

INT. BAR - HAPPY HOUR

A bar away from home, featuring a kick-ass juke and the world's hottest bartender, AYA MULLINS. Even though it's lunch time on a Tuesday, it seems like happy hour.

Still in his work clothes (complete with "Hi, My name is Ben" name tag), Ben finishes telling the Lizzie story over beers and sandwiches with his best friends, ANDY (a professional scammer and world class idea man) and TODD (an almost respectable 30 year old in a suit -- tattoo sleeves peeking from beneath his Rolex).

ANDY

I still can't believe you told her the truth! You're out of your mind.

BEN

What was I going to do, lie to her?

ANDY & TODD

Yes!

ANDY

You don't ever tell a woman your real number. That's like applying to be a department store Santa with an erection -- you're going to be asked to leave.

Ben and Todd stare at Andy in disbelief.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What? It happens... The point is, Ben has taken the one situation where a man is not only allowed, but *expected*, to lie, and turned it into an ethical screwing of the pooch.

BEN

She could tell if I was lying. Besides, I really like Lizzie. I wanted to be honest for a change...

TODD

He's got a point. Lying is what made him the lonely garbage dick he is today.

ANDY

Exactly! And I say, if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

BEN  
It's broke, Andy.

ANDY  
Yes, but only from glorious  
overuse.

Andy stands and yells out to the other Bar Patrons OS... For him, this is democracy in action.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me! Excuse me, functional  
alcoholics?!... I was wondering if  
you could help my friend, Ben, out  
for a second... If you are about to  
get some "moo-gam-boo" from a  
beautiful woman and she asks how  
many women you've slept with... do  
you tell her *the truth* or lie your  
ass off?!

Used to these outbursts, the ENTIRE BAR answers in unison.

THE ENTIRE BAR (O.S.)  
Lie your ass off!

ANDY  
Thank you!  
(re-taking his seat)  
Aya, hot chick perspective?

Aya, the bartender, brings over another round.

AYA  
Lie. Sorry, Ben...

She sets the drinks on the table, caresses Ben's cheek and exits. Andy stares jealous daggers at Ben.

ANDY  
It's unanimous. Why didn't you just  
use the formula?... Ben, please  
tell me you know the abrasion-  
equation?  
(offended by ignorance)  
And you call yourself a man?

Todd puts on his glasses like a professor. He takes out a pen, paper and a calculator, begins what looks like advanced calculus...

TODD

Okay. You take your real number, in your case, 87 -- *nice job on that by the way* -- and immediately divide by three... Then you subtract the largest number of men she could possibly have slept with...?

BEN

I don't know. *Seven?*

Todd puts down his pen, slides his glasses down on his nose.

TODD

Not to shatter the Puritanical dream, B... but she's *Jordanian*.

Off of Ben's look of confusion.

TODD (CONT'D)

As in the kind of woman that Michael B. Jordan would...? And no offense, you're no Michael B. Jordan.