

WTF!?

Written by

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WGAw

FADE IN

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Hank sits alone in a booth, drumming a pen on his list. As the WAITRESS steps up with his food and glances down at the page.

HANK (V.O.)
I'd like to think of myself as the
king of casual, but I wonder, is
the pick-up artist officially dead?
And how do I *bad ass* my new look?

Hank's face is flushed with anxiety as the voice in his head is surprisingly female.

HANK
Who the hell is that!?

WAITRESS
Who?

Hank angrily scans the barren diner.

HANK
Nothing.

Hank is suddenly flushed with anxiety. The WAITRESS leans in closer to steal another peek at Hank's list.

HANK (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

WAITRESS
That's a terrible man-liner.

HANK
I wasn't flirting.

WAITRESS
Sure you were. What's the list for?

HANK
I just like to be as organized as
possible. Is that my dinner?

WAITRESS
You wrote *get up* on your list of
things to do?

HANK
(looks at list)
What? I forgot a word. There.

Hank scribbles in a word, then displays the list for the WAITRESS.

WAITRESS
Oh. Doesn't that just happen
naturally every morning?

HANK
No. It's been two weeks.

WAITRESS
Really?

HANK
Is that weird?

WAITRESS
It's beyond weird. My guess, your
penis doesn't trust you any more.

Hank is stunned as the WAITRESS sits down and places his plate in front of him.

HANK
Huh?

WAITRESS
My thirty year old lives in my
basement and he has at least five
erections a night.

HANK
How do you....Nevermind.

WAITRESS
It's all your fault if you don't
have morning wood.

HANK
Go away. Now.

WAITRESS
No wonder your penis hates you so
much.

Hank sighs in dismay, as the WAITRESS exits. As he looks his food over, his table is suddenly dim with a gruesome eclipse.

Hank looks up and comes face to face with Clementine.

HANK
Clementine?

CLEMENTINE
Hi Hank. Did you get my text
messages?

HANK
Yeah. All one hundred and fifty-
three of them.

Clementine squeezes in the seat across from Hank.

CLEMENTINE
I made a decision.

HANK
About what?

CLEMENTINE
Us. Me. Well more me than you. I
think I'm falling apart.

HANK
How can you tell?

CLEMENTINE
I was working out with my nun-
chucks today and I was
thinking...drum roll please—what if
we only broke up during the week?

HANK
Like a part time break-up?

CLEMENTINE
Ding, ding, ding, ding!

HANK
You're a special kind of crazy,
Clem.

CLEMENTINE
I know how lonely you must be and I
really miss licking your face.

Hank thinks about it for a moment.

HANK
What about Miguel?

CLEMENTINE
One word. Reverse cowgirl.

HANK

That's two.

CLEMENTINE

Not the way he does it. Miguel is going to change the world.

HANK

Cool. When?

CLEMENTINE

Soon.

HANK

Can't wait.

CLEMENTINE

He even let's me play with his nipples too.

HANK

Wow.

CLEMENTINE

Total wow! He's hotter than any guy I ever downloaded. But you and me have a history.

HANK

Clementine, I don't think it's fair to hold that part of our lives hostage to try and get back together.

CLEMENTINE

No hostages. You don't want me?

HANK

It's not that.

CLEMENTINE

Then what?! You said that I was your trophy achievement. You said you couldn't live without me.

HANK

I never said those things.

CLEMENTINE

Are you sure?

HANK

Pretty damn sure. Listen Clem, things are different.

CLEMENTINE
What's different?

HANK
Dating, sex, your waste line, pop
up ads.

CLEMENTINE
But what?

HANK
I didn't say but.

CLEMENTINE
But a but is coming, right?

HANK
Yeah.

CLEMENTINE
I knew it!

Suddenly in a pit of despair, she snatches the fries from
Hank's plate and shoves them in her mouth.

HANK
I just think that you may have some
angry girl issues to work out.

CLEMENTINE
No. I don't.

HANK
I heard you stabbed your dietician.

CLEMENTINE
Because he told me that I could
lose weight by having an orgasm in
his office.