

"Darla"
TIM-BARRY

M/M-C
30.

Darla sends a PHOTO. A closeup of her ass in pink panties. Barry prints it out and gazes at it, stroking his face.

Darla22: "Are you touching yourself?"

Barry stares in amazement at his hand.

Barry: "Yes."

Darla22: "Where are you?"

Barry types and hits return. Tim hobbles in.

TIM

What are you doing?

Barry jumps.

BARRY

Nothing!

Tim limps over to the computer.

TIM

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

BARRY

She talked to me first!

TIM

You idiot! This is a crazy woman!

BARRY

She seems very friendly.

TIM

Yeah, friendly like a stalker! I spent one night with her two years ago. It was the biggest mistake of my life. I had to move and change my phone number. I DO NOT TALK TO THIS GIRL!

BARRY

You didn't. I did. Your conscience is clean.

TIM

Barry, please get out of here.

BARRY

Should I tell her not to come?

TIM

GET OUT!

Barry starts to go, then stops. He comes back, grabs the picture of Darla's ass, and heads out the door.

INT. TIM'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barry turns to Tim--

BARRY

Tim, don't worry. I made this mess--

Tim SLAMS the door in his face.

BARRY (CONT'D)

--and I'm gonna clean it up.

EXT. TIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Julie climbs out of a taxi. She's on her cell phone--

JULIE

Mom, I don't know what to do.

JULIE'S MOM (O.S.)

Honey, you know I'm not the man's biggest defender. But you've got to try to talk it through.

Julie looks up at the light from Tim's window. She takes a deep breath.

INT. TIM'S HALLWAY - LATER

Julie steps out of the elevator and heads toward Tim's door. Suddenly, Barry steps out from the shadows--

BARRY

Well, well, well. If it isn't Little Miss Panty Bottom.

JULIE

Excuse me?

BARRY

I had a feeling you'd show up.

JULIE

Who are you?