

LOVE LIFE

EPISODE ONE
AUGIE CHONG
(2012-2012)

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LOVE LIFE is an anthology series where the show resets every season & follows a new main character. Each season is a case study in the romantic history of its protagonist, with each episode telling us the story of one of that person's relationships.

The first season is about Darby Carter.

The first episode is about her time with Augie Chong.

INT. SWAN OYSTER DEPOT - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A TWENTYSOMETHING COUPLE eats oysters on their first date. We hear the commanding voice of an omniscient FEMALE NARRATOR.

NARRATOR

In 1988, Larry Carter was hired to play guitar on a California Raisins commercial. When he got to the ad agency, the receptionist, Claudia Staudinger, walked him inside.

INT. CASTRO THEATRE - NIGHT

LARRY & CLAUDIA continue the first date, seeing BULL DURHAM.

NARRATOR

At the exact same moment, each of them looked at the other one and thought, "Who is this person?"

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL - DAY

The same young couple is now having a small wedding ceremony.

NARRATOR

The following year they got married at City Hall in San Francisco.

INT. OCEANSIDE COTTAGE - STINSON BEACH - DUSK

Larry & Claudia make love on a deck overlooking the Pacific. The sun is setting, and so everything is coated in orange.

NARRATOR

While they were on their honeymoon in Stinson Beach, Larry and Claudia managed to conceive their first and only child together. And the result of their congress would forever regard them as a cautionary tale -- a model for love, or lack thereof, in her own romantic life.

INT. CARTER FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT

A young DARBY watches as her parents have a horrible fight.

NARRATOR

They named their daughter Darby, and by the time she turned four, they had gotten a divorce.

INT. DARBY'S DAD'S HOUSE / INT. DARBY'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

In SPLIT SCREEN, we see each of Darby's parents' new houses as a 7 year-old Darby fights for attention with NEW SIBLINGS.

NARRATOR

After the dust had settled from Larry and Claudia's separation, they each started new families. So Darby was shuffled back and forth between these new houses, only ever bearing tenuous connections to her half-siblings. She has never felt unloved, but she has always felt unmoored, unsteady, and uncertain as a result of all this, like a permanent hotel guest who can't stay past twelve o'clock check out.

INT. DARBY'S DAD'S HOUSE - TV ROOM - NIGHT

Darby & her dad, both older now, sit watching CNN together.

NARRATOR

At age 12, Darby misunderstood the expression statute of limitations, instead visualizing an actual statue, as if there were some large copper testament to everything that's wrong with her. Her father assured her that that wasn't the case, but ever the art history major, she can still imagine that statue to this day, and often does.

INT. DARBY'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Darby is now a teenager, giving SOME HIGH SCHOOL GUY a hand job in their friend's cramped bathroom. Both Darby and the guy are wearing full faces of CATS stage makeup.

NARRATOR

At age 16, after rehearsal for her high school's production of CATS, Darby gave a hand job to the guy who was playing Rum Tum Tugger. She told the boy she loved him as soon as he came onto the countertop.

He pretends he didn't hear her. Reaches for toilet paper.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

She tries to hold his hand as they walk. He pulls away.

NARRATOR

After that, he became inexplicably distant. A week later, she asked him to homecoming. He said no. And then proceeded to dump her over AOL Instant Messenger. His screen name, FamilyGuyFan69, did little to soften the blow. In fact, it hurt more -- to be rejected by someone who was so easily entertained.

EXT. ISLA VISTA - DAY

Darby is 18 now, pretending she likes the cigarette she's smoking, as she tries to make new friends on the beach. She starts talking to SOME COLLEGE LOSER in a Baja surf poncho.

NARRATOR

During Welcome Week at UCSB, she slept with an Ethnomusicology student. Over Thanksgiving, she drove home instead of flying, so that she could "pass through" San Luis Obispo, where he lived. But he didn't reply to any of her texts until she got back to the Bay Area.

EXT. COLOMBIAN WILDERNESS - DAY

Darby is 20 now, standing on a raised wooden platform in a zipline harness. A HUNKY GUY holds her back from behind.

NARRATOR

The summer after Sophomore year, on vacation in Cartagena, Darby had a clandestine dalliance with her mom's family's zipline instructor -- an Australian man with a glass eye named Reed, who was ten years her senior. She knew it was crazy to get involved with someone like that, but she thought maybe this time it was something special. When she got home, she added him on Facebook. But he never accepted.

EXT. ELDRIDGE STREET - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Darby, now 22, walks home with reusable bags of groceries.

NARRATOR

After school she moved to New York, which she knew was predictable but which she did anyway, with gusto.

INT. CHINATOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's just light enough that Darby can see RAY, 25, the guy she's having sex with, but just dark enough that they can't quite make out the imperfections on one another's bodies.

NARRATOR

Once there, she had a series of flings with guys who only wanted to see her after whatever else they were already doing that night.

RAY

Holy shit. I think I'm gonna...

DARBY

Just come on my stomach.

RAY

Oh my God! OH MY GOD!

BEAT. We hear the kind of heavy breathing that could only follow an orgasm. He TURNS THE LIGHTS ON. Grabs her a towel.

DARBY

No! Too bright!

So he turns them off again. Hops back into bed with her.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Wait, there's barely anything on my- I told you to come on my stomach!

RAY

I know, but I busted as soon as you said that. Because it was hot.

He uses a towel to clean her up, but she pushes him away.

DARBY

Please don't wipe me, I feel like I'm on a restroom changing station.

INT. N TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

Darby reads a book while riding the subway to work. She looks up. Spaces out. Then starts to pick at her chapped lips.

NARRATOR

Love is hard for people like Darby. People who know they want something before they even know what that thing is. Despite her youth, she thought she might never settle into anything substantial with anyone.

INT. JOE'S SHANGHAI - DAY

Darby eats soup dumplings by herself at a 2 top when A CUTE STRANGER approaches. He gestures across from her: "This seat taken?" She smiles coyly. Shakes her head. *Who is this guy?!* But he just grabs the OTHER CHAIR. Parks it with his friends.

NARRATOR

It's not that she needed some huge romance, she'd often tell herself, but rather that it seemed unlikely she'd ever push through to the next level, where you're really dating someone. She fantasized about reaching the level where you don't change your outfit just because you're seeing the person. Where you just wear what you're wearing, because you are who you are.

EXT. SING SING KARAOKE - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Darby stands with her best friend SARA FARHADI, 22, as Sara smokes a cigarette. They're outside of Sara's boyfriend's birthday party. It's cold. We see their breath in the air.

NARRATOR

Mostly, it felt like she was only going out to find someone she could stay in with. And she thought maybe she'd be stuck forever in these little slivers of love -- trailers for movies that never came out, shelved after poor test screenings.

A NEW GUY walks out of the karaoke bar dangling an unlit cigarette. He looks around. Walks up to Darby and Sara.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But then, in 2012, still just her first year out of college, she met... Augie Chong.

Darby lights the new guy's cigarette with a smile as we...

SUPER IMPOSE --

EPISODE ONE

AUGIE CHONG
(2012-2012)

The title fades away as... AUGIE CHONG, 24, takes a few steps back to enjoy his smoke. He's Asian with a mustache, and a beanie perched so high on his head that it can't possibly be functional. He leans against a phone booth ad for MONEYBALL.

Sara clocks a possible connection here for Darby. Pretends to resume a conversation that is purely for Augie's benefit.

SARA

Baby girl. Baby girl. Trust me...
This is the hottest you have ever
looked in your entire life, okay?

DARBY

You said that last night.

SARA

Yeah, well, it was true last night
and it's true again tonight because
you look even fucking hotter.

DARBY

(laughing)
Stop, what are you talking about?

SARA

I'm talking about how I want your
entire outfit right now. Look at
you, you're a human mood board.

Sara turns to Augie, knowing he's been eavesdropping.

SARA (CONT'D)

How fucking hot does she look?

Augie nods awkwardly. Darby starts to blush. Shakes her head.

DARBY

You're a psycho.

AUGIE

(stepping closer)
Who are you guys here with?

SARA

It's my boyfriend's birthday.

AUGIE

Oh nice, you're Jim's girlfriend.
(beat)
Yeah, I work at Politico with him.
(then)
What do you guys do?

SARA

I'm applying to law schools and...

DARBY

I'm a tour guide for a very stupid
start up that's called Museum Hack.

AUGIE
 (laughing as he smokes)
 What's that?

DARBY
 It's a museum tour company that
 caters to dumb millennials who are
 willing to pay hundreds of dollars
 in order to feel cultured.

AUGIE
 I wanna feel cultured...

There's a LULL. Sara and Augie puff on their cigarettes.

NARRATOR
*Not unlike her ideal romantic
 partner, Darby's dream job was
 something she wasn't sure existed.
 Something she'd made up. She wanted
 to be a curator or an educator who
 travels around the world running
 projects and shows, and spends half
 the year outside of New York.*

Augie wanders out closer to the street.

AUGIE
 Holy shit, it's snowing.

The girls follow his gaze out onto Avenue A. At first it's hard to tell, but then they look up and see flecks of white streaming through the nearest streetlight's yellow glow.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
 Don't you just love the first snow
 in the city? So clean and perfect.

DARBY
 Okay, dad...

AUGIE
 Is that my vibe? Like, dad vibes?
 I'm kind of into that, honestly.

He pulls his beanie down a bit. He's probably freezing.

DARBY
 I feel you on the snow, but I hate
 how it gets all gross. By tomorrow
 it'll look like a diarrhea slurpee.

SARA
 (mortified, stepping in)
 Sure, but it's nice tonight, right?

DARBY
 Nobody's arguing that. I'm just
 saying I wish it stayed that way.

INT. SING SING KARAOKE - BATHROOM - DAY

Darby and Sara stand, waiting outside of an occupied stall.

SARA
 Okay, so first of all, I'm sorry
 but you're never going to fuck
 again if you, in front of a guy,
 use the term "diarrhea slushee."

DARBY
 Slurpee.

SARA
 You're correcting me on this?

DARBY
 It was an artful turn of phrase.

SARA
 In general, when flirting, it's
 good to avoid outward hostility.

DARBY
 I'm sorry. I'm always so uptight
 that I was trying to be like...
 DGAF, you know? Like a cool girl.

SOMEONE ELSE enters the bathroom and stops right behind them.

SOMEONE ELSE
 (beat)
 Hey, are you guys in line?

DARBY
 No, we just like the smell in here.

Sara laughs as the other woman scoffs. The person who's been
 in the stall exits. Moves to the sink. Darby and Sara enter.

IN THE STALL --

Darby sits down to pee. Sara stands, doing key bumps. Then
 offers Darby the baggie of cocaine. Darby shakes her head.

DARBY
 That was actually a big epiphany of
 mine recently. That every time I'm
 about to do coke, I can just not.

SARA

What, you mean you don't like being depressed for three days afterward?

INT. SING SING KARAOKE - PRIVATE KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT

The night winds down. People are pretty wasted. Darby sips a fresh drink, picks up the big book of karaoke songs, and thumbs through it. Sara sits with her, gestures to a girl who's currently butchering Kate Bush's "Wuthering Heights".

SARA

I'm scared Jim wants to fuck her.

DARBY

Come on, he's in love with you.

SARA

I know he is, but I still think he wants to fuck her. People in love fuck other people all the time.

Darby looks up. Augie is standing right in front of her now.

AUGIE

(leaning down, shouting)
Are you done with the book?!

DARBY

What?

AUGIE

Did you pick a song?!

DARBY

Oh. Sorry. Uhhh...

She nervously tries to make a game time decision. Gives up.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Here, yeah, you take it.

She hands him the book. He laughs.

AUGIE

No, we can look together.

He sits next to her. Pulls the book halfway onto his lap.

AUGIE (CONT'D)

I'm Augie, by the way.

DARBY

Darby.

AUGIE

Furby?

DARBY

No, no, Darby! But I have gotten
"Furby" on my Starbucks cup before.

AUGIE

Got it, word.

DARBY

Okay, what should I pick?

AUGIE

Have you narrowed it down at all?

DARBY

It just needs to set me apart from
this psycho singing Kate Bush.

AUGIE

Great, so like, "Sweet Caroline?"

DARBY

Maybe something... somewhere in
between those two? Liiiiike Eminem?

AUGIE

Great call. Except, I actually
already picked one that's coming up
next if you want to just do that.

DARBY

Wow, so this was all a ruse?

AUGIE

Yeah, I just wanted to talk to you.

They sit in silence, waiting for the Kate Bush song to end.

AUGIE (CONT'D)

Your friend was really putting on a
show outside, huh?

DARBY

She's insane. Let me put it this
way: she's allergic to alcohol, and
she still drinks every night.

AUGIE

Got it. So... she's an alcoholic?

DARBY

Maybe in a few years. But for now,
she's just fun.

"Wuthering Heights" finally finishes. There's a LULL.

DARBY (CONT'D)
Can't wait to hear what you picked.

AUGIE
Wait for it...

"Bleeding Love" by Leona Lewis starts up.

DARBY
Wowww. Throwback.

AUGIE
Yeah. Don't read into the lyrics.
Every good song is a love song.

He grabs her hand. They take the stage. Laughing as they start to sing. Pushing through self-consciousness. Stealing glances at each other. She pretends not to know the words.

DARBY & AUGIE
Closed off from love, I didn't need
the pain / Once or twice was enough
and it was all in vain / Time
starts to pass, before you know it
you're frozen / But something
happened for the very first time
with you / My heart melted to the
ground, found something true / And
everyone's looking round thinking
I'm going crazy / But I don't care
what they say, I'm in love with you
/ They try to pull me away, but
they don't know the truth / My
heart's crippled by the vein that I
keep on closing / You cut me open
and I / Keep bleeding / Keep, keep
bleeding love / I keep bleeding...

The chorus continues to swell over a MONTAGE. Augie & Darby's endearingly shitty rendition soundtracks the following...

-- The party has moved to SOMEONE'S APARTMENT. Augie & Darby talk out on the fire escape. It's still snowing.

-- Augie & Darby get slices of pizza from 2 Bros.

-- Augie walks Darby home in the snow.

-- Darby waits for Augie to kiss her as they say good night. He doesn't. They linger awkwardly. He finally kisses her.

-- Darby leads Augie on the five-floor walk up to her place. She smiles in a way she hasn't for a while.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Darby walks Augie inside, down one of those long, narrow New York "foyers." She takes his coat. Opens them each a beer. She speaks in a loud whisper, and so he does too.

DARBY

Sorry, so tell me more about you.

AUGIE

Okay. Um. I just went to Patagonia.

DARBY

Great store. You get a fleece?

AUGIE

Oh. No, like in South America. I was backpacking for a little bit.

DARBY

Wow at first I was like *how is this a story...* that he went to a store?

AUGIE

Yeah, that would have been a horrible story. Here, cheers.

He extends his beer. They clink. Darby smiles incandescently.

DARBY

I promise this isn't a move, but I'm pretty sure Jim and Sara and our other roommate are all asleep already, so is it cool if we, um... if we hang out in my room?

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Darby and Augie are sitting cross-legged on her full-size bed, playing a card game. She's beating him mercilessly.

DARBY

You're losing on purpose right?

AUGIE

I mean, to be honest, I'm pretty sure you made this game up. Spit? Come on, I've never heard of it.

DARBY

I definitely did not make it up.

She slams a card down, laughing, then inches forward on top of the pile of cards that separate them. He pulls her in.

NARRATOR

Later in life, Darby would cringe about a lot of things she did at age 22, chief among them the fact that she'd make guys play cards with her. But at the time, she hoped that it might seem cute.

They start making out. Start undressing each other, which takes longer than usual because of all their winter clothes.

They pull off each others' beanies, fleeces, pants, long johns, big thick socks, etc. You'd think this might ruin all the sexiness, but these two just crack up as they do it.

LATER THAT NIGHT --

Darby lies awake. Elated. Augie is asleep next to her.

She looks up, watching the little shapes of light that dance across the darkness of the ceiling as cars pass by outside.

The city version of listening to waves rolling in and out.

THE NEXT MORNING --

Darby wakes up alone in her bed, looks around for Augie.

Did he leave already? She breathes deeply. Crestfallen.

But then....

She hears a TOILET FLUSH, and the seat being put back down.

Augie back from the bathroom. Smiles at the sight of him.

AUGIE

Hey, morning.

DARBY

(stretch-yawning)

Morniiiiing.

AUGIE

I had a lot of fun last night.

DARBY

I fucking hated it.

AUGIE

Well, you can't win 'em all.

DARBY

No, it was actually the best.

He starts putting his winter clothes back on, piece by piece. She sits up in bed, wrapped in her huge, white comforter.

AUGIE

Alright, well, I've gotta go play basketball with some buddies.

DARBY

Seriously? It's freezing.

AUGIE

Inside. We're playing inside.

DARBY

Got it, that makes sense. Anyway, I've gotta go to work, so...

AUGIE

On a Saturday?

DARBY

Yes. On a Saturday.

AUGIE

Cool. Well, nice to meet you.

DARBY

Yeah... Do you want my number?

AUGIE

No, I think I'm good.

DARBY

Me too, I was just being nice.

AUGIE

I'm a big Serendipity guy. I just like to leave it all up to chance.

She gives him her phone. He enters his number. He hands it back and kisses her quickly. We can tell he's nervous too.

DARBY

Okay, go shoot some hoops.

Augie laughs as he leaves. We hear her bedroom door close, then her front door. She sits up, grinning. Running through the last twelve hours in her head. Sara & JIM, 23, tip toe into her room, knowing Augie left. Sara screeches with joy.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - LOBBY - DAY

Darby is lost in thought as she waits outside the gift shop in a t-shirt that says MUSEUM HACK across the front of it.

NARRATOR

From there, she tried to put Augie out of her mind for a while. Go on with her life. Hope for the best.

She watches as the usual clientele pours in: OLD PEOPLE. FAMILIES. PRETENTIOUS TEENS ON DATES. Finally, she sees...

A BACHELORETTE PARTY

This is unfortunately who she's been waiting for. She waves them over. They stumble towards her. They've been drinking.

DARBY

Hi, guys, I'm Darby, and I'll be your tour guide today.

BACHELORETTE PARTY

(slurring)

YAYYYY!

DARBY

Before we start, just a reminder: this is a two hour tour.

BACHELORETTE #1

What?!

DARBY

And you're all wearing 5-inch heels...

BACHELORETTE #2

Whatever.

BACHELORETTE #3

You're kidding me.

DARBY

Okay, let's get on with it then.

THE BRIDE

I'm taking mine off, fuck this!

Darby leads the girls into the museum. The Bride falls back for a second to take off her heels. Then runs to catch up.

THE BRIDE (CONT'D)

I'm tiiiiired!

INT. MARBLE STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The bride rejoins the group, heels in hand. Darby walks backwards, talking to the girls as they follow her.

DARBY
 Congratulations, by the way.

THE BRIDE
 Thank you!!!

DARBY
 Well, you guys are here today for a
 very special tour...

BACHELORETTE #4
 The butt tour!

DARBY
 Yes, the butt tour. Very good.
 We'll start in Greek and Roman art,
 where there are many important
 butts. Both marble and bronze.

Heels click and clack on the terrazzo floor as they enter...

INT. GREEK AND ROMAN ART - CONTINUOUS

DARBY
 Now, let's please remember to use
 our inside voices here.

BACHELORETTE #1
 Bring on the butts!!!

Darby walks them over to a bronze statue of a naked man.

DARBY
 This is a really rare Greek bronze
 butt. And the reason this butt is
 so rare is that most Greek bronzes,
 when Romans took over Greek
 dominions, were recognized for the
 sort of valuable materials that
 they held. And so they were melted
 down, often, to make armor, to make
 weapons. Things like that. But not
 before they could capture this
 imagery in marble. So most marble
 quote-unquote "Greek" statues that
 we have today are actually Roman
 copies of Greek bronze originals.
 So we have very, very few Greek
 bronzes, which is why this Greek
 bronze butt is very important and
 very rare. And the reason we have
 these Greek bronze butts is almost
 always because of shipwrecks.

(MORE)

DARBY (CONT'D)
 Ships that were carrying Greek
 bronzes that sunk somewhere in the
 Aegean or the Mediterranean that
 were later excavated. That's where
 we found pretty much the entirety
 of our Greek bronze butt
 collections.

BACHELORETTE #2
 Why is his dick so little?!

BACHELORETTE #3
 I think it broke off over time...
 (then, looking closer)
 Oh. No, it's there, you're right,
 it's just tiny.

THE BRIDE
 (snorting with laughter)
 That looks like Spencer's dick!

Bachelorettes #1 and #2 start touching the statue's butt.

DARBY
 Okay, please don't touch the
 sculptures. You guys, come on!

But it's too late. The Bride has climbed up onto the podium
 and is making out with the sculpture while Bachelorette #3
 takes a polaroid of it. A MUSEUM GUARD storms over to them.

MUSEUM GUARD
 Excuse me, we're going to have to
 ask you all to leave immediately!

The girls all dart off back towards the lobby.

INT. MUSEUM HACK OFFICES - DAY

Darby returns to find her boss BRADLEY APPLETON, 35, saying
 goodbye to his fiancé MELISSA, 33. He looks like he smells
 like cigarettes, but there's something charming about him.

Darby notices Melissa's ENORMOUS ENGAGEMENT RING as Melissa
 exits. Darby laughs about it as she approaches Bradley.

DARBY
 That's the biggest ring I've ever
 seen. It looks like a watch.

BRADLEY
 Yeah, I did good, huh?

He goes through emails on his phone while they keep talking.

DARBY

Okay, no more bachelorettes.

BRADLEY

What? Why not? They're big money.

DARBY

Never again, okay? Normal humans know not to touch the sculptures.

BRADLEY

But they love your "historically significant butts" thing.

DARBY

When you started this company, what was the pitch to investors? Like, "I want to give museum tours to people who don't like museums?"

BRADLEY

No, but that's pretty good.

DARBY

You fucking charlatan.

BRADLEY

You just gotta have fun with it!

DARBY

I do have fun with it!

BRADLEY

No, I just mean like... what the fuck do you care if you give a real tour or not? People just want to have fun, you know? They don't want like, an art history lesson. So don't worry and let them have fun.

(then, remembering)

Hey, are you bringing a plus one to the wedding? We need to know today.

DARBY

Oh. Yes, I'll be bringing one.

BRADLEY

Nice. Cool. Some new boyfriend?

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

Darby stands at a busy intersection on her walk home from work, waiting for the white stick figure. Her eyes are still glazed over. Her body is here, but she is somewhere else.

NARRATOR

For days, Darby floated in an awful apprehension. Sure, she & Augie had only spent a night together, but she was still so young then, still felt ready for everything right away. So was Augie not reaching out on purpose? Or had he already forgotten about her? In an effort to keep from losing her mind, she chose to believe the former.

She takes out her phone and starts scrolling through Augie's Instagram feed, careful not to accidentally LIKE anything.

INT. SOUL CYCLE - NIGHT

Darby takes a morning spin class from an UNSTABLE INSTRUCTOR.

NARRATOR

She found ways to distract herself and still be productive.

UNSTABLE INSTRUCTOR

I need you to set your intention! I need you to ride for whatever it is that's holding you back! Stare that thing in the face and push past it!
(beat)

Like for me it's my alcoholism!

Fellow SOUL CYCLERS whip hand towels in the air and WOO.

INT. WAXING SALON - NIGHT

Darby gets a bikini wax.

NARRATOR

When she heard from him, she wanted to be ready. The best version of herself. Relaxed. Fit. Manicured.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darby texts friend after friend: "Wanna get breakfast?"
"Wanna get breakfast?" "Wanna get breakfast?"

NARRATOR

And though she fell into a social shame spiral, texting everyone she knew, only to end up with several plans that she then canceled, even that helped her bide her time.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darby's alone in bed, in her dark room, only visible in the light of her iPhone as it bounces off her restless face.

NARRATOR

Hopefully, as soon as he texted the flood gates would open, at which point they'd begin to communicate ceaselessly, mostly about nothing: references to their inside jokes that they both knew were stretches, desperate for reasons to reach out.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darby sits on their sofa while Sara & Jim make coffee in their kitchenette, teasing each other like Darby isn't there.

JIM

You mean, like on our first date? When you said... "Tell me something about yourself that nobody knows."

SARA

(laughing, embarrassed)
I'm sorry, but you made that up!

JIM

You think you didn't say that?

SARA

Or I think there's more context or something. Like you said something funny and I was intrigued...

A phone DINGS. Jim pulls her in. Starts kissing her.

JIM

Well, whatever you said, it worked.

DARBY

Was that my phone?

SARA

I think so.

DARBY

(getting up)
Fuck, where is it?

Darby goes to look for her phone in her bedroom that's next to the kitchenette. On the left side of frame, we watch Darby through her door. On the right side, Sara & Jim make out.

NARRATOR

The longer it went without Darby hearing from Augie, the more her cell phone's every sound left her feeling like a teenager, staring at an unopened envelope from their first choice university.

Darby finally finds her phone, comes back out to the living room with it. Sara walks over to her expectantly.

SARA

Is it him?

DARBY

I haven't checked yet.

Jim goes off into his and Sara's room, recusing himself. Darby reads the grey text bubble, then sighs, disappointed:

DAD

Who sings the song... WONDER WALL... ??

DARBY (CONT'D)

Do your parents text you a lot of ellipses? Mine do and it makes them seem so fucking passive aggressive.

SARA

That's dot dot dot's, right?

DARBY

Like my dad texts, "sure dot dot dot," "cool dot dot dot." If I got that from a friend I'd kill myself.

SARA

Sorry it wasn't Augie.

DARBY

It's okay. At least it was my parents. Usually it's an email from Equinox, asking me where I've been.

SARA

He'll text you soon, I promise.

DARBY

I think I blew it.

SARA

Based on what?

DARBY

Nothing. Sorry, I'm spinning out.

SARA
 (laughing)
 You're fine. Take a deep breath.

Darby does just that as she and Sara keep walking.

SARA (CONT'D)
 I bet he's with his friends right now and they're being like "dude, don't text her yet," and he's like, "no, please, I need to hit her up!"

DARBY
 But now I'm just stressed about my boss's wedding and how I don't have anyone to bring as a plus one and--

SARA
 Darby! Do not invite Augie to that wedding, okay?! Do you hear me?! I forbid it! Just chill the fuck out.

DARBY
 See, this is what I hate, is like-- I'm already obsessed with him.

SARA
 I'm not fucking kidding. Promise me you won't invite him. You always ruin it with too much too soon.

DARBY
 Okay! I get it. I won't. I promise.

Darby's phone DINGS AGAIN. The girls freeze. Is it Augie?

DARBY (CONT'D)
 It's probably just my dad with an Oasis-related follow-up question.

Darby checks it nervously. We don't see what it says, but we know it's from Augie just by the look that lights up her face. She shows Sara, who shrieks, and bats her playfully.

NARRATOR
And with that one text from Augie, something opened up inside of her. Hearing from him was a confidence tonic -- the way Gatorade made fat people feel like athletes.

Darby comes back down to earth. Turns to Sara.

DARBY
 Sorry, what were you saying?

SARA

I was saying don't forget to chill.

DARBY

Yeah, I need to chill the fuck out.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK --

What's in bold below will appear on screen as a super title.

MONDAY - CENTRAL PARK Darby & Augie go ice skating.

TUESDAY - BAR PITTI Darby & Augie share some pappardelle.

WEDNESDAY - THE MET Augie makes Darby give him the butt tour.

THURSDAY - BROOKLYN BRIDGE Darby & Augie walk across it, looking up at the steel girders and back at Manhattan.

FRIDAY - THE JANE Darby & Augie dance at a nightclub.

SATURDAY - APARTMENT PARTY Darby meets Augie's friends.

SUNDAY - DAY OF REST Darby & Augie eat delivery in bed. They kiss with their mouths full. He pulls her in closer to him.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Darby & Augie are in only their underwear again, post-coitus.

DARBY

Wait, you were a theater kid? What shows were you in?

AUGIE

Yeah, let's see. Sky Masterson in GUYS & DOLLS. I played FDR in ANNIE-
(then, stopping himself)
Jesus, why am I telling you this? I should not be telling you this.

DARBY

No! Please continue.

AUGIE

So, as a result my mom thought that I was gay and started dropping these obvious hints, like she'd say, "Have you seen the movie MILK? I rented it and I think it's very important we watch it together."

Darby cracks up at this. Augie laughs too.

DARBY
You know, I did musical theater
too. Or, well, I was in CATS once.

AUGIE
Wow. Cats. The worst musical ever.

DARBY
Right. Except I didn't even have a
real part in it, I was just some
made up cat... named Carbucketty.

Augie's laugh grows louder. Almost to the point of tears.

AUGIE
I'm only gonna call you Carbucketty
from now on.

DARBY
Nooo, please don't.
(laughter dies down)
This is crazy, but do you wanna
come to my boss's wedding with me?

Augie beams. Of course he wants to go with her.

INT. JACK'S WIFE FRIDA - NIGHT

Darby & Augie get dinner with Sara & Jim. The food comes.

NARRATOR
*It was January when they met at
karaoke, and by February, they were
acting like boyfriend & girlfriend.*

Augie & Darby accidentally shift the table, playing footsy.

INT. DARBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Augie sits on the edge of Darby's bathtub, cutting his toe
nails. Darby is getting ready for bed, coming in and out.

NARRATOR
*They quickly obliterated all of her
initial comfort-level goals.*

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

Augie grabs Darby's hand as they walk. She hides her smile
like it's nothing. He asks a GUY how much something costs.

NARRATOR

For too long, she'd merely watched these kinds of relationships from the outside, and anything she knew about the way they felt was purely speculative. But now she had some firsthand experience: this is what it was really like to love someone.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

Augie & Darby watch the Hudson River whisk by out the window.

AUGIE

Hey, um...

DARBY

Yeah, what's up?

AUGIE

Nothing, it's cool. Never mind.

DARBY

Come on, don't do that.

AUGIE

Okay, I haven't wanted to tell you cause this has all been so perfect--

DARBY

I fuckin' knew it, here it comes...

AUGIE

No, it's fine, it's fine.

DARBY

Tell me what's up.

AUGIE

I just found out Politico is sending me out on the road as an embed. I'm leaving in March and I'll be away until November. And if all goes well, then after that I'd be working at the D.C. bureau.

Darby takes a second to process. She wasn't expecting this.

DARBY

Oh. Well, that's amazing!

AUGIE

Yeah, like, I'm gonna be on Obama's press bus and everything.

DARBY
 Congratulations!

AUGIE
 I totally get if it makes you not
 want to hang out with me anymore.
 Just because like, this can't
 really go anywhere, you know?

Darby hides her disappointment. She laughs it off.

DARBY
 Obviously. No, totally. I mean, we
 were just seeing where this goes
 anyway. It's not a big deal at all.

AUGIE
 I'm so happy to hear you say that.
 I feel like it's my civic duty to
 contribute to this election cycle.
 I can't imagine what would happen
 if fucking Romney was president, or
 Ron Paul or any of these dicks. I
 feel like the world would end.

DARBY
 I'm really happy for you. That's a
 really important thing to be doing.

Augie smiles, deeply relieved.

DARBY (CONT'D)
 Let's still hang til you go though.

AUGIE
 Are you sure?

DARBY
 (nodding)
 Yeah, do you not want to?

AUGIE
 No, of course I do. I really like
 you, Darby. A lot. I just don't
 want either of us to get hurt.

DARBY
 I don't think that's gonna happen.

NARRATOR
*Darby knew this wasn't true. But
 she figured the best thing she
 could do was pretend to be okay.*

An AMTRAK EMPLOYEE comes up to them. Punches their tickets.

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - RHINEBECK, NY - DAY

Augie & Darby walk past quaint shops and restaurants. The other people they pass are all either HIPSTERS or TOWNIES.

NARRATOR

From there, Augie & Darby proceeded almost as if they hadn't had the conversation about him leaving...

INT. THE ODEON - DAY

This entire bistro has been rented out for the reception. Darby & Augie walk in. Both comfortably dressed up.

DARBY

Okay, so this might be brutal. I actually don't know anyone but my boss and his girlfriend, or I guess wife, who's an actual crazy person.

AUGIE

Tiiight.

They hang their coats up and get drinks from a PASSING TRAY.

DARBY

Where are they? I'll show you.

Darby scans the room and points out Bradley and his now-wife Melissa, who looks grumpy at her own wedding. Bad sign.

LATER --

Darby & Augie are smashed. Dancing with everyone. Having an amazing time despite the fact that they only know each other.

EXT. WEST BROADWAY - NIGHT

Darby & Augie stagger back to her place. Drunk.

DARBY

I wasn't gonna invite you to the wedding cause I didn't want to seem too intense. But I'm glad I did.

AUGIE

I'm glad you did too.

DARBY

I always think I have to play games but with you it's just- it's easy.

DARBY
 (softens, laughing)
 Augie, baby!

Darby smiles sadly. Augie leans in. They kiss.

AUGIE
 (pulling away)
 And, no. No food. Let's go to bed.

NARRATOR
*Darby & Augie didn't even have to
 talk about it but something changed
 that night. Reality was setting in.*

A MONTAGE OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK --

MONDAY - DARBY'S APARTMENT Darby opens some new underwear she bought to avoid doing the laundry in the hamper next to her.

TUESDAY - JOE'S PIZZA Darby eats a slice by herself.

WEDNESDAY - FILM FORUM Augie whispers commentary to Darby as he "shows" her THE LADY EVE, a movie she's already seen.

THURSDAY - WESTVILLE DELIVERY Darby eats asparagus while watching Netflix on the laptop set up on her coffee table.

FRIDAY - THE JANE Darby is out with some other GIRLFRIENDS.

SATURDAY - APARTMENT PARTY Darby and Sara act like they can hear the person they're talking to over the loud music.

SUNDAY - DAY OF REST Darby & Augie chill in his bed. They just had sex, but something feels different. It's sad now.

NARRATOR
*When they finally slept together
 again, a chill hung in the air. And
 sure, she could have seen this
 coming. It was a situation that
 essentially guaranteed heartbreak.
 Maybe some part of her thought
 she'd end up going with him, or
 that he'd end up staying after she
 chased him to the airport, like
 something out of a movie. But alas,
 she had no such luck. He was really
 leaving. This was really ending.*

Darby sits up on the edge of the bed, as far away from Augie as she can get without getting up off the mattress. He sighs.

AUGIE
 This fucking sucks.

DARBY
Yeah. Really fucking bad.

AUGIE
I'm sorry.

DARBY
Please don't be. It's just life.

AUGIE
Well, then life sucks.

DARBY
We can Skype and stuff...

AUGIE
I think that's maybe not the best
idea. Let's rip off the band aid.

They sit silently. He slides over, wraps himself around her.
She starts picking at her chapped lips. He tries to stop her.

DARBY
Just let me do it, okay?

She keeps picking her lips. Winces as she gets a good piece.

DARBY (CONT'D)
Oww, fuck!

EXT. 42ND STREET AND THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

Darby is seeing Augie off as he gets on the PRESS BUS. They
stand back from everything so that they can say good bye.

AUGIE
I have some information that I
think will change your life.

DARBY
Okay...

AUGIE
Carbucketty is a real CAT.

DARBY
What? What do you mean?

AUGIE
Let's just say I spent some time on
the ol' CATS Wikipedia page this
weekend and Carbucketty is very
much a real character and was not
at all made up for your production.

Darby starts laughing. But then everything that's nice about the moment gets sad when she sees the bus in the background.

DARBY
 (laughing, welling up)
 I want to cry! Carbucketty is real!

There's a long beat of silence as they look at each other.

AUGIE
 You were right about the snow. What did you call it? A shit slushee?

DARBY
 Ugh, something like that.

They look around. Snow cakes everything, but it's all gross.

AUGIE
 No, it's been like that for a while now. I think we just didn't notice.

SOMEONE BY THE BUS (O.S.)
 All members of the press, if you haven't checked in, please do so!

Augie kisses Darby one last time. They drag it out. Savoring. We start to hear **"Spinning Away" by Brian Eno & John Cale.**

DARBY
 You gotta go.

AUGIE
 This was really nice. All of this.

DARBY
 I had a great time with you too.
 (beat)
 If you wanna break your Skype embargo, just hit me up, okay?

He inches back a couple steps. Weening himself off of her.

DARBY (CONT'D)
 Before you go...
 (Augie turns back)
 I have to tell you something.

AUGIE
 Okay.

DARBY
 I'm gonna vote Republican.

He cracks up, takes a deep breath, happy she cut the tension.

DARBY (CONT'D)

I'm serious, I really want to lower my taxes and I hate helping others.

AUGIE

(still smiling)

Sounds like a perfect fit then.

DARBY

Goodbye, Augie.

AUGIE

Goodbye, Darby.

Augie heads off to the bus. Darby walks away in the other direction. We TRACK with her as Augie signs in by the bus.

He gets smaller behind her until we lose him entirely.

NARRATOR

After a relationship ends, most people feel like they'll never meet anyone else. But that's never the case. Because every wrong person gets you closer to the right one.

Darby keeps walking, trying not to let her wistfulness win out. She stops at the corner. Takes a big, deep breath.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For instance, if things hadn't ended with Augie, Darby never would have fallen in love with her boss.

(beat)

Yes, the one who just got married.

She takes another look at the dirty snow everywhere -- brown sludge covering piles of garbage and unkempt flower beds and rusty bike racks. Icy puddles thawing in the winter sun.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But that's another story entirely.

We follow Darby across the street between passing cars right as the vocals of the Brian Eno & John Cale song kick in.

We CRANE UP HIGH as the music swells and Darby keeps walking.

As she shrinks in the distance, a NEW SNOW begins to fall.

Fresh specks of white start to dot the sullied cityscape. Soon, it will be perfect and pristine all over again.

THE END