

## THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE

By J.J. Pope

INT. MITCH'S APARTMENT - DAYTIME

A knock at the door. MITCHELL opens it. DEBORAH is on the other side, wearing an elegant, but revealing outfit.

MITCHELL

(Nervous)

Hi. You must be the, uh...

DEBORAH

(Sultry)

I'm Deborah, the service sent me.

MITCHELL

Deborah! Nice to meet you. I'm Mitchell. Oh, p-p-please come in.

Deborah enters the apartment and takes in her surroundings.

DEBORAH

So. What are you into ... Mitchell?

MITCHELL

Well, my buddy told me about something called, "The Girlfriend Experience." Do you do that?

DEBORAH

Oooh, The Girlfriend Experience. Kinky! It'll be \$200. Up front.

Mitchell hands money to Deborah.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Can I use your bathroom?

She walks into the bathroom without waiting for an answer.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

(Exhasperated)

Dammit Mitch, you left the toilet seat up. Again!

MITCHELL

(To Himself)

Ooooh yeah.

(To Deborah)

Sorry, um, honey, I'll try to remember next time.

DEBORAH

Yeah that's what you always say.

Deborah closes the door. Mitch sits down and looks at his watch, then the door, then his watch again. He smiles and nods. He is clearly into having to wait.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

(Through Bathroom door)

So, this morning at work, Tanya's new assistant Mandy totally fucked up, but she wouldn't admit it. Then, later, she brought in some gluten-free cornbread. And I was like, yeah, you know you fucked up, and that sorry-ass corn-bread doesn't make up for it.

MITCHELL

(Getting turned on)

Mmmmmmm! And what did Tanya say?

DEBORAH

She didn't even notice. But I did.

Deborah emerges from the bathroom, wearing sweatpants, a baggy t-shirt, and a mud mask. Mitchell is impressed and excited.

DEBORAH

So, how was *your* day?

MITCHELL

Well, I had another bad day at work. I really hate my job. I should quit, but I don't know what I'd do next.

DEBORAH

(Slowly, passionately)

Oh, Mitchy-poo...

Life is like breathing. We inhale. We exhale. And at the end of each exhale, we take for granted that the next inhale will come.

One thing's for certain: some day, it won't. So, you've got to constantly be working towards a better you, but you also have to be able to let go and let the universe put things into place.

MITCHELL

Wow. That's really deep. Thank you so much.

DEBORAH

You're welcome. And, just so you know, I do accept tips.

Mitchell goes in for a kiss.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Whoa, uh, Mitch, your breath is kickin'. Hows about brushing your teeth?

MITCHELL

Oh. Uh. Okay.

(Goes into bathroom)

Debbie! You left the cap off the toothpaste!

DEBORAH

What? Oh. Sorry. I keep forgetting.

Mitchell brushes his teeth.

DEBORAH

Hey, are you hungry?

MITCHELL

(Mouth full)

Mmmhmmm!

DEBORAH

Great! Me too! What do you want to eat? I'm up for anything.

Mitchell is done brushing his teeth.

MITCHELL

Wow! You even clogged the sink with hair. This is giving me a chub!

Mitch holds up a clump of hair. Debora winks knowingly.

DEBORAH

Mitchy, I'm hungry!

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Right! How about Thai?

DEBORAH

Not Thai. I had that for lunch.

MITCHELL  
 (Getting excited)  
 Oooooooh. Okay. What about Mexican?  
 It's Taco Tuesday.

DEBORAH  
 We *always* do Taco Tuesday.

Mitchell stirs sexily and bites his lip.

MITCHELL  
 You're right. Burgers! A new spot  
 just opened up around the corner.

DEBORAH  
 (Annoyed, Scoffs)  
 Did you forget? I'm off red meat.

Mitchell is infatuated.

MITCHELL  
 This is So. Good. Well, shit, I  
 can't think of anything else!

DEBORAH  
 Let's just order Indian.

MITCHELL  
 Indian it is, my darling.

Mitchell and Deborah share a peck on the lips. Then they  
 both pick up their smartphones.

MITCHELL  
 I'm ordering through GrubHub. Tikka  
 Masala Dinner special?

DEBORAH  
 (Distracted)  
 Sure, honey.

They share a moment on the sofa with their smartphones.  
 Mitchell looks at Deborah and seems content and fulfilled.  
 The door opens, and SHEILA walks in. Mitchell is caught off  
 guard, Deborah glances up, confused.

MITCHELL  
 Sheila! I...I can explain everything.

SHEILA  
 Oh yeah? Who *is* this?

MITCHELL  
 This is Deborah. She's a girl, I,

er, hired.

(To Deborah)

Deborah, this is Sheila. My girlfriend.

DEBORAH

Girlfriend? But *I'm* your girlfriend, Mitchell!

SHEILA

Hired? Like a prostitute?

MITCHELL

(Ashamed)

Y...Yes... I wanted to try the girlfriend experience.

SHEILA

(Nonchalant)

Huh. Hey, you guys want something to eat? I'll order some Indian.

MITCHELL

We already did that, Sheila. And we had a whole conversation about it.

SHEILA

Well, shit, Mitch. I don't know what to say. How about we get naked? I picked up some lube and party drugs on my way home...

DEBORAH

Oh my. Mitch, I don't think I'm quite ready for non-monogamy.

MITCHELL

Me neither, Debbie.

SHEILA

I'll tell you what: you two stay here and play out your sick fantasy. I'll be at the bar watching the finals.

Exit Sheila.

DEBORAH

You've got some explaining to do, Mitchell Reilly!

MITCHELL

It doesn't mean anything. She just uses me for sex. Day in, day out.

It's actually pretty sweet.