

# Role: BRIANA / SEAN CB

Blue Rev. (6/3/19)

29.

SEAN

Damn, Howard, you gonna eat them all?

HOWARD

Oh? I thought you were finished.

SEAN

I just opened the bag!

Howard chuckles, embarrassed, and hands the bag back to Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You know, maybe you should steer clear. Especially since you call yourself being Crunches' resident nutrition expert.

HOWARD

Do you think I want to eat that garbage? I have to know the effects these foods have on the body firsthand before I can pass my knowledge onto my clients. I'm a hands on nutritionist, my friend. It's all research.

SEAN

Yeah...ok. Look, I'll try it your way. I'm gonna live and forgive. Hey, you know where Bri went?

HOWARD

Probably in her office. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be in mine.

Howard walks into an empty room, pulls the door shut and turns out the light.

INT. PUMP GYM-OUTSIDE BRIANA'S OFFICE

**SC1**

Sean takes a couple of deep breaths.

SEAN

**START →**

(under his breath)  
Woosah...I just got to live and forgive.

Sean knocks.

BRIANA O.S.

Come in.

INT. PUMP OFFICE-NIGHT

\*

Sean enters. He sees Briana sorting through new client paperwork at the desk.

BRIANA

You just don't quit, do you?

SEAN

Look, Bri...I just came over here to let you know that I forgive you.

BRIANA

Excuse me?

SEAN

You know... The put downs... the throwing water all up in my grill. You know, I actually found it a little refreshing.

BRIANA

(not amused)

I'm sorry, don't you have something to do? Some clients to beg for?

Sean looks her up and down.

SEAN

Girl, please. Now you know I ain't never had to *beg* for nothing.

\*

Briana shoots a look that could kill.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Look, all I'm saying is I know that we both know the person you're really mad at ain't me. It's you.

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BRIANA

Sean, I don't know what kind of supplements you're on, but I don't have the time or the energy.

\*

SEAN

(laughing)

I'm sorry, but it's just so obvious. I mean you've been here, what, five or six years? Then, here I come, and I'm right back in the spotlight just like that.

\*

\*

Briana looks around incredulously.

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BRIANA

Spotlight!?

(a beat)

Well, I guess you are the star of the show. Too bad you're a joke. I mean people are seriously crapping out your product as we speak.

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SEAN

You know what, I'm getting tired of people throwing that in my face. At least I got out of here and tried to make something happen. I didn't sit down and just wait for life to happen to me like you did.

\*  
  
\*

Briana takes it all in a moment.

BRIANA

I used to think WE were making life happen, Sean. But I should've known better.

**← END**

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\*

INT. PUMP MASSAGE ROOM-NIGHT

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The room is dark and silent, save the sound of chewing, smacking, and moans of satisfaction. After a beat, the lights flick on. A surprised Howard looks up with a mouth full of french fries, a burger in his hand, and a second burger wrapped up in front of him.

Tamika snaps a picture as she climbs out of the storage closet.

TAMIKA

Got yo ass! I knew it.

Caught, Howard throws his food back in the brown bag.

HOWARD

(cautiously)

Okay, this ain't what it looks like.

Tamika leaves the door ajar as she flies out the exit. Howard sits there, ashamed. He yells after her.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

It's RESEARCH!

Tamika almost runs into Eric as she nears the front desk.

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