

HINGE BRUNCH

Four friends sit around a table, sipping mimosas.

STEVEN

Girlies, thank you for taking me out to Brunch. I needed this!

MONICA

Steven, when you said you wanted to get back out there, we knew it was an emergency of mimosa proportions!

NINA

How's that Hinge coming along?

STEVEN

Not good. Every time I *try* to fill out those prompts, I end up writing those cliché answers you find on every dating profile.

MONICA

Well sometimes, people mean those cheesy bios. For example, I *am* "looking for someone who reminds me of Nathan Fielder"

NINA

-I want "someone who reminds me of Adam Sandler"

ANDREW

And I'm looking for "someone who reminds me of Larry David"
(serious, matter-of-fact)
Physically.

Steven is confused.

STEVEN

Oh, like his physicality? Like someone who's funny?

ANDREW

Who cares, as long as that body is a perfect double of Larry David. See I'm looking for someone bald, ancient -- like the Crypt Keeper decked out in L.L.Bean.

STEVEN

So, you're into older guys?

ANDREW

No, any man over 30 is invisible to me. I'm looking for a sort of "Benjamin Button" scenario. You know, a guy who looks like he was born in a hot car and never left.

(Back to normal)

I know, such a cliché answer

STEVEN

I mean a lot of people say they're "looking for Larry David"... but not like that.

MONICA

Whoa! Who made you the Hinge police? It's okay to use clichés in your profile.

STEVEN

No, that's not what-

She pulls out her phone.

MONICA

Look, I say that I'm "So into Dad Bods" like 100 other basic girls.

STEVEN

Well, that's fine. You mean you're not into guys with six packs.

MONICA

No, I mean I'm looking for someone with the *body* of my Dad.

STEVEN

So... you want to hook up with someone that looks like your dad?

The table is taken aback.

MONICA

Ew? What! No, they should *be* my Dad. You know, someone I'm related to by blood. Genetically. Call me crazy, but I want that family tree to look like a big ol' wreath.

ANDREW

Girlie, you're bad.

STEVEN

Yes, that's *morally* bad. Are you guys fucking with me?

MONICA

That's what everyone thinks when they say they're into "Dad Bods"

STEVEN

No one else thinks that!

NINA

Oh sorry, I didn't know we were getting a home visit from the Hinge police. Oink Oink copper!

Nina, Andrew, and Monica clink glasses.

STEVEN

I don't understand! I've seen all of your dating profiles before, they're very normal -- Andrew, you say you "like to watch The Office"

ANDREW

Yes, I called a bomb threat into my job, I was fired, and now I watch THE OFFICE from the parking lot.

STEVEN

"Debate Me. Pineapple Belongs on Pizza"

MONICA

Everybody knows that "Pineapple" is slang for "Firearms" and "On Pizza" is slang for "The classroom"

STEVEN

"I'm looking for a guy in Finance. 6'5, Blue Eyes" -

ANDREW

Keep reading-

STEVEN

"Blue Eyes, Blond Hair, White, Nazi" What is fuck is wrong with you guys.

ANDREW

Wee-woo, wee-woo. Ladies and Gentlemen, your chief of the Hinge police. Looking *resplendent* at the Hinge Policemen's Ball.

Steven stands up.

STEVEN

Nina, back me up here. This is unbelievable!

NINA

Yes, our friends are clearly insane. And dating apps can be impossible to navigate! Look, even I say that I'm looking for a "classic Golden Retriever boyfriend".

STEVEN

And you just mean a human with the characteristics of a golden retriever?

NINA

Yes, someone trustworthy, easy-going, friendly-

STEVEN

- And stop there! -

NINA

- Blonde, shaggy haired -

NINA

Walks on all fours and, most importantly, is a dog, as in the animal. You know, woof woof.

Steven storms out.

ANDREW

Well, all is not lost. Looks like that waiter might be our dream guy. But Ladies... I saw him first

A WAITER approaches. He's in a dog suit, with a Larry David wig and glasses. He holds a "Worlds Best Dad" Mug.

MONICA, NINA, STEVEN

Hubba Hubba!

KITTY LA ROUX

INT. MANSION BASEMENT

Secret AGENT JAMESON is tied up in a chair, struggling to get free. He's in a tuxedo. Laser pointers are everywhere.

JAMESON

Goddammit, I should've known that
Yacht Captain was KGB. Only 4
minutes until the bomb goes off-

KITTY

Unless, I save your sorry ass.

Agent KITTY LA ROUX (Femme Fatale) pops out from across from the stage. **KITTY'S Entrance Music Plays (James Bond Theme)**.

She mimes a whip crack (*note, every mimed whip crack is accompanied by a whip crack sound effect*)

KITTY (CONT'D)

What? Cat got your tongue?

JAMESON

Secret Agent Kitty LaRoux.

Kitty mimes a whip crack.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Thank god the CIA sent you. I heard
you slipped a disc in the Alps.

KITTY

That ski chase took away one of my
Nine lives. But this Laser Maze
might take me down to Zero.

JAMESON

Good eye. To clear the 13 lasers,
you'll have to do a -

KITTY

A cartwheel, double pike into a
flip, yeah I got it.

JAMESON

And Kitty - Thanks.

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. Whip Crack! Kitty does an elaborate gymnastics warm-up and gets into cartwheel position. She hesitates. **MUSIC CUTS OUT.**

She tries the lead-up again and does a very bad cartwheel.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Very funny Kitty. You know even looking at those lasers will trigger the bomb around my neck. Now get over here.

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. She does an even worse cartwheel. She holds her back in and waddles under the first laser.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Kitty, stop stop stop!

Kitty stops before she hits a laser. She squats, ungracefully, and stands up. She acts like she just completed an Olympic floor routine. **MUSIC CUTS OUT.**

KITTY

Halfway there.

Kitty is not even a quarter of the way there.

JAMESON

Kitty, that wasn't a cartwheel. You can still do gymnastics, right?

KITTY

Typical male spy - telling me how to bend over backward for him.

JAMESON

Okay but can you bend over backwards, like physically!?

Kitty mimes a whip crack.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

That's not an answer! Alright Kitty. Clearly, you messed up your back. Just sidestep the lasers.

KITTY

How about a front split.

Kitty mimes 2 whip cracks. **KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS.** Kitty does another elaborate spy dance/warm-up. She then waddles her legs 3 small steps apart.

KITTY (CONT'D)

(Pained)

Bet you've never seen legs go like that!

JAMESON

That's your Split? Kitty, you're not even halfway down.

Kitty kicks her front foot (CUE: WHIP CRACK). Jameson reels his head back like he's been hit.

KITTY

Fine. If you don't like it, then I won't do it.

Kitty hobbles back up.

JAMESON

Kitty, swallow your pride. There are two minutes before this bomb kills probably both of us. Who cares that you can't do a split.

KITTY

Can't do a what -

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. She shuffles back up. Tries to do another split. It's even worse than before. **MUSIC CUTS OUT.**

JAMESON

That's not a split. You have to get your, I'm sorry, pussy on the ground.

KITTY

You boys only have one thing on your mind -

JAMESON

Not exploding?!

KITTY

Fine, let me show you my signature front handspring

JAMESON

Kitty, I doubt you have that.

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. She falls forward.

JAMESON.

Kitty!

MUSIC CUTS OUT. Kitty gets up

KITTY

Okay, my signature backbend.

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. Kitty slowly leans back. She instantly falls backward. WHIP CRACK ON THE FALL. **MUSIC CUTS OUT.**

Kitty gets up.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Okay, my take on a summersault

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. She does an ungraceful series of belly rolls across the stage. WHIP CRACKS in the middle of the rolls. She uses Jameson to stand up.

JAMESON

Somehow, you got here. Now all you have to do is bend over to turn off the bomb. Don't stray off the path-

Kitty slaps Jameson. WHIP CRACK SFX

KITTY

Stray? I'm no Alley Cat!

JAMESON

Enough! Even the smallest movement could set off the bomb.

She nods and reaches for the switch. She can't bend. **KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS.** She instead lifts up her hands and does her gymnastics/warm-up dance. Jameson yells in protest.

Kitty walks past him and does a perfect cartwheel off stage.

KITTY

I got it! Hand, Hand, Foot, Foot.

Jameson braces for an explosion, but nothing happens.

JAMESON

Kitty! Your gymnastics Somehow switched off the bomb. You saved-

CUE: Explosion SFX. **BLUEOUT.** LIGHTS BACK UP. Jameson is gone. Kitty trots back onstage.

KITTY

Just as I suspected. Jameson is secretly a double agent for...

She picks up Jameson's wallet. WHIP CRACK SFX

KITTY (CONT'D)

The CIA?! Then who do I work for?

KITTY'S MUSIC PLAYS. BLACKOUT.

SEX ED

A dorky, but well-meaning, teacher stands in front of a large box. 5 Students file in.

MR. HENDERSON

Settle down 7th graders. I know sex-ed can be a little *awkward*, so this class will just be me answering your anonymous questions. And remember, nothing is off-limits

Mr. Henderson reaches into the box and pulls out a piece of paper.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

"Why is my boner so big" So... that's a joke. But jokes are actually a great way to talk about what we're Uncomfy with. And "boners" or erections are completely normal.

Everyone snickers. He takes out another piece of paper.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

"Why I sweat so Much". Well, you are sweat-*ing* because perspiration increases throughout puberty.

DYLAN, a 7th grader with huge pit stains, sighs in relief. Mr. Henderson takes out another piece of paper.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

For why are we talking about sex without Passion? It is like painting Paris without the "whores along The Siene" Philipe, this is not appropriate.

PHILIPPE, dressed in a striped shirt and scarf, raises a glass of wine. He walks onstage. Obviously, he is French.

PHILIPPE

I do not know who wrote this question. Maybe it was Brian.

A quiet kid in a hoodie, BRIAN, starts to say something but gets too shy.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

But in Poughkeepsie on exchange for only Deux weeks now and have learned nothing!

(MORE)

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

You are teaching us how to put a banana on a condom, but when will we learn how to make a woman hum like a Vespa up the Pyrenees?

MR. HENDERSON

Philippe, that's not what your classmates are interested in.

Kyle M. Raises his hand

KYLE M.

I guess I'm a little curious.

MR. HENDERSON

Let's just focus on the physical changes your body is going through.

Mr. Henderson takes out another question.

And, someone dropped their Spanish flashcard into the box, luckily there is no "Vosotros" in puberty.

Mr. Henderson takes out another question.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

"Monsieur Henderson, how can you teach sex ed when you make love to your wife like a stranger" Whoa, Philippe.

PHILIPPE

That was not me.

MR. HENDERSON

Who else would write this question?

Dylan raises his hand

DYLAN

Well, I didn't ask.. but I guess I wonder, why do you make love to your wife like a stranger in the backroom of a gastropub?

MR. HENDERSON

I'm not answering that.

KYLE M.

But you said we'd get to every question.

MR. HENDERSON

Kids, Philippe is not a good influence on you. I don't even know why he's in the class, He's 34!

KIDS

Because he only knows English at a 7th-grade level.

MR. HENDERSON

Enough! I'm taking control of the room. Brian, take his wine.

Brian takes the wine, meek.

PHILIPPE

Brian has a question

Philippe gives a piece of paper to Brian

BRIAN

(timid)

"I am American. I am not French. Also, my body is changing. Also, why do you talk at your wife during lovemaking instead of joining in her boundless fantasy?"

MR. HENDERSON

We are not discussing my personal life!

Mr. Henderson takes out a big sheet of paper.

MR. HENDERSON (CONT'D)

Jesus, Philippe. A charcoal drawing is not a question.

PHILIPPE

Non. It is an answer -- open it.

Mr. Henderson unfolds the drawing. It is an almost life-size.

MR. HENDERSON

Alright...and this is a charcoal drawing of me naked - with breasts.

PHILIPPE

You hide yourself under these baggy Uniqlo sweaters. How could I know?

MR. HENDERSON

Yet you somehow got my semi-colon tattoo?

PHILIPPE

Oui. Because your story is not over

MR. HENDERSON

Get out of my class!

PHILIPPE

Sorry, Mr. Henderson. I see I've struck a nerve. I will go after one last question. Open the box.

Henderson reaches in to find a Music box. **CUE:** LA VIE EN ROSE

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

Why do you cast aside your wife like a whore on the Seine? Your wife bought this lingerie last year. Look in the box.

Henderson pulls out lingerie from the box. He's horrified.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

But you didn't notice because you were too busy catching up on, comment dit-on, "Ted Lasso" but it does not have to be like this. Look in Ze box.

Mr. Henderson looks inside the box. He takes out 2 Tickets.

MR. HENDERSON

Two tickets to Paris?

PHILIPPE

Oui, take whores on the Seine, *with* your wife!

MR. HENDERSON

I should be mad, but I realize my wife and I only talk at each other, never joining each other in our boundless fantasies. Brian, you're in charge.

Mr. Henderson leaves. Brian slowly heads to the front of the class.

BRIAN

(No longer meek)
Enough about making love. Who wants to learn how to fu-?

BLACKOUT