

EXT. TRIXIE'S HOUSE - DAY

We see TRIXIE'S modest two story house. Birds tweet in the warm summer afternoon. MARTIN, a conservatively attractive man in his mid twenties, and BRETT, a hyperactive man of the same age, pull up to TRIXIE'S house in Brett's beat up blue 2010 Ford Focus with obnoxious spoiler and fake hood scoop.

INT. BRETT'S CAR - DAYJ

MARTIN

Okay, so I'd rather not.

BRETT

(Excited)

Rather not get friggin' internet famous?!

MARTIN

Yeah, not really.

BRETT

Martin my friend, would you like to know why Hayley dumped you?

MARTIN

Not really.

BRETT

She preemptively knew that you were the kind of guy who would wallow in Fruit Loops and 90's sitcoms for two months straight after she left you for a golf coach.

MARTIN

Damn, dude. You're like Yoda.

BRETT

(in a mock Yoda voice)

Remember the plan you must!

(normally)

You're a life insurance salesman and you need the picture to set up her quote. In, out, a quick hash tag and you're done! Trust me, you need this. You're going to thank me.

MARTIN

I don't know, man.

BRETT

Look dude I've already done this like three times. Check it out. Brett shows Martin his phone and a picture of him in a doctor's costume with an elderly woman obviously on her deathbed with #HomeOwn tagged boldly underneath.

BRETT

Whoever came up with a game combining getting into a strange house and selfies is a genius. Next time I'm going in as a girl scout. Anyway, enough about me, get out there and be somebody!

Brett kicks Martin out of the car. Martin takes a step towards the house, hesitates, then turns around to open the car door to find it locked.

MARTIN

I can't do this! I don't know anything about life insurance and-

Brett's eyes squint as the window slowly rolls up in Martin's face during his panic.

MARTIN

this whole thing is stupid and I'm going to get arrested and-

The window closes and Brett begins to play loud rock music while miming as if he can't hear what Martin is saying.

MARTIN

you are the grandest gilded douche I have ever met in my life!

Brett pulls out his cell phone and shows it to Martin. #HomeOwn can be seen on the screen. Brett gives Martin an exaggerated wink and thumbs up. Martin sighs, turns, straightens his tie, and walks towards Trixie's house.

Martin knocks on the door and takes a step back, glancing quickly over his shoulder at Brett who is staring excitedly with his face pressed against the window of his car. We hear the door open and see Trixie, a pretty young woman in a yellow sun dress open the door. She looks Martin over.

MARTIN

Good afternoon ma'am my name's Matt

and I'm-

Trixie looks behind Martin as if she's looking for someone behind him then quickly turns back to him.

MARTIN
with Minute Men Life and Ca-

Before Martin can finish Trixie grabs him.

TRIXIE
Oh thank God, get in here.

Trixie yanks Martin inside and slams the door.

INT. TRIXIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

We watch TRIXIE drag MARTIN into the living room then dash back to the window, looking out of it for a moment before running back over to Martin.

TRIXIE
Sit.

Trixie pushes Martin down onto a couch in her living room and jumps over a coffee table to sit down across from him. She sits with fantastic posture with her hands folded neatly in her lap while staring intently at Martin.

MARTIN
(stutters)
We- I- Uh-... Hi.

TRIXIE
Hi. How are you?

MARTIN
Fine. How are you?

TRIXIE
Fine. Matt, right?

MARTIN
Who?

TRIXIE
Is your name not Matt?

MARTIN
(Scoffs)
No.

TRIXIE

Oh.

MARTIN

Wait. Yes! I am Matt.

TRIXIE

Are you sure?

MARTIN

Yes. I sell life insurance.

Trixie raises her eyebrow.

TRIXIE

Do you?

MARTIN

(awkwardly)

Yes. Lots of it.

TRIXIE

Really?

Martin takes out his phone.

MARTIN

Yeah. It's pretty great. I actually
have the app on my phone.

TRIXIE

Hold that thought. It's time for
the count down.

MARTIN

Count down?

Trixie counts down on her fingers.

TRIXIE

Five, four, three-

Silently she continues to mouth two, one, then points at the door. The door slowly creaks open as ED sneaks inside, quietly closing the door behind him. He then turns and faces Trixie and Martin.

TRIXIE

Hi honey, how was work?

Ed points at Martin.

ED
What is who... Who is that?

TRIXIE
This is Matt and we are having an affair.

MARTIN
What?

Trixie turns towards Martin.

TRIXIE
Yes.

Trixie turns back to Ed.

TRIXIE
He rails me against fridge every weekday at 3:45 PM when he's not out selling life insurance.

MARTIN
(to Ed)
Sir, I don't rail anything. I-

ED
AH HA! I knew it! You cheat!

TRIXIE
That's me!

ED
(confidently)
Thought you could slip it by me, hmm?
I caught you red handed!

TRIXIE
Sure did. Looks like you don't have to sneak around with your "dentist" anymore.

Ed's smile washes away and he goes very pale.

ED
I uh...

TRIXIE
Now don't get all spooked on me, I

figured it out quiet some time ago.
Trixie turns to Martin.

TRIXIE

Did you know he hasn't so much as
given me a hand shake in seven months?

MARTIN

Uh...

TRIXIE

I know! It's because Ed's tooth over
there wasn't the only cavity getting
filled every time he had an ache which
which has been, what? At least three
times a month? I mean our insurance is
good but I didn't know it was that
good. But you would know, wouldn't you
Matt?

ED

I have a sweet tooth.

TRIXIE

(squinting)

Oh I'm sure you do, Ed. I'm sure you
do.

Ed, Trixie and Martin all exchange a long, awkward look
before Ed runs out the door, slamming it behind him. A huge
smile grows over Trixie's face as Matt looks on in shock.

MARTIN

Um... Well. I should probably go.

Martin stands up slowly and looks towards the door.

TRIXIE

Okay.

Martin starts to walk towards the front door when he hears
Trixie crying behind him. He slowly turns towards her. Trixie
has broken down and is weeping into her hands. Martin looks
back towards the door then reconsiders, turning instead
towards Trixie. He walks over to her and sits down next to
her. He turns to her as if he is about to say something but
before he can utter a word Trixie has wrapped her arms around
him.

MARTIN

Oh, okay. That's good.

Trixie sobs into Martin's chest as he carefully begins to wrap his arms around her when he realizes his phone is still in his hand with the camera app open. He pauses for a moment in indecision and then takes the picture, using one thumb to upload it with the #HomeOwn tag. Martin then wraps both his arms around Trixie. She cries for a moment longer then looks up at him. Martin appears to truly see her for the first time and Trixie the same.

TRIXIE

I'm sorry.

MARTIN

It's okay. It's not every day I find out I've been a party to infidelity.

Trixie laughs.

TRIXIE

Yeah. I'm sorry for that too.

MARTIN

What was the first apology for?

TRIXIE

I may have snotted on you.

Martin laughs.

MARTIN

Well that is disgusting but thank you.

Trixie pulls back from Martin and wipes her face.

TRIXIE

It seems you've caught me at a bad time.

MARTIN

No kidding.

TRIXIE

(waving her hand)

This was coming for a while, this whole cheat trap of mine.

MARTIN

You planned a salesman kidnapping just for this?

TRIXIE

No, that was an added bonus.

MARTIN

Well I feel special.

TRIXIE

Yeah.

MARTIN

You know... I actually went through a bad break up myself recently.

TRIXIE

Really?

MARTIN

Yeah. She left me for a golf coach.

TRIXIE

He must have had some swing.

MARTIN

Or skill with balls.

TRIXIE

Nice. No, I've known about Ed and his "dentist" for a while. The truth is our marriage has been dead so long it's turned to oil.

MARTIN

Sounds greasy.

TRIXIE

I wish.

Martin raises his eyebrow towards Trixie. Trixie blushes and looks away, smiling sheepishly.

TRIXIE

That came out wrong. I actually have no idea what I'm talking about.

MARTIN

Fair enough, this is a judgement free zone.

Martin draws an invisible circle around himself.

MARTIN

Right here. No judgement. I can't speak for everywhere else but right here is like Ghandhi.

Trixie laughs and slides into the circle Martin had drawn.

TRIXIE

I'd prefer judgement free, please.

MARTIN

(stutters)

W-well you've found the right spot.

Trixie giggles and scoots away slightly then stares down at her hands.

MARTIN

Hey. Are you okay? Seriously?

TRIXIE

Yeah.

Trixie looks up and locks eyes with Martin.

TRIXIE

I'm Trixie, by the way.

MARTIN

Nice to meet you Trixie. Listen, I came here today because-

The sound of a cell phone message alert comes from the kitchen. Trixie stands up and walks towards the kitchen.

TRIXIE

Hold that thought, my mom's been in and out of the hospital lately and I can't miss this.

MARTIN

Oh.

TRIXIE

I'm really sorry, this is so rude just give me a second I promise.

Trixie disappears into the adjoining kitchen as Martin sits on the couch. He then drops his head into his hands and groans. Trixie slowly appears from around the kitchen, a dangerous look on her face. She slowly comes around the couch

and sits down next to Martin, her posture once more perfectly erect. Martin looks up and smiles.

MARTIN

It wasn't your mom was it?

TRIXIE

Oh no, not at all.

MARTIN

Hey, so I was gonna tell you-

TRIXIE

Before you do, can I ask you something?

MARTIN

Sure!

TRIXIE

Do you know someone named Margie Sandberg?

A look of surprise comes over Martin's face.

MARTIN

Yeah! We went to high school together, why?

TRIXIE

Small world! I actually met her at Paint and Party a couple weeks ago. You know, she's actually the one who just messaged me?

MARTIN

Is that who that was?

TRIXIE

Sure was. Turns out someone named

Martin Stacks just posted a picture with someone who looked an awful lot like me in a room that looked an awful lot like the one we're in right now.

Martin's blood runs cold.

TRIXIE

#HomeOwn, huh?

MARTIN

Trixie, I was just about to tell you before you got that message.

TRIXIE

Were you?

MARTIN

Yes. I was put up to the whole thing by my friend Brett, he thought it would help me get over... well you know.

TRIXIE

Uh huh. And even after everything that happened in the last ten minutes you thought you should post it anyway?

MARTIN

No!

TRIXIE

No?

MARTIN

Yes, no! I mean yeah, I posted it but... Did I mention I'm an idiot?

TRIXIE

Way ahead of you Martin. Get out of my house.

Martin stutters, then defeated, stands up and walks towards the door.

TRIXIE

And Martin?

MARTIN

Yes?

TRIXIE

If you don't want your family to cash in on that life insurance you're selling I would move a bit faster.

Martin smiles nervously then and picks up his pace to the door.

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EXT. TRIxie'S YARD - DAY

Martin closes the door behind him and looks up to the sky, taking a long deep breath. He looks towards the road and sees that Brett is gone. Martin sighs and begins walking towards the sidewalk. He stops for a moment and looks behind him towards Trixie's house as if considering everything that has happened. Martin takes out his cell phone and opens up his post which has been shared and liked many times. He moves to delete it then pauses. He then goes down into the comments section and begins to write. Though we don't see what he has written we see him hit 'post' and then begin to walk down the street.

INT. TRIxie'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trixie is sitting on the couch, obviously upset with her arms wrapped around her knees. She hears her phone go off again and she picks it up. She sees the comment that Martin wrote on the picture.

MARTIN (V.O.)

This picture is of a woman in a moment of total vulnerability and a fool who thought it was right to expose that to the world for a stupid fad. If I had known what a sweet, beautiful, and complicated woman was waiting for me I would have left my phone at the door. Instead I'm writing this on a doorstep.

Trixie looks up from her phone and bites her lip, her eyes showing the thoughts tumbling in her head. She stands up and runs to the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - DAY

Martin walks away from us, his head down and feet shuffling.

We see Trixie run past us towards him. They stand next to each other, their silhouettes outlined in the light of the setting sun.

FADE TO BLACK.