

BETTER THAN NEVER

written by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES SUBURBS - DAY

A finger hits play on a car stereo system.

MUSIC MONTAGE: "I HAD THE TIME OF MY LIFE" BY BILL MEDLEY

A big black truck with tinted windows waits in grid lock traffic with the words: Just Divorced written on the back windshield. A few cans drag from the bumper connected by ribbons.

We see a close up of ANDREW and the Just Divorced written in shaving cream behind him. He's concentrating, looking straight at us in the drivers seat dressed in a suite and loose tie mouthing the words to the song, beads of sweat roll down his forehead.

A FAT GUY waits in the line of traffic in his small car sloppily eating nachos.

A DITZY GIRL with too much makeup has one foot on her dashboard painting her nails.

JENNIFER, a beautiful girl in a cocktail dress waits in traffic screaming at the car behind her. NICHE sits in the passenger next to her texting on his phone.

Andrew holds his left hand on the wheel, he looks like he is concentrating hard, mouthing the words to the song. We soon realize his right hand is shaking BELOW CAMERA masterbating. He looks over at the car sitting still next to him. (It's NOT obvious to the other driver what he is doing).

We see a red stop light turn green.

Andrew is really getting into it. His hand shakes violently below camera. The windows are all foggy.

Jenffifer HONKS her horn at Andrew's black truck parked directly in front of her, Niche looks up staring at the truck in front of them.

We see a hand slam up against the drivers side window at us in close view smearing the foggy windshield. We hear a number of cars continue HONKING --

END MUSIC MONTAGE:

JENNIFER

(honking)

Pay attention asshole! ... There not even gonna be there by the time we get there!

She moves forward inches from the his bumper.

She lays on her horn.

NICHE

Relax!

A hand throws something from the drivers side window out of the black truck.

SMACK, A wad of semen in a condom smacks sticks to the windshield of the car next to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Fucking douche bag!

NICHE

What is that?

The window wipers turns ON smearing it all over the windshield.

She floors it around Andrew's black truck flipping him off as she passes to get in front of him.

The light turns red, she slams to a halt.

JEFFIFER

Shit!

NICHE

Just relax!

JENNIFER

I can't relax.

NICHE

We'll get there when we get there.

JENNIFER

Yeah, except for when we get there, they're not gonna be there.

NICHE

I told them we're running late, they're running late too.

JENNIFER

I don't want to look like an idiot showing up an hour late.

NICHE

We're not rescheduling, it's less than a mile away.

Niche turns the radio ON, he switches stations to a COOL JAZZ.

Jennifer takes a few deep breaths attempting to calm her frustration, she rolls down the window to get some air --

-- A REVING engine breaks her peace. She looks in the rear view mirror.

The black truck is inches from her bumper REVING it's engine.

JEFFIFER

Fuck you!

She rolls her window down and flips him off.

NICHE

Stop antagonizing him! Your'e gonna get my ass kicked.

Jennifer sees:

The light turn green.

She waits, turns up the COOL JAZZ music. We hear car HORNS.

NICHE (CONT'D)

It's green, what the hell are you doing? Go! If you want to cancel fine! Don't ever ask me for another favor again!

The light turns yellow.

The light goes from yellow to red.

She floors the car forward through the intersection leaving the black truck behind to wait.

INT. ANDREW'S BLACK TRUCK - DAY

Andrew pounds on his steering wheel in anger, he holds his cell phone up to his ear. We hear the phone RINGING.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

MATT (30's) a clean cut guy in a dress shirt answers his phone.

MATT

Hello.

ANDREW

(politely smiling)

Hey, sorry about my tardiness, I'm still stuck in traffic.

Andrew pulls forward through the intersection right along side Jennifer's car on her passenger side.

MATT

Ok, no problem. Hey, I got her on the line with us.

JENNIFER

(friendly)

Hey, how's it going?

ANDREW

(friendly)

Hey.

JENNIFER

(friendly)

Can you hold on for a second?

Jennifer leans forward looking past Niche seeing the black truck along side her car. She flips off Andrew.

Andrew returns the gesture and mouth the words "FUCK YOU" and gestures shoving a dick in his mouth.

Jennifer mouths the words "You have a small dick," and gestures with a her thumb and forefinger a small penis.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(friendly)

Sorry, I'm running really late, I apologize.

ANDREW

(friendly)

I'm stuck in traffic too, don't worry.

JENNIFER

The people on this road are crazy.

ANDREW

I know. I'm dealing with one right now.

JENNIFER

So Matt, we should be there soon,  
can you order us some appetizers.

MATT

What do you want?

JENNIFER

How about some hot wings?

NICHE

(jumps in)

Are you crazy? You don't order hot  
wings on a blind date.

JENNIFER

Actually strike that, anything will  
do, just not hot wings.

MATT

Ok.

ANDREW

I'm gonna need a strong drink too  
when I get there.

JENNIFER

(laughing)

That sounds like a good idea.

The line of cars move forward suddenly, Andrew cuts in front  
of Jennifer's car.

Jennifer covers the receiver.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You fucking cock smoker!

Andrew looks back in his rear view mirror smiling ear to ear.  
He covers his cellphone receiver.

ANDREW

(celebrating)

Take that bitch, get in the back  
seat and suck on it!

JENNIFER

I gotta go, I'll see you soon.

ANDREW

Ok. Bye.

Jennifer pulls up close within inches of Andrew's bumper.

NICHE  
Would you knock it off!

JENNIFER  
Grow some balls!

NICHE  
I happen to have balls... Big balls  
and I'd like to keep em.

Jennifer's foot slips off the brake.

She jolts forward in her seat from the impact.

Andrew jolts forward in his seat from the impact.

Jennifer jumps out of her car in rage.

Niche drops down in his seat, covers his head burying it  
under the dashboard as if bracing himself for a bomb to go  
off.

NICHE (CONT'D)  
I told you to stop Antagonizing  
him.

Fuming, Andrew hops out of his truck and walks around to  
inspect the damage. He meets Jennifer who gets right in his  
face.

JENNIFER  
What's your problem asshole!

ANDREW  
My problem! You hit me.

JENNIFER  
There's no damage. Get in your car.

ANDREW  
There's a scratch right there.

He points to a tiny scratch on the bumper.

JENNIFER  
That scratch is smaller than your  
dick.

ANDREW  
I want your insurance information.

JENNIFER  
So you can stalk me and try to  
throw more shit on my car.

ANDREW

No.

JEFFIFER

You were jacking off weren't you.

ANDREW

Are you gonna give me your  
information or not?

JENNIFER

No.

She storms off back to her car, Andrew follows her. She gets  
in the car and locks the door.

Andrew taps on the drivers side window.

ANDREW

I'm calling the cops.

JENNIFER

Go ahead, I have a witness that saw  
you throw bodily fluid on that car  
you sick fuck.

Jennifer notices the passenger seat next to her is empty. She  
looks out the windows for signs of Niche.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Niche!

Andrew taps on the window repeatedly.

NICHE

What?

JENNIFER

(at Niche)

What are you doing?

NICHE

(at Jennifer)

I told you I didn't want to be  
involved.

Jennifer digs her hand in her purse searching.

JENNIFER

(at Niche)

You pussy! Good thing no one is  
counting on you to protect them.



ANDREW  
Open the door!

Jennifer is pointing a revolver at him from the other side of the window.

Andrew raises both of his hands shocked, he smiles to himself.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
You ARE one crazy bitch.

JENNIFER  
Fucken-A right I'm a crazy bitch  
and if you don't get in your truck  
your gonna find out how crazy I  
really am.

Andrew walks to his vehicle, he turns looking back to see --

Jennifer pointing the revolver at him through the drivers side window.

Andrew flips her off, turns to walk towards his car with a smile on his face.

He gets in his truck door, slams the door as if loosing the big game. He reaches digging under the seat beneath him.

Under his seat, a pistol lies on the ground below. His hand searches around for the gun nearly missing it each time.

He notices Jennifer's car drive past him. The back passenger seat window rolls down, Niche's hand makes it's way out the crack of the window flipping him off.

Andrew watches the car drive off with a blank look on his face, he watches--

Her car turn the corner out of sight.

He starts his truck, the engine FIRES up.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DAY

Niche crawls up in the front seat loosing his balance like a weakling.

NICHE  
Are you crazy! What are you doing  
with a gun?

JENNIFER

I took care of it didn't I?

NICHE

Stop, let me out. I'm not riding in  
the car with a gun.

JENNIFER

Put your seat belt on.

Niche looks at her, she looks back at him with a serious look  
on her face.

Niche hesitates, then puts his seat belt on as if he didn't  
have a choice.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Matt sits in front of two appetizers and an empty water  
glass.

Across the table from him is Jennifer and Niche taking off  
their coats settling in. Niche looks over, noticing--

Andrew walking towards them from the other side of the  
restaurant.

Jennifer remains seated --

Under the table her left hand slides inside her purse seated  
beside her, her hand remains inside her purse as if  
concealing her gun.

Niche stands with a smile on his face.

Andrew sees Jennifer sitting at the table, they meet eyes  
with a brief moment of seriousness.

Matt stands as Niche approaches Andrew, Niche gives him a  
high five and clearly looks up to him.

NICHE

I ordered you a heineken.

ANDREW

Thanks man.

NICHE

That's your favorite, right?

ANDREW

Sure.

Andrew shakes Matt's hand.

MATT  
It's about time... This is  
Jennifer. Jennifer, this is Andrew.

Jennifer remains seated, she smiles at him as if she knows something he doesn't.

Andrew returns the same look.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You guys know each other?

Jennifer shakes her head "NO".

Andrew extends his hand to her across the table with a smile as if daring her to shake it.

She remains seated, offering her left hand while still keeping her right hand in her purse.

Andrew extends his left hand, they shake hands for a moment longer than normal.

Matt looks over at Niche looking over the drink menu lying on the table.

ANDREW  
(smiling)  
Strong grip... I like it.

JENNIFER  
(smiling)  
I'll bet you do.

Matt sits across the table from Jennifer, Andrew takes a seat next to Jennifer's right, she pulls her purse close with her hand still in her purse.

MATT  
We have drinks coming. Man, traffic  
is pretty shitty today huh.

NICHE  
We ran into this huge asshole. I  
thought I was gonna be forced to  
kick his ass...

We hear MUDDLED chit chat at the table between Niche and Matt. Jennifer looks to her right at:

Andrew staring back at her as if trying to figure her out.

Under the table we see Jennifer's empty hand slide out of her purse seated between her and Andrew. Her hand moves across his leg and grabs tightly on his balls.

Andrew's hand is firmly grabbing her crotch.

MUSIC MONTAGE: "I HAD THE TIME OF MY LIFE" (Start - 0:32)

Turned on, Andrew looks at her, she leans into him daringly as if to say: GAME ON.

FADE OUT:

CREDIT ROLL

Show Slide shots of Jennifer's car parked outside the restaurant behind Andrew's Truck. Her car has dents all over it. Spray paint written across it that reads: FUCK YOU BITCH

Her windows are shattered with glass all over the ground.