

VULGAR

By Farook Qais

A polyamorous couple encounter trouble as one outsider tries to tear them apart. Another however brings them closer than ever.

Rated R - Romantic Drama

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While amorous and intimate, the majority of the sex scenes in this picture are to focus on the reactions on the actors' faces, unless otherwise stated.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. The bed's rocking. 1:40AM on the bedside clock. Late night sex being had.

AMIRA (Black, late 30s, love handles for days) lays with her eyes glazed over. She's tired, but clearly enjoying herself.

AARON (white, mid 30s, boyish in every way) reaches over to the bedside table.

AMIRA

What?

Aaron opens the drawer and rummages around.

AARON

Hold on. Got it.

It's unclear what he's pulled out, but Amira soon feels it. She SQUEALS.

AMIRA

No lubricant!

Amira's in pain. Too tired to complain, she eases.

Aaron kisses her, resuming his missionary position. They cum together.

He's grunty and deep.

She's raspy and elongated.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira's at the counter eating eggs and toast. Mushrooms and beans form a mountain.

Aaron rushes in with a gym bag. Drops it. Pecks Amira's lips despite her mouthful.

AMIRA

(Still chewing)

Morning. Tea's here.

Aaron's in the fridge.

AARON

Thank you. Just grabbing a banana.

He steps by her to grab his tea; Amira's butt-plug is in it. He begins sipping as if this is nothing new. He pulls the butt-plug out and sucks the tea off it. Amira seems pleased.

AARON (CONT'D)

I knew you weren't going to cum without this.

Aaron passes the butt-plug to her. She puts it in her coffee.

AMIRA

I was, I was tired that's all.

Aaron drinks his tea. Amira notices his gym bag.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

You're gyming?

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

It's work clothes. I'm gonna stop by Tara's.

Eyebrows raised from Amira, unruffled.

Aaron reaches into the bag and pulls out earphones. Puts the chord over the back of his neck.

Amira continues eating. Aaron kisses her cheek as he puts his mug in the sink.

AARON (CONT'D)

Leave the dishes. I'll do'm later.

Another kiss. He grabs his keys.

AMIRA

Ring?

Aaron comes back, removing his wedding ring, giving it to Amira who slides it on her little finger. Another kiss and a smile from Amira.

Aaron leaves, through the living room.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - DAY

A door opens by the hand of TARA (early 40s, slim as a slice of bread, always the best dresser in the room). She waits as LONNY (19, colour in his hair, know-it-all) exits.

LONNY

See ya mom.

TARA

Bye.

She closes the door -- to black.

A beat.

DING DONG goes the doorbell.

Tara opens the door. Aaron enters, removing his earphones. Big smile on Tara's face as she takes his hand and leads him in, lifting her skirt as she walks.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira tidies the kitchen and sets up her laptop on the island. She lays out documents and prepares a headset as she turns on her laptop.

Documents have numerous tabs and are labelled "Legal," "Legally Binding," or "Paralegal."

Amira seems set, but she pauses. Looks over to the snack bar on the kitchen counter. She goes and grabs a bag of chips. Finally sits at her "desk."

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

STAFF MEMBERS stand after the morning meeting, Aaron and Tara included. Their boss VERA (50s, vintage, sometimes smells like TCP) finishes up.

VERA

Good luck again to Aaron and Tara.
I trust both your interviews went
well. Have a good day everyone.

Aaron retrieves a timetable off a colleague. He eavesdrops on Tara as she walks by with Vera.

TARA

I have lunch at 1 today.

Tara's out of sight within seconds. Aaron looks at the timetable confirming her claim, also confirming his break is at the same time.

The library's front doors open. In walks SAVANA (20s. Cuteness and confidence in equal measure. She's the definition of "tiny brunette").

Aaron tries not to stare as she goes to a desk and unloads her backpack. She glimpses at him, smiles. He looks away, then back at her. Can't help himself.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN- DAY

Amira's at the island on her laptop, working. Her phone CHIMES. She continues working.

CHYRON: AARON, *PHOTO ATTACHED*.

Amira continues working. Picks at her bag of chips.

Her phone CHIMES again.

CHYRON: AARON, I'll call you in 30.

Amira is focussed on her work, but eats all the same. Doesn't acknowledge her phone at all.

INT. LIBRARY - RESTROOM - DAY

Aaron walks in and unzips his pants with one hand, grabs his phone with the other.

INTERCUT - LIBRARY - RESTROOM / AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

RIIIING -- Amira jumps. She answers.

AMIRA

Hey babe.

AARON

Hey. Did you see?

AMIRA

See what?

AARON

The picture.

AMIRA

Picture? Hang on.

Amira puts her phone on loudspeaker and opens the photo file. It's Savana bent over her desk.

AARON
You didn't see? I said I would call
you thirty minutes ago.

AMIRA
Hold on babe.

Amira takes a closer look at the picture. Her eyes melt.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
How did you get this?

AARON
Took a snap.

AMIRA
Honey that's dangerous.

Aaron's stroking his cock.

AARON
Yeah, but look at her.

AMIRA
I know. Sorry I didn't respond.
Work's been busy.

Aaron masturbates.

AARON
It's fine.

AMIRA
What was she reaching for?

AARON
I don't know.

AMIRA
You're tugging?

AARON
Mmhhh. More to the sound of your
voice than anything.

AMIRA
Do it to her. Look at the photo.

AARON
I can't. I wanna hear you. Don't
know where my earphones are.

Amira is entranced by the picture. Rummages in the near empty
bag of chips and manages to find a piece. She eats.

AMIRA
You had them this morning.

AARON
Doesn't matter right now. Are you
gonna cum too?

Amira looks at her laptop. Then at the picture.

AMIRA
Not now.
(Gawking at the pic)
You have such good taste.

AARON
Well obviously. Married you;
hottest-woman-in-my-world.

AMIRA
I'm good for you, but Savana is
what you call hot.

Aaron's masturbating becomes vigorous.

AARON
Still staring?

AMIRA
Yes. But don't risk taking more.

AARON
I know.

AMIRA
Cum OK? I have to work. Look at her
picture and cum for me. Imagine
fucking her right over that desk.

INT. LIBRARY - RESTROOM - DAY

Aaron tugs harder.

AARON
OK. Gonna go.

AMIRA (V.O.)
Love you babe.

AARON
Love you.

He promptly hangs up and goes to the picture of Savana on his
phone. Finishes masturbating.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira eyes Savana's picture again then goes to Savana's social media.

She scrolls, there's nothing revealing, but Amira stops scrolling on a cute smile.

AMIRA

Fuck.

She moves away from her work. Steps away from the counter. She reaches back for the bag of chips. Walks through --

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amira unclips her belt as she walks. The living room is homey, but full of art canvasses and an easel.

Amira marches to the bedroom and SLAMS the door shut.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Aaron exits the staff area -- almost literally bumps into Savana right away. A big smile from her as she keeps walking. Aaron eyes her up, sighs, and turns back through the door from which he came.

Savana sits at her desk and begins typing on the laptop she'd left open. Teaching guide books on the desk. Pages marked with tabs. She minimizes the screen on her laptop and opens another: a website of artwork; paintings (familiar from Amira's living room). She scrolls to the artist's profile picture: Aaron Everett.

HEELS can be heard walking. Tara walks by Savana, notices Aaron's photo on the webpage. She doesn't seem impressed.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Tara has sex with Aaron. She's on top bouncing and she cums.

TARA

Oh fuck, oh fuck.

She collapses on him. They breathe heavily.

Aaron looks at the time.

AARON

We don't have long.

Tara lays, breathless.

A beat.

Tara puts a hand on his chest --

TARA
Wait, you didn't?

Aaron shakes his head. Sits up. Tara drags herself down his body. Her hands guide him to lay back down.

TARA (CONT'D)
I don't know how...

We focus on Aaron's reactions as Tara begins SUCKING his cock. She speaks between sucks.

TARA (CONT'D)
You make me cum so fast... Every time.

AARON
Big dick right?

SUCKING noises.

TARA
But it's more than that.
(A breath)
You fit inside me perfectly.

She moves up his body, stroking his cock earnestly.

TARA (CONT'D)
So your interview went well for the other library? You not gonna focus on your art?

AARON
I am.
(Shrugs)
Just looking to bring in more money.

Tara kisses around Aaron's neck and chest.

TARA
I see. Had any rejections lately?

Aaron nods.

AARON
Yup.

TARA

Must be frustrating. Why don't you
fuck me? Fuck your rejections.

Aaron immediately turns her around, his eyes fixed on the curvature of her ass as she leans forward instantly mounting him cowgirl style. She looks back with a glint in her eye.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Aaron and Tara arrive downstairs. Aaron puts on his shoes. Tara looks in the cupboard.

TARA

God damn it.

AARON

What?

TARA

Lonny. I told him to do a shop at
lunch and drop it off before he
went back to college. Has he done
that? No.

She goes to the fridge, grabs things to make a sandwich.

AARON

Kids will be kids.

TARA

He's fucking nineteen. I shouldn't
even have to ask, but now if I ask
I'd be nagging him and that causes
an argument and --

AARON

So don't nag him.

Tara sets up her chopping board.

AARON (CONT'D)

What are you missing?

TARA

Coffee.

AARON

So? Have coffee at work.

TARA

It's not the same. I wanted to have one here to sit nicely with my lunch. And I needed screws.

AARON

Screws, or screwed?

TARA

(Sarcastic)

Funny.

Aaron goes to the sink to get himself a glass of water.

TARA (CONT'D)

I wanted to ask you to put up a rail in his room. No screws, no rail.

Tara gives Aaron a look while grating some cheese. He walks over, puts a hand on her back.

AARON

Shall I make you coffee at work? I'll leave it in the staff room.

TARA

No. You can go.

AARON

The rail?

TARA

Come after work? I'll text Lonny to shop after college.

Aaron kisses her cheek. Puts the empty glass beside her.

AARON

Not after work. I don't need to be seen by him. Do it another 1PM lunch day.

TARA

Fine.

Aaron leaves. Tara completes making her sandwich.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SLAM goes Amira's hand on the island.

AMIRA
You're not her boyfriend.

She and Aaron eat dinner.

AARON
I know and she knows. It's a favour
that's all.

AMIRA
I don't trust her. Her son's
nineteen, why doesn't he put the
damn rail up himself?

Aaron shrugs while chewing.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
Why are you not mad about this?

AARON
There's nothing to be mad about.
You trust me right?

AMIRA
Of course --

AARON
So calm it. She and I use each
other for one thing. A stupid rail
is not going to connect us in some
profound way. OK?

Amira nods. Breathes. Seems anxious albeit pleased by Aaron's
commanding tone.

Aaron gets up and goes to stand behind her. He begins rubbing
her shoulders. She relaxes.

AARON (CONT'D)
That's it. Be calm. My love belongs
to my wife. Eat your dinner.

Amira eats. Aaron massages. She kisses his cheek but --

AMIRA
Get away please.

Aaron backs off.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
You stink of her. It's nauseating.

AARON
 Oh, sorry.
 (Smiling)
 I'll shower.

AMIRA
After dinner.

AARON
 Yes honey.

Aaron moves back to his seat. He likes her assertiveness too. He reaches for her hand and squeezes it as they continue their meal.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron lays on the couch, watching NBA on the TV. Amira joins him horizontally with hugs and kisses.

AARON
 Hello.

AMIRA
 You smell better.

AARON
 I should've showered right after work.

AMIRA
 Doesn't matter. I don't mind you smelling of pussy. I just don't like that smell. Reminds me of how extra she is.

Aaron watches basketball. Amira's not interested in the game.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
 You want me to suck your dick?

AARON
 If you want, but I don't know how much cum is left in my balls today.

Amira hugs him tighter.

AMIRA
 Things would be so much better if you were fucking Savana.

AARON

She is something special. Did you end up cumming to her pic'?

Amira nods.

AARON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

AMIRA

I don't know if this is going to work. You're taking things too slow with her.

AARON

And?

AMIRA

And the fear is me. You're easy to fall for, but when she finds out about me what if she runs a mile?

AARON

Oh come on!

AMIRA

Honestly.

AARON

No, I mean the --

(He points to the game)

Look she's not like Tara. And we don't have to tell her about you.

Amira slides Aaron's wedding ring off her finger and he slides it onto his.

AMIRA

I worry babe. I don't mind you screwing other girls, random ones. We both enjoy it. But Tara's derailed me.

AARON

What are you saying? You don't want me going after Savana?

AMIRA

No, I do. She's lovely.

A beat. Basketball goes to commercial.

AARON

Then, what if you go after her?

Amira's eyes hit Aaron's.

AMIRA
What do you mean?

AARON
Well I know you want me to be happy, but I want you to be happy too. Are you attracted to her?

AMIRA
(Nods)
Yes.

AARON
So try her. See if she likes you back.

AMIRA
Aaron --

AARON
Really. It would be fun for you. You don't get pussy as often as I do so why not? She's young still remember, even if she's not into women you can teach her things as a friend and boom: she's bisexual.

AMIRA
Really?

AARON
Well yeah. You didn't know you liked women until you met me.

A beat as basketball resumes. Amira's mind wanders.

AMIRA
Where would I even start?

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

AARON (POSTLAP V.O.)
Come to the library tomorrow. Start there. Become her friend.

Savana is at her regular desk. Amira walks in, no wedding rings on. She starts toward Savana.

AMIRA
Excuse me, do you mind?

Savana shakes her head as Amira takes a seat. Aaron works in the distance. Tries to keep busy.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
Sorry, I don't mean to disturb.

Amira pulls out her laptop and files.

Savana smiles.

SAVANA
You have a lot of stuff. Wouldn't you be more comfortable over there?

Savana points to a bigger desk.

AMIRA
Full disclosure, I'm not in here often because I get scared in public. You seem nice so I'm sitting with you as if you're my buffer from the big bad world. No pressure.

Savana looks surprised.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
Sorry, did I freak you out?

SAVANA
No, it's OK. Kind of sweet actually.

AMIRA
Well you're the most beautiful person in here so...

Savana eases and smiles. Amira continues to set herself up, too shy to make eye contact. Savana sees some documents.

SAVANA
You're a lawyer?

AMIRA
Paralegal.

INT. LIBRARY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Tara pushes a book truck. She notices Amira and Savana talking to one another. She peers over the banister to take a closer look. Maybe to listen.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Amira looks around. No sign of Aaron. She spots Tara, almost as if she knew she was being watched. Tara's glare is cold; beyond grave deep.

Tara goes back to her book truck.

Amira turns on her laptop and sees Savana's books.

AMIRA
You're studying?

SAVANA
Teaching. Studying how to teach.

AMIRA
You like kids?

SAVANA
More that I want to help them. But I can't do teenagers or above. They'd all tower over me and I don't have authority in my voice to ever set'm straight. I'd rather prepare kids for high school.

AMIRA
That makes sense. Plus they're a good age then. Still at an age where they actively listen.

SAVANA
I guess so.

AMIRA
No boyfriend?

SAVANA
No. How about you?

Amira logs in and begins to work. Savana waits for an answer and opens a teaching book.

AMIRA
Full disclosure again?

SAVANA
OK?

Amira crosses her legs under the desk, grazing Savana's leg with her calf.

AMIRA
I prefer women.

Amira types and works, focussing hard as to shy away from any kind of response from Savana.

There's is no response from Savana.

Amira's nervous.

The beat lasts an eternity...

Finally --

SAVANA
What's that like?

INT. LIBRARY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Aaron is at a service desk with Vera. They're focussed on his computer screen.

Tara's HEELS walk a distance away.

VERA
She's the one looking over your work history.

HEELS get closer.

AARON
Are you sure? She didn't even interview me?

VERA
Do you remember who did?

Tara appears.

TARA
Who did what?

AARON
My interview. Do you remember who did yours?

Tara shrugs.

TARA
Three people. All your age, Vera.

A look from Vera as she steps away from Aaron's computer.

VERA
Yeah, well. Your work history is important. They'll want to see variation in your skills.

Aaron throws his arms up as Vera walks away.

AARON
But I've only ever worked here!

Vera's gone. Tara feigns a smile.

AARON (CONT'D)
You good?

A customer lines up behind Tara.

TARA
(Partly sighs)
Yeah... but never mind.

She walks off. Aaron looks confused. The customer approaches.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Lively area. Full of people.

INT. MALL - DAY

Busy and robust mall. People everywhere. Amira and Savana walk together amidst the hustle and bustle. Amira has a coffee. Savana has a slushie.

SAVANA
Wanna try?

AMIRA
God no. That will freeze my brain and I'll end up with a headache. I just can't with those.

Savana sips.

SAVANA
Oh lets go here.

A Stationary store.

AMIRA
You need notebooks or something?

SAVANA
No. There's this guy --

They walk in --

INT. MALL - STATIONARY STORE - DAY

Savana and Amira see some of Aaron's art canvases toward the back of the store. Amira seems displeased.

SAVANA
They're so amazing.

AMIRA
You like them?

SAVANA
Of course. Do you know who they're by? It's the guy in the library.

AMIRA
Aaron Everett. I know.

Amira looks at the paintings, frustrated.

SAVANA
What's wrong? --

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

AMIRA
They moved you. And they fucking cut the display to two!

Amira is slouched on the couch. Knees high. Her feet on the edge of the seat. Her dress covers up Aaron who's on the floor, head between her legs. He shrugs.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
That doesn't bother you?

AARON
It does, but they put my stuff in there for free.

Aaron's preoccupied, orally pleasing his wife. Amira flinches every now and then.

AMIRA
They make money off you don't they?

Aaron plays with her using his hands while they talk.

AARON

I guess, if they sell. But they've only sold one, if I'm not wrong.

Back to licking.

AMIRA

Seriously babe, call them. Or swap the canvasses for some of these?

She points to the paintings in their living room -- but quickly grabs the couch cushion as Aaron's licking jolts her.

AARON

OK I will. Can you tell me more about Savana now? How did it go?

AMIRA

Oh my God. I shit myself.

AARON

You want me to lick your shitter?

AMIRA

No, not now. Let me wash.

Aaron pops his head up.

AARON

You want me to stop?

Amira shakes her head, grinning. Aaron puts his head back down.

AMIRA

I was having palpitations. My heart was jumping out of my chest. I even looked for you.

AARON

So? What happened?

AMIRA

I grazed her leg. I did it on purpose, but she wasn't supposed to know it was on purpose. A happy accident. Then right away I told her I'm into women -- and she actually asked me about it.

AARON

OK, good. And you spent most of the day together?

AMIRA

All day. Even swapped numbers by the end. You have some eye you know. Not only is she beautiful, but she loves your art. She's a Knicks fan. She enjoys slushies as much as you enjoy milkshakes and fuck she is gorgeous.

AARON

You said that.

AMIRA

Shit Aaron, what am I going to do? I've never dated a woman. It's been such a long time since we even dated.

AARON

So?

AMIRA

So what next? I can't keep bumping into her at your workplace. God she is cute. Slushie. We can call her that. Can you imagine if her pussy is slushy? A warm juicy slu -- baby -- baby!

Amira cums. Elongated groaning.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Attention is toward the main service desk. Commotion. Savana sits at her regular spot. A CUSTOMER yells at Tara.

CUSTOMER

How can you do that? You cut my time on the computer.

TARA

Sir, you had ten minutes for free. For extra time you have to pay.

CUSTOMER

Without warning? That was a job assessment I was logged on for, how am I gonna look now that it's incomplete? You're a public library, you're supposed to serve the public!

Amira comes by Savana.

AMIRA
What's going on?

SAVANA
Guy's going nuts at the uptight
one.

Amira smirks. She sits.

SAVANA (CONT'D)
You're here with me again today?

AMIRA
Yeah --

SAVANA
Oh look!

Aaron exits the staff doors and comes to stand by Tara.

SAVANA (CONT'D)
Hero of the arts to the rescue.

Savana stares. Amira notices and thinks out loud --

AMIRA
You like him?

Savana can't hide her smile.

SAVANA
I --

Amira looks at her.

AMIRA
Oh you like him a lot. It wasn't
just about his art.

SAVANA
He's --

Aaron has apparently managed to calm the situation. He walks to the computers with the customer. Tara looks upset.

AMIRA
He's what?

Aaron walks by their desk, smiles at both.

Savana looks at Amira.

SAVANA
Sorry. That's Aaron Everett.

Amira shakes her head, smiling.

AMIRA

You're so cute. Yeah, that's Aaron Everett, we already spoke about him yesterday. You like him huh?

SAVANA

Well I don't know him, but he's alluring and --

AMIRA

Shhh, he's coming.

Aaron walks back past them and toward Tara who's heading toward the back. Savana's gaze lingers in Aaron's direction.

A beat as Savana composes herself. Amira's visibly displeased.

SAVANA

Are you OK?

AMIRA

Yeah. Yeah.

SAVANA

What is it?

Savana touches Amira's arm. Amira shakes her head.

AMIRA

You have good taste. But men like him... did you see how he went after the skinny girl?

Savana nods.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

That's his type. Slim, slender, always immaculate.

SAVANA

And I'm not? --

AMIRA

Oh no, I don't mean it like that. You are a natural beauty and you have curves babe. They pop, I should know; I noticed. But he gets joy out of that twig. She's so slim, he'd fill her with cum with just one shot.

SAVANA

Amira!

They look around. Their voices a little too loud.

AMIRA

(Quieter)

Shit. Sorry.

Savana laughs. People return to their own business.

Amira and Savana speak much quieter.

SAVANA

You have a problem with the perfect girls? Not attracted to them?

Amira puts her hand on Savana's atop her leg.

AMIRA

I'm attracted to you.

They lock eyes. Savana looks away, nervous. Her hand uncertain. Amira looks toward the staff door, no sign of Aaron or Tara. She gets up.

SAVANA

Hey, you don't have to --

AMIRA (CONT'D)

You know I'm just --

AMIRA (CONT'D)

I'm going to go. Got a headache.

Amira quickly gathers her things and leaves. Savana seems disappointed.

INT. LIBRARY - RESTROOM - DAY

Aaron hugs Tara. Her tears fall. He begins to kiss her face and slide his hands into her blouse. She pushes him off.

TARA

What are you doing?

She wipes her tears.

AARON

Helping?

TARA

So be there, not touch me.

AARON

I thought I would help.

He steps closer.

TARA
By sexing me? In here?!

Aaron's hands explore Tara's body if only for a second --

TARA (CONT'D)
Don't! That's not what I need right now.

Aaron backs off.

AARON
OK. Are you OK?

He wipes a tear from her cheek.

TARA
Fine.

Aaron opens his arms offering another hug, but Tara shakes her head.

AARON
Just another customer taking a bad morning out on you.

TARA
Yeah, so fucking great this job.

AARON
Hey if you get the other job, it's office work only. No more public.

Tara's eyes meet his; her competition.

TARA
Not if you get it.

AARON
Well me and probably a hundred candidates. But you have that to look forward to, everyone knows you're overqualified. And you definitely look the part.

Tara eases. Aaron hands her a tissue. She wipes her tears.

TARA
Whatever... My make-up.

AARON

I'll get your make-up. Where is it,
staff room? In your bag?

Tara nods. Aaron moves.

AARON (CONT'D)

Can't have you out in public
without it, the world wouldn't be
the same.

TARA

Whatever. Do you talk to your wife
like that?

Aaron's practically out the door.

AARON

My wife doesn't wear make-up.

Tara looks in the mirror and wipes her face.

TARA

Sure she doesn't. Fat slob.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Aaron emerges from the staff door.

Savana sees him as she studies.

Aaron attends to some work, but notices Savana alone.

Vera comes by.

VERA

She alright?

Aaron nods. Vera passes him a folder.

VERA (CONT'D)

Man the desk til she's back out.

AARON

Got it.

Aaron opens the folder and goes to the timetable. His break
is at midday. So is Tara's. Aaron looks in Savana's direction
for a beat. *She's all alone.*

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Amira stands in front of the mirror in her underwear. She's displeased, looking at herself almost in disgust.

KEYS open the apartment front door.

AARON (O.S.)
Amira?... Honey?

Aaron enters the bedroom. Amira's upset.

AARON (CONT'D)
Hey.

He approaches quickly.

AARON (CONT'D)
Hey, what's wrong?

A beat.

AMIRA
You saved her.

AARON
Her?

AMIRA
Tara.

AARON
I would have done the same for anyone.

AMIRA
But it was her. You saved her. The two of you look perfect together.

AARON
Are we having this conversation again?

Eye contact in the reflection of the mirror as Aaron circles around her.

AARON (CONT'D)
Do you know how good you look?

AMIRA
Do I Aaron? This is me, this is what you generally see me as.

Amira stares at the excess over her waistline for a moment.

AARON

So?

AMIRA

So maybe you prefer her. Maybe you want to go home to someone you can share a bed with, not someone who takes up two thirds.

Aaron kneels behind her, ready to kiss her ass.

AARON

I love coming home to you. May I?

Aaron puts his face into Amira's crack. She exhales, closing her eyes.

A beat.

Amira turns and guides Aaron to his feet. She pecks his lips.

AMIRA

You need to eat -- food.

Aaron takes her hand.

AARON

I'm not hungry. Just came to check on you. You don't want me to continue?

Amira shakes her head. Aaron takes both Amira's hands and walks her to the bathroom.

WATER runs.

Aaron's clothes get dumped out the door. So does Amira's underwear.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Amira sits in the tub. Aaron kneels behind her, sponging her body down. Her expression remains glum.

AMIRA

You comforted her?

AARON

I tried to. I tried playing with her, but she refused. I made her laugh, I think. But it was the customer's fault. The timer is on screen. He was ignorant.

Aaron rubs and soothes Amira's breasts as he washes her.

AMIRA
You're defending her?

AARON
No. Just stating facts.

A beat.

AMIRA
She's a fucking idiot. Sex with you
always makes me feel better. You
should have ravaged her.

Aaron hugs Amira from behind.

AARON
Would it make you feel better now?
Want me to ravage you?

Amira turns in the water and kisses him.

AMIRA
You have time?

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Aaron on his back. Amira mounted on top. They make love sensually and casually converse at the same time. It's anything but a ravaging.

12:26 on the clock.

AMIRA
I got upset at your heroics and
left. Savana now thinks you're
banging Tara. I gave the impression
that you two must have a thing
because of the way you rescued her.

Aaron shakes his head as he watches Amira "float" on him.

AARON
Then?

AMIRA
Nothing. I left. I think you should
court her. She likes you.

AARON
Are you saying that for me, her or
because it'd get me away from Tara?

AMIRA

All three. I'm your wife. I should have a say on who you can fuck.

Love-making intensifies.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Aaron has Amira bent over the coffee table. He thrusts steadily, and strong.

AARON

You have every say. I don't need other women, I have you.

AMIRA

You say that. And I love you. But you go to Tara a lot. I know it. I understand it.

AARON

I know you said only once a day --

AMIRA

Doesn't matter. I know she gives you something different. I want you to be happy, but I don't care about her do you understand? We still have our weekends away when we go out of town. I can lick pussy then. What you can do now is woo Savana. Then maybe you can train her, like you trained me.

Aaron gropes Amira some more.

AARON

Amira, I fell in love with you because you were so willing.

AMIRA

And I fell for you because I trusted you with everything. You expanded the pleasure of my whole life. I just don't like feeling like this.

AARON

I can go after Savana. Then you want me to ditch Tara?

A beat as Amira pats Aaron's leg and gets him to pull out. She moves to stand and turn toward him.

Aaron gets off the floor and sits on the couch. Amira mounts him, hugs him and nods.

AMIRA
Yes. Build something with Savana.

AARON
No sex with Tara?

Amira sighs. Another beat.

AMIRA
Tell me you don't love Tara.

AARON
I don't love Tara.

Amira looks at him, content. She kisses him.

AMIRA
Stop with Tara if you get Savana.
The more time you put on Savana the
better. But only go to Tara if you
really need her.

Aaron looks at Amira.

AARON
I don't need her.

Amira wants to believe him.

AMIRA
You do. You need someone to throw
around. That's where Savana comes
in. OK?

Aaron nods. They embrace. A SQUEAL from Amira as Aaron reinserts himself.

Sex intensifies -- Amira MOANS louder.

AARON
Someone ready to cum?

AMIRA
Uhhh, uhhhh --

AARON
Yes?

AMIRA
Yes -- now now now now now.

They cum together. He's ecstatic. She's relieved.

They embrace with Amira still on top. Kisses. Aaron smiles, somewhat proud.

AARON
Feel better now?

Amira nods.

AMIRA
I love you.

AARON (CONT'D)
I love you.

Eye contact and big smiles for a beat.

AARON (CONT'D)
Hungry?

Amira happily nods.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12:53 on the clock. Tara's staring at it.

CLANG -- go the dish and mug into her sink.

She opens her phone. Goes to her emails. Nothing new in her inbox.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Aaron steps out of the staff entrance with a book in hand. He walks toward Savana at her regular desk. She's busy studying, trying to make it seem like she doesn't notice him.

AARON
Hi. Your friend not here today?

SAVANA
Me?

AARON
Hi.

SAVANA
Hey. Er, Amira. No, I don't. I haven't seen her today.

AARON
Can I sit for a sec'?

Savana nods. Aaron sits.

SAVANA
Are you allowed?

Aaron opens the book to a random page.

AARON
Technically I'm helping you so I
can't get in trouble for sitting
with you.

SAVANA
OK.

AARON
I do want to get in trouble with
you, though.

Savana's eyes dart to his. She's speechless.

AARON (CONT'D)
I'm Aaron.

SAVANA
Savana. I have, er, seen your work.
Your art.

AARON
Oh yeah?

SAVANA
Yeah. It's really good. My friend
and I are both fans, I think.

AARON
You think?

Savana thinks.

SAVANA
Yeah. But I can't remember what she
actually said about your work. You
know her?

Aaron tries to "focus" on his book.

AARON
She was only here for like a second
yesterday right?

SAVANA
Yeah. She went home with a
headache. I bought an extra
sandwich today. Thought I could
share it with her.

A beat as Aaron looks at Savana.

AARON
If it's too much for you to eat, I
wouldn't mind sharing with you.

SAVANA
I don't eat much. Amira was telling
me I should --

AARON
Should, go have lunch with me?

Savana smiles.

SAVANA
OK.

Aaron nods as he stands.

AARON
OK?

Savana nods, smiling.

AARON (CONT'D)
Alright. I'll pick you up.

Savana puts a finger on the table.

SAVANA
From here?

Aaron points and touches the top of her finger.

AARON
Right here.

Savana's smile can't be wider. Aaron walks off.

MONTAGE

- Aaron approaches Savana at her desk. Her things packed,
she's ready. Smiles from both. They're excited.

- Aaron and Savana exit the Library.

- Aaron and Savana walk the streets, chit-chatting.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PARK - DAY

Aaron and Savana step onto greenery in a park. Aaron's wary of sitting on the grass.

AARON

Er...

SAVANA

Come on.

She sits, comfortable.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

AARON

My clothes. I can't go back to work with grass stains on my pants.

SAVANA

You worry too much. Just, don't slide around. You can't sit still?

Aaron crouches by her, helping her remove the sandwich box from her bag.

AARON

It's not that I can't. It's that I'm pretty anxious talking to you.

Savana looks at him. He purposely avoids eye contact. He relaxes and sits.

MONTAGE

- Aaron and Savana eat together, comfortable.
- Savana lays on her side as they talk.
- Aaron and Savana walk back to the library.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Aaron has a slushie cup in hand.

AARON

Thanks for the rest of your slushie. Do I have a blue tongue?

He opens up, she laughs.

SAVANA

No.

AARON

Blue lips?

He pouts. She laughs.

AARON (CONT'D)

You're not coming inside?

SAVANA

No, I have to go. But I'm here almost every day.

AARON

Pretty much the only reason I come to work.

Savana smiles.

AARON (CONT'D)

What?

Savana wipes a touch of blue from his cheek.

AARON (CONT'D)

How the -- how did that get there?

Savana begins walking away.

SAVANA

Have a good day.

Aaron nods and watches her leave. Enters the Library.

As she turns the corner she checks her phone.

CHYRON: AMIRA, Sorry I bailed the other day.

Savana eagerly begins texting back.

CHYRON: SAVANA, You've missed a miracle! The artist and I! We went on a date!

DELETES.

Savana thinks twice. Doesn't respond.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron paints while Amira has the TV on in the background. Amira's eating from a carton of flapjacks.

AMIRA
The sandwich was for me?

AARON
Yeah, nice too, cucumber and cress,
but something else was in there
that made it all seem really fresh
you know?

AMIRA
Since when are you into food?

AARON
I'm just saying, it was nice.

AMIRA
And her? She was nice?

AARON
Yeah. Everything you said she was
in personality. We talked about the
Knicks, d'you know she's never been
to a game? And she asked about my
art a lot. I must've yapped about
myself for most of the date.

AMIRA
OK good. I'm glad babe. Any
flirting? Any kissing?

AARON
No. It's early, right?

AMIRA
Well --

Amira's phone RINGS. She looks at the screen. Shows it to
Aaron.

AARON
Savana? AMIRA (CONT'D)
Savana.

AARON (CONT'D)
Answer it.

Aaron continues painting.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amira enters and goes to lay on the bed. Puts the phone on
loudspeaker.

AMIRA
Hey babe, you good?

INTERCUT - AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM / SAVANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Savana tidies as she walks. An earbud in one ear.

A woman, her GRANDMA, lays on the couch. She's clearly elderly. TV is on, but low volume.

SAVANA
Yeah. I'm callin' to say I'm sorry
I didn't respond today.

AMIRA
It's fine. Figured you were busy.

SAVANA
I wanted to tell you something,
but, gosh you've been real kind to
me and I didn't wanna --

AMIRA
Didn't want to what?

SAVANA
Ruin anything.

Amira reaches to her bedside table and opens a drawer. Pulls out two chocolate bars.

AMIRA
What are you talking about?

Savana looks toward her grandma; she's asleep.

SAVANA
Our friendship. I'm a little
conflicted with myself right now --

Amira opens a chocolate bar and begins to eat.

AMIRA
OK. What's the matter?

SAVANA
I went on a date today. With Aaron.
The artist.

A beat. Amira smiles down the phone.

AMIRA
You're fucking telling me this now?

SAVANA
I'm sorry, I'm sorry I --

AMIRA
Babe!

Amira laughs, happily chewing the chocolate.

SAVANA (V.O.)
Yeah?
(Tentative)
Are you mad?

AMIRA
No, of course not. Do I sound mad?

SAVANA
Well I --

AMIRA
Savana, you like him, you went on a date. I'm happy for you.

SAVANA
Well, the other day you left in such a hurry and we never really got to talk. Maybe I should have waited.

AMIRA
Waited? To talk to me first?

SAVANA
Yeah.

AMIRA
Why?

SAVANA
Well we've been hanging out.

AMIRA
Right, we're friends --

SAVANA
And. Well, I didn't want you to think I wasn't giving you a chance.

AMIRA
Chance? How babe?

SAVANA

For er, us.

Amira's eyes widen. She opens the other chocolate bar.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Aaron opens the front door. Savana steps in. Smiles and flirty looks between them both. Aaron casually walks with her toward her regular desk.

AARON

I can't be seen loitering with you
all day. It'd be unprofessional.
But you're good?

SAVANA

Yeah, good.

She sits at the desk.

AARON

Lunch date?

SAVANA

I didn't bring any --

Her eyes meet Aaron's. She nods, smiles.

Aaron puts a finger to her desk.

AARON

Meet you here?

Savana looks at the finger, looks at him. She's shy, but goes for it -- puts a finger to Aaron's chest, right over his heart.

SAVANA

Maybe here?

A beat. Aaron looks around. He's very aware of the library crowd. He smiles, begins walking.

AARON

I'll be here, back at one.

SAVANA

Bye.

Big smile from Savana.

INT. LIBRARY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Tara's been watching Aaron and Savana. Her moody exterior ever-present. A scowl as she sees Aaron leave Savana's side. Tara's blood boils seeing them both so happy.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira's working. Her phone CHIMES. She looks at it.

CHYRON: AARON, Cuban lunch date confirmed.

Amira smiles.

CHIIIME

She looks again.

CHYRON: SAVANA, *heart eye emojis*.

CHYRON: SAVANA, We're meeting for lunch!

Amira seems content as she reaches for a doughnut.

INT. LIBRARY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Tara walks with a book truck. Aaron approaches from behind her and squeezes her ass. She turns a full 360 and Aaron takes over the book truck, a spring in his step.

A moment for Tara to think. She goes after him.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Savana packs up her stuff. HEELS march. Savana notices Tara walk out of the Library.

Aaron approaches Savana. She smiles --

AARON

Savana, I have to bail on you for now.

SAVANA

Oh?

AARON

I'm sorry. I want to, of course, but my friend needs a favour so I'm going to go help her. I'll, we'll have lunch another day?

Aaron rushes off before Savana can answer --

AARON (CONT'D)
My treat. Another day!

Savana looks confused and upset. She dumps her bag on the desk and sits.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tara is by the sink drinking water. A drill, tools and a rail on the dining table. Aaron enters.

AARON
Hey.

TARA
Hey.

Aaron approaches her, flirtacious. She shrugs him off.

AARON
What?

TARA
Can't today.

AARON
Why? The rail won't take long.

TARA
No, it's Lonny. He's coming home.

AARON
Now? You asked for the rail, but I thought we'd be fucking too.

TARA
Can't today, like I said.

Aaron backs off and gathers the bits from the table.

AARON
A blow then? While I do this?

TARA
You want me to get on my knees for you while you do me a favour? What is this, a living porn fantasy of yours? The handyman gets blown by the MILF mom?

AARON

Wow, jeez, what's the big deal?

TARA

You heard me when I said my son's coming home Aaron. I don't exactly want him walking into my house seeing me with your cock in my mouth. In his room of all places. You fucking think of that for second?

A beat.

AARON

Alright. I'll just do the rail.

TARA

Thank you --

Aaron strides up the stairs quickly. Tara marches after him.

TARA (CONT'D)

I obviously have to come with you so you know where to put it up.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - LONNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Aaron enters. Plugs in the drill.

AARON

The cable's long, so you can have it anywhere really.

Tara points angrily.

TARA

There. Head height.

AARON

My head or --

TARA

Can you stop talking about sex?

DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - DAY

Lonny enters. Goes upstairs.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - LONNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

FOOTSTEPS UP THE STAIRS.

AARON
I meant height wise. Is Lonny the
same height as me?

Lonny enters.

LONNY
I don't know, am I?

Aaron sees the kid for real for the first time.

Lonny addresses his mom.

LONNY (CONT'D)
What's he doing here?

TARA
Your rail.

LONNY
I said I could do it.

TARA
You said so, but didn't did you?

Lonny dumps his bag on the bed. Pulls out his phone to disconnect the earphones. He throws them on his desk with his keys. He glares at Aaron. Aaron doesn't notice the glare, but does recognize the earphones.

Lonny marches off. Tara goes after him, mother and son squabble en route down the stairs --

LONNY (O.C.)
You shouldn't have a man in the
house.

TARA (O.C.)
He's doing your fucking rail!

LONNY (O.C.)
You shouldn't even be in my room.

Aaron resumes the rail. Eyes glance back at the earphones.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Aaron comes downstairs. Tara and Lonny's bickering hasn't stopped.

LONNY
What I do is my business.

TARA
I'm your mother. I need to know
when you're going to be home, when
you're going to be out.

LONNY
Why? So you can have your boyfriend
over?

TARA
Lonny.

Lonny exits, storming past Aaron as he heads upstairs.

Tara is distraught.

AARON
You told him we're --

TARA
No. Haven't told him anything.

AARON
Do you have other men --

TARA
No. Just you.

AARON
But he seems to know about me.

TARA
I don't know how OK? Look thanks,
you can just go.

Aaron puts the tools on the table and goes to rub Tara's
shoulders. She leans into him, forcing herself not to cry.

AARON
It's OK.

Tara turns and embraces Aaron. A stern expression. No tears.

TARA
I don't know what to do with him.
Didn't mean for you to meet this
way.

Aaron looks at her.

AARON
Wasn't the plan never to meet?

Tara releases the hug. Grabs a tissue.

AARON (CONT'D)
Did you er, did you know he's got
my earphones?

Tara looks confused.

AARON (CONT'D)
The ones he threw on the desk?
They're mine.

TARA
When did you leave them here?

AARON
I don't know.

A beat.

TARA
You want me to get them back? Now?

AARON
Yeah. If you could.

TARA
I can't now. Not now Aaron, please.

AARON
He's a kid. You can ask for them
back. He knows they're not his.

TARA
He probably thinks they're mine
alright? Or maybe he knows they're
yours.

AARON
So?

TARA
So?

AARON
So can I have them?

Tara looks distraught.

TARA
You need them? Right this very
second? Who's being the kid now?

Aaron backs off.

AARON
Alright. Get them in your own time.

He promptly leaves. Tara's left exasperated.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Amira loiters as Aaron approaches. They make eye contact and he follows her down an alley. Coast is clear.

They embrace and kiss. Then she frowns at him.

AMIRA
What the hell?

AARON
What?

AMIRA
Your date? You cancelled? Savana
messed me telling me you blew her
off for quote "the skinny girl."

AARON
Oh. Well --

AMIRA
For a fuck?

AARON
No.

AMIRA
No?

AARON
Her rail. For her son.

AMIRA
You didn't fuck?

AARON
No. I thought we were going to,
that's why I went. But then she
said no because her son was coming
home.

AMIRA
Damn it Aaron -- Savana likes you.

AARON
I like her too. Anyway, what are you doing here?

AMIRA
Cleaning up your mess. I've come to cheer her up.

AARON
OK. Good, right?

AMIRA
You need to make it up to her. We'll talk about it later.

Amira kisses him.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
You go first, back into the building. Then I'll go get her.

Aaron heads back down the alley.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Savana's at her regular desk and she sees Aaron come in. He smiles at her. Then she sees a silhouette in the doorway, one that befits a model. Tara comes in. Savana's eyes meet hers. Tara smiles, polite yet sinister.

Savana seems upset as Tara walks the same direction as Aaron.

Then, another silhouette at the door; in comes Amira. Big smile on her face. Savana wholeheartedly smiles too. A sense of relief.

INT. MALL - STATIONARY STORE - DAY

Savana runs in smiling as if she's being chased. Amira comes in after her, breathless.

AMIRA
Alright, enough.

Savana turns, grinning.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
You win.

Their palms touch and they interlock their fingers. They catch their breaths. Amira looks around.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
You like it in here huh? Surprised given someone stood you up. Can't say I don't think he's a fool.

Savana wanders the store. Amira follows.

SAVANA
I don't know. Maybe he's not into me.

Savana looks at Amira, catches her checking her out.

SAVANA (CONT'D)
As much as you're into me.

A beat. Amira halts her stride and loiters.

Savana looks at Aaron's paintings.

AMIRA
You think he's good?

Savana nods.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
Shame though. Could've sworn he used to have stuff in the front window.

Savana stares at an art piece.

SAVANA
It's probably politics. They moved him cuz they weren't selling.

Amira nods, Savana doesn't see.

AMIRA
In a life like that, I bet he gets a lot of rejections.

A beat.

SAVANA
They don't know what they're talking about. Aaron's paintings are a work of art.

Amira moves to stand beside Savana. She links their arms.

AMIRA

You think?

SAVANA

I think he's destined to be in galleries one day.

AMIRA

And if he doesn't make it?

SAVANA

If he don't, in fact even if he does I'll do this; when I pass my course and become a full-time teacher, I'll put his art up in my classroom.

Amira smiles, somewhat impressed.

AMIRA

You mean if he's your boyfriend by then?

Savana's hand touches Amira's arm. It stays there.

SAVANA

I don't know, I just believe in him. He doesn't want to be at the library his whole life. I can see it.

Amira smiles.

EXT. SAVANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Savana leads the way up the stairs to her brownstone. Amira follows. They enter.

INT. SAVANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Savana yells, addressing her grandma.

SAVANA

I'm home! Brought a friend over.

Amira looks around. The house is definitely not to the taste of a young Cuban girl. She sees some religious artefacts.

Savana takes her hand.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

Want a tour?

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron paints. Amira comes home.

AMIRA

Hey babe.

She hangs up her coat. A kiss.

AARON

Hey you.

He paints.

AMIRA

You OK?

She reaches for his groin and rubs.

AARON

I'm good.

AMIRA

Want a suck before dinner?

AARON

I actually came in the end today.

AMIRA

Tara?

AARON

Yeah. At work in the restroom.

Amira stops rubbing. Sits on the couch.

AMIRA

That's new for her.

AARON

She was apologetic about her son
and then told me to meet her in
there.

A look from Amira.

AMIRA

So you don't want my mouth now?

Aaron pecks her cheek and continues painting.

AARON

I do, but later? Fuck?

Amira nods.

AMIRA
Sure. Savana and I had fun.

Amira reaches for a leftover bag of chips. Turns the TV on.

AARON
You were with her til now? What about work?

AMIRA
Fucking shit lawyers.

AARON
What happened?

AMIRA
Their cases pile up and they get on my ass as if it's my problem. I didn't care, I done the bare minimum today. Maybe they'll appreciate me tomorrow. Savana took my mind off things. I went to her house. She lives with her grandma. Her parents already passed. Grandma's nice, but mentally not all there.

AARON
You were there as just a friend?

AMIRA
Yeah.

AARON
But?

AMIRA
But I flirted with her a little. And she knows it.

AARON
OK. So you're getting in the way of my romance with her?

AMIRA
Honey.

AARON
I'm kidding! I like that you two get along.

AMIRA

Well we need to discuss you woo-ing her -- and maybe leave Tara now. Savana's beautiful. You enjoy throwing Tara's boney ass around, Savana will be just as easy.

AARON

I know. I get that.

A beat.

AMIRA

But?

Aaron pauses painting.

AARON

I kind of feel for Tara.

AMIRA

Love?

AARON

No! Come on. I just feel sorry for her. Her son had my earphones --

Amira turns her body to face at Aaron.

AMIRA

Wait, what? He had your earphones? What the fuck?

Aaron paints, but makes eye contact in between his brush strokes.

AARON

I didn't know, but I must've left them round hers.

AMIRA

Right?

AARON

So he took them. Used them.

AMIRA

I don't like this.

AARON

She's a single mom. She's thin on money you know? That's why I think she blew me at work.

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

She barely ever acknowledges me
there, so to go do what she did --

Serious eyes from Amira --

AMIRA

Was a loving gesture. What do I do
when I'm grateful to you babe?

AARON

Suck me off --

AMIRA (CONT'D)

Suck your dick.

Amira's eyes wander. She thinks out loud --

AMIRA (CONT'D)

Exactly what she did. And now
you're feeling sorry for her. You
want to keep fucking her? The
plan's to drop her for Savana.
Tara's getting her teeth into you.
She's smart. She wants you. Two
paychecks better than one.

AARON

She's never asked for any money.
And she knows I'm happily married.

Amira sits frustrated. Aaron turns his attention to her from
his painting.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm not sticking up for her.

Amira looks disappointed. She stands, turning off the TV.

AMIRA

I'll go change, then make dinner.

She begins to walk.

AARON

Hey? Are you OK?

Aaron puts his palette aside and reaches for her. She steps
toward him. He hugs her.

AMIRA

Sorry. I'm sorry, I'm mad at the
situation. At her, not at you.

They kiss.

AARON

Sure? Be mad at me if you want. I did wash right away when I got home. No perfume. And no more morning house calls. Work-time only.

AMIRA

I appreciate that.

She kisses him again and walks off.

MONTAGE

- Amira and Aaron make love and talk.

AARON (V.O.)

I can be rid of Tara. I don't need to fuck her.

- Aaron approaches Savana, they talk.

AMIRA (V.O.)

You can. Fuck her brains out. For now. But don't let on to Savana. She needs to know you're only interested in her.

AARON (V.O.)

What about you and Savana? Isn't all this so you can eat pussy too?

- Amira meets Savana. They're excited to see each other.

AMIRA (V.O.)

Yeah. And I'm thinking we be honest with her. When Tara realized she was fucking a married man, she found some kinda power in that.

AARON (V.O.)

Savana's not like that.

- Amira and Savana share a slushie.

AMIRA (V.O.)

I know. But I think if we're clear with Savana she could be into both of us as a couple.

AARON (V.O.)

Together? A throuple?

- Aaron fucks Tara.

AARON (V.O.)
 What if you grow to hate her? Like
 you hate Tara.

AMIRA (V.O.)
 Tara is irrelevant, please.
 Savana's my friend. Our bond is
 building as is our trust.

- Aaron fucks Amira.

AARON (V.O.)
 OK. Our date's on Friday. You want
 me to tell her then?

AMIRA (V.O.)
 I'll tell her. Just enjoy the date.
 I want her to fall for you.

OVER BLACK: vivid SOUNDS of Tara and Amira cumming.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SAVANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Taxi pulls up. Aaron steps out of it.

Savana steps out of the brownstone, walks down the stairs.
 Aaron hands her a bunch of roses.

SAVANA
 Hey. You didn't have to --

AARON
 Wanted to.

They exchange looks.

SAVANA
 Let me go put them in a vase.

AARON
 Sure.

He waits as Savana rushes up the stairs. The curtain to the
 front room jolts. Aaron knows he's being watched.

Savana exits the house. The curtain sharply jolts again.
 Savana looks in the same direction.

SAVANA
 Don't mind her.

AARON
Your?...

SAVANA
Grandma.

AARON
She can say hello if she wants.

SAVANA
She's protective. She'd love if I
was home by ten and if no boy ever
broke my heart.

AARON
You've had your heart broken? I
guess that's where we'll start.

He walks her to the cab.

I/E. TAXI - NIGHT

Aaron and Savana sit closely side by side.

SAVANA
That's when I knew he couldn't be
trusted.

AARON
That was when you were sixteen? And
you're twenty three now. You've not
had anything serious since?

SAVANA
I guess I had dates, but no,
nothing in a relationship. I have
to take my grandma into account and
I have to be able to trust. That's
a big thing for me.

AARON
OK.

SAVANA
What?

AARON
Nothing.

SAVANA
What? Tell me.

AARON

I, I feel bad for you. You could have had so many experiences by now, especially during your teaching degree.

SAVANA

Hey I'm not sad about it. And my studies aren't over.

AARON

Your friends don't talk of their experiences?

SAVANA

Most of my friends didn't go to college. A lot of them I don't even see now cuz they got knocked up or married.

The taxi slows down. Lots of people in the streets surrounding.

AARON

Well that makes me the lucky one, to get you as you are now.

SAVANA

Get me?

CAR HORNS. The taxi driver HORNS.

AARON

We're here. Driver? You can let us out.

Aaron pays the driver, takes Savana's hand.

AARON (CONT'D)

(To Savana)

Come on.

They exit the cab.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Aaron and Savana look around in awe. Savana looks astonished. Thousands of fans in the streets.

SAVANA

What the?

AARON

What?

He puts a hand on her hip and guides her to walk as she absorbs the atmosphere.

SAVANA

You brought me here?

AARON

Yeah. We both like the Knicks,
so...

Savana looks at him. Her eyes wide, eager with anticipation.

They walk, naturally holding hands.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MAIN ARENA - NIGHT

Players warm up on the court. The atmosphere builds as fans take their seats.

Cheerleaders perform.

Aaron walks behind Savana as they go to their seats. He's checking her out the whole time.

A FEW ROWS BACK

Tara and Lonny move down the row to their seats. Tara recognizes Savana. Lonny sits.

LONNY

Mom, are you gonna sit?

Tara keeps her gaze on Savana -- then sees Aaron.

LONNY (CONT'D)

Mom?

Tara snaps out of her jealous trance. She sits. A faux smile to her son.

LATER

A slushie in Savana's grasp as we catch her mid-laugh. Aaron has some nachos.

AARON

OK, bad example, but I can't sit
next to you if you're going to be
chanting his name. I'm serious.

SAVANA

Where else are you gonna go? Twenty thousand people in here will be supporting their player for their team.

AARON

Well maybe I'll hang with the Clipper fans and --

SAVANA

Nobody likes the Clippers.

AARON (CONT'D)

Nobody likes the Clippers.

They laugh and share nachos.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

Well, what if you stay here with me? I don't know what to do in a rowdy crowd. Plus you can help me.

AARON

With what?

SAVANA

With -- BRUNSON! BRUNSON! BRUNSON!

AARON

Oh my God.

Aaron feigns an argument --

AARON (CONT'D)

He is not a good player!

Savana laughs, her hand on Aaron's knee. Their bodies closer.

LATER

Scoreboard shows Knicks down by twelve at the half.

SAVANA

Clippers suck!

Savana stands waving her arms toward the players --

SAVANA (CONT'D)

You assholes!

People in the rows in front of her turn their heads to face her. Their expressions unimpressed.

A FEW ROWS BACK

Tara's heard Savana shout. Tara stands, gradually walking along her row. Lonny follows.

BACK WITH SAVANA AND AARON

Savana catches the eye of a security guard giving her a death stare. Aaron puts a hand to her thigh and gently guides her to sit.

AARON
(To the guard)
Sorry about that.

Aaron addresses Savana. She's happy, albeit embarrassed.

AARON (CONT'D)
You OK?

SAVANA
Yeah, I'm having a great time.

She stands.

SAVANA (CONT'D)
Gotta tinkle though.

Aaron sits and stares.

SAVANA (CONT'D)
What?

AARON
Nothing.

SAVANA
You're smiling, what? Do I have
cheese on my butt?

Savana (purposely) looks around herself; back arched, hip out. Aaron shakes his head as she passes.

SAVANA (CONT'D)
Stop staring.

She looks over her shoulder as she walks. Aaron *tries* to look everywhere else. They catch each others' eyes. A Jalen Brunson interview comes on the tannoy. Aaron blocks his ears. Savana smiles, shakes her head and keeps walking.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONCESSION AREA - NIGHT

Lots of people. Lonny and Tara queue for food. Tara sees Savana. She takes Lonny's hand and gives him her credit card.

TARA
Get what you want.

Before Lonny can turn, Tara is gone.

Tara marches after Savana, into the --

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Savana enters a cubicle. Other female fans go in and out of the restroom.

Tara loiters at a sink, washes her hands for a beat.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MAIN ARENA - NIGHT

Aaron is on his phone.

CHYRON: AARON, Everything's going so well!

CHYRON: AMIRA, *typing...* That's great babe. Make sure you kiss her!

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RESTROOM - NIGHT

FLUSH... Savana exits her cubicle. Tara sees her in the mirror. Savana recognizes her. Savana goes to wash her hands. Tara's cold eyes remain on Savana in the mirror.

SAVANA
Small world.

Tara gets into it --

TARA
Not small enough. I saw you. Here with Aaron?

Savana nods.

TARA (CONT'D)
With Amira too?

Savana looks at Tara, confused.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MAIN ARENA - DAY

Aaron's still on his phone. Amira calls. He answers.

AMIRA (V.O.)
Did you kiss her? Tell me you have?

AARON
No babe, not yet. But really, it's going well.

AMIRA (V.O.)
Flirty?

AARON
Very. And this game, the Knicks are so bad --

AMIRA (V.O.)
Babe --

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Tara talks to Savana (inaudible as we stay with Aaron and Amira's phone conversation). Savana's expression goes from happy to sad. Whatever Tara's telling her, it's hurting her.

AARON (POSTLAP V.O.)
The coach has no idea how to --

AMIRA (POSTLAP V.O.)
Honey, honey --

AARON (POSTLAP V.O.)
Yeah?

Tara pulls out her phone and shows Savana the screen --

AMIRA (POSTLAP V.O.)
I love you. I don't care, but I love you.

A beat as Savana stares at Tara's phone. Tara scrolls through texts, sexts and selfies between her and Aaron.

TARA
That's just with me. But Aaron and Amira; they're married.

Savana's eyes; *Heartbroken.*

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MAIN ARENA - NIGHT

Aaron grins ear to ear while on the phone. He sees the countdown timer toward the second half.

AARON

Well I love you too. And maybe now
I have someone who I can talk to
about basketball.

AMIRA (V.O.)

You can talk, while I blow you.

AARON

Later?

AMIRA (V.O.)

Yeah.

Aaron's smile remains.

AARON

See ya babe.

He hangs up.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Tara takes pleasure in the sadness that's overcome Savana.

TARA

You're nothing but a game. They're
seeing which one of them can fuck
you first.

(Laughs)

Who can conquer the little Cuban?

Savana tears up.

SAVANA

You? He sleeps with you? And Amira
knows?

TARA

We have sex. Of course he wants me,
you seen the size of his wife?

Savana frowns, disgusted at Tara's description.

TARA (CONT'D)

Bottom line is they don't care
about you. At the end of the day
they only go home to sleep with
each other. You'll still be in your
own bed, by yourself. Trust me;
you're nothing. I can handle it
because the sex works for me.

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)

I got a kid. I don't need an Aaron
in my life.

A look from Savana. Tara feigns concern.

TARA (CONT'D)

But look. I saw you lookin'
smitten, with him. Thought I'd save
you the heartache.

Savana storms out.

Tara looks in the mirror immensely proud of herself. A
genuine smile. Sinister. Scary.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - MAIN ARENA - NIGHT

Aaron stands to applaud as the players return from half-time.
He looks around -- no Savana.

LATER

Scoreboard has the Knicks forging a comeback.

Aaron is on his phone texting Savana, but there's no
response. He tries to call, but no answer.

Aaron looks worried. Looks around. As he turns he spots Tara
who's looking directly at him; same smile she had in the
restroom. She gives him a little wave. Aaron begins to
realize...

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron arrives home. The living room is dark with the TV on.
Amira lays on the couch. Aaron is tentative to approach.

Amira's crying.

Aaron kneels by her head. Strokes her hair. She looks up at
him, lost, confused. He puts his chest toward her, holding
her. She sobs.

INT. LIBRARY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Tara pushes a book truck. She looks over the banister and
sees Aaron by the service desk. Looks to Savana's regular
desk; no one there.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Aaron moves away from the service desk and walks toward the front of the library. His gaze often *wanting* toward the front door. Many people go in and out. None of them Savana.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aaron and Amira sit at the island. Amira hasn't touched her food. Aaron is almost finished.

Aaron touches Amira's hand, looks toward her food. Amira shakes her head. As she steps off her seat Aaron leans in for a kiss -- she doesn't notice and keeps walking.

Aaron's face looks as if he'll never smile again.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amira lays in bed on her side. Her back is to Aaron. Amira moves the duvet and reveals her lower half. Aaron looks at the gift, but knows she isn't in the mood. He leans over to kiss her cheek. He hugs her from behind.

No sex.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - DOORWAY - DAY

Tara opens the door for Lonny to leave.

LONNY

See ya mom.

Tara closes the door -- to black.

A beat.

DING DONG goes the doorbell.

Tara opens the door. Aaron walks through without breaking stride. Big satisfied smile on Tara's face.

Tara closes the door and removes her top as she follows Aaron.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira is at the island, working.

No snacks.

No smile.

She looks sad. BANGS her hands on the island, seemingly frustrated at her job. But we know why she's really upset.

EXT. SAVANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Savana steps out the door with her backpack. As she turns down the stairs she sees Aaron, waiting with roses.

Savana walks. Aaron puts his hands up.

AARON
Five minutes?

Savana looks at him. She moves to sit on a step. Aaron eventually sits on the step below her. She holds back tears.

Aaron reaches for her hand, she pulls it away.

SAVANA
Whatever you wanna say, say it.

Aaron wonders where to start. A glimpse from Savana. She can see this isn't easy for him.

AARON
We miss you.

A beat.

AARON (CONT'D)
You and I, we never got to finish our date. And Amira --

A look from Savana --

AARON (CONT'D)
She is my wife.

Savana stands abruptly and moves down the stairs. Aaron walks after her --

AARON (CONT'D)
Wait --

SAVANA
So that girl was right? Terr --

AARON
Tara --

SAVANA
Tara. You were using me?

AARON
No, not --

SAVANA
And you've been in bed with her,
with Tara?

AARON
Yes, but --

Savana walks at a pace.

SAVANA
Then what else do I need to know? I
liked you!

Aaron catches up and they gradually stop.

AARON
Savana, Savana please. Hate me,
sure, hate me all you want, but I'm
not here for me. I'm here for
Amira.

Savana's eyes water.

SAVANA
Was she testing me, was that it?

AARON
No. I promise, I swear with
everything I have; it was never a
game. Please, let me explain?

Aaron wants to pass her the roses, but doesn't. Savana wipes
a tear before it can fully form.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Savana and Aaron walk, a clear yard apart.

AARON
I know it's different for you. It's
different for us too, because this
time it's not just about sex.

Savana's shaking her head. She stops, almost pleading --

SAVANA

How? How can two people freely welcome others into their bed? A married couple no less. I heard how Amira talked about Tara. Do you know she hates her?

AARON

I know.

Savana shoves him.

SAVANA

So why do you fucking sleep with her?

Aaron steps back with the shove. He looks at Savana who's angry and disappointed. But his eyes widen.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

What?

Aaron half smiles.

AARON

It sounds like you're sticking up for Amira there.

Savana fights off tears.

SAVANA

She's... you're...

Tears come. She can't help it. Aaron steps close to her. He holds her. She relents into his arms.

AARON

I'm sorry, Savana.

INT. MALL - DAY

Aaron and Savana walk. She has the roses.

AARON

If people have large families; uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers, sisters - that's a lot of love to go around right? Well, what I know of my wife is that I can trust her enough to maintain her love for me. Doesn't matter who she sleeps with.

SAVANA

That's all it's about; sex?

Aaron nods.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

And she's slept with other guys?

AARON

Before we got married, yeah. Not many, but we'd go out to bars and clubs. We'd see who we could spend the night with. But since marriage she's only slept with women.

SAVANA

And so have you?

AARON

(Nods)

Yeah. But you're different. You're not just someone we want to have our way with. I know Amira. She's heartbroken and so am I.

(A beat)

Don't you see? The dates, the flowers. We care for you Savana.

Savana's eyes meet Aaron's as they walk and talk. They come across a drink stand.

AARON (CONT'D)

Slushie?

Savana shakes her head and keeps walking.

They walk past the Stationary store.

AARON (CONT'D)

I love my wife. She's the breadwinner, she's the smart one & she's beautiful. She gave herself to me and we have courted women on nights out. But we always end up back in each other's arms telling one another about the story we just lived. We have a happy marriage.

Savana's eyes meet Aaron's again.

SAVANA

What, until now?

AARON

(Nods)

Yeah.

(A beat)

You know a lot of people don't approach her. She's not magazine sexy or appealing in obvious ways. Even if she does find a girl to fuck, she feels empty afterwards, because there's no pillow talk. No real connection.

Savana's eyebrows raise unsurprised.

SAVANA

Easier for men.

AARON

(Nods)

It is. I can bang anyone and have a half decent time. My point is what Amira has with you is real. So real that I'm willing to step out of the way, if you would accept her.

Savana stops, faces Aaron. She's confused.

SAVANA

What are you saying?

AARON

Give Amira a chance. You don't have to see me. Be her girlfriend. Enjoy life with her, sleep together, go out, stay over, do whatever you want with her. I want her to be happy.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira is at the island, working.

AARON (POSTLAP V.O.)

I really want you to be happy too. Amira and I aren't the same without you. We both miss you.

Amira's eyes look sleepless and unfocussed.

AARON (POSTLAP V.O.) (CONT'D)

And even if you never want to see me again, I'll stay out of your way. I'll sleep in the living room. I think she loves you, Savana.

DING DONG goes the doorbell.

Amira types on her laptop.

DING DONG...

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amira goes to answer the door.

REVEAL: Savana. Red roses in her hands.

Amira puts a hand to her face, shocked. She puts a hand out for the flowers, but Savana shakes her head.

Amira steps back from the doorway, head tilted down almost too ashamed to look up.

AMIRA
Please come in.

Savana steps inside. Roses in a headlock.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Amira gets back into work position and pulls a seat out for Savana. Savana sits next to her, eyes on all of Amira's documents.

AMIRA
(Stern)
I have to keep going here as I've slacked lately. Please make yourself at home.

Amira doesn't make eye contact with Savana, eyes glued on her documents and laptop as they talk.

Savana sees the countertop opposite; full of snacks.

SAVANA
Someone told me you haven't been eating.

A beat. Amira sorts some documents.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

Sleep with any other girls lately?

Amira's flustered. Shakes her head and closes her eyes tight. She takes a deep breath. Still doesn't look at Savana.

AMIRA

I can only assume Aaron has been to
speak to you. With that, I know
he'd have told you the truth.

A document almost slips off the island. Savana grabs it. Amira holds her wrist, gracefully putting it back on the worktop. Still no eye contact.

Amira's hand lingers on Savana's on the island.

Amira types on her laptop, but her hand is shakey. She moves both her hands to hold Savana's one hand, body facing the island. Savana's body faces her.

Amira seems calmer because she's holding Savana's hand.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

I don't have an excuse for hurting
you. I deeply and honestly say that
I never meant to.

Savana sees Amira's in pain.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

What I knew of you. What I learned
of you, I thought Aaron and I found
someone we could mutually share.
Not only for pleasure, but for
life. I know we hurt you --

Savana is silent as she moves to lean across the counter --

AMIRA (CONT'D)

We didn't mean to, I only ever
wanted to keep you smiling and --

Savana's lips meet Amira's...

Amira's tears drop as her lips tremble at Savana's lipgloss. The kiss is as if both women have taken a breath for the first time in their entire lives.

Savana unlocks the kiss. She places the roses on Amira's lap.

Finally their eyes meet. Savana wipes hair out of Amira's face. Amira bursts out in tears, frenetically -- Savana hugs her and Amira holds her tightly in return.

In Savana's chest Amira mumbles

AMIRA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. We're sorry --

Savana guides her head up. Wipes her tears.

SAVANA
I know... I know.

Their eyes gaze at one another for a beat. Another kiss. This time the intensity and passion notched up by a hundred. This time the kiss doesn't break.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tara, half naked, makes coffee. Aaron comes downstairs, buttoning his shirt. Tara hands him a glass of water. She smiles.

Aaron drinks quickly and sets to move.

TARA
You're leaving?

Her expression seems welcoming.

TARA (CONT'D)
Don't wanna go again?

Aaron looks at her.

AARON
Rather not risk your son coming home.

He slips on his shoes.

TARA
Lonny's not so bad. I think he's getting used to you.

AARON
Right, our meeting went real well the last time.

TARA
Really. I showed him some of your art. He thinks you're good.

AARON
Oh?

TARA
I think he thinks we're dating.

AARON
Did you set him straight?

Tara shrugs and takes a sip. Aaron straightens himself out.

TARA
I just need to make sure I can take care of him. He'll need money for his driving lessons, for books at college.

Aaron sets to leave. Quickly --

TARA (CONT'D)
How's the wife?

Aaron looks back at her, inquisitive.

AARON
I'm not talking to you about her.

TARA
Why? Wanna talk to me about someone else? Cuban bitch maybe? --

AARON
Hey!
(Angry)
Don't. That girl is no bitch. You had no right to talk to her or get involved with any of my business.

TARA
Your wife gets to say who you can sleep with, why can't I?

Aaron's furious, but refrains from entertaining Tara.

DOOR SLAMS. Tara looks at the clock: 1:20PM.

TARA (CONT'D)
(Sotto)
That was a quickie.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Busy crowd. Aaron walks in.

INT. MALL - STATIONARY STORE - DAY

Aaron is mid-conversation with the store MANAGER (50s. On autopilot). The manager hands Aaron's phone back to him.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, we have other options that sell. None of those are of interest to me.

AARON

Right.

The manager guides Aaron to his previous canvasses.

MANAGER

You can take these, if you want?

AARON

No. I'll... if I paint more, you'll take a look?

MANAGER

Sure. But don't hold your breath alright? Your paintings just don't sell here.

AARON

(Dejected)
Thanks.

Aaron leaves the store.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Tara is at the service desk typing on the computer. She sees Aaron come in.

Aaron is confronted by Vera right away.

Tara's default expression seems to resume.

Aaron and Vera walk together, away from the public.

VERA

Have they called you yet?

AARON

No.

VERA

They will.

Aaron stops and looks at Vera. Vera's joy is clear through her facial expression, but Aaron is conflicted.

VERA (CONT'D)
Well don't jump around or anything.
That must mean you'll miss us.

AARON
No, it's not that. I just --

Aaron spots Tara across the library. She looks stressed at something work related.

Vera shakes Aaron's hand.

VERA
It's been a pl --

AARON
You mind if I take a minute?

VERA
Sure.

Aaron walks off.

INT. LIBRARY - RESTROOM - DAY

Aaron's on the phone.

INTERCUT - AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN / LIBRARY - RESTROOM - DAY

Amira has a bowl of grapes close by, as well as her phone on loudspeaker. One hand in the bowl of grapes is hers, the other is Savana's.

AMIRA
Babe! That's great!

Savana smiles and air-claps. Amira grins, rubs Savana's leg.

AARON
It is. But do you think it will be good for me? Longer hours. And...

AMIRA
And?

AARON
It's not that I don't want it. I think maybe Tara should get it.

Amira and Savana's eyes meet. They're not happy.

AMIRA
Tara? Again Aaron?

AARON
Yeah --

AMIRA
Give me a good reason.

Savana raises her eyebrows and moves from the island. She takes the grapes and puts them in the refrigerator.

AARON
I think she needs it. She was talking to me about her son, various fees --

AMIRA
Babe, that's not your problem.

AARON
I know. Wouldn't that be better though? For her to be out of our lives by having to move on?
(A beat)
Honey?

A longer beat. Savana retains her seat beside Amira. This time she squeezes her leg.

AMIRA
You feel for her. You care.

Amira looks at Savana. Savana shakes her head.

AARON
It's more that I pity her situation. It's not that I care. But, I also don't want to give up; on my art.

Amira sighs down the phone.

AMIRA
Babe no one is asking you to do that. Least of all me. Do you want that other job?

AARON
For us, yeah, for sure.

AMIRA

For you?

AARON

Well I don't mind.

AMIRA

You don't mind because?

AARON

Well it will bring us in more money. We can go on vacation more often, weekend fucks away.

AMIRA

Uh huh.

AARON

What? That's what we want right? Extra income.

AMIRA

But will you be happy, going to the same job every day that you're doing now? Free to do all the art you want. Or are you excited about the other place? More office work, more money, but less art time.

AARON

I think I'll be OK either way.

Savana leans to whisper something to Amira. Amira nods.

AMIRA

There will be other jobs. And I don't want you to give up on your art. But the decision has to be without thinking about her, understand?

Savana smiles, nods as she rubs Amira's arm.

AARON

Are you sure you're OK with this? Money-wise we --

AMIRA

I'm happy when you paint.

Savana kisses Amira's cheek.

AARON

But, I know you're having a hard time at work. You don't have to --

AMIRA

It's part of the job babe. Really. But if you give up the other job ask Vera to investigate who else is in line. Make sure if it's not you, it's Tara. One way or the other, I want you apart.

AARON

OK. I'll text you updates.

Savana and Amira hold hands. Savana squeezes Amira's hand.

AMIRA

I love you. Have a good day.

INT. LIBRARY - RESTROOM - DAY

AARON

Love you. Bye.

He hangs up and exits the restroom.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Savana puts the red roses in a vase.

SAVANA

You didn't wanna tell him I'm here?

AMIRA

I want to surprise him. Will you help me? Did you know we have an anniversary coming up?

Savana smiles. Amira's more upbeat than we've ever seen her.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aaron and Amira cuddle on the couch while watching TV. Amira giggles at the comedy on screen. Aaron indifferent as he checks sports news on his phone. His phone RINGS; Tara on the ID. A look from Amira.

AARON

Hello.

TARA (V.O.)
 Hey Mister. I have some news.

Aaron puts the phone on loudspeaker. Amira turns down the TV and listens.

AARON
 What's that?

TARA (V.O.)
 Come over, I'll tell you.

Amira shakes her head.

AARON
 Can't you tell me now?

TARA (V.O.)
 No, please. It's good news, but I want to celebrate with you.

AARON
 With a fuck?

Aaron looks at Amira.

TARA (V.O.)
 Well, you might get that if you come over, yeah.

Amira meanwhile types on the screen of her phone:

IT'S THE JOB. CONGRATULATE HER AND FUCK HER GOODBYE!

Aaron mouths "are you sure?" Amira nods and kisses his cheek. Aaron moves off the couch.

AARON
 Alright. Your son's not home right?

TARA (V.O.)
 I sent him to the movies. I can afford extras like that now...

AARON
 Alright. I'll be over soon.

TARA (V.O.)
 K, bye.

She hangs up.

Aaron looks at Amira.

AARON

Are you sure?

AMIRA

The last fuck. I don't care if she's in work tomorrow, or next week. This weekend is our anniversary weekend, call time on her please.

AARON

Yeah of course. Hon', you don't have to let me go. I don't need to fuck her.

AMIRA

I know, but you didn't get Savana.

AARON

That doesn't matter.

AMIRA

It does. You need to throw a girl around. Go. Have fun.

Amira waves Aaron away from blocking the TV.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

Last fuck. Make sure you hurt the fucking cunt.

Aaron's surprised at Amira's filthy language.

AARON

Last fuck.

He moves, pecks Amira on her lips. He puts a coat on.

AARON (CONT'D)

Will you be up when I get back?

Amira shrugs.

AMIRA

You plan on being long?

AARON

Kid's at the movies. Two hours?

Amira watches TV for a beat.

AMIRA

I'll be up. Might make us desert.

Aaron leaves. Amira turns the TV back up.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aaron KNOCKS and the door opens to his surprise. He walks in.

All is dark. Candles create a warm but gloomy atmosphere. Tara stands in a transparent kimono. Lingerie on show.

Aaron points back toward the door.

AARON
That's dangerous.

He closes it properly. Tara has a big smile on her face.

Aaron sees food; a candle-lit dinner.

AARON (CONT'D)
What's all this?

TARA
A dinner of condolence.

AARON
Condolence?

Tara pours herself wine, much to Aaron's surprise.

TARA
Would you like some?

Aaron shakes his head and removes his coat. He's reluctant to sit down. Tara guides him to sit, then sits on his lap.

AARON
So?

TARA
So, I'm sorry to tell you that you didn't get the job at the other library. I did.

AARON
(Fakes surprise)
Oh?

Tara nods, then kisses him. He shakes her kiss off.

AARON (CONT'D)
You know I don't drink.

Tara stands, purposely leaning over the table to reach for her plate of food.

TARA

Right. You don't drink; because your wife tells you not to. Pity.

AARON

Tara if you want to celebrate we can, but while you getting the job is great, I think it means we stop what we've had going on.

TARA

What? I'm sorry I didn't hear you over all my winning.

She smiles and begins to pick meat off the chops on her plate. Sits back down on Aaron's lap.

TARA (CONT'D)

So. We fuck and that's it? Forever?

AARON

I didn't come here for dinner. I'm happy to go if you --

TARA

What? If I'm not in the mood? You haven't handled that real well with me have you?

She moves off him onto the seat nearby. Slides his plate in front of him.

TARA (CONT'D)

Eat.

He doesn't.

TARA (CONT'D)

You won't have dinner with me?

AARON

I'm not here for food.

TARA

It's a romantic dinner.

AARON

(Sighs)

We have sex Tara, we don't -- look this is why it's great that you got the job. Clean break.

Tara eats.

TARA
Savana. You ate with her didn't
you?

AARON
Tara --

TARA
And you obviously eat with your
wife. Why not with me?

A dirty look from Tara.

Aaron gets up.

AARON
Look, do you want a fuck?

TARA
That fixes everything for you
doesn't it?

AARON
What?

TARA
Sex. As long as you get it or
somehow it's involved, Aaron's
happy.

AARON
But, what's there to fix? I thought
that's why you called me over.

TARA
To celebrate. How I wanted to
celebrate.

AARON
Yeah, but all this? I'm not your
boyfriend Tara.

TARA
But you are Savana's?
(Smirks)
Or you wanted to be.

Aaron looks at her suspiciously.

AARON
 You don't have to be cruel. What's
 wrong with you, had you begun
 drinking before I got here?

TARA
 No. No. Sit. Can you sit?

Aaron sits. He looks at the food. Shakes his head.

AARON
 I have desert waiting at home.

TARA
 Is that what you call her?

AARON
 What?

TARA
 Never mind.

A look from Tara to Aaron. A scowl.

TARA (CONT'D)
 So you don't want to be...

AARON
 Be what?

TARA
 Be with me?

Aaron looks shocked.

AARON
 What are you talking about?

TARA
 You and I. If you work your way up
 in the library and I continue
 climbing in the other one, we can
 be something great the two of us.

Aaron's lost for words.

TARA (CONT'D)
 A power couple.

AARON
 Power? Couple? You realize we work
 in the public library system right?

TARA
 What, you don't want more money in
 life?

AARON
 I do, but --

TARA
 Oh right your art. How's that hobby
 going?

A beat. Aaron's hurt.

AARON
 You really want to know?

TARA
 No. Lets just have sex and you'll
 feel all better for what a failure
 you are.

AARON
 My art's important to me. I'll make
 something of it.

TARA
 Sure, sure you keep trying, that's
 the most honest thing about you.

AARON
 What is your problem? I came here
 to cel --

TARA
 To have sex. I know.

Aaron gets up.

AARON
 I don't need to. I thought you
 wanted it, to celebrate as you
 said. Congrats to you.

TARA
 Where are you going?

AARON
 Home. To my wife. Who does love and
 support me.

TARA
 Financially too?

AARON
It's not your business.

TARA
Right, but you don't fully provide
at home do you?

AARON
So why would you want me? I
couldn't provide for you or your
son. You'd want to rip me away from
Amira to marry me and then what?

She laughs, almost maniacally.

TARA
No, I don't want to marry you.

AARON
But you want to break up a happy
marriage?

TARA
Happy?

AARON
Yes happy. More happiness than
you'll ever know because we're
honest about everything and because
--

TARA
Because you have sex. Sex sex sex
sex sex and she allows you to fuck
whoever you want!

AARON
That's not your business either.
I'm gonna go.

TARA
What is it? Why won't you leave her
for me? I'm hotter and I've got a
new job, isn't that sexy enough for
you? What does she do except stay
home and stay fat?

A beat.

AARON
I love her. That's the difference.

Aaron turns on the lights and blows out the candles. Eyeballs
Tara, one last look of her body.

AARON (CONT'D)
 Earphones, please. I still haven't
 had them back.

Tara sits feeling insulted that earphones is all he can think about. No further response from her.

Aaron exits.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Aaron and Tara are at the morning meeting. He avoids eye contact. She retains her default scowl in his direction.

VERA
 And Tara, your last day with us.
 Shame you're going so soon.

TARA
 They need me over there. I'm
 grateful for what I've learned
 here, but I am eager to move on. It
 was nice knowing all of you.

Vera wraps up the meeting.

Tara walks with the timetable and passes it to Aaron.

TARA (CONT'D)
 We have lunch at the same time.

Aaron shakes his head.

AARON
 No thanks.

INT. LIBRARY - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Tara watches Aaron from the banister. He's talking to Vera.
 She looks at the clock; 11:55AM.

INT. TARA'S HOUSE - LONNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tara storms in and goes through Lonny's pile of clothes on the floor, then bedside table drawers where she finds lubricant and handy wipes. Lonny enters.

LONNY
 Mom, what are you doing?

Tara closes the drawers pretending not to have seen anything.

TARA
Earphones.

LONNY
Fuck, can you get out of my room?

TARA
Earphones, the ones I gave you,
give them.

LONNY
What, they're --

TARA
I'll buy you better ones. Give
them, now Lonny.

LONNY
OK, they're here.

Lonny passes them to her. She snatches them.

LONNY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

TARA
Watch your mouth.

She storms out.

INT. LIBRARY - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Tara storms into the library and goes in search.

No Aaron at the service desk.

No Aaron behind the shelves.

No Aaron by the trolley.

TARA
Erh, where the --

VERA
Who are you looking for?

TARA
Aaron!

VERA

His wife requested a half day. I sent him home. It's his five year anniversary, remember?

Tara looks at the clock; 12:20PM. She marches out.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Curtains drawn. Atmosphere romantic. Gentle MUSIC in the background. Aaron is sat on a chair in the centre of the room. In boxer shorts only. Blindfolded.

Amira is present wearing only underwear and a silk robe.

AMIRA

My dear husband.

AARON

Glorious wife. You say you have my surprise gift, but I'm not allowed to see it?

AMIRA

Not yet. Maybe you should feel your gift first.

Savana is present. Fleshy skin on show in bride-like bedroom wear. She sits in Aaron's lap. He's in shock. She puts her arms around his shoulders and hugs him.

Savana unlocks the hug and looks at Amira.

SAVANA

Can I?

Amira nods, glowing.

Savana kisses Aaron.

Aaron puts a hand on Savana's ass. She removes his blindfold.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

Hey.

Aaron's hand squeezes her ass.

AARON

I've been wanting to do that for such a long time.

Amira moves around the back of them, biting Aaron's ear and rubbing Savana's shoulders.

AARON (CONT'D)
This is my gift?

Savana and Amira exchange looks and smile.

Amira moves to sit on Aaron's other thigh. She and Savana lean in to kiss one another. Aaron watches, mesmerized.

AARON (CONT'D)
Wow.

The kiss continues.

AARON (CONT'D)
You two have had?...

SAVANA
No.

AMIRA
We didn't want to do more without you, unless you were happy with this?

Aaron nods.

AARON
Consider me happy.

DING DONG goes the doorbell. Love's interrupted.

AMIRA
Who the?

Amira moves off Aaron. Savana goes to the window.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
Who is it?

A look from Savana. She waves Amira over and wraps up her robe for her. Savana turns off the music and rushes to the bedroom. Amira looks at Aaron.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
Tara.

AARON
What the fuck.

A beat as Aaron puts on his clothes.

Amira buzzes Tara in. Looks over to see Aaron's ready.

Amira opens the door. Tara stands there with a scowl.

AMIRA

Yes?

A beat.

Aaron comes to the door.

AARON

Tara, why are you here?

Tara doesn't speak, but peers in. She sees Aaron's artwork. The blindfold on the floor. Another scowl.

AMIRA

You lost or something?

Tara throws Aaron's earphones at him.

TARA

Have them. Enjoy your fucking life.

Amira stands proud.

AMIRA

We will. We always have.

TARA

Yeah? With his whores on the side?

AMIRA

That include you?

TARA

(Shakes her head)
You're fucking deluded. I've seen him. Out with that squirt with all the teaching books.

AMIRA

Savana.

TARA

Yeah. And what did you do? She see you and run a mile?

(Laughs)

Aaron needs a throwaround. What are you gonna do when he leaves you for the young model that she --

AMIRA

(Raised voice)

Savana?

Savana exits the bedroom and emerges. Tara looks at Aaron. He reaches for Savana's hand and he brings her back to his chest. Tara looks down; Aaron's clearly *hard*.

A beat.

AARON

Please go.

Aaron pecks Savana's temple. Savana's grin would have to be surgically removed at this point. She interlinks one hand with Aaron's, the other with Amira's.

Tara's lost for words. She looks at Aaron.

TARA

You can't all be in love.

Another beat.

SAVANA

(To Aaron)

Is she always such a hard ass?

Amira nods.

SAVANA (CONT'D)

Can't believe you ever had any fun with her.

Tara looks at Savana, insulted. She finally takes a hint and storms off. Amira SLAMS the door shut.

AMIRA

Good riddance!

Silence. No awkwardness. The newly formed throuple take each other in for a beat.

Savana goes to close the curtains.

Amira undresses Aaron. She begins to well up. Aaron puts an arm around her, as does Savana from the other side. Smiles are shared.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

Happy tears.

Savana kisses one cheek, Aaron kisses the other.

INT. AARON AND AMIRA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Aaron enters the kitchen. Tea ready for him. He takes a seat at the island and sips.

There's no longer a pile of junk food on the opposite counter. Aaron looks at his phone, checking the sports news.

The front door CLOSES.

Amira and Savana enter, both in gym-wear.

AMIRA

Hey babe.

Amira goes to the refrigerator and fills her water bottle.

AARON

Hey.

Savana goes to Aaron's side and kisses his cheek. He then kisses her lips.

SAVANA

(Playful)

Tea breath. Any trades?

She looks at his phone. Aaron shakes his head.

AARON

No, we still got Brunson.

Savana proudly smiles.

Amira comes to Aaron's other side. Aaron kisses her.

AARON (CONT'D)

You two were up early?

AMIRA

Yeah, went gym. Gotta shower.

SAVANA

Then work.

Amira nods. Aaron's eyes linger between Savana's body and Amira's. Amira and Savana look at each other, smiling.

Aaron finishes his tea. Takes two butt-plugs out the mug.

Amira and Savana take Aaron's arms either side and they all hurry to the bedroom.

THE END