

# MAYA

## MAYA SIDES

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Tom dries his eyes with cocktail napkins, trying to staunch the tears. Maya sits next to him, in disbelief...

START →

MAYA

Okay I can't take anymore. You want to know why your fiancée left you?

TOM

Yes! More than anything!

MAYA

She left you because you're a snivelling little bitch.

TOM

What?! No! I'm...I'm just nice.

MAYA

No. I've been listening to you for what seems like an eternity and you're actually not that nice. You're just a coward who's scared of people not liking you. There's a big difference.

Tom stammers, speechless: she's nailed him dead to rights.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Look at me, Tom. Every girl wants a nice guy, but we also want a man who's not afraid to say "you are out of your goddamn mind if you think I'm gonna fold your underwear six different ways. I am a man. Respect my essence."

TOM

I literally have no idea what you're talking about--

MAYA

Stand your ground, articulate what you want, and accept the consequences, Tom. That's what real men do every single day.

(beat)

Oh, and another thing: men don't cry.

(before Tom can protest)

(MORE)

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MAYA (CONT'D)

No. Girls like it when Tom Brady cries because he's a man who handles his business on and off the field so when he cries it shows us an exciting new dimension of his personality. But when a spineless bed-wetter like you cries it only confirms to us how weak men have become and that saddens us.

Tom just looks at her, blown away... Finally:

TOM

Okay: can I just say something?

MAYA

What.

TOM

This has been so helpful.

MAYA

(surprised)

Oh. Well. Good.

TOM

I mean obviously I have to work on being less of a little bitch.

MAYA

Right. Obviously.

TOM

Of course, it's also possible I'm not as bad as you think, and maybe you're just, like, really mean...

Maya frowns, troubled. This hits a nerve with her...

MAYA

Yeah, I've been getting that a lot lately...Am I really that much more of a bitch than everyone else--?

TOM

Yes.

MAYA

Really? Because I feel like--

TOM

No. There's definitely something very wrong with you.

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Maya starts to object, then stops. She softens, emotional:

MAYA

Okay... Maybe...Maybe you're right.

TOM

It's cool, we both have stuff to work on. But we'll be okay... I mean, I won't be, but you will.

She smiles at him, comforted... He smiles back, warm... It's a sweet moment between two complete strangers... Then:

TOM (CONT'D)

So, like, can I get your number?

MAYA

You gotta be kidding me.

END

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