

INT. BASEMENT BOXING GYM - DAY

A sweaty BRAD is lifting weights while CHET boxes across from him.

BRAD

Plans for tonight? Uh...not really - going home, taking a shower, maybe ordering some 'za - why?

CHET

And your girl's fine with that?

BRAD

What d'you mean? I don't even know if Willow's coming over -

CHET

What? On Valentine's Day?

Brad frowns as he pulls a difficult curl.

BRAD

That's next week. It's the eighth.

CHET

Bro, today's the fourteenth.

BRAD

No it's not - it can't be -
(checking his phone)
Oh shit, shit shit shit! You gotta help me - I haven't gotten her anything! What'd you get Allie - flowers? Can you give me some?

CHET

(snickering)
No way - I sent her a full bouquet at work. You're screwed, my dude -

BRAD

Crap crap crap -
(seeing Chet's gloves)
Bro, I need you to beat me up!

CHET

What?

BRAD

Give me an excuse not to be there tonight! Come on -

Brad steps in front of Chet's boxing bag.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Go for it! But watch the eye, I'm modeling next week -

CHET

Dude - get it together. It's bad, but it's not *that* bad.

BRAD

You're right.

Brad sighs deeply, staring at a dumbbell - then suddenly he perks up and picks up the weight.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know what - I think I figured it out. I got it.

CHET

Nice - what's the plan? Late-night "surprise" romantic dinner?

BRAD

Nah - I'm just gonna break up with her. Pass me that twenty pounder?

Chet stares at him. Brad reaches past him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Never mind - all good.

Brad happily continues pumping iron.