

EXT. LOS ANGELES OVERHEAD, YEAR 2000- DAY

Bustling streets crammed with cars, honking, their tiny headlights blinking. The skyline glistens with glass skyscrapers, in the distance the mountains stand even taller.

Getting closer and closer to the ground, a red Porsche convertible with the top down, stuck in the traffic.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
Welcome to Los Angeles.

The car is blasting pop hits of the 90s and is cramped with men, ages 28 to mid fourties.

In the passenger side, SERENA WHITE (34) sings along to the radio, oversized sunglasses covering the majority of her face. Her blond hair blows in the summer wind, she does not seem affected by the traffic jam.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
This is Serena.

Serena pushes the sunglasses up onto her head, looking over at the neighboring cars, blasting the same radio station. She leans out her side of the car, nearly standing.

SERENA(YELLING):
HOW DOES IN-N-OUT SOUND FOR LUNCH
EVERYONE?!

For the first time, we see the 10 neighboring cars are also full of men, who all turn their head to Serena, nodding their heads, saying "yes!" or "sounds good!"

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
These are her boyfriends. All 100 of
them. They do this everyday.

Serena nods her head approvingly.

SERENA:
Good. Geoff, lead the way please.

GEOFF (36, Male) nods, looking over his shoulder, signaling a right hand turn. The other cars follow after him.

MONTAGE- SERENA AND HER BOYFRIENDS, LA- DAY

1. Serena and her boyfriends stand outside In-N-Out Burger, holding burgers and fountain drinks, chomping and slurping

away.

2. Serena and her boyfriends walking through The LA County Museum of Art, some of them taking pictures on disposable cameras, some look contemplative with their chin in their hands. Serena leads the pack, pointing at things.

3. Serena and her boyfriends standing in line at a smoothie place. She orders the same thing for everyone at the cash register.

4. Serena and her boyfriends shopping at Melrose Place. The boyfriends hold her bags while she browses and window shops.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):

Everyday is the same routine. The boyfriends and Serena go out together, and when it's time to go home, they go home.

EXT. LA MANSION DRIVEWAY- EVENING

Ridiculously huge wrought-iron gates squeal open, revealing the massive residence. The cars pull up one by one into the driveway, and the men climb out. After each one, Serena kisses them one on each cheek, like the europeans do.

SERENA:

Goodnight Aaron, goodnight Adam, goodnight Alex...

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):

It goes on like this until all of the ex-boyfriends have returned to their rooms.

INT. MANSION MAIN LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Serena flips mindlessly through channels on the television, her feet kicked up on an ottoman, a glass of white wine in her other hand.

The front door opens and THE HUSBAND (45, male) enters. The Husband is dressed in a navy pinstripe suit and a gold tie. He drops his briefcase next to the bar cart in the corner and begins to fix himself a drink.

Serena doesn't notice him until the ice clinks in the glass.

SERENA:

Oh hi honey, how was your day?

THE HUSBAND:
repetitive cash register noises

SERENA:
Well, did it go up or down?

THE HUSBAND:
Ka-ching!

SERENA:
So does that mean you're working this weekend?

THE HUSBAND:
Ka-ching!

SERENA:
I see. Dinner?

The Husband nods in agreement. He takes off his suit jacket and Serena gets up from her chair, walks over to him. She drapes her arm around him.

SERENA:
I'll be down in a minute, then we'll go.

EXT. A PRIVATE JET- NIGHT

A small jet plane flies through the night sky, it flies over LA, over all the busy streets, over all the palm tree tops.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
Every night, The Husband takes Serena somewhere nice for dinner.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The Husband and Serena sit across from each other. The table is set with white linens and crystal wine glasses. There is a candle between them, illuminating each of their superficial faces.

Serena recounts her day as she picks at her salad.

SERENA:
Oh you know, we just had a typical day. We got lunch, we went shopping...

THE HUSBAND:
Ka-ching! ka-ching! ka-ching!

SERENA:

I told Hans to help the kids with their science homework. Then take them to go get ice cream.

THE HUSBAND:

Ka-Ching!

The couple sit and eat their food, mostly in silence, aside from Serena's occasional comments.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):

Serena and The Husband met 4 years ago. The Children are from The Husband's previous marriage. Serena first met The Husband on LoweredExpectations.com.

The Husband sips his red wine. He raises his hand at the waiter, signaling the bill.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):

The Husband had a good job. On Serena's profile when it asked what she was looking for in a relationship she had answered "stability".

The couple gets up to leave. The Husband comes to Serena's side of the table and gives her a hand out of her chair. They exit the restaurant hand in hand.

INT. PRIVATE JET- NIGHT

Serena has fallen asleep in her seat, leaning her head against the window. The Husband sits next to her, his hands folded in his lap. Serena dreams.

FLASHBACK-INT. STUDIO APARTMENT- NIGHT

The walls of the apartment are spotted with blood, from bloody hands. Bloody sheets from bloody noses.

Serena, lays back on the bed defensively, cornered. Blood dribbles down her lip and nose. She has bruises across her neck.

Towering above her is ADAM , the ex-boyfriend. He stands over her, wiping his brow with bruised knuckles.

INT. PRIVATE JET- NIGHT

Serena stirs in her seat, The Husband takes notice, but doesn't wake her. Serena covers her face with her hands in her sleep.

FLASHBACK-INT. STUDIO APARTMENT, SERENA POV- NIGHT

The dream is fuzzy now.

Adam is gone.

Serena's hands fumble, stripping away the bed sheets shakily.

Her vision blurs in and out of focus.

Now she is taking Tylenol, washing it down with a glass of water from the nightstand.

Her vision blurs, fades to black.

INT. PRIVATE JET, LANDED- NIGHT

Serena startles awake to see that she's made it to the ground. She looks out at her residence and sighs a sigh of relief.

EXT. LA MANSION, STONE PATHWAY- NIGHT

Serena walks down the path, leading to the guest house. She wears a slip nightgown and house slippers. She carries a fluffy robe and a toothbrush.

MALE NARRATOR(V.O.):

Serena stayed in the guest room almost every night. She liked that if she couldn't sleep, she could walk on the treadmill one of the old guests had left.

INT. GUEST HOUSE- NIGHT

The guest house was illuminated with moonlight, Serena opened the windows and let the cool air blow the white sheers. She put her things down on the bed and walked over to the treadmill.

She sets the speed and starts walking slowly on the treadmill in the comfortable darkness.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Serena gets off the treadmill and opens the door to see AARON, the ex boyfriend, standing outside.

AARON:
I need a ride.

SERENA:
I thought you weren't talking to me.

AARON:
I need a ride. Will you drive me?

SERENA:
Get Geoff to drive you, he's probably still awake.

AARON:
No, please. I just need you to take me.

SERENA:
Where are you going?

AARON:
I'm moving out.

Serena is visibly hurt by this.

AARON(CONT')
You can't say you're surprised. We've all overstayed.

Serena is about to interject but Aaron catches her, taking her hand, handing her the keys.

AARON:
My bags are already in the trunk.

Serena slides on her slippers and follows Aaron out the door, silently. She walks a few steps ahead, getting in the car before him. He slams the passenger side door shut and she flips the ignition.

EXT. LA CITY STREETS- NIGHT

Serena and Aaron drive in silence, they drive with the top down, the breeze catches in their hair. They drive through the city, getting further and further away from home. Aaron directs her to take a right to get on the freeway.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
Serena and Aaron had been together
nearly 8 years ago, after Adam. To
Serena, Aaron was the only ex
boyfriend she had ever loved.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT DEPARTURES DROPOFF- NIGHT

Serena pulls the car up to the International Departures gate.
Aaron gets out of the car, opens the trunk to get his bags.
Serena gets out her door and meets him at the back of the
car. She stands awkwardly, arms at her sides.

SERENA:
Goodbye I guess.

Aaron rolls his eyes and puts his arms out for a hug,
gesturing her to come closer.

AARON:
Oh come on.

They embrace warmly, Serena's eyes water a little, but no
tears fall. Aaron whispers something in her ear that makes
her chuckle softly.

INT. SERENA'S CAR, CONTINUOUS- NIGHT

Serena slams her door shut and pulls out, driving away from
the airport. Aaron fades into the distance, soon only a speck
in her rearview.

MONTAGE- BOYFRIENDS MOVE OUT

MALE NARRATOR(V.O.):
After Aaron, the other ex-boyfriends
began to leave too.

EX-BOYFRIEND #5 packing a suitcase with history books, EX-
BOYFRIEND #6 packing duffel bags full of Hawaiian shirts.EX-
BOYFRIEND #7 and EX-BOYFRIEND #8 leave the house in a taxi.

MALE NARRATOR(V.O.):
One by one they packed their bags and
left, some of them in the middle of
the night to avoid hurting Serena.

A GROUP OF 20 OR SO EX-BOYFRIENDS dressed in all black, with
duffel bags slung over their shoulders, sneak off like

ninjas. They hold fingers to their mouths and wave each other through doors and gates.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
Their bedrooms, now empty, gathered
dust.

Bare bedrooms in the house, shelves gathering dust. Some of the rooms have abandoned posters on the walls or books on the shelves, but they are mostly barren.

MALE NARRATOR(V.O.):
Only a few now wandered the gargantuan
LA mansion like ghosts. Sneaking,
dirty ghosts.

A few lingering ex-boyfriends wander the halls, dressed in house robes and slippers. One in only boxers.

An ex-boyfriend sings Dave Matthews in the shower.

An ex-boyfriend makes a pb&j in the kitchen.

INT. EX-BOYFRIEND'S BEDROOM- DAY

Serena vacuums the carpet in one of the bedrooms. She is wearing a navy blue juicy couture sweatsuit.

Suddenly, just above the humming of the vacuum she hears a noise. Sniffing. Sniffing and change jingling, like pennies in a coin purse.

Serena turns the vacuum off and attempts to follow the sound.

INT. CONTINUOUS- EX-BOYFRIEND WING, DAY

Serena patters through the halls, checking in every empty room, peering around the door, looking puzzled.

She does this room after room, opening the door, peering inside, closing it again.

She peaks her head into door #48, and Geoff is there, sitting on his bed. He is in a t-shirt and boxers, reading a playboy.

GEOFF:
Hey! Oh, hey Serena

Serena jumps and covers her eyes

SERENA:
AHH! Sorry Geoff, I didn't know you
were in here.

Serena hurries out of the room and into the next.

In room #49, sitting at the end of the bed, is The Husband,
looking disheveled, not his normal proper self. His face is
streaked with tears and he makes the jingling sound Serena
heard earlier.

SERENA:
I was looking for you

The Husband says nothing.

SERENA:
What are you doing in here? What's
Wrong?

THE HUSBAND:
ka-ching!

SERENA:
It's obviously not nothing.

THE HUSBAND:
ka-ching! ka-ching!

SERENA:
Of course I know your name, of course
I remember.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.):
Serena however, did not remember, she
did not know. She hadn't-

Suddenly, Serena lets out an exasperated sigh and puts her
hands on her hips, looking up at the sky.

SERENA:
Hey! Will you just shut up up there
for once! I do remember! Just give me
a minute! And anyway, I was in the
middle of something.

Right at this moment, the doorbell rings.

SERENA:
God what now.

She starts shuffling out of the room, we follow on her behind that reads "JUICY", leaving the sniffing jingling Husband on the bed.

INT. CONTINUOUS- FRONT ENTRYWAY, LIVING ROOM, KITCHEN-
EVENING

Serena opens the front door and reveals TWO POLICEMEN (50s) in uniforms, one short, and one tall.

SHORT:

Sorry to interrupt your day miss, but
does and Adam Welsh live here?

Tall holds up an old drivers license photo of her ex-boyfriend, Adam.

SERENA:

He used to live here, maybe he still
does. You can have a look around if
you want.

The two police officers enter the home. Across the room, coming from the kitchen, THE SON (14) enters the living room with a bowl of ice cream.

THE SON:

What are they doing here?

SHORT:

Son, we're looking for a man named
Adam, does he still live here?

THE SON:

Sure, I saw him like 10 minutes ago,
looked like he was leaving the house
though, he went out the back.

SERENA:

I' sorry officer, what is it you want
Adam for?

SHORT:

Miss, Adam Welsh is being investigated
for multiple accounts of domestic
assault and unlawful possession of a
handgun. Did Adam Welsh ever hit you
or beat you in anyway?

Suddenly a FLASHBACK, the same images from Serena's nightmare on the plane: The bloody pillow, the splattered wall.

Serena nods her head yes.

SHORT:

Son, where did you say you saw this man?

THE SON:

Just out back, I saw him-

SERENA:

I'll lead the way. I have to catch him.

THE SON:

No! I'll lead the way!

The Son takes off running at the speed of light, leaving his dish of ice cream on the nearest flat surface. He bolts out the back door, and Serena chases after him.

The policemen chase after Serena.

All of them chasing each other one after the next, off the lot of the house and into the woods behind it.

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE THE HOME, NIGHT

Serena heads down into the woods, down the hill behind her mansion, treading carefully on rough terrain.

Thorny shrubs scratch and pull at her clothes and hair. Pebbles get into the soles of her shoes and jab the soles of her feet. She yelps in pain and shields her eyes from brush.

SERENA:

FUUUUUCK!

She keeps running.

Suddenly she sees Adam. She freezes.

She can just make out his silhouette. She can hear him breathing. She can feel him watching her just as she is watching him. He takes a step back into the brush, hesitant.

She takes a step closer, carefully.

Their faces show no emotion to one another.

And then,

SERENA:

STOP!

She yells at the top of her lungs, bracing herself for whatever is next.

And Adam turns around and bolts.

SERENA(UNDER HER BREATH)

shit.

She goes after him, tumbling down through the brush, arms flailing.

She chases him down down down, she is so close she can his the goose bumps on his arms. She can see the tiny scratches from the shrubs on his legs.

She chases him in the direction of the freeway, her heart beating in her chest like a hundred drums. She gasps for breath but she can't stop.

She realizes she is so close, close enough to reach her arm out and grab him.

She extends her arm in attempt.

THE END.