

FYI

DARBY

Uh, yeah, okay--

He instantly climaxes, then rolls off of her, out of breath. Darby just lies on her stomach, waiting for a little help.

START

DARBY (CONT'D)

Hey, could you pass me a towel or something?

MAGNUS

Oh, yeah, sure.

Magnus grabs a t-shirt from the floor and hands it to Darby. She's pissed he's not helping. As she wipes her own back off, Magnus picks up his phone and starts texting. He laughs.

DARBY

Who's that from?

MAGNUS

Oh, it's just Tiffany.

Darby stews next to him, feeling ignored.

DARBY

From Maeve? You still talk to her?

MAGNUS

Yeah.

DARBY

Isn't that weird since you don't work there anymore?

MAGNUS

We're friends.

Darby lies there frustrated. Finally, she takes the phone.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Dude!

DARBY

What's going on? You've been so weird ever since you got fired.

MAGNUS

Yeah, well, I'm fucking depressed.

DARBY

I feel like you're punishing me for not being depressed.

MAGNUS

Oh, so this is about you now?

DARBY

No! That's not what I'm saying. I feel awful that you're depressed, but a lot of good things are happening to me, and I want to be able to enjoy them.

MAGNUS

Wow. Way to rub it in. I get it. You're super successful.

DARBY

You're not listening. It's like you want to have a fight. Do you want to have a fight right now?

MAGNUS

I'm sorry if I want to feel just like, a modicum of significance in the world.

DARBY

You're significant to me!

MAGNUS

Why, so I can go to drinks with your friends, live in your apartment, hear about your day?

DARBY

Then go find a fucking job instead of sitting on the couch drinking huge fourteen dollar Belgian beers!

MAGNUS

They're ales!

Magnus gets another text message. He moves to check it.

DARBY

Please don't.

MAGNUS

Oh, what, so now I can't have friends either?

DARBY

You can have friends. Just not slutty waitresses who text you at 12:30 at night.

MAGNUS

Unbelievable! You don't want me to have friends!

(then)

At least Tiffany gets what I'm going through.

DARBY

Then go nut on Tiffany's back and spend her money! See how she likes it!

**END**

Magnus grabs the blanket and storms out of the room. He slams the door. We can hear him and Jim talking outside.

MAGNUS (O.C.)

Is it cool if I sleep on the couch?

JIM (O.C.)

Oh, wow. You guys okay? You want to talk, my brother?

Darby, upset, turns over and cries.

**TIME-LAPSE** as Darby sleeps fitfully through the night. Then it's DAY. Darby is awoken by Magnus who leans over to kiss her. She wakes up to find Magnus in a suit, beard trimmed.

MAGNUS

Morning.

DARBY

Morning. Why are you dressed up?

MAGNUS

I'm gonna see if I can find a gig.

DARBY

Oh! That's great. Good luck.

MAGNUS

Thanks.

Magnus kisses her one more time and heads out.

DARBY

Magnus. You look really nice.

He smiles slightly and closes the door. Darby lies back and exhales. Maybe this crisis is finally blowing over.