CROSBY
J. Hey, look man.

J walks toward the exit.

CROSBY
Please J, come on...

J stops in his tracks. He takes one last look at Crosby. He waves him off and walks out of the restaurant.

Crosby emotionally bows his head down in utter contempt and shame.

MONTAGE - EVERYONE'S LOOKING FOR LOVE

MUSIC UP:

-- EXT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - J'S ROOM - NIGHT -- J is laying down, thinking about everything he has experienced thus far.

-- INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT -- Crosby sits on the couch, feeling upset over everything he's done.

-- INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT -- Cynthia is laying on her bed, crying herself in her pillows.

-- EXT. AP'S HOUSE - DOORWAY -- J knocks on AP's door. AP opens it up a little bit. J waves "hi" to her. AP slams her door in front of him. J bows his head in disappointment.

-- INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- On the monitor, Crosby stares at Cynthia's profile on loverspace.com. Crosby opens up his instant messenger, looking to see if Cynthia is online. She isn't. Crosby gets up and leaves the living room.

END MONTAGE

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

J walks inside as Crosby is sitting on the couch browsing the internet on his PC tablet.

CROSBY
(putting tablet down)
J.

J
What do you want?

CROSBY
(gets up off couch)
Look I got some stuff I gotta get off my chest real quick.

J
So say it.

CROSBY
I'm sorry for putting you in this whole situation man. I should of listened to you, and I should of been dead up with Cynthia.

(pause)
You know, I've learned that sometimes in life, it's not what you do in the past that gets remembered. It's what you do afterwards that people will remember you for.

(pause)
I need to make things right for you. For everybody. And make things right for myself as well.

J
And how are you going to do that?

CROSBY
What if I told you I can help you get back with AP?

J
 (chuckling)
 That's a long shot.

CROSBY
 It's a sure fire bet. I know a florist guy who specializes in making small moments seem "special." It will be out of my own expense. All I'm asking is that you trust me to help make things right for you and AP.

J
 Your expecting me to trust you?

CROSBY
 You don't have to. But I want you to. Because as my best friend, and brother, there's no one else I trust more than you.

Crosby puts his hand out to J.

CROSBY
 Please?

J looks down at Crosby's hand. He faces Crosby and grabs his hand. They shake on it and hug each other.

CROSBY
 Alright. Ready to do this?

J
 Ready when you are.

CROSBY
 Alright. Let's go.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Cynthia, in her business attire, types away at her desk computer. A BICYCLE MESSENGER walks up to her desk.

BICYCLE MESSENGER
 Cynthia Simpson?

CYNTHIA
 (to Bicycle Messenger)
 Thats me.

The Messenger pulls a clipboard out of his mailbag. The clipboard has a letter attached to it. The messenger hands it to Cynthia.

BICYCLE MESSENGER

This would be for you. Sign here
real quick?

CYNTHIA

Sure.

Cynthia grabs the clipboard and signs off on it. She grabs the letter and hands the clipboard back to the Messenger. He leaves.

Cynthia opens up the envelope up. She starts reading it.

INSERT - LETTER FROM CROSBY

CROSBY (V.O.)

"Hi Cynthia. I know this isn't
easy for you to read, but, if you
want to know the truth about
everything, come to Corner Center
Park tomorrow night at 8 PM sharp.
"IM" me tonight if your coming.
Please wear something nice.

Yours Truly, The Real Crosby"

Cynthia puts the letter down and starts thinking to herself.

EXT. AP'S HOUSE - EVENING

AP walks up to her doorstep. She spots J, sitting on her doorsteps.

AP

J what are you doing here again?
Don't make me call the cops on you.
(beat)
You know I'll scream.

J

AP. I just need five minutes to
talk with you. Thats all I'm
asking for.

AP hesitantly thinks about it.

AP

Five minutes.

J
Thank you.

AP opens up her door and walks in. J is about to walk in, but stops in place. He waves to SOMEONE in the distance to "come to him."

J walks into the house and closes the door. A WHITE VAN, quietly pulls up beside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. AP'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

AP drops her purse onto the ground and faces J.

AP
Alright. Five minutes. Go ahead.

J
AP, I know seeing me is the last thing you'd like or want right now, but I need you to hear me out for a minute.

AP
(looking down at watch)
Four minutes, thirty seconds. Go ahead. Entertain me.

J
AP, I wasn't with that girl just to be out with her. Crosby purposely set me up with her for his school project so he wouldn't flunk his class.

AP
Was that the first time you went out with her?

J
More like the fourth, last I checked.

AP
(pointing towards door)
Get out. Get the hell out right now.

AP goes over and pushes J to get out of her house. J stands his ground and resists as AP continues pushing him.

J

AP. Listen to me. She doesn't matter to me. You matter to me. That's why I'm here. I went out with her just to help Crosby out.

AP stops pushing J.

J

Look, I admit. If a girl asked me to leave. I'm already out the door. AP I'm still here. In your doorway, because I love you.

AP emotionally sighs at J.

J

I know what you've been through. I'm not like Gerald or any of them dudes you've dated. I can't wake up living another day without seeing you AP. I would just die inside.

(pause)

You mean the world to me. I'm sorry for what I did. Please forgive me?

AP

(pause)

I don't know J. I mean -- I don't know if I can handle being with you after all of this. And -- I don't know if you truly learned anything from...

J slightly puts his hand up, interrupting AP.

J

Hold up a second AP?

J breaks out his phone. He starts typing on it.

AP

Whats up?

J

(typing)

It's Crosby. He wants me to help him get with that shorty I was with.

AP
I can't believe it.

AP and J hear a KNOCK on the door. J goes over to the door and opens it up. A DELIVERY MAN walks in with an electronic clipboard in hand.

DELIVERY MAN
(to J)
Sign here please?

J
Sure.

J signs off on the clipboard and hands it back to the Delivery Man.

DELIVERY MAN
Anywhere's good?

J
Yup.

AP
What the hell is going on?

DELIVERY MAN
(waving to outside)
Alright. Bring it all in.

A couple of DELIVERY MEN start bringing in dozens and dozens of red roses into AP's living room. One-by-one, her room fills up with countless vases of red roses inside of them.

AP is speechless. Her breath is instantly taken away by J's unique gesture of love.

J approaches AP as the Delivery Guys continue to deliver the roses into her living room behind them.

J
AP. Can you please forgive me?
For everything I've done to you?

AP
(crying)
Yes. Yes.

AP tightly hugs J as she cries in his arms. J intently looks at AP. AP looks back at J. They passionately kiss each other.

The kiss lasts for a long time as the Delivery Guys continue to drop the vases of red roses in the living room.

INT. CROSBY'S APARTMENT - CROSBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crosby is laying on his bed, looking at a picture of Cynthia on his mobile PC tablet.

An instant message window from Cynthia pops up on his monitor, fading Cynthia's picture out in the background. Crosby reads the words as they appear on the monitor:

"See you at 8 PM at Corner Center
Park."

Crosby lets out a deep sigh of relief. He turns his PC tablet off and sets it aside on his bed.

Crosby takes his glasses off and places them on his nightstand. He turns off his lamp and goes to sleep.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT TO MORNING TO NIGHT

Night time quickly becomes morning and the morning becomes night. An entire day passes by before our eyes. The night has come.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A couple of PEOPLE jog by Crosby, J, and AP. They all patiently await Cynthia's arrival at a makeshift picnic area designed by Crosby and AP.

The picnic area has a couple of candles lit in a few votive jars, a champagne bottle on ice, and some food laid out on a picnic blanket.

J
Alright dude, you ready?

CROSBY
Are we talking state of mind ready
or piss my pants ready, cause their
two totally different things.

J wraps his arm around Crosby.

J
Bro. Either one of two things will
happen tonight.
(MORE)

J (CONT'D)

Either she'll understand and forgive you. Or, she'll kick you in the balls and laugh at you.

(pats Crosby's shoulder)
Way I see it. You got nothing to lose.

CROSBY

The doctor dropped you on your head when you was a baby, right?

J

(smiling)
You'll be fine kid. Trust me.

Crosby looks at his wristwatch.

CROSBY

It's almost time. She'll be here any minute now.

J

Cool, we're out of here.

J and AP jog over to a nearby tree, not far from the picnic area.

AP

Remember, be yourself Crosby.

J and AP hide behind the tree. They both poke their heads out to get a view of the main event.

Crosby nervously plays with his fingers, nervously waiting for Cynthia.

CROSBY (V.O.)

Alright, settle down. Nothing's going to happen. This is all you baby. Remember, you got this dude. You got this.

J

You got this dude. You got this.

Crosby turns around.

Cynthia arrives looking very beautiful. Crosby nervously gulps his throat.

CROSBY (V.O.)

(nervous)
I don't think I got this anymore.

J
Ah, he don't got this anymore.

AP nudges J in his stomach. Crosby quickly faces J and AP. J points at Crosby to face Cynthia. He does so.

The two now stand face to face with each other.

CYNTHIA
Are you Crosby? The real one?

CROSBY
(sigh)
I am, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
You we're at the roller skating rink. And the restaurant, weren't you?

Crosby nods his head "yes" in response.

CYNTHIA
So where's your friend at?

CROSBY
He won't be coming tonight.

Cynthia takes a look over at the picnic area.

CYNTHIA
And what's with the set-up?

CROSBY
I figured me and you can have a nice dinner outside. Bring some closure to this situation.
(pause)
If you don't mind, would you please join me for dinner so we can talk?

Cynthia is silent. She suddenly bursts out in laughter. Crosby doesn't know what to make of this.

CYNTHIA
I didn't come here for a date. I came here because I was curious to find out who you really we're, and what you had to say.

CROSBY

Alright. Cynthia, What I have to say is -- I'm terribly sorry for everything I've done to you.

CYNTHIA

Sorry? Oh yea, your real sorry. You had me falling for someone that didn't even exist Crosby.

(pause)

And what really hurt the most was I put my feelings out there, trying to get intimate with your friend, and he rejected me. That made me feel undesirable Crosby. And that's not fair.

(pause)

Why did you do it? Why did you lie to me?

CROSBY

(taking a deep breath)

Cynthia. This whole thing started because I was given a final class project to find out what causes a female to be attracted to a male from philosophical perspectives.

(pause)

I was afraid you wouldn't like me for how I looked, so, I asked my friend, J, to pose as me, to date you, and collect data on your responses toward him.

(pause)

But, in the midst of all this, I started catching some strong feelings for you.

CYNTHIA

Strong feelings? For me? How can you fathom that Crosby?

(pause)

You never walked with me. You never took me out. You never even took a punch for me.

CROSBY

True, but we had conversations before. Online. Even on the phone. We just never came in contact like this.

CYNTHIA

And to top it all off. I was a guinea pig to you? A lab rat? How could you be so cruel? Did it ever set in your head to say "stop, before this gets out of control?"

CROSBY

Honestly, I was just so caught up in all of this. I mean, I was satisfied talking with you online, and watching you having the time of your life. Seeing you happy from a distance, was one of the more happier moments for me.

CYNTHIA

I don't understand. I mean, how could you...

CROSBY

(interrupting)

Would you please listen to me?

Cynthia is in shock. Crosby begins walking towards her.

CROSBY

From the moment I saw you on Loverspace, I became addicted to you. I would stare at your picture every day. Praying, hoping one day, I can be with a girl like you.

(pause)

But lets be honest here. Say none of this happened, and I met you at a store. The moment I'd approach you, I wouldn't even have a chance of getting your number, wouldn't I?

Cynthia nods her head "yes" in response.

CROSBY

Women like you, with your high standards, always complain about "not having a real man, who can love you for you, genuinely."

(pause)

At this moment, you have that opportunity to change that perception. It's standing right in front of you. Right here, right now. But your gonna be like the rest of them, and just complain.

(MORE)

CROSBY(CONT'D)

Not taking advantage of the opportunity in front of you.

(pause)

Your gonna miss out. And you'll never know what it's like to be loved by a man who loves you enough to do whatever it takes to capture your heart.

(pause)

I guess what I'm trying to say here is -- can we please start over again? Fresh? Anew? I know I messed up here and gave you false hope. But, let me make it up to you. Please?

Crosby suddenly extends his hand out to Cynthia.

CROSBY

Hi. My name is Crosby Tylor.

Cynthia looks up at Crosby, staring at him. She slowly extends her hand out to Crosby. J and AP look on intently. Something special is about to happen.

Crosby lets out a smile in SLOW-MOTION. Cynthia balls her fist up in mid-motion.

BAM. Cynthia uppercut punches Crosby in his face. J and AP react in shock.

Blood spews from Crosby's mouth as his body slightly floats in the air from the impact of the punch in SLOW-MOTION.

Crosby falls to the ground hard. He covers his face up to convalesce the pain.

CYNTHIA

(yelling)

Whats the matter with you? Are you crazy? I never want to see you again. Never.

Cynthia kicks Crosby in his back. J and AP come out from behind the tree. Cynthia spots them. She heads their way.

J

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

(to J)

You.

J
Cynthia. Calm down, just calm
down, please.

CYNTHIA
Oh you here with her too?

AP
Cynthia, hold up.
(pause)
Look. I'm sorry. I know what
you've been through. Believe me,
I've been hurt from this whole
thing too.
(pause)
Now I don't know the history
between you and Crosby, but I can
honestly say that J was only
helping his friend out. And
everything you just gave Crosby...

Cynthia, J and AP watches as Crosby wilts in pain.

AP
...he deserved every bit of that.
But think about it. This could of
been a whole lot worse. They
honestly didn't want to hurt you.
Crosby just wasn't honest with you.
From the looks of it, I think he
will be from now on.

CYNTHIA
(sighs)
Your right. It could of been
worse. I'm sorry everyone. Have a
good night.

Cynthia walks away from J and AP. She walks up to Crosby and
stares at him.

Crosby looks up at Cynthia with blood trickling from his own
mouth. A tear stream down from Cynthia's eye.

Cynthia walks away from Crosby and leaves the park area. J
and AP walk over to Crosby to attend to him.

Crosby watches Cynthia walk on. He has a disappointed look
on his face. He did not get the girl in the end.

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Crosby stands in front of his classmates and Ms. Lyman, giving his final project presentation to his class.

ON THE WHITE-BOARD

We see a picture of Cynthia placed on the far right side. On the left side, we see a picture of Crosby, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers, eating a greasy steak & cheese sub with ketchup and mayonnaise dripping all over him.

CROSBY

And that my friends, is what causes a female to be attracted to a male from philosophical perspectives.

(pause)

Now, through my experiences working on this project, I've come to find out that there are many perspectives of philosophy that can certainly relate to finding an attraction between males and females, or vice-versa.

(pause)

But if I had to choose one perspective that can sum this all up in a nutshell, I would choose Socrates. In which, by use of his patent Socratic Method; if Socrates ever asked me the question, "What attracts a female to a male from philosophical perspectives?" I would simply reply, "wouldn't your own perspective alone attract a female to a male?" Thank you.

The class gives Crosby a thunderous applause.

Ms. Lyman nods at Crosby for a job well done. Crosby nods back at her in response.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAMS UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The entire classroom is empty. Crosby stands at the front of the class, gathering his belongings. Ms. Lyman approaches him.

MS. LYMAN

Well done Mr. Crosby. Superb job. Better than I expected. Looks like you keep your A plus average after all. And from the looks of it, seems like you gained a little confidence as well.

CROSBY

Thank you Ms. Lyman.

Crosby glances over at the classroom entrance door.

Cynthia is standing by the door, looking straight at Crosby. She starts walking toward him.

Ms. Lyman turns her attention to Cynthia, then back at Crosby.

MS. LYMAN

Do you know her?

CROSBY

Yea. Ah -- Ms. Lyman. Can you excuse me for a minute?

MS. LYMAN

Stay as long as you want. I gotta go anyway. Enjoy your break Crosby.

Ms. Lyman leaves the lecture hall. She smiles at Cynthia on the way out. Cynthia smiles back at her. Cynthia and Crosby stand face to face again.

Cynthia extends her hand out to Crosby. Crosby fearfully flinches to Cynthia's hand movement.

CROSBY

You ain't gonna raise up on me again are you?

CYNTHIA

Hi. My name is Cynthia Simpson.

Crosby smiles at Cynthia.

CROSBY

Pleasure to meet you.

Cynthia smiles back at him. They both shake each other's hand.

CROSBY
About the other night, I...

Cynthia places her finger on Crosby's lips.

CYNTHIA
What are you doing right now?

CROSBY
What do you mean?

CYNTHIA
(sighing)
Do you have any plans?

CROSBY
None I can think of?

Cynthia grabs Crosby's hand.

CYNTHIA
Wanna hang out together?

CROSBY
"Hay..."

Cynthia and Crosby leave the lecture hall, hand-in-hand.
Their relationship begins a new or rather, a "beginning"
chapter.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.