

Script #264: Defying Gravity, Chloe

INT. DUKE'S BAR - LADIES ROOM

Chloe stands at the sink, emotional. Studies herself in the mirror for a long moment of self-loathing, then...

CHLOE

What is...freaking wrong with you?
You spend your whole...freaking
life working your ass off, dreaming
about this one chance - this one,
damn chance - and you freaking blow
it. I cannot believe what a
hopeless, worthless...
weak-minded... (struggles to come
up with another adjective, then...)
fucking loser you are.

Chloe's eyes well in discouraged frustration, then... Her cell phone rings. She quickly pulls herself together, sniffing and wiping her tears with her hands. Quickly pulling out her cell phone to see...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Dang.(into phone, brightly,
covering) Hi Mom...no, it's cold up
here; I have the sniffles. Who?
(beat) No, I haven't called him. I
haven't had time, Mother - do you
even remember why I came up here?
It was not to meet your osteopath's
nephew.

And now Chloe reacts to a sound in the background - a male stream of piss rumbling into a deep bowl behind the closed door of one of the stalls. It continues to distract her as...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Mother...Mom, I don't care if he's
a Scorpio... Cancer women have got
to be compatible with some other
sign, and I am not...I repeat, not
interested, in a relationship at
this point in time. How many times
do we...

A toilet flushes. A manly clear of the throat.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Y'know...I'm done with this, Mother
- I'm going. Say good-bye.
Good-bye.

Chloe hangs up, as the stall door opens and Donner cowboys
it out...having trouble with the buttons on his fly.
Continues to struggle with them as:

DONNER
They've been making these things
two hundred years - you'd think
they could do better than these
damned buttons.

CHLOE
You can get them with zippers. And
this is the ladies room?

DONNER
Could've fooled me with that
language.

CHLOE
I thought I was alone.

DONNER
Just hope you don't kiss your
mother with that mouth.

CHLOE
Okay, you're mocking me. Screw you.

He smiles...washes his hands beside her. And now she
notices...

CHLOE (CONT'D)
You're Maddox Donner.

DONNER
That good or bad?

CHLOE
Bad being...?

DONNER
That I'm the asshole astronaut who
left two people on Mars. Good being
that I'm a tragic American hero who
should be taken home and comforted
in your arms.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE
(beat, decides)
That's pathetic.

She grabs her purse and heads out.

DONNER
Aren't you gonna pee?

That stops her.

DONNER (CONT'D)
Three beers tend to run right
through me. But then you Cancers
have large bladders.

CHLOE
Are you stalking me?

DONNER
I probably could've taken my leak
in the men's room.

Chloe has no idea how to respond.

CHLOE
Well...fuck you.

He smiles. And she's out the door. Re-enters a moment
later...making a bee line for the stall. Slams the door
behind her.

CHLOE
Get out!

DONNER
I'll be at the bar.