

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

Written by

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INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

BRAD, a man in a wedding dress, sits across from JOSH.

BRAD
How's the lobster?

JOSH
It's amazing, did you want to try?

BRAD
Thanks, but I'm --

A fork is thrust into his face. Lobster meat jiggles.

JOSH
Trust me, you won't regret it.

Brad chews slowly, eyes wide. GULP.

BRAD
Mmmmm!

Josh smiles at him.

JOSH
Can I ask about the wedding dress?

BRAD
I wanted to be upfront about my
expectations.

Rice is thrown from another table. Brad turns red.

BRAD
I have to go... water my plants.

He rises from his chair. Dashes from the restaurant.

EXT. DOUGH4DOUGH (PIZZA RESTAURANT) - EVENING

Brads's stiletto heel snaps. Panting, face flushed. He spots the pizza storefront. Pulls a phone from his cleavage.

EXT. CARPARK (PIZZA RESTAURANT) - EVENING

DELIVERY DRIVER exits the restaurant carrying a pizza box. Brad rests on the bonnet of the delivery car.

INT. DELIVERY CAR - EVENING

Brad, propped in the backseat, scoffing a slice of pizza.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Congratulations.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

The car pulls up to a house. GARY (middle-aged) is outside watering the front lawn. Brad sneaks behind the car and sprints toward the neighbouring house.

INT. LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - EVENING

AMY

How'd it go?

BRAD

I ate lobster tonight.

AMY

Why would you eat lobster? You're allergic.

BRAD

Because somebody told me I needed to be open to new experiences!

Brad slams his bedroom door on Amy.

AMY

■ That's not what I meant.

An abrupt BANGING emerges from the front door.

GARY (O.S.)

I'm not paying for the pizza again!

Brad reappears in the hallway, face starting to swell.

BRAD

Why is my epipen empty?

AMY

Remember that day you bet me 20 bucks you could lift the fridge?

BANGING on the front door continues. Brad marches over.

BRAD

■ What do you want!?

Brad flings the door open. It's Josh.

JOSH

Just making sure you were okay.

Josh is PELTED with water from Gary's hose. Brad pulls him under the door frame to safety. The veil falls over his face in the action.

JOSH

My hero.

BRAD
Sorry about him.

JOSH
Sorry about our date.

Josh lifts the veil. Brad leans in. They lock lips.

BRAD
I don't regret a thing.

Josh smiles. HOCK. WHEEZE. Brad attempts to clear his airway.

BRAD
Except maybe the lobster. Can you
drive me to the hospital?