

Isaac, in pajamas, lies asleep on a couch, covered by a thin blanket, clutching a Bible. Marijuana paraphernalia litters the coffee table.

The front door opens and a drunk couple staggers in, laughing and swearing as they bump into walls. GARY, 30s, jeans and a dress shirt, closes the door with some effort as CYNTHIA, 20s, club dress, wanders over to the couch. She is surprised to find the sleeping Isaac.

CYNTHIA

What have we here? Oh, he's so sweet.  
So peaceful.

GARY

(grabs her by the wrist)  
Come on, girl. I got plans for you.

He pulls the giggling Cynthia toward a nearby bedroom door.

Gary pulls Cynthia in through the open door and closes it behind them. He drags her toward the bed, loses his grip and falls on the bed, laughing.

GARY

Come here, baby. Gary's got a big  
present for you.

CYNTHIA

I bet you do. I'll be right back.

GARY

Where are you going?

CYNTHIA

Just powdering my nose!

Gary grins and watches her stumble toward the door. He unbuttons his pants and pulls them down, then laughs when he realizes that his shoes are still on, tries to pull them over his shoes but they just get more stuck. As he struggles he falls off the bed, laughing hysterically, then passes out.

Cynthia comes in, wearing only panties and a bra.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Where are you, baby?

(laughs at the sight of  
Gary, moves toward him)

What are you doing down there?

She kneels down over the passed out Gary, shakes her head.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Lightweight.

She rises unsteadily, swerves toward the door.

3 IN THE LIVING ROOM

3

Isaac sleeps peacefully on the couch. The Bible lies on the rug below. Cynthia appears at the bedroom door, moves toward the bathroom. She sees Isaac; a grin breaks out on her face. Cynthia approaches the couch, kneels before Isaac.

CYNTHIA

Hey, you. Psst. Wake up, you.

When he doesn't respond, she climbs on top of him. His eyes open wide in terror.

ISAAC

What? Who?

CYNTHIA

Come on, baby. Let's have some fun.

ISAAC

Oh no. I think you're mistaken. I don't have fun. I mean...

CYNTHIA

I can tell you want me.

ISAAC

(in torment)

Can you please...can you please...

CYNTHIA

Come on. Give me a kiss.

She passes out, her face falling to one side of his. Isaac gapes in disbelief, afraid to move.

4 IN THE MORNING

4

Isaac lies on the couch, immobile, eyes wide, with the passed-out Cynthia still on top of him. Hungover, unkempt Gary appears at the door, walks to the bathroom without glancing at

the couch. In a moment Gary reappears and sees Cynthia on the couch, does a double-take, approaches.

GARY

What the hell?

ISAAC

I'm sorry! I didn't...

Gary spanks Cynthia. She jumps up, slaps Isaac in the face.

CYNTHIA

What the--

Grimacing, Cynthia walks to the bathroom. Gary watches her, shakes his head. The bathroom door closes. Isaac sits up on the couch.

GARY

Sorry, buddy. Time to find another couch.

ISAAC

But I didn't do anything. I promise. She--

GARY

(sits next to him)

I know, I know. You're a God-fearing Christian and Cynthia is a loose little druggie. That's why I love her so much. But you're not paying rent and we have to rent this couch out to someone who can. Sorry, dude.

Isaac stares at him blankly.

5 IN THE KITCHEN - LATER

5

Marijuana paraphernalia peppers the kitchen counter where Cynthia, back in her club dress, pours coffee into a mug. She sits at the table across from Isaac, who eats a plate of eggs and toast.

CYNTHIA

Hey there. I'm really sorry about last night. Not that I'm saying I got you kicked out, but you know, everybody's gotta pay rent. Even me.

ISAAC

I know, I know. Hard work is the road to salvation. My friend and spiritual advisor always says that if I put my faith in God, only good things can come of it. But since I had to leave the fellowship--

CYNTHIA

(seductively)

Hey, listen. I believe in all that stuff and everything, but...I just felt like we had a sort of...

(checks to see that coast is clear)

...connection. I mean, what I can remember of it. Gary told me you don't have any family here. I just mean, if you ever need a place to sleep, you can crash at my place...

She falls silent as Gary and ROCK, 30s, both in shorts and T-shirts, come in. Gary seems oblivious of her. He gets two beers out of the fridge, gives one to Rock. Both sit at the table, open their beers, swig. The two look at Isaac, then at each other, and burst out laughing. To Isaac--

ROCK

Need another cup of coffee, dude? Guess you didn't get much sleep.

ISAAC

No, but I can't drink coffee.

CYNTHIA

What, even in the morning?

ISAAC

I'm sorry. I mean I don't drink coffee.

CYNTHIA

Then why did you make it?

ISAAC

Uh...I always make coffee for everybody.

GARY

Listen, buddy. I'm sorry about kicking you out, but you know how high the rent is.

ISAAC

I understand. I was homeless before.  
I know God has a plan. I just have to  
figure out what it is.

GARY

Shit man. You're killing me here. If  
only you could get any stupid job.

CYNTHIA

Hey, you guys both drive for Uber,  
right?

ROCK

(to Isaac)

Do you have a car?

GARY

(off Isaac's silence)

You could rent a car from Uber.

ROCK

I did that for a while. Totally ate  
up my profits. I barely broke even.

GARY

Well, something to think about.

(views a text; to Rock)

The waves are peeling, dude.

ROCK

Right. Let's do it!

They down their beers, jump up and charge for the door.

CYNTHIA

Frigging surfers.

She gives Isaac a sweet look, hurries after Gary and Rock.