

THE RUINER

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LAURA, 34, beautiful in a relaxed sort of way, sits on the couch with her feet up on an ottoman. ALEX, 35 (not bad looking, but you'd expect Laura to be out of his league), relaxes next to her on the couch chaise.

Their rescue mutt Monty snores soundly, curled up on his bed next to the couch.

They watch *COPS* on TV.

LAURA

Uh oh, K-9 is coming out. You don't want that dog on you, son.

POLICE OFFICER (ON TV) (O.S.)

Stop resisting!

ALEX

(to television,
repeating Police
Officer)

Stop resisting!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laura sits up in bed working on a crossword puzzle. Alex brushes his teeth in the adjoining bathroom.

Alex finishes brushing, takes a quick swig of water straight from the faucet, and lets out a weird-sounding fart.

LAURA

Was that your asshole?

ALEX

(burp talking)

Yes it was.

Laura goes back to her crossword puzzle.

LAURA

(not looking up)

You're nasty.

Alex shrugs, wipes his mouth on his sleeve, turns off the bathroom light, and gets into bed. He picks up a Kindle from his nightstand and reads.

LAURA (cont'd)
We should have a "date" some time
this week. It's been too long.

ALEX
(continuing to read)
Yeah, it has been a while. Just let
me know when and I'll be there.

LAURA
How about tomorrow night?

ALEX
We have an alpha test of the new
prototype tomorrow night so I'll be
really late and hungry by the time I
get home-

LAURA
How about Friday?

ALEX
You won't be too tired?

LAURA
Ehh. I don't know. Maybe. We could
play it by ear, I guess.

Laura slinks up next to him with a mischievous grin.

LAURA (cont'd)
Or...you could get on it now. If you
want...

Alex puts down his Kindle.

ALEX
Sweetie, I just showered. I don't
want to go to sleep all sticky.

Laura lets out a small sigh as the grin disappears from her
face.

ALEX (cont'd)
We'll have a date soon, I promise.

LAURA
Fine.

Laura goes back to her puzzle.

ALEX
Hey. Can I ask you a question?

LAURA
(not looking up)
Okay.

ALEX
(cute baby talk)
Have I told you how much I love you
today?

She tries to keep a serious face, but can't help herself but
break into a little smile.

LAURA
(playing coy)
No...

ALEX
I love you lots and lots and lots.

LAURA
Thank you. Can I have some cuddle
time, at least?

ALEX
Okay. Not too long, though-

LAURA
I know, I know. You don't want me to
fall asleep on you and you "can't
sleep like this".

ALEX
Five minutes. And no, I can't sleep
like this. I don't like anything
touching me while I sleep.

Alex opens his arms, Laura scooches back next to him. He
puts one arm around her. She closes her eyes. He picks up
his Kindle with his free hand and reads.

INT. HIP TECH START-UP OFFICE - DAY

Alex sits at a stylish modern desk in an equally modern but
strikingly austere office, and types away at his computer.

ROGER TACK, 30's, looks like Steve Jobs more approachable
son, hovers behind Alex watching him type.

ALEX
Just give me one more minute. I need
to tweak the simulator.

ROGER
Are you sure this will be ready for
the real thing?

ALEX
If it works in the new version of the
simulator, it will be as ready as it
can be.

ROGER
Cool.

Roger silently surveys the office while Alex continues
hurriedly typing.

ROGER (cont'd)
Your desk is too clean. No calendar,
no pictures, not even a stray soy
sauce packet. It drives me nuts.

ALEX
I like to keep my work area clear of
distractions.

ROGER
How about one of those inspirational
posters? "*FOCUS*"...

ALEX
Do you want our test car to crash or
do you want me to fix this?

ROGER
I'm getting you one of those "Joke Of
The Day" calendars.

ALEX
(not looking up from
his keyboard)
Are those even still a thing?

ROGER
I dunno. See you in there.

Roger leaves, whistling to himself. Alex sighs and shakes
his head, still locked into his code.

INT. HIP TECH START-UP CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A group of HIP TECHIE TYPES including SANDEEP, 20s, sit in
Herman Miller chairs around a conference table.

Alex sits at a wireless keyboard at the head of the table.

Roger stands next to a projector screen showing a rendered top-down view of a car navigating through Manhattan traffic.

ROGER

So, with Alex's new build of the GoGoTaxi navigation system using the simulator we should be ready to deploy to the test car this afternoon for some last-minute run-throughs. Sandeep, what's the status of body?

SANDEEP

The finishing touches on the paint-

ALEX

Wait, body? We never talked about demoing with the body on the car. It could interfere with the sensors. This demo was just to show off the navigation.

ROGER

A car looks a lot nicer with a body on it.

ALEX

We haven't tested it with a body on it.

ROGER

So we'll find out this afternoon.

ALEX

It's a huge risk. What does it matter what it looks like as long as it works, anyway?

ROGER

Because it's a nice thing that looks nice. No one is opening their checkbook for that nightmare of wires unless they can't see them. Trust me.

ALEX

We have the world's first driver-less taxi cab and you're saying it doesn't matter unless it looks like an actual taxi with the yellow paint and the checkerboard on the side?

ROGER

Ooh, I forgot about that checker on the side. Sandeep, can you put that on there?

SANDEEP

Sure thing, boss.

ROGER

(to Alex)

If the iPhone was a bag of wires instead of an elegant piece of design, no one would want it.

ALEX

Not the same, but okay.

ROGER

We're all well aware of your hatred of Apple products. Closed platform blah blah. You'll see what I mean later. Okay everybody, I think we're done here.

Sandeep and the the hip techie types leave the conference room. Alex gives Roger a look.

ROGER (cont'd)

Don't worry, Sandeep won't fuck your shit up. Shit's gonna be tight, son...

ALEX

Hopefully not too tight because the infrared-

ROGER

I'm going to start calling you "The Ruiner" because you ruin everything.

Alex gives Roger a puzzled look. Roger walks away.

INT. CINEPLEX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Alex and Laura stand next to each other on an escalator going up to the theaters.

LAURA

So, how'd the run-through go yesterday?

ALEX

Roger threw me a curve ball at the last minute, of course, but it was fine. We have some tweaks to make before the big demo, but nothing major.

LAURA

I'm proud of you, my super tech nerd genius you.

ALEX

Aw, shucks.

Alex gives Laura a side hug as they look around to see which theater is theirs.

INT. CINEPLEX MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Laura walk past the concession stand on the way to their theater.

LAURA

Share a popcorn with me?

ALEX

Ehh, I'm not really big on popcorn in these places. All the trans fats, and who knows what's in whatever it is they're calling "butter".

LAURA

C'mon, it's not the movies unless you have some popcorn.

ALEX

Okay.

Laura and Alex walk up to a short, round CONCESSION STAND CASHIER, who looks like she is a robot in sleep mode.

CONCESSION STAND CASHIER

What can I get for you today?

LAURA

One large-

ALEX

Can we make it a small?

Laura rolls her eyes.

LAURA
One medium popcorn, please.

The cashier trudges back to the popcorn machine and mechanically scoops popcorn into a bag.

LAURA (cont'd)
(to Alex)
You don't have to have any, you know.

ALEX
No, no, it's cool. I like popcorn.

LAURA
Ooh, you know what I used to love to do? Mix Raisinets into my popcorn. It's actually really good. Wanna?

Alex squirms in place like a child who needs to go the bathroom.

ALEX
Ehh, okay.

LAURA
Trust me, I'm a chef, I know what tastes good.

LAURA (cont'd)
(to Concession Stand
Cashier)
And one box of Raisinets please.

The cashier stiffly plops the popcorn and Raisinets down on the counter.

CONCESSION STAND CASHIER
Eleven-fifty, please.

ALEX
Damn...

LAURA
Hush.

Laura cradles the popcorn and Raisinets in one arm as she pays the cashier with the other.

LAURA (cont'd)
Thank you. Have a good day.
(to Alex)
C'mon, I don't want to miss the previews.

Laura flings a few popcorn kernels into her mouth as she steps lively to the theater, Alex following right behind her.

INT. CINEPLEX MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Laura sit next to each other in a mostly empty movie theater. Laura opens the box of Raisinets and dumps them in to the bag of popcorn, shaking the bag to mix them in.

LAURA

Want some?

Alex looks in the bag and wrinkles his nose.

ALEX

Maybe later.

The theater lights dim The movie previews begin to play.

The first preview is for *The Lost Treasure Of Skeleton Island*, an action movie starring GEORGE TRAVERS, 35, a square-jawed hunky guy who always seems to have a five o'clock shadow and perfectly-quaffed hair, running through nondescript jungle away from an angry horde of generically indigenous natives, ala *Indiana Jones*.

LAURA

Ooh yeah! I'd see it.

ALEX

Ehh. Pass.

LAURA

I'll see anything with my boyfriend in it.

ALEX

Your boyfriend?

LAURA

Yup. George Travers is my boyfriend. Just so you know, he's my celebrity freebie.

ALEX

Celebrity free-who what now?

LAURA
Celebrity freebie. I get to have sex
with him, no questions asked, if I
ever have the chance to.

ALEX
Don't I get a say?

LAURA
Of course not.

ALEX
What a jip. He looks dirty.

LAURA
Don't be jealous because you can't
grow a beard. He's delicious. You can
have one too, you know.

ALEX
I don't need one. I already have the
most beautiful woman in the world.

LAURA
Bullshit. Seriously, who would you
pick?

ALEX
I don't know.

LAURA
C'mon, I'm curious who you would
pick. I told you mine.

ALEX
I never really thought about it.

In between previews, a commercial for Wendy's comes up,
featuring the WENDY'S GIRL, a very cute perky red-head,
20's, on-the-cusp-of-annoying.

ALEX (cont'd)
(not taking this
seriously)
How about her?

LAURA
You want to fuck the Wendy's girl?

ALEX
What's wrong with her? She's cute.

LAURA

Nothing. It just seems a little low-rent when you could pick literally anyone.

ALEX

And she could hook me up with all the spicy chicken sandwiches I want.

LAURA

Is that why you're with me, just to get to my food?

ALEX

How else was I going to get a table at your restaurant? Gotta sleep with the chef up in here.

LAURA

Shhh! Hush, the movie's about to start.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CINEPLEX MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Alex and Laura come out of the theater and walk home.

ALEX

You know what that movie reminded me of? Do you remember that part in *Say Anything* where he just shows up to her house with a boom box, plays "In Your Eyes", and then leaves? And she didn't seem to give a shit, either. She just rolled over in bed. That's what that movie was to me. A pointless exercise.

LAURA

C'mon, pointless? It's romantic, you dope. You have no soul.

ALEX

It accomplished absolutely nothing, yet it's this iconic scene. It makes no sense.

LAURA

He was proclaiming his love to her, and trust me, she appreciated it.

ALEX

If you say so.

Laura shakes her head and rolls her eyes at him.

ALEX (cont'd)
So what time is this charity thing
again tomorrow?

LAURA
It's at eight. And wear something
nice. No jeans, please.

A tow truck zooms past them towing a busted-up taxi cab.

INT. TAXI DISPATCHER GARAGE - NIGHT

A dingy taxi dispatcher garage with yellow cabs parked everywhere. A couple on lifts for repairs, one with its hood up, and another one sits on jacks without any wheels.

In the center of the chaos is a group of twenty or so TAXI DRIVERS, representing every kind of taxi driver cliché that exists, even a TRAVIS BICKLE LOOKALIKE with a mohawk and Army fatigue jacket.

They are talking loudly and angrily among themselves and over each other. Then one of them, THE TAXI UNION LEADER, 50's, a short cigar-chomping man with more hair coming out of his pit-stained shirt than combed over his balding head, bangs his fist on a hood to get everyone's attention.

TAXI UNION LEADER
Hey, everybody shut up already! This
here emergency meeting of the Taxi
Drivers Union is to come to order.

Everyone quiets down and turns toward their leader.

TAXI UNION LEADER (cont'd)
Brothers, I called you all here
tonight because our livelihood is
under threat...from robots.

TRAVIS BICKLE LOOKALIKE
We should kill 'em.

TAXI DRIVER #1
The robots?

TAXI UNION LEADER
We can't kill the robots. They're not
like walking around. They're self-
driving car type robots.

TAXI DRIVER #2

It's like what they did in *Terminator* 2. If you kill the guy with the terminator technology, then the terminators won't come.

TAXI DRIVER #3

Yeah, but what about *Terminator 3*?

TAXI DRIVER #1

I thought he said they weren't walking around type terminator robots driving cabs.

TAXI DRIVER #4

Wait, isn't it more like the Johnny Cab from *Total Recall*?

TAXI UNION LEADER

Will you mooks shut up! No terminators. No killin' cars. What we're gonna do is make sure these robot cars never see the light of day.

The Taxi Union Leader opens a briefcase sitting on the hood and pulls out a picture of Roger.

TAXI UNION LEADER (cont'd)

This is who we're after. The head of the snake, a.k.a. Roger Tack, CEO of GoGoTaxi. *Fortune* magazine called him the "Steve Jobs of self-driving taxi cabs".

TAXI DRIVER #2

Not after we get through with him.

TRAVIS BICKLE LOOKALIKE

So, we are killin' someone.

TAXI UNION LEADER

You're goddamn right. No him, no robot cabs. I'm putting this out to all our cabbie brothers, so spread the word. Five grand, in cash, to anyone who can take him out. And, as an added bonus, a free beaded seat cushion, to boot.

TAXI DRIVER #1
(to one of the other
drivers)
I could use that seat cushion.

TAXI UNION LEADER
Okay, that's it. Let's roll out!

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex and Laura get dressed for a night on the town.

Laura wears a nice dress and is in the middle of choosing her jewelry.

Alex poses in the mirror, modeling black jeans and a faded button-down shirt.

ALEX
C'mon, not even black jeans? They
look good, right?

They don't.

LAURA
No. No jeans. We really need to get
you some new shirts. Throw that shirt
away already.

ALEX
But my mom gave me this shirt.

LAURA
Yeah, fifteen years ago.

ALEX
(proudly)
And it still fits.

LAURA
Great. Can you please wear the
striped one I just bought you? And
some slacks or something?

ALEX
Fine. I hope the animals appreciate
all this trouble.

LAURA
Yes, all the poor rescue doggies
appreciate you putting on real pants.
C'mon, slow poke, we gotta go.

Alex quickly changes clothes, and they both head out the door.

EXT. MODERN CHELSEA HOTEL - NIGHT

A cab pulls up in front of a brand new, very modern and painfully hip looking hotel in Chelsea.

Alex and Laura get out of the cab, and walk in the main entrance.

INT. MODERN CHELSEA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Chic wood-paneled elevator doors open up to a massive rooftop gala. A lot of smartly-dressed people, a lot of young and old money.

We see a sign for Precious Pups Dog Rescue.

Alex and Laura exit the elevator, where they are immediately greeted by MARCY, 30s, cute and perky in a very curated sort of way, with blindingly white teeth.

MARCY

Laura! Over here!

LAURA

Marcy! Hi! This looks fantastic.

MARCY

Thank you so much! It's a huge success. We've raised over a hundred thousand dollars for the animal sanctuary. Thanks to generous donors like your genius better half here. Nice to see you, Alex.

ALEX

Hello, Marcy. Your teeth are looking...good.

Laura elbows him in the ribs.

MARCY

Oh thank you for noticing! Veneers.

ALEX

And yes, anything to help the animals.

MARCY

Ooh, Laura, I have someone you really should meet. Alex, can I borrow her for a minute?

ALEX

Sure, I'll go get us something to drink at the bar.

Marcy escorts Laura over to a well-dressed older couple where they start having a conversation.

Alex walks toward the bar, and as he passes a table full of tasty-looking hors' d'oeuvres he grabs one of the tiny plates and starts piling on assorted delights.

He looks over and spots a handsome, chiseled-jawed stranger doing the same thing, his plate already piled higher than the poor little plate was meant to hold.

HANDSOME STRANGER

They really should give us bigger plates, don't you think?

ALEX

I never understood the little cocktail plate thing. If you want me to eat food, give me something I can work with.

HANDSOME STRANGER

I'm right there with ya, man. I'm George.

ALEX

Hey. Alex.

The two men exchange an awkward opposite hand handshake while holding on to each of their cocktail plates.

GEORGE

So, how'd you get roped into this shindig?

ALEX

My girlfriend is on the organizing board. She has a soft spot in her heart for all the poor little animals.

GEORGE

No shit! My Aunt Rose is on the board.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

She asked me to help out and I couldn't say no. How about you? You much of an animal lover?

ALEX

In theory I like the idea of animals, but I don't think about them too much, I guess. You?

GEORGE

I love 'em. I'm a dog guy, myself. I've got a ranch with six of them just running around. For fun, I train championship border collies.

ALEX

That's quite a hobby.

GEORGE

They're some of the smartest dogs you'll ever meet. Smartest animals, really. Herding sheep. Herding cattle. Let me tell you something about cattle. They're like hockey fans. Two of them are drunk, one just wants to fuck with you, and the other has no idea what's going on.

ALEX

You'd think that eventually they'd just have robots herd the sheep or cattle, assuming we still have herd of animals.

GEORGE

You think a robot is smarter than a border collie?

ALEX

Maybe not today, but we're getting close.

While Alex is talking, George notices Laura talking to his aunt and uncle (the same older couple from before).

ALEX (cont'd)

Modern memory architecture can simulate neuron density-

GEORGE

Dude, check out the hotness. 11 o'clock.

ALEX

Yeah...

Laura turns, does a double-take, noticing both of them looking in her direction. She mouths, "What the fuck?" to Alex, and quickly turns back to the older couple she's still talking to.

GEORGE

I'll tell ya what, I'd hit that.

ALEX

Yeah, well, she's-

Laura pleasantly ends her conversation, and starts walking toward Alex and George.

GEORGE

Oh damn! She's coming over here. Bro, be cool.

Laura stops in between the two of them, as they both stare at her.

ALEX

Hi, honey.

GEORGE

(repeating without thinking)

Yeah...hi, honey.

ALEX

Honey?

GEORGE

What? You said it first.

ALEX

She's my girlfriend.

GEORGE

Ohhhhhhhhhh...

LAURA

(to Alex)

Aren't you going to introduce me?

ALEX

(to George)

Uhh, George, this is-

LAURA
Laura. Laura Penney.

Laura extends her hand, and George delicately takes it with his rugged, impossibly-large hands.

GEORGE
George Travers. Pleasure.

George gives Laura a look that could melt butter. Laura starts giggling like pre-teen school girl. George lets go of her hand, but can't pull it back because she's still holding on to it, starstruck.

GEORGE (cont'd)
(aside to Alex)
What is she doing?

ALEX
(aside to George)
I think she wants to have sex with you.

GEORGE
(aside to Alex)
That makes sense.

ALEX
(aside to George)
Yeah...wait, what?

Alex's eyes widen as he finally recognizes George from the movie preview.

ALEX (cont'd)
Ohhhhhhhhhh...

Laura composes herself and lets go of George's hand.

LAURA
(to Alex)
Sweetie, would you mind getting me a drink at the bar?

ALEX
But you already have a drink.

LAURA
It needs refreshing.

ALEX
It looks about full to me.

LAURA
It. Needs. Refreshing.

ALEX
 Fine.

Alex walks toward the bar, and turns around halfway back toward George and Laura.

ALEX (cont'd)
 (calling back to them)
 Don't have any kids while I'm gone,
 okay?

Laura and George ignore Alex as he walks away, and start having a what looks to be a pleasant conversation that we can't hear.

EXT. MODERN CHELSEA HOTEL ROOFTOP BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is crowded and Alex contorts his body as he pushes his way between people as politely and as quickly as possible.

The older couple who talked to Laura earlier, AUNT ROSE and UNCLE RICKY, a pair of genteel Southern transplants dipped in New York City style, both in their 60's, approach him from the side.

AUNT ROSE
 Alex? I thought that was you. Laura
 has told me so much about you.

ALEX
 (a little confused)
 I'm sorry...?

AUNT ROSE
 Apologies. Rose Wainwright. I'm on
 the board with your Laura, and this
 is my husband, Richard.

UNCLE RICKY
 Good to meet you, son. My friends
 call me Uncle Ricky.

Alex exchanges polite handshakes with them both. He looks over to see George and Laura laughing hysterically. He desperately cranes his head around the crowd to find a bartender.

AUNT ROSE

Laura tells me you're doing very well
with your new software venture.

Alex juggles his gaze between watching Laura and George,
while still looking for the bartender, and paying enough
attention to the conversation at hand.

ALEX

Yes...well, we're at a critical
phase...

UNCLE RICKY

Something about taxi cabs, wasn't it,
Rose?

AUNT ROSE

Yes, you're doing something with taxi
cabs?

Alex sees George touch Laura's elbow. Sweat starts to drip
down his forehead, and he wipes it as casually as he can on
his sleeve.

ALEX

Self-driving taxis, actually. Uhh...
it's going to revolutionize...

AUNT ROSE

Robot cabs? Wow, that is impressive.
(to Uncle Ricky)
Would you ride in a robot taxi cab?

UNCLE RICKY

I don't know, is it safe?

AUNT ROSE

(to Alex)
Is it safe?

Alex is completely distracted watching Laura and George.

ALEX

(continuing to watch
them)
What? I dunno.

Aunt Rose and Uncle Ricky look at each other, a bit
confused. After a couple seconds, Alex catches himself.

ALEX (cont'd)

I mean, yes, of course they're safe.
Safer than any human, anyway.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)
Of course, we're still working out
some bugs-

AUNT ROSE
As long as they don't drive too fast.

UNCLE RICKY
You're always worried about cab
drivers driving too fast.

AUNT ROSE
Well, I don't like it. I get car sick
if they drive too fast.

UNCLE RICKY
Hey Alex-

Alex finally spots a BARTENDER and gets his attention.

ALEX
Just a sec.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

ALEX
(looking back toward
Laura and George)
Could I get a Stella and a Cape Cod
with extra lime, please?

The bartender nods and goes to make the drinks.

UNCLE RICKY
Do they go too fast?

ALEX
(surprised)
What?

UNCLE RICKY
The robot taxis. They don't go too
fast, do they?

ALEX
Oh. No. They abide by all traffic
laws and rules of the road.

The bartender comes back with the drinks. Alex quickly
snatches them.

ALEX (cont'd)
 Speaking of too fast, you'll have to
 excuse me. Nice to meet you both.

Alex walks back over to Laura and George, and he stops in
 his tracks halfway there as he sees a PHOTOGRAPHER approach
 the seem-to-be-couple. They smile and pose, and look like
 they're having a ball as he quickly shoots away on his
 camera, and leaves as quickly as he appeared. Alex frowns.

UNCLE RICKY
 (to Aunt Rose)
 So, do you think George is going to
 fuck that guy's girlfriend?

AUNT ROSE
 That boy better watch out.

EXT. OUTSIDE MODERN CHELSEA HOTEL - NIGHT

Alex and Laura walk home, holding hands, the hotel behind
 them.

ALEX
 Well, that was something.

LAURA
 Yeah, it was a good event. I'm glad
 it turned out well.

ALEX
 You looked like you had fun.

LAURA
 It was nice.

Alex doesn't say anything.

LAURA (cont'd)
 Oh, you're not jealous, are you?

ALEX
 Why would I be jealous?

LAURA
 Oh my god, you are! You're so cute.

ALEX
 You were getting pretty chummy, the
 two of you.

LAURA

Come on, that was just some harmless fun.

ALEX

I didn't actually say it was okay for you to have sex with him, you know.

LAURA

Is that what you're worried about? Are you serious?

ALEX

You said he was delicious, and I saw that he obviously likes you, so...

Laura stops walking, then Alex jerks to a stop, still holding her hand. She takes his other hand and turns toward him, looking Alex directly in the eyes.

LAURA

Listen. You have nothing to worry about, okay? I'm not getting involved with any movie stars. I love you.

ALEX

Okay. I love you, too.

They start walking again.

ALEX (cont'd)

You still would, if you could, though, right?

LAURA

What?

ALEX

Have sex with him.

LAURA

This kind of shit isn't supposed to actually come true. So, no. I'm with you and that's that. If George Travers comes around again I'll kick him in the nuts. Okay? Can we stop talking about this now? Please?

ALEX

Okay, okay.

They continue walking in silence.

ALEX (cont'd)
He really is big specimen of a man,
though. Definitely much more handsome
in person.

Laura looks up at the night sky and sighs. She can't win
this.

INT. GOGOTAXI OFFICE - DAY

Alex types away at his computer, talking to himself. He's in
the zone, and is jolted out of it when Roger knocks at his
office door.

ROGER
So, how was the benefit last night?

ALEX
(not looking up from
his computer)
Ehh, fine. Nothing really to write
home about.

ROGER
Fine, you say?

ALEX
Yes, fine. It was a pretty bland
affair.

ROGER
But was it really though?

ALEX
I was there, I think I would know.
Did you hit your head this morning?
What is your problem?

Roger slaps a picture of Laura and George printed from
Gawker.com on the desk.

ROGER
This is my problem. And it's a big
problem for you, buddy. It's all over
the Internet this morning.

ALEX
Oh yeah, that photographer guy was
there. So what? He's just some dumb
movie star. What do you care?

ROGER

You and I, we're like brothers,
right?

ALEX

Oh, you mean like we're "bro's", bro?

ROGER

Yeah.

ALEX

No.

ROGER

I'm serious, and I'm not afraid to
say it: I consider you, Alex, my
brother.

ALEX

You annoy me all the time and make
fun of me on a daily basis, so
anything's possible.

ROGER

It all comes from a place of love. My
point is that you and I have been
through the shit together, and we
look out for each other. And if
someone is bullying my brother, then
that makes it my problem too.

ALEX

Bullying? You make it sound like he's
stealing my lunch money.

ROGER

No, he's going to steal your lunch
honey.

Alex cocks his head to the side, confused. The share an
awkward moment.

ROGER (cont'd)

They're not all going to be winners.
Look, you see this? Look at this.

Roger puts his finger right next to George's face on the
photo.

ROGER (cont'd)

You see that look on his smug fucking
face? That's the look of lady stealer
at work.

(MORE)

ROGER (cont'd)
 You wouldn't understand this. It takes one to spot one, I've stolen plenty of ladies in my day from rubes just like yourself, and that motherfucker is trying to steal your lady friend.

ALEX
 Don't say "lady friend". You sound like my dad.

ROGER
 You think you're funny, but the girl of your dreams somehow miraculously landed in your lap, i.e. "What's got two thumbs and introduced you to her? *This guy.*"

Roger points to himself with both of his thumbs.

ROGER (cont'd)
 You're welcome. You actually resemble a normal human being with her, and I'll be damned if I let you louse that up because of some Hollywood interloper.

ALEX
 Aww, thanks, "bro"! Relax. Laura and I are fine. The laser sensors on our car, on the other hand, are all out of whack. Can we get back to the matter at hand? Please?

ROGER
 Alright, I'll leave you to it. Just don't be a dick and let this guy steal your girl. Nip that shit in the bud. Nip it!

ALEX
 (going back to his work)
 Yup! Helpful as always, thank you!

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Roger stands on a street corner, just off of the curb, raising his arm to hail a passing cab. A yellow cab aggressively steers in his direction, but instead of slowing down we hear the engine rev higher. The cab runs straight for Roger, and he jumps out the way at the last second.

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)
(out the open cab window)
You're a dead man, Roger!

We hear the driver's maniacal laugh fade into the night as the cab speeds away. Roger jumps to his feet, looks around, and runs off in the opposite direction.

EXT. UNION SQUARE FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Laura has a giant overflowing armful of fresh corn on the cob that she is in the middle buying from a local farmer.

One of the pieces of corn falls on the ground, and a familiar hand picks it up and puts it back on top of the pile in her arms.

LAURA
Thank you-

She looks up and sees that familiar hand belongs to George.

GEORGE
They have the best corn here. So sweet and juicy and crunchy. It's a party in your mouth. Delicious.

LAURA
What're you doing here?

GEORGE
I got a tip that some lady is hogging all the corn so I came down here before it's all gone.

LAURA
It's for tonight's special. I'm making creamy corn pudding as a side dish.

Laura hands the farmer some cash, and he puts all of the corn into a big bag. Laura takes it and puts it on her shoulder.

GEORGE
Can I carry that for you?

LAURA
Uh, sure. Thank you.

They start walking through the market, past all the different fruit, produce, and artisanal meats.

LAURA (cont'd)
You're the last person I would expect
to see here.

GEORGE
The absolute last?

LAURA
Maybe not absolute last, but pretty
far down on the list.

GEORGE
Why, because I'm some sort of giant
movie star?

LAURA
Aren't you the giant movie star?

GEORGE
I try not to live my life that way.
That's why I love New York. No one
really cares all that much.

George stops at a vendor of gourmet jams and jellies.
WILSON, the jam vendor, sees him and smiles.

GEORGE (cont'd)
(to LAURA)
Hold on a sec.

WILSON
Mr. George! How are you, my friend?

GEORGE
Wilson, my man, I am excellent. It's
nice to see you. Have any of my
favorite left?

WILSON
Of course! I always save for you. Two
jars of my raspberry garlic.

LAURA
That's your favorite?

GEORGE
Hey, don't knock it 'til you try it.
I'd eat my shoe if I could spread
this goodness on it.

LAURA
No, no, no, I love it. Alex thinks
it's gross, and I never knew anyone
else who liked it.

GEORGE
Well, now you know me.

WILSON
One for the nice lady, too?

GEORGE
(to Laura)
Can I buy ya a raspberry garlic jam?

LAURA
Absolutely.

LAURA (cont'd)
(to Wilson)
Your jams are the best.

Wilson blushes and nods in appreciation. George hands him some cash and he gives George and Laura each their separate jars of jams.

Laura casually looks at her watch and does a double-take.

LAURA (cont'd)
Shit, I've got to get going. I've got
to open the restaurant soon.

George hands her the bag of corn.

LAURA (cont'd)
It was nice to see you again, and
thanks for the jam. You should come
by the restaurant some time.

GEORGE
I absolutely will. I have to try that
creamy corn pudding.

Laura waves goodbye and walks quickly out of sight.

George watches her until he can't see her anymore, and then goes back to enjoying the rest of the farmers market.

INT. LAURA'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laura shucks the corn she just bought, as her sous chef GINA, 30's, a stocky, tightly-wound ball of sassiness, works on a sauce. The chefs are in the middle of dinner service.

LAURA

You'll never guess who I ran into.

GINA

Which "Sexiest Man Alive" was it this time? Last year's?

LAURA

How about the same one.

GINA

Whaaaat? Damn, that George Travers motherfucker is stalkin' you, girl.

LAURA

Right? Apparently he likes corn.

GINA

Oh, he likes more than that. He wants to nibble your corn.

LAURA

Wouldn't that be something? George Travers nibbling my corn.

GINA

He won't if you say it like that. Seriously, though, you should do it. If not for you, do it for me. He's your free guy, right?

LAURA

"Celebrity freebie", yes.

GINA

Then what's the problem?

JEFF, the head waiter, 29, bursts into the kitchen like he's going on stage for his opening number, and quickly composes himself, still vibrating from pent-up excitement.

JEFF

Ladies, you will never guess who showed up as a table-for-one. Take a look.

Both Laura and Gina peek out the door to the dining area. They see George curiously perusing the menu.

GINA
Holy shit, he's here?

LAURA
Looks that way.

JEFF
He'd like one of the corn specials.

LAURA
Of course he does.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

George wipes his mouth with a very satisfied look on his face. His plate is wiped clean.

Laura proudly emerges from the kitchen and saunters up to his table.

LAURA
So, how was it?

GEORGE
My compliments to the chef. Is it uncouth to lick the plate?

LAURA
Not in my place it isn't.

GEORGE
Don't mind if I do. That sauce is out of this world.

George licks the plate like a happy child. Laura raises her eyebrows and grins in disbelief, then looks back at the kitchen and catches Gina and Jeff watching them through the door with wide-eyed curiosity.

LAURA
(trying to contain herself)
I'm glad you enjoyed it. Have a good night.

GEORGE
See you around.

Laura turns around to go back into the kitchen.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 (to Laura)
 Hey.

LAURA
 Yeah?

GEORGE
 You should have more people in here.

LAURA
 Tell me about it.

Laura goes back to the kitchen. We notice another patron sitting alone at the corner table hiding behind a menu. He briefly lowers it so we can see his face, as he watches George and Laura.

It's Roger wearing a trench coat, hat, and fake mustache, but we know it's him.

INT. GOGOTAXI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Alex, Sandeep, and the same hip techie types quietly sit around the same conference table, most of whom are checking their phones.

ALEX
 Nothing from Roger?

SANDEEP
 No calls, no texts, nothing. Of all people I would think he would talk to you.

ALEX
 Well, he hasn't.

SANDEEP
 What're we going to do then? We can't do this without him.

ALEX
 I know that, Sandeep. We'll just have to postpone.

SANDEEP
 But the investors-

ALEX

I'm well aware of the investors,
Sandeep. They're just going to have
to wait. I'll make them understand.

SANDEEP

(under his breath)

I hope you talk to them nicer than
you talk to me.

ALEX

What was that?

SANDEEP

Nothing.

ALEX

Okay everybody, let's adjourn for
now. We'll pick this back up once I
figure out what's going on with
Roger.

EXT. MIDTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

Alex walks to the subway on his way home from work. Near the
subway entrance is a PANHANDLER with a wild head of gray
hair and bushy beard, asking passers-by for change.

PANHANDLER

(to Alex)

Hey man, you got a dollar?

ALEX

(absentmindedly, not
even looking at him)

No, sorry.

PANHANDLER

(calling back as Alex
passes by)

You do too, you cheap motherfucker.

Alex stop immediately and whips around.

ALEX

Excuse me?

PANHANDLER

Got all kinds of I.P.O. money and
shit.

This guy's voice sounds familiar.

ALEX

Not yet we don't-...how do you...
wait...Roger?

The bum flashes Roger's winning smile.

ROGER

Ha! Got ya.

ALEX

What the hell?

ROGER

Step into my office.

Roger pulls Alex away from the sidewalk into a nearby alley.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET ALLEY - DAY

ALEX

You were a complete no-show today. No
calls, no texts, no emails. What the
fuck is going on?

ROGER

What did I tell you?

ALEX

What? That ghosts are real, you can
prove the state lottery is rigged,
that all time is happening
simultaneously. I don't know, you
tell me a lot of things.

ROGER

I told you to take this George
Travers situation seriously. I
spotted him at Laura's restaurant
last night.

Roger shows a photo taken on his phone of George licking his
plate. Alex looks past it.

ALEX

Isn't that a good thing? Maybe he can
use his "celebrity cache" to bring in
more people.

ROGER

You don't get it. This guy is already
making moves.

Roger shoves the phone in Alex's face.

ROGER (cont'd)
Take a good look at it. You want this
idiot doing that to your girl?

ALEX
Don't be gross.

Roger raises his eyebrows, staring down his nose back at Alex. Alex grabs the phone, still shoved in his face.

ALEX (cont'd)
What, you've been AWOL because you're
too busy playing paparazzi?

ROGER
Paparazz-o. And no, no, no. I got a
call yesterday from my buddy Renfro
who works for the MTA. He tells me
word on the street is the Taxi
Drivers Union put a price on my head
and that I should watch out.

ALEX
Your buddy Renfro.

ROGER
Yeah. He drives the E train. Anyway,
lo and behold, later that night a
cab, with a maniac screaming out the
window, nearly runs me over.

ALEX
Wow, that is weird...because New York
City taxi drivers normally are the
most congenial fellows you'll ever
meet, and never act like crazed
lunatics.

Roger narrows his eyes in disgust.

ROGER
(ignoring Alex's
comment)
They think that killing me will save
their jobs. It won't, but I do need
to lay low for a while.

ALEX
And "laying low" for you is bum
fantasy camp?

ROGER

I can't go to my apartment. They'll be looking for me there. I can't call or text or email because you don't know who's listening. You don't fuck around with the Taxi Drivers Union.

ALEX

What am I supposed to tell the investors at our big demo? You're the song and dance man. I'm just the man behind the curtain.

ROGER

Well, Dorothy, it's time to put on your ruby slippers and start dancin'. Don't worry about it. The tech is solid and you're more charming than you think.

ALEX

Next thing you're going to tell me is 'I could've gone home any time I like' or some horseshit like that.

ROGER

Now you're getting it.

Alex shoots a confused look back at Roger, and looks at his watch.

ALEX

Fuck, now I'm late. I'd love to stay and chat, but at least one of us has to go into the office today.

ROGER

You got this. I'll be in touch. In the meantime, stay strong, brother, and don't fuck it up.

Roger raises a clenched fist in mock solidarity.

ALEX

Ugh, thanks. Thanks a lot.

Alex turns and quickly disappears down the stairs into the subway station.

ROGER

(calling down to Alex)
And tell Sheri everything is going to be okay! She's very sensitive!

INT. GOGOTAXI BREAK ROOM - DAY

Alex is making his morning coffee. SHERI the office admin, peppy twenty-something nerd chic with smart glasses, comes in for some tea.

SHERI
(to ALEX)
Good morning! Happy Valentine's!

ALEX
Ugh. Um, thanks. You, too.

SHERI
Any special plans with your special lady?

ALEX
I don't really observe manufactured holidays.

SHERI
Oh my god, that is so sad! I feel so bad for her. You should at least get her a card.

ALEX
Why?

SHERI
Because it's a nice thing?

ALEX
Nah. I'm good. We're good.

SHERI
Okay! Your funeral! See ya later!

Sheri finishes making her tea and leaves.

ALEX
(to himself)
Fuckin' Valentine's Day. Gimme a break.

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex opens the door, and lets the troubles of the day out with a sigh as he hangs up his keys and his coat.

He enters the kitchen and sees a giant bouquet of flowers, with a tiny note attached, sitting on the kitchen island.

Laura happily hums to herself as she searches in the cabinet for an appropriate vase to put them in.

ALEX
Wow, someone really likes you.

LAURA
Yeah, I was hoping it was you, but I'll take what I can get at this point.

ALEX
(nonchalantly)
I do like you. I even love you. I tell you that every day.

LAURA
Yeah. Well, I got you a card.

Laura gives Alex a sealed pink envelope. Slightly embarrassed, Alex opens the envelope and pulls out a card with a ridiculously cute dog on the front that is smiling. He opens it, and on the inside it says, "I woof you!".

ALEX
Aww. Thanks, sweetie. That's cute. So, who are they from?

LAURA
The flowers? They're from George.

ALEX
(confused)
George? George who?

Laura gives him a look like, "You know who George is."

ALEX (cont'd)
Son of bitch. You know he just wants to have sex with you.

LAURA
I'm glad someone does.

ALEX
Hey, I want to have sex with you.

LAURA
Why don't you ever initiate it, then?

ALEX

I don't know, I mean, I don't know when you're in the mood, and if I'm in the mood I don't want you to feel pressured if you're not in the mood, so I just let you come to me since then I know you're in the mood and I'm always ready to go.

LAURA

Except when you're hungry or there's a game on or if you have a pizza in the oven or whatever.

ALEX

I'm ready now...Happy Valentine's Day...

Laura sees right through his half-assed attempt at seduction, and rolls her eyes.

LAURA

Ugh. Lame. Just forget it.

Laura then finds a vase she likes, puts the flowers in it, and smiles proudly.

Alex watches her with the flowers, and stiffens his upper lip.

ALEX

Well, I'm going to go get you the cutest Valentine's Day card there ever was!

LAURA

(ignoring him)

Okay, honey.

INT. DUANE READE GREETING CARD AISLE - NIGHT

The Valentine's Day cards have been nearly picked clean. The only cards left are obviously meant for kids.

Alex picks up one of the remaining cards. He quickly reads it, shrugs, and heads to the checkout line.

INT. DUANE READE CHECKOUT - CONTINUOUS

DUANE READE CASHIER (O.S.)

Come on, man. This card is bullshit.

ALEX
Hey! What the-

Alex looks up and sees the cashier's name tag: ROGER.

ALEX (cont'd)
Oh Jesus fucking Christ.

ROGER
(to Alex)
Step into my office.
(calling out)
I'm going on break!

DUANE READE MANAGER (O.S.)
You can't go on break now.

ROGER
(ignoring him)
Okay!

Roger leads Alex and his lame card into the break room behind the cash registers.

INT. DUANE READE EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALEX
You gotta help me with this George Travers situation.

ROGER
He's fucking your shit up, isn't he?

ALEX
Yes. You were right. You're always right. Okay? Are you going to help me or not?

ROGER
Don't worry. I have a plan.

Roger gets up from his chair and heads toward the door.

ALEX
Care to share it with the rest of the class?

ROGER
You'll see. Watch TMZ tomorrow night.

ALEX
TM-what?

ROGER
T-M-Z. It's an awful celebrity gossip
show.

ALEX
Oh goody.

ROGER
Listen, my manager is about to break
my balls, so I gotta get back. By the
way, everything's cool with the
investors right?

ALEX
Yeah...about that, You didn't-

ROGER
You're a star. Gotta go.

Roger leaves through the door. Alex looks around the break
room and sighs. He looks at the lame card he picked.

INSERT - VALENTINE'S CARD

with a cartoon picture of a group of monsters with the
headline "Have a wild Valentine's Day!"

BACK TO SCENE

ALEX
Ugh, this card does suck.

He throws it in the garbage and leaves.

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex relaxes on the couch watching TV, waiting for TMZ to
come on.

We hear Laura opening and closing her closet in the other
room.

Then we hear the teaser of the next TMZ segment before they
go to commercial.

TMZ TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Is superstar George Travers gaaaaay?
TMZ has the exclusive...next!

ALEX
(calling to Laura)
Hey, your boyfriend is going to be on
TMZ.

LAURA (O.S.)
You're watching TMZ?

ALEX
What's wrong with that? You watch
trashy shows all the time.

LAURA (O.S.)
I just never thought that was your
bag, that's all.

ALEX
I dunno, this one seemed interesting.

LAURA (O.S.)
Uh huh.

ALEX
Seriously, you're going to want to
see this.

TMZ comes back from commercial. HARVEY LEVIN holds court at
the TMZ office, surrounded by various TMZ REPORTERS.

HARVEY LEVIN (ON TV)
So whadda we got with this George
Travers thing?

TMZ REPORTER #1 (ON TV)
Well, we obtained a photo of George
Travers holding hands with Chris
Hemsworth outside of a West Hollywood
nightclub.

They show the photo. It has obviously been photoshopped, but
TMZ is running with it anyway.

ALEX
(to himself)
Roger, you magnificent bastard.

Laura enters from the bedroom and sees the photo.

LAURA
Oh, come on. That doesn't even look
real.

ALEX
Looks real to me.

The television cuts back to the meeting at the TMZ office.

TMZ REPORTER #1 (ON TV)
George said on Twitter, "You're not anyone in Hollywood until someone thinks you're gay. #ActorsLife" But we caught up with George outside *Penney Street*, a hip new place in Manhattan's East Village, and asked about it.

LAURA
Hey! My restaurant is on TMZ!

ALEX
Shhh!

The television cuts to guerrilla video of George Travers leaving Laura's restaurant. We hear the TMZ reporter off screen.

TMZ REPORTER #2 (ON TV)
Hey George, what's the deal with you and Chris Hemsworth?

GEORGE (ON TV)
He's a good friend of mine.

TMZ REPORTER #2 (ON TV)
Would you do him?

GEORGE (ON TV)
(playing along)
Sure, he's a handsome dude.

LAURA
(talking to the television)
No, George...

GEORGE (ON TV)
(keeping the game going)
Hey, you're cute, I'd do you too.

ALEX
Oh snap!

LAURA
That's ridiculous.

The television cuts back to the TMZ office.

HARVEY LEVIN

So, is he gay or what?

TMZ REPORTER #1

Well, he didn't come out and say it, per se, but he hasn't had a girlfriend in a while, so...

LAURA

Gimme a break. "Per se."

Laura turns around in disgust, and goes back to the bedroom to finish getting ready.

Alex can barely contain himself, clearly enjoying this.

ALEX

(calling back to her)

I dunno, your boyfriend sounds pretty gay to me.

Alex continues laughing obnoxiously.

EXT. NYC PUBLIC DOG RUN - DAY

Laura relaxes on a bench overseeing the action.

Alex squats down, making kissing noises and clapping his hands to get their dog Monty's attention, but is so far being ignored in favor of a lot of sniffing and peeing on things.

ALEX

(calling out)

Hey! Monty! Come!

(to Laura)

The little bastard never listens to me.

LAURA

He picks up on all your negative vibes, you know.

ALEX

He hasn't liked me from the beginning.

CUT TO:

LAURA

Monty, no.

(to George)

He can be a little fear aggressive
when he first meets people.

GEORGE

No worries. I'm not scared of this
little guy.

Alex eagerly watches, hoping for a bite.

George extends the back of his hand for Monty to sniff. He
sniffs it, then starts licking his hand. George rewards him
with a nice scritch between the ears.

LAURA

Wow, I've never seen him do that
before. That's amazing.

GEORGE

You just have to be on their same
wavelength, you know?

ALEX

(under his breath)

Yeah, dumb animal to dumb animal.

LAURA

I thought you had border collies.

GEORGE

I do, but they're back at the ranch.
I just rescued this one. Poor thing
was chained up in some abandoned lot
in Brooklyn. I couldn't say no.

LAURA

She seems like a great dog.

GEORGE

Oh yeah, she's a sweetheart. The
misconception is that people think
all of these dogs are aggressive
killers, but she's really just a big
love meatball.

LAURA

That is so true. Speaking of
misconceptions, Alex was thinking
something the other day, and wanted
to clear it up-

ALEX
Honey, come on, we don't need-

GEORGE
(to Alex)
TMZ thing, right? You watch TMZ?

ALEX
Well, I don't watch TMZ, but-

GEORGE
It's total garbage. I was trying to just mess with those guys since I get so tired of dealing with them. You know, to make it fun for myself.

LAURA
Totally. That's what I thought.

ALEX
I mean-

GEORGE
(to Alex)
So, not gay, my man. Sorry to burst your bubble, you're not gettin' into these pants!

ALEX
(defensively)
I wasn't hoping-

GEORGE
And don't watch TMZ so much. It'll rot your brain, which I hear is pretty smart.

ALEX
Thanks. Got it.

GEORGE
Listen, I gotta run. It was great running into you guys. It seems like I see Miss Laura here all over town.

ALEX
Yup, yup. She gets around.

Laura elbows Alex in the ribs.

George does one of those loud, cowboy-type whistles with his fingers and his dog turns and immediately comes to him.

He puts on her leash and harness.

GEORGE

(to Laura)

Oh hey, by the way, I've been telling people about your place so expect a good crowd this weekend.

LAURA

Awesome! Thank you so much. That is really generous of you.

GEORGE

Any time. Later gators!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Alex and Laura walk their dog home from the run, their feet crunch over the remnants of some recent mid-February snow.

ALEX

So is that guy stalking you or what?

LAURA

Why are you so paranoid? He's just a friend. Not even a friend, an acquaintance.

ALEX

I mean, are there no more Victoria Secret models left for him to go after?

LAURA

Are you saying that I'm not as desirable as a Victoria Secret model?

ALEX

To me you are more desirable than all the Victoria Secret models combined.

LAURA

But to some famous movie star I'm just some second-rate hag, is that it?

ALEX

No, that's not what I meant.

LAURA

I bet I could have him. A lot of guys would want to be with me, you know.

ALEX

Yes, I'm sure that's true.

LAURA

You're lucky I'm slumming it down here with you.

ALEX

Okay...come on now. There's no need for that.

LAURA

You've gotten comfortable in our relationship and think that I would never leave, but you don't know. I have plenty of prospects.

ALEX

You know what, I'm sorry I'm paranoid about all this. I guess I feel that way because I don't want to lose you, okay?

LAURA

You say that, but talk is cheap.

ALEX

What is that supposed to mean?

LAURA

It would be nice if you showed how you feel once in a while. You didn't even come back with some lame last-minute Valentine's Day card.

ALEX

They were all super lame. There was nothing left.

LAURA

I would have been happy with some kid's card at that point.

ALEX

Ugh, now you tell me.

LAURA

I've set the romantic bar so low for you because I love you and like being with you and you still can't seem to meet me halfway.

ALEX

You knew I wasn't the most romantic guy when you met me. It's just not part of my DNA.

LAURA

Well, you seem even less romantic now, if that is even possible.

ALEX

I am who I am. I don't know what to say or do right now.

LAURA

I bet George would know what to say or do right now.

ALEX

Oh fuck George!

LAURA

Maybe I will!

ALEX

Good!

Their dog stops for a moment, looks at Alex, and barks a few times.

ALEX (cont'd)

(to dog)

No one asked you.

LAURA

He knows...

ALEX

Shit...

INT. GOGOTAXI OFFICE - DAY

Alex slumps at his desk in his office, gazing out the window while on the phone.

ALEX

(into phone)

Mom, he's not stealing her away. They're just friends. Don't believe everything you read on Gawker.

ALEX'S MOM (PHONE)
 Oh, just friends. It's not possible
 for men and women to just be friends.

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)
 (in the background)
 Yeah, just like that movie!

ALEX
 (into phone)
 It's fine.

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)
 That's what happens when you don't
 get married.

ALEX'S MOM (PHONE)
 What do they say? All the single
 ladies want to put a ring on it.

Alex takes a deep breath in and out, trying to pretend he
 didn't just hear that.

ALEX'S MOM (PHONE) (cont'd)
 It's our fault. We were terrible role
 models.

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)
 We should have taught you more about
 relationships.

ALEX
 You fought all the time.

ALEX'S MOM (PHONE)
 Exactly! We fought all the time, and
 now you don't want to get married or
 have kids, and the girl of your
 dreams is going to get away.

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)
 I'm sorry we sucked, son.

ALEX'S MOM (PHONE)
 Sucked!

ALEX
 (into phone)
 Okay, well, I just wanted-

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)
 "When Harry Met Sally"!

ALEX

What?

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)

The movie I was talking about.

ALEX

Okay, great. I gotta go, but I wanted just to call and wish you happy birthday, Dad.

ALEX'S DAD (PHONE)

I appreciate it, big dude.

ALEX'S MOM (PHONE)

We'll let you go. Love ya!

ALEX

Love you, too. Bye.

Alex hangs up the phone.

ALEX (cont'd)

(to himself)

Ridiculous.

Sheri peeks her head in Alex's office. She holds a shiny Mylar balloon that says "Happy Birthday!" on it.

SHERI

Alex, Sandeep needs you for a last-minute run-through before the investor demo. He's waiting for you in the garage.

ALEX

Okay, tell him I'll be right there. You know it's not my birthday, right?

SHERI

Yeah, no, I know. It's mine, actually. My boyfriend just gave this to me. He's just the sweetest.

ALEX

You know, those Mylar balloons cause thousands of power outages each year.

SHERI

Huh?

ALEX

They get caught in power lines and cause a short circuit. The lines fall down and it can be a dangerous electrocution hazard.

SHERI

Yeah...well, I thought it was nice.

ALEX

Yes. Yes it is. Just as long as you dispose of it properly when you're done.

Sheri makes a confused face, as if she's not sure if Alex is from this planet.

There's a few seconds of awkward silence.

SHERI

Okay, so...I'm going to go tell them you're on your way.

ALEX

Great.

Sheri turns to leave.

ALEX (cont'd)

(just remembering)

Oh, and happy birthday.

SHERI

Thanks.

Sheri walks off.

INT. GOGOTAXI GARAGE

If Google or Microsoft ran a taxi company, this is what the garage would look like. It's a chaos of car parts and electronics yet still seems clean.

Sandeep is standing next to a demo taxi. The taxi looks functional, but it's not pretty to look at. Lots of wires and sensors exposed, and has very little curb appeal outside of a Mad Max film.

SANDEEP

We can't show this to the investors.

ALEX

Why? It still works, doesn't it?

SANDEEP

Yes, but look at it. It looks like shit. I thought we were going to use the body like Roger talked about.

ALEX

It doesn't work with the body yet. Don't worry, they're not going to care how it looks.

INT. GOGOTAXI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Two small groups of very serious-looking men in suits sit around the conference table, one Chinese, the other Saudi Arabs. These are the INVESTORS. Between the two factions, is DEVIN, a slick, Bay-area venture capitalist douchebag. Next to Devin is Sandeep and a couple of the others from the office.

A PowerPoint presentation is queued up on a projector screen.

ALEX

Gentlemen, I apologize for the delay. Let us begin.

The SENIOR CHINESE INVESTOR of the Chinese delegation whispers something into the ear of one of the junior members.

DEVIN

Where's my guy Roger? Will he be joining us?

ALEX

Uhh, no, Roger is currently indisposed, and I will be acting on his behalf.

DEVIN

Huh.

ALEX

What I was thinking was that we first demo the technology first-hand, and then we come back and discuss the particulars with our presentation.

DEVIN

Actually, dude, we would like to discuss the particulars first, such as look and feel, and the marketing plan.

ALEX

(to Sandeep out the side of his mouth)

I was under the impression they mainly wanted a tech demo.

SANDEEP

(to Alex out the side of his mouth)

Don't look at me...

ALEX

(to investors)

Alrighty then, let's discuss the particulars. I'm the chief technology officer, so naturally my expertise is on the technical side-

The SENIOR ARAB INVESTOR of the Arab delegation whispers something into the ear of one of their junior members.

DEVIN

So, where is Roger, exactly?

ALEX

Well...his mother is very sick-

SANDEEP

Yes, very sick.

ALEX

(to Sandeep out the side of his mouth)

Shut up.

(to investors)

But I assure you, you are in excellent hands between my colleagues and myself. Sandeep, queue up the first slide, please.

The PowerPoint presentation switches to the next slide, showing a mock-up of one of the automated taxi cabs.

Both of the junior delegation members whisper something to each of their respective senior members.

SENIOR CHINESE INVESTOR
We have concerns about the look.

SENIOR ARAB INVESTOR
Yes. We share the same concerns.

DEVIN
Yeah, my fellow investors and I have concerns about the look, bro.

ALEX
And what are your concerns?

SENIOR ARAB INVESTOR
That it is not appealing to the American consumer.

SENIOR CHINESE INVESTOR
Yes. It is not appealing.

Alex's jaw muscles jut out from the sides of his face.

SENIOR CHINESE INVESTOR (cont'd)
Ugly.

ALEX
Well, we appreciate your feedback, but with all due respect I would think that the most important issue at hand is the actual technology, which I-

SENIOR ARAB INVESTOR
No.

The Senior Chinese Investor whispers something into Devin's ear. Devin pulls out his iPhone and shows it to Alex

DEVIN
Look, let me cut to the chase. You know Apple products, yeah?

SANDEEP
(under his breath)
Oh no, here we go...

Alex takes a deep breath, trying to keep his composure.

ALEX
Yes. Yes I do.

The Senior Arab Investor whispers something into Devin's ear.

DEVIN

Look, let me cut to the chase, friend. My investorinos and I could put our money into anything. The question we ask ourselves is, "Is this cool?"

Devin points to the iPhone.

DEVIN (cont'd)

This shit is cool, and that's what we want the taxi to be. Cool.

SENIOR CHINESE INVESTOR

We expressed this feeling to Mr. Roger Tack during our previous meeting.

ALEX

Well, seeing as Roger is not here at the moment, let me just say that I'm sure that once you see the technology in action, you'll think it is really coo-

Each of the senior delegation members whisper something to their respective junior members, and both investor delegations quickly speak to Devin.

DEVIN

Dude, I think we're done for now.

Everyone gathers their things and move toward the door.

ALEX

No, no, no-

SENIOR CHINESE INVESTOR

We will continue this discussion at a later time when Mr. Roger Tack becomes available.

SENIOR ARAB INVESTOR

Good day.

Devin and all of the investors file out the conference room.

ALEX

Well, shit.

SANDEEP

I told-

ALEX
Shut up, Sandeep.

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex lies on the couch, reading a book. There is a knock at the door.

CHINESE FOOD DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
(in bad Chinese
accent)
Chinese Food!

Alex gets up and goes to the door.

ALEX
(through the door)
I'm sorry, you have the wrong
apartment. I didn't order any-

Alex looks through the peep hole and, if there was such a thing as "Chinese take-out delivery man" Halloween costume, that's what this man is wearing, including a cheap black wig, thick glasses, and a delivery vest.

CHINESE FOOD DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
This right apartment. Special good
food for you. You pay me now.

Alex aggressively swings the door open, ready for a fight.

ALEX
Listen-

Alex looks down at the man's vest and sees an all-too-familiar name: Roger. CHINESE FOOD DELIVERY MAN/Roger smiles.

ALEX (cont'd)
Goddamn it, it's about time you
showed up. I went looking for you at
Duane Reade, but you weren't there.

CHINESE FOOD DELIVERY MAN/ROGER
(dropping the accent)
Yeah, I couldn't get enough hours
over there. It's all about who you
know, so...

Roger takes off the wig and vest, looks around, and comes in the apartment. Alex shuts the door and locks it.

ROGER
I do have a special delivery for you.

ALEX
I hope it's not the food. That shit stinks.

ROGER
No, that's my dinner. This is for you.

Roger opens his bag and pulls out a stack of women's magazines (Cosmopolitan, etc.) and hands them to Alex.

ALEX
What is this for?

ROGER
That is your homework. You're not going to be rid of this Travers character until you can up your game. So, study up young grasshopper.

Alex puts the stack on the floor. He picks up the magazine on top and leafs through it.

ALEX
What am I going to learn from "8 Crazy Ways To Drive Your Man Wild"?

ROGER
You have no idea what women think, so this will be a crash course.

ALEX
Do they think I need eight ways to be "driven wild"? One is enough.

ROGER
You're missing the point.

ALEX
Which is what?

ROGER
You need to absorb the spirit behind it. Get in touch with your feminine side. That's where your inner romantic lives. This guy George is already a black belt in this stuff and he's going to Cobra Kai your ass unless you tap into some Karate Kid shit and learn this.

ALEX

This is awful. Do women really read this crap? I know Laura doesn't read this. I've never seen any of these magazines in our apartment. Ever.

ROGER

Maybe she flips through it in the grocery checkout line. That's where they are, you know.

ALEX

Ugh.

ROGER

Look, you said you learn best from books. There is no book on how to be more romantic. This is the closest thing I could find.

ALEX

Fine.

Alex tosses the magazine on the floor.

ALEX (cont'd)

I thought you went underground. How did you get these, anyway?

ROGER

I have my ways of being discreet.

ALEX

How about you apply those ways to saving our company? I really shit the bed the other day during the presentation.

ROGER

Yeah...I heard about that. By the way, what the fuck is wrong with you? Your irrational hatred of Apple products is going to be the end of us.

ALEX

Whatever. It's not just that. I'm not a design guy. I make things work. I don't give a shit what they look like.

ROGER

The same reason Mr. Smooth Movie Star is stealing your girl is the same reason you fail to acknowledge aesthetics. Fix one, you fix both.

ALEX

That makes absolutely no sense.

ROGER

That's because you haven't read up yet. Wax on, wax off, I gotta run. I still have a few more deliveries to make.

ALEX

Great. Always a pleasure.

ROGER

If you need me, I'm at Tongs on 33rd. Order up a number seven sesame chicken, and Loger will come a lunnin'.

ALEX

Come on, man. Don't do that.

ROGER

And read that shit!

ALEX

Yes, okay!

Roger backs out through the door, still facing Alex, his right arm raised in a "thumbs up" salute.

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex lays down on the couch, reading one of the women's magazines. His brow furrows in disgust as he pages through it.

He finishes the last page and closes the magazine, letting it drop on the floor next to the couch.

He looks up at the ceiling and takes a deep breath before swiping the next magazine off of the pile and paging through that one.

CUT TO:

Alex paces back and forth around the apartment.

ALEX
(arguing with the
magazine)
No! No! No! Why?!

CUT TO:

Alex moans, as he lays face down on the floor, the magazine directly under his face.

CUT TO:

Alex hunches over, a magazine rests on his knees, his eyes heavy with fatigue. He slaps himself a couple times, and he straightens up, reading with renewed intensity.

CUT TO:

Alex turns the last page on the last magazine, revealing a satisfied grin.

He lets out a sigh of accomplishment as he leans back into the couch.

ALEX (cont'd)
(to himself)
I think I got it now.

MONTAGE - HIGH-END MALL - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

- Alex looks at jewelry.
- Alex smells perfumes and candles.
- Alex holds up a blouse against himself in the mirror.
- Alex exits the mall with a big wrapped gift.

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex lies on the couch watching TV, waiting for Laura to come home from the restaurant. A big wrapped present sits on the kitchen island.

We hear keys jingle in the door lock. The door opens.

A very tired Laura emerges, and hangs up her coat.

ALEX
Hi, sweetie! How was your day?

LAURA
Whew, I'm beat. Busy night tonight.

Laura spots the present, and perks up.

LAURA (cont'd)
What's this?

ALEX
It's for you.

LAURA
What's the occasion?

ALEX
It's just something to say "I love you".

LAURA
Aww, you're sweet.

ALEX
Well, open it already!

LAURA
Okay!

Laura tears the present open like a kid on Christmas morning.

It's a blender.

Her face immediately changes, actively trying to contort her face to mask her disappointment and still look excited.

LAURA (cont'd)
Ahh, ha, a blender.

ALEX
It's a Vitamix. It's the best blender out there. Isn't it great?

LAURA
(stifling a yawn)
So great. I'm speechless.

ALEX
Open it up. Let's take a closer look at this magnificent piece of machinery.

LAURA
It's been a long day-

ALEX
Nonsense. Trust me, you'll want to
open it.

LAURA
(intrigued)
Ohh, very well then.

Laura opens the box and takes out all of the blender parts.
Confused, she turns the carafe upside-down and shakes it.

ALEX
I wanted to get you a gift that you
could really use, not some dumb ring
or something like that.

LAURA
A ring! Imagine that! For a second I
thought one might fall out of this
blender.

ALEX
Why would there be a ring in there?
It would get ruined by the spinning
blades.

LAURA
Of course, no, you're right about
that. Silly me!

Laura gives in to a big yawn.

LAURA (cont'd)
I think we're done here.

She plops down on the couch.

ALEX
How about we give this baby a whirl?

Alex sets up the blender on the counter, and opens the
freezer.

ALEX (cont'd)
Let's see what we've got here. Ooh,
frozen strawberries, that sounds
good. Mmmh, mango! That'll cure what
ails you. How about some strawberry-
mango action? Sweetie?

Laura, fast asleep on the couch, snores loudly.

ALEX (cont'd)
Hmmp, I like strawberry-mango...

He throws the frozen fruit back into the freezer, and retreats to the bedroom, letting Laura sleep on the couch.

INT. LAURA'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gina chops an assortment of vegetables, collecting them in a large pot, while Laura kneads some dough.

GINA
He bought you a what?

LAURA
A blender.

GINA
Come on, man. Sounds like he stealth bought himself a blender.

LAURA
I feel like an asshole. He means well, I suppose, but it's just not what I want, you know?

GINA
That is practical as hell. If my man gave me a blender I would say, "There better be a ring or necklace in there."

LAURA
He tried to surprise me with me jewelry once. It didn't go well.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Alex and Laura sit on the couch, both wearing red and white Santa hats, Christmas tree behind them.

Laura unwraps a little jewelry box. Alex smiles in anticipation. She carefully opens the box.

INSERT - JEWELRY BOX

containing a gold and jewel-encrusted pin with big block letters that says "YOU'RE THE BEST".

BACK TO SCENE

She stifles a pained face and forces a her best attempt at a matching smile.

ALEX
Do you like it?

LAURA
Uhh...do you still have the receipt?

BACK TO:

INT. LAURA'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

LAURA
Ugh, I shouldn't complain. I wouldn't have this restaurant if it wasn't for him.

EXT. VACANT EAST VILLAGE RETAIL STOREFRONT - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Alex and Laura stand next to each other, where Alex has one of his hands in front of Laura's eyes as a makeshift blindfold.

He drops his hand, revealing the vacant storefront. Her face lights up.

He fishes out a set of keys, tied with a red bow, and offers them to her.

She rushes into him for a huge bear hug, overwhelmed with joy.

BACK TO SCENE

GINA
I'll give him that one, but that was three years ago. "What have you done for me lately?"

LAURA
You never liked him anyway.

GINA
No, I do not. I always thought you could do better than that Asberger-y Rain Man motherfucker.

LAURA

We have a chemistry. It was never a burning love affair, but it just made sense for us to be together.

GINA

Girl, don't knock a burning love affair until you try it. You owe it to yourself.

LAURA

I don't know if I'm a burning love affair type of girl. It seems like a very Telmundo telenovella type thing.

GINA

What, us Latin peoples are the only ones who have passionate love affairs?

LAURA

No, I'm saying that I'm not sure I want that kind of intense rip-each-others-close-off-one-minute-throw-bottles-at-each-others-heads-the-next-minute type of relationship.

GINA

C'mon, that only happened twice.

LAURA

And don't forget the hole Carlo kicked into your bathroom door.

GINA

That was my fault. And it's a "cat hole" now.

LAURA

A "cat hole"?

INSERT - Bathroom door with a big hole kicked in the bottom of it. A fat orange and white tabby cat walks through it.

BACK TO SCENE

GINA

Yeah, Peaches can come and go as he pleases now. And we had fantastic make-up sex after that.

LAURA

That's great.

GINA
 Try to deny it all you want, but you
 know something is missing or we
 wouldn't be having this conversation.

Gina tends to some meat frying in a skillet.

GINA (cont'd)
 Instead of listening to your dumb
 head so much, you should try
 following what your tingly bits tell
 you to do.

LAURA
 Don't brown a meat and say "tingly
 bits".

Gina cackles and flashes a sly grin.

GINA
 Speaking of which, your new boyfriend
 is back again at his usual table.

INT. LAURA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

George sits at what is "his table" now, finishing his meal.
 Laura walks up to his table from the kitchen.

LAURA
 (playfully)
 You again? You're not stalking me
 now, are you? My food can't be that
 good.

GEORGE
 It is that good. And what if I was
 stalking you?

LAURA
 First of all, ewww. And secondly,
 that's totally unnecessary.

GEORGE
 I do have a question for you.

LAURA
 What's that?

GEORGE
 Want to you come to France with me?

LAURA

Excuse me?

GEORGE

I'm going to Cannes in a couple weeks and I thought it would be fun if you came along.

LAURA

(playing it off)

Sure, yeah, I'll run off to France with you. Pshh. Movie stars...

She takes his plate, shaking her head.

GEORGE

I'm serious.

He gazes into her eyes, his smoldering look clearly means business.

LAURA

Wow. Okay. I mean, wow. I mean, I also have a boyfriend and I dunno-

GEORGE

It'll be completely platonic. Scout's honor.

He holds up his hand like he's making a pledge.

GEORGE (cont'd)

There's a fantastic chef, who's a dear friend of mine, who I thought would be great for you to meet, but if it's going to stress you out too much--

LAURA

No, no...no. I mean, I'll have to ask him if he's okay--

GEORGE

He's still your boyfriend, though, right? Not your husband?

LAURA

True, true...

She holds up her hand and inspects the finger where a wedding ring would be.

GEORGE

And two friends can't just have a nice time in the south of France together for a few days?

LAURA

They can...

GEORGE

I don't want to stir up trouble for you, but at least sleep on it before you say no. I think it'd be fun.

LAURA

I will. I'm sure it would be.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Laura sits on the couch, leaning forward with her hands resting on her knees.

Alex paces back and forth like he's cross-examining her on the witness stand.

Their dog Monty stands in the middle of the two, looking back and forth at each of them.

ALEX

(incredulous)

Are you serious???

ALEX (cont'd)

(sarcastically)

Was I invited? Can I come to France too?

LAURA

Um, no. It was just me.

ALEX

But I could come, though, right? Unless you don't want me to.

LAURA

Of course you could come, I guess.

ALEX

You guess?

LAURA

I mean, nothing is going to happen if that's what you're worried about.

ALEX

Yes, that is what I'm worried about.

LAURA

You don't trust me?

ALEX

Of course I trust you.

LAURA

Then what's the problem?

Laura gets up from the couch, and escapes to the kitchen, and braces herself with her arms on top the kitchen island.

Alex is hot on her tail, Monty right behind him.

ALEX

A guy you deemed as "delicious" (your word), a guy who is a rich, hunky movie star, a guy you said you wanted to have sex with if you had the chance, invites you to go on a trip with him to one of the most romantic places in the world, and I'm supposed to expect that nothing with happen?

LAURA

So you don't trust me.

ALEX

Well, I certainly I don't trust him.

LAURA

But you don't think that I can handle my business.

ALEX

No. I don't. Because I don't think I could.

Laura comes from around the kitchen island, and steps toward Alex. Both Alex and Monty take a step back.

LAURA

Oh, okay. So if the Wendy's girl invited you out to her little burger hut somewhere-

ALEX

I was kidding about the Wendy's girl. I'm saying like a Victoria's Secret model or something.

LAURA

Oh, sorry! You couldn't keep your shit together around a Victoria's Secret model, so naturally you don't trust me to keep my shit together either.

Laura throws up her arms and plops back down on the couch.

Monty crawls under the couch as Alex hovers over her.

ALEX

That's not fair. A) I haven't been fraternizing with any models, Victoria's Secret or otherwise. B) I don't have of these ladies stalking me all over the city.

LAURA

He's not stalking me.

ALEX

He shows up everywhere you go. What would you call that, then?

LAURA

I don't know, coincidence? He's my friend. He knows people, and could really help me and the restaurant.

ALEX

"Friend". Yeah, big help I'm sure. And I didn't say I didn't trust you.

LAURA

Not in so many words, but you either trust me or you don't, and it sounds like you don't. Are you scared to say it?

ALEX

Of course I'm scared to say it! Because if I don't trust you, what the hell am I doing here?

Laura leans back into the couch, looking back up at Alex.

LAURA
Good question.

ALEX
Is there no room for nuance here?
Like "I trust you, but I'm worried."

LAURA
That sounds like some "have-your-
cake-and-eat-it-too" bullshit to me.

She crosses her arms and shrugs, cocking her head to one side.

ALEX
Oh ho! The irony runs thick tonight,
doesn't it!

Laura scrunches up her face back at him, confused.

ALEX (cont'd)
(sarcastically)
Well, I'm not going to be that guy
and stand in your way. You and your
friend, have a nice time in France.

LAURA
Good! We will then!

ALEX
So, you're seriously going?

LAURA
Ugh! I'm done discussing this with
you.

She jerks herself up off the couch and marches into the bedroom.

ALEX
(at a loss for words)
Fine!

Alex grabs his coat and slams the door on his way out.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DAKOTA APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Alex paces back and forth across the street from Central Park, waiting.

He finally sees George round the corner, and walks up to the building with a DOORMAN standing outside.

ALEX
(calling out to
George)
Hey! You! Fuck face! Wait!

George, briefly startled, smiles as he sees Alex.

GEORGE
Dang, Albert, for a second there I
thought you were going to do me David
Chapman-style.

DOORMAN
Everything okay here, Mr. Travers?

GEORGE
(to Doorman)
Yes, thank you, Roger.

The Doorman winks at Alex. It's Roger again, this time
dressed up as a fancy doorman.

Alex clenches his jaw even further, and shifts his focus
back to George.

ALEX
It's Alex.

GEORGE
Right, right, right...Alex. Sorry
man, I didn't recognize you without
Laura.

ALEX
Well, we are a couple. You know we're
a couple, right? Me and her?

GEORGE
Oh yeah, that's right. I think I did
know that. So, what can I do for you,
my man?

ALEX
You can call off this little trip of
yours. Please. As a favor, or at
least out of some kind of man-to-man
courtesy.

GEORGE
I hear what you're saying, but Laura
really wants to go. Maybe you should
bring it up with her. I wouldn't want
to get in the middle of you two.

ALEX

I already did that, and you're already in the middle. C'mon, man, you're overstepping boundaries here. Social norms, common etiquette!

GEORGE

You bring up some good points, but between you and me, I think she might be the one.

ALEX

Yeah. For me. The one for me.

GEORGE

No, no, no. I think I'm going to ask her to marry me once we're over there. Crazy, huh? But what the hell, it just feels right, you know?

ALEX

You can't do this!

GEORGE

I'm doing it, man. Feels good to tell someone.

George playfully punches Alex on the shoulder. Alex winces.

GEORGE (cont'd)

I'll tell you what, just so there are no hard feelings, after the wedding I'll help find you your own special lady. I know a lot of people. Anyway, I've got an early flight tomorrow, and I'm a cranky bastard in the morning if I don't get my solid eight hours in. Good talking with ya, Alex.

George disappears into the building.

Alex looks at Roger. Roger meets his gaze. The two men stand motionless for a moment.

Roger then slaps Alex across the face.

ALEX

(holding his cheek)

Ow! Sonofabitch! Goddamn it, Roger! What the hell?!

ROGER

Watch your language, this is a very prestigious building. And that's for letting this George situation get out of hand.

Roger opens the door and tips his hat to a tenant, MRS. STEINWAY, as she comes in.

ROGER (cont'd)

Good evening, Mrs. Steinway.

MRS. STEINWAY

Thank you, Roger.

Mrs. Steinway disappears into the building.

ROGER

What have you been doing? Did you even read the magazines?

ALEX

Oh yeah, the magazines were big help. They were completely useless, which comes as no surprise, because that's what you've been this entire time - useless.

ROGER

Next time you have a horde of goons trying to kill you let's see how helpful you are. And by the way, have you asked how I'm doing even once? I have to be honest, it hurts my feelings a little.

The two men stand in silence for a moment.

ROGER (cont'd)

Aren't you going to ask how I'm doing?

ALEX

Fine. How are you doing, Roger?

ROGER

I'm pretty great, all things considered.

Roger opens the door and greets another tenant, MR. ANGELO, as he goes out.

ROGER (cont'd)
Have a good night, Mr. Angelo.

Roger waves. Mr. Angelo winks and shoots back with a finger-gun.

ROGER (cont'd)
(to Alex)
Good guy that Mr. Angelo. You wouldn't think he's a billionaire.

ALEX
For a guy with a so-called price on his head-

An elderly tenant, MRS. NELSON, approaches Roger, rolling two large suitcases.

ROGER
(to Alex)
One sec.

ALEX
(trying to keep his voice down)
Goddamn it, Roger.

ROGER
Evening, Mrs. Nelson. What can I do for you?

MRS. NELSON
Roger, would you be a dear and hail me a taxi. I need to go to the airport.

ROGER
Right away, Mrs. Nelson.

Roger rolls the suitcases, with Alex in his ear, followed by Mrs. Nelson.

ALEX
I'm so glad you're having the time of your life playing make-believe. Meanwhile, everything in my life is completely going to shit.

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB IN FRONT OF THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

A FAT CAB DRIVER rounds the corner, sees Roger from a distance and gives into a huge yawn as he pulls up to the curb, and absentmindedly pops the trunk.

INSERT - TAXI CAB DASHBOARD

with a small headshot of Roger taped next to the meter.

BACK TO SCENE

ROGER

That's your own damn fault. If you weren't so stubborn you wouldn't be in this mess.

The trunk swings open, as Roger opens the back door for Mrs. Nelson, carefully ushering the old woman into the cab.

ALEX

Okay, well, what now?

ROGER

What do you mean "what now"?

ALEX

I mean, "what's our next move"?

ROGER

I'm out of advice to give you. What's your next move? Are you going to just let this fool propose to your lady and risk her saying yes?

ALEX

She's not going to say yes.

ROGER

If you're that sure, why did you come here? You should be back at the office figuring out how to get our investors back on track.

Roger heaves one of the giant suitcases into the trunk.

ALEX

You're the one who should be back at the office.

ROGER

As soon as it's safe to do so, I will.

Roger heaves the other suitcase into the trunk.

ALEX

Yeah, "safe to do so".

ROGER

Oh, you think I'm making all of this up?

ALEX

Lately all you've been is full of shit, so I don't know what to believe.

ROGER

Ouch. That hurts, man. Believe what you want, but I'm telling you this, which I already told you before: fix this shit with Laura and you'll fix this shit with the company. It all comes down to the same problem.

ALEX

My problem.

ROGER

(slamming the trunk closed)

Yes.

With the lid out of the way, the cab driver sees Roger's face in the rear view mirror, his eyes narrowing.

He looks at the picture, whips around behind him, and confirms through the rear window that it is Roger.

His eyes widen as he snatches a scimitar from underneath his seat, and he jumps out as the driver's side door flies open.

FAT CAB DRIVER

It's you! I got you now! I kill you!

The large man raises the sword above his head, staring straight at Roger.

Roger shrieks.

Mrs. Nelson faints.

ALEX

That's it! I'm sick of this shit!

Alex pops the trunk and drags out one of the huge suitcases.

ROGER

(to Alex)

What are you doing? Are you crazy?!

FAT CAB DRIVER
(to Roger)
Who's this guy?

ROGER
He's my chief technology officer.
He's the one making all of this
happen.

FAT CAB DRIVER
Oh. I guess I kill him, too!

ALEX
Ahhhh!

Alex charges at the cab driver like a Roman gladiator, using the suitcase as a giant shield.

Alex plows into him. His sword clatters to the ground as Alex flattens him like a pancake.

Alex lays on top of the dazed cab driver, pinning him to the ground with the suitcase.

ALEX (cont'd)
(screaming to the
heavens)
For fuck's sake, can't anyone in this
city be reasonable?!

The cab driver quietly sobs to himself.

FAT CAB DRIVER
I'm sorry. Please don't hurt me. I
want to explain.

ROGER
Save it. You're in a lot of trouble,
buddy.

FAT CAB DRIVER
First, we got squeezed by the ride
share companies. Then when your
company came to town we just lost our
minds. We became desperate and didn't
know what else to do.

ROGER
Adapt or die, motherfucker!

ALEX
(to Roger)
Hold on, take it easy for a second.

FAT CAB DRIVER
It's easy for you. You don't know
what it's like to be left behind.

ROGER
(to cab driver)
Hey, there's nothing easy-

ALEX
(to himself)
Oh fuck.

ROGER
(to Alex)
What?

ALEX
I do know what it's like.

ROGER
(to cab driver)
Excuse us for a second.

Roger grabs Alex by the shoulders, and pivots pivots him on top of the suitcase so they are face to face, Alex still sitting on top of the cab driver.

ROGER (cont'd)
(to Alex)
You're not listening to this scumbag
are you?

ALEX
He's right. We need to fix this.

ROGER
Come on, this is bullshit. We're not
responsible for these assholes.

ALEX
Maybe not technically, but if you had
the power to make someone happy, why
wouldn't you do it? And if all you
had to do was give up your own
stubbornness, wouldn't it be worth
it?

Alex tilts his head and squints one of his eyes, like he just confused himself.

ALEX (cont'd)
Holy shit, what am I saying? Wait, I
see it now!

Alex grabs Roger's shoulders and shakes him.

ALEX (cont'd)
Roger, you're a genius! "Fix the shit
with the company, fix the shit with
Laura".

ROGER
What the hell are you talking about?
He was going to kill us!

ALEX
Yeah, and unless you want to keep
looking over your shoulder for the
rest of your life, waiting for idiots
like this guy-

ALEX (cont'd)
(to cab driver)
No offense.

FAT CAB DRIVER
None taken.

ALEX
(to Roger)
-to jump out around every corner and
get you, we need to make a deal.

Roger breaks away from Alex's grip, crosses his arms and
looks away.

FAT CAB DRIVER
While I am enjoying this lively
discussion, I was wondering that, if
you're not going to kill me, then
perhaps you could let me up? I think
one of my lungs is collapsing under
the weight of this suitcase.

ALEX
Oh. Sorry.

Alex gets up and pulls the suitcase off of the poor man.

The cab driver gets up and dusts himself off.

ALEX (cont'd)
(to cab driver)
Tell your bosses we want to make a
deal. Union headquarters. Midnight.
Tonight.

The cab driver wipes away his tears, nods, and gets back into his cab.

ALEX (cont'd)
 (to Roger)
 Trust me. I have an idea.

ROGER
 I don't know what you're up to...but
 I like it.

Before the cab can pull away, Roger knocks on the passenger side window. The window rolls down.

ROGER (cont'd)
 (to cab driver)
 Wait. One more thing.

Roger opens the back seat door of the cab. He walks over to a still-out-cold Mrs. Nelson, and grabs her shoulders.

ROGER (cont'd)
 (to Alex)
 Grab her feet, will you?

Alex and Roger gently guide the old lady into the cab, resting her length-wise on the back seat, and gently close the door.

Alex and Roger re-load the suitcases back into the trunk, throw the sword in on top, and shut the lid.

ROGER (cont'd)
 (to cab driver)
 Do me a favor and take this nice lady
 to JFK, and wake her up when you get
 there.

The cab driver gives Roger a thumbs-up salute and drives away.

ALEX
 Is she okay?

ROGER
 Ehh, she's a tough old bird. She'll
 be alright.

INT. AIRLINE FIRST CLASS SECTION - DAY

The plane to France taxis for departure.

Laura's knuckles whiten as she grips the plush armrests for dear life.

Settling in, George curiously looks over.

LAURA
(nervously trying to
laugh it off)
I suppose I should have mentioned I'm
deathly afraid to fly.

GEORGE
Yeah, me too. That's why I have to be
asleep the entire time or I will
freak-the-fuck out.

George puts on a big pair of headphones, pulls a sleep mask over his eyes, and gets comfortable.

Laura wraps both her arms around his arm nearest her. He pulls off his headphones and sleep mask.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Sorry babe, I can't sleep like this
with you hanging on me like that.

She lets go and straightens in her seat.

LAURA
Sorry. Old habit.

George puts his headphones and sleep mask back on, and settles in.

Laura stares up at the ceiling.

LAURA (cont'd)
(to herself)
Oh god, oh god, oh god...

INT. TAXI DISPATCHER GARAGE - NIGHT

Alex and the Taxi Union Leader sit opposite each other around a small table, surrounded by a crowd of taxi drivers.

TAXI UNION LEADER
Let me get this straight, you're
going to give us exclusive license to
your self-driving technology, no one
else can use it?

ALEX

No one else.

TAXI DRIVER #1

But what about when the ride share companies come up with their own self-driving technology?

TAXI DRIVER #2

Yeah, what then? Uber is already working on it.

ALEX

We're going to work with the city so that every car picking up passengers inside the city limits has to have a medallion, limiting the total number of cars, allowing everyone to make a decent wage.

TAXI DRIVER #3

But if everybody needs one, won't you have to issue more medallions than there are today? They're already worth a fraction of what they used to be.

ALEX

That's true, we will need to issue more medallions. They might not ever be worth what they once were, but requiring a medallion will boost the value from what it is currently.

TAXI DRIVER #4

So what are we supposed to do now that the cab is going to drive itself?

ALEX

We're just starting our testing process, which will take several years. During that time, every cab will need a backup driver to make sure there aren't any accidents.

TAXI DRIVER #1

You're saying you need a robot babysitter.

ALEX

Essentially, yes.

TAXI DRIVER #2
Like the robot on the Jetsons?

TAXI DRIVER #3
Come on, dude, Rosie was a robot
maid, programmed to just clean up and
what-not.

TAXI DRIVER #2
Trust me, with all those crazy robot
arms, she could do the vacuuming and
babysit at the same time, bro.

TAXI DRIVER #1
And maybe...other things...?

The three men look upward and grin, contemplating the
naughty possibilities.

TAXI UNION LEADER
No, you idiots. You baby sit the
robot, not the other way around.

TAXI DRIVER #2
Oh. I could do that.

The taxi drivers nod approvingly to each other.

TRAVIS BICKLE LOOKALIKE
Follow-up question: will the car also
clean up the filth and sleaze in this
city, or do I still need to do that?

ALEX
Uhh, any vigilante-type activities
are still up to you.

TRAVIS BICKLE LOOKALIKE
Good to know.

ALEX
In addition to earning a salary as
GoGoTaxi employees, all backup
drivers will keep any fares collected
during their shift.

TAXI DRIVER #5
That sounds great for now, but what
about when the testing is over?

ALEX

Well, to those of you who own or partially own your cabs: enjoy the same income without busting your ass eight to twelve hours a day. For the rest of you, a scholarship fund will be created by the city so that you can go back to school or learn a new trade.

A dull murmur rises out of the crowd as the taxi drivers talk among themselves.

The Union Leader raises his arms, and all the drivers stop talking and look toward their leader.

ALEX (cont'd)

So, do we have a deal?

TAXI UNION LEADER

You really think you can get the city to go along with this? Maybe they don't like your little plan.

ANOTHER TAXI DRIVER with a large beard standing by himself, away from the main group steps forward.

ANOTHER TAXI DRIVER

Leave that to me.

He pulls off his beard, revealing that it's actually Roger.

The Taxi Union Leader shrugs and shakes Alex's hand.

ALEX

If there's no other business, would one of you gentlemen be so kind as to give me a ride to the airport? I have a plane to catch.

EXT. CANNES MOVIE PREMIERE RED CARPET - DAY

George and Laura stand next to each other, camera flashes coming at them from all sides.

George eats it up, showing his killer smile. Laura, clearly not comfortable, fakes a smile the best she can.

Overcome with self-consciousness, she isn't sure what to do with her arms, so she settles on a awkward pageant wave.

George tries to help by posing her arms for her from behind. It doesn't help.

INT. HIGH-END FRENCH BISTRO - NIGHT

Laura and George sit at a quiet table in the corner.

LAURA
That was intense.

GEORGE
For a minute there I thought I'd have to jam a spoon in your mouth to keep you from swallowing your tongue. You gotta loosen up, girlfriend.

George attempts to punctuate his point with sassy snaps.

Laura forces out a bit of nervous laughter.

LAURA
How do you do it? I think I would blow my brains out if I had this much attention all the time.

GEORGE
You get used to it after a while. Do you remember the first time you came to New York and smelled the garbage piled up along the sidewalk? It's sort of like that.

LAURA
Well, that still grosses me out.

GEORGE
To me it's just part of living in the big city. It wasn't something I was looking for, but I accept it. I love the business of show, and it's just part of the overall package at this point.

LAURA
Just like staying in this amazing hotel.

GEORGE
Absolutely. Just like being able to stay here, and have the most beautiful woman in the world share my company.

LAURA
Don't you mean women, plural?

GEORGE
Nope, I'm just in this moment, right now.

Silence. Laura nervously shifts in her chair.

LAURA
Oh, you!

Laura awkwardly slaps George across the shoulder.

GEORGE
Can I ask you something?

LAURA
Sure.

GEORGE
How come you never got married? Alex seems like a good enough guy.

LAURA
Neither of us really believe in marriage.

GEORGE
Is that "us" or "him"?

LAURA
Well, certainly him, and since we don't have kids or plan to have kids, his argument against it made sense to me. "It's an outdated institution", he says.

GEORGE
There isn't a part of you that still would like to get married? Don't all little girls imagine their wedding day?

LAURA
Of course, but it just isn't practical for us.

GEORGE
When has romance ever been practical?

Laura doesn't answer.

LAURA
(changing the subject)
So what about you, Mr. Romance? How
come you never got married?

GEORGE
Simple. Never found the right girl.

LAURA
Are you telling me that none of the
thousands of supermodels, actresses,
and adoring fans weren't the right
girl for you?

GEORGE
Not so far. Not until I met you,
anyway.

She awkwardly slaps him again across the other shoulder.

LAURA
Okay! So, when is that big premiere
of yours, again?

Laura looks around for someone, anyone, to save her from
this moment. No one is coming.

EXT. FILM FESTIVAL MOVIE VENUE - DAY

A black limousine pulls up to the red carpet outside one of
the Cannes film festival theaters.

Laura and George step out of the back, greeted with cheers
from the crowd of onlookers and flashbulbs from the many
paparazzi.

George waves to the crowd and they follow the other
festival-goers inside.

INT. FILM FESTIVAL MOVIE VENUE - CONTINUOUS

George and Laura find a place to sit in the V.I.P. section,
as George acknowledges the other industry people he knows in
the audience.

The FESTIVAL SPOKESMAN, a well-dressed balding, bespectacled
little man carrying a microphone comes to the front of the
theater, and the audience falls silent.

FESTIVAL SPOKESMAN

(in French accent)

Thank you all for coming this afternoon. Before we start this magnificent film, it is my great pleasure to introduce the film's director, and my friend, Mr. John Hopper.

The audience politely applauds as JOHN HOPPER, 33, a tall, gaunt knit-cap-wearing hipster, stands up and waves to the audience.

He makes his way to the front where he shakes the Festival Spokesman's hand and takes the microphone from him.

JOHN HOPPER

Thank you all so much. I spent ten years of my life on this film. A lot of blood, sweat, and tears along the way, and I can't wait for everyone to see it. Before we start, I would like to acknowledge someone I couldn't have done this without. My partner, my collaborator, my brother. Mr. George Travers.

The audience politely applauds again.

George humbly waves to the audience.

JOHN HOPPER (cont'd)

(pointing to George)

I love you, man. Enjoy the film, everybody.

John goes to sit down as the lights dim, and the projector light comes up.

It looks like a very serious World War II movie in black and white.

Suddenly...a silhouette of a man holding a boom box over his head blocks the screen.

Peter Gabriel's "In Your Eyes" plays from the boom box, and we hear Alex's voice come out of the darkness.

ALEX

Laura! I love you!

The audience goes from disoriented murmur to full-on booing.

The lights quickly come up as we see two SECURITY GUARDS escorting Alex out of the theater.

ALEX (cont'd)
(as he's being
dragged out)
Laura! I'm sorry I'm such a jackass!
I love you!

FILM FESTIVAL MOVIE VENUE - CONTINUOUS

Alex sits on a bench outside the theater, boom box between his feet, leaning forward and staring at the ground.

Laura storms out of the theater, scanning around for Alex.

She spies him and angrily beelines straight for him.

George settles in a safe distance behind her, eagerly anticipating impending fireworks show.

LAURA
(to Alex)
What the fuck do you think you're doing? What the hell are you doing here, anyway?

ALEX
I wanted to show you that I finally understood that scene from *Say Anything*.

LAURA
Really? That's what was so important you had fly four thousand miles and embarrass me in front of all those people?

ALEX
It was supposed to be a grand romantic gesture to remind you how much I love you.

LAURA
The only thing you're reminding me is how little you trust me by following me here and how you always have to have everything on your own terms.

ALEX
I'm sorry.

LAURA

I don't think you are. You're just saying that because you think you're supposed to say that because I'm furious at you.

ALEX

I don't know what else to say. I thought it would make you happy.

LAURA

It makes me sad how someone as smart as you are can be so dumb.

ALEX

I had to do something. I'm not losing you without a fight.

LAURA

Oh please, spare me the macho bullshit. This isn't mano e mano competition for my affection.

ALEX

It sure seems to be, these days.

LAURA

If you weren't so selfish you wouldn't have anything to worry about.

ALEX

So I do have something to worry about then!

Laura stares a hole right through him.

ALEX (cont'd)

C'mon, can't we just go home and put all of this behind us?

LAURA

I was going to say George and I are just friends, but you know what? Maybe we shouldn't be. C'mon, George. Let's go back to the hotel. I'm going to cash in this freebie.

On cue, George sidles up behind Laura. He puts his hands on her shoulders and flashes a smug smile in Alex's direction.

GEORGE

Aww, yeah.

Laura storms off. Before following her, George turns to Alex.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 (whispering aside to
 Alex)
 You know what that means. Fuckin'.

George makes a crude "finger in the hole" gesture for sex. Alex stands motionless, paralyzed. George trots after Laura.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 (to Laura)
 Right behind ya, babe.

Laura and George get back into their limousine and drive away, as Alex flops back down onto the bench, dumbfounded.

We pull back to reveal John Hopper standing nearby, arms crossed, waiting for the scene to finish.

He walks up and stops in front of Alex, uncomfortably close, and glares down at him for a moment.

John then picks up Alex's boom box and smashes it on the ground, and walks away without a word.

INT. FANCY FRENCH HOTEL PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The hotel room door flies open. Laura, on a mission, quickly marches through it, followed by an eager and interested-what-happens-next George.

LAURA
 Let's do this! Take your clothes off!

GEORGE
 Wow, you're really getting right to-

LAURA
 I'm not fucking around here. Let's go.

GEORGE
 I need to freshen up a little first.

LAURA
 What the fuck are you talking about?

GEORGE

It's just really swampy down there,
you know? I just want to make it nice
for you.

LAURA

Jesus fuck.

GEORGE

Besides, you don't want to get a UTI,
do you?

LAURA

I'll meet you in the bed in two
minutes. Hurry your ass up.

GEORGE

You got it, baby.

Laura gives him "Don't push your luck, pal" look.

He smiles and hastily retreats to the bathroom, undressing
on his way there.

Laura strips off her clothes and slides under the covers.
George happily whistles in the shower as she stares off into
the distance.

LAURA

(whispering to
herself)

Shit.

There's a knock at the door.

GEORGE (O.S)

(calling out from
shower)

Could you get that? I'm washing my
balls right now.

LAURA

(to George)

Hot talk!

Laura slips on a robe and goes to the door.

LAURA (cont'd)

(through the door)

Yes?

A muffled man's voice comes from behind the door.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)

Room service.

LAURA

(through the door)

Oh, okay.

Laura opens the door. It's Alex dressed as a waiter, pushing a room service cart.

Laura stares back at him, stone-faced, and slams the door in his face.

ALEX

(through the door)

Please, I come in peace.

Laura opens the door again. She crosses her arms and moves to the side to let him in.

LAURA

Fine, but make it quick. We're awfully busy in here.

Alex pushes his cart into the room and closes the door behind him.

He unloads various covered plates and dishes onto the dining table.

He then backs away, ready to leave, but looks at Laura one last time.

ALEX

I know I fucked up. I know I've been fucking up for years. I've been selfish. I've been stubborn. I say I can't live without you, but I still end up taking you for granted anyway, and you deserve better than that. You were right, and it kills me that we got to a place where I drove you into this guy's arms. It's no secret that I'm not a fan of what's going on here, but I'm not going to be selfish and try to tell you what to do or give you some kind of ultimatum. So, in the spirit of unselfishness and generosity, I brought you some nice things here that I hope you both will enjoy.

GEORGE (O.S)
(calling out from
shower)
Who is it, babe?

LAURA
Room service!

GEORGE (O.S)
(calling out from
shower)
Cool!

LAURA
(to Alex)
He's just cleaning up.

ALEX
Oh fuck, you guys did it already!?

LAURA
No, he's like you. He has to shower
first.

ALEX
Oh. Nice.

Alex puts his hands in his pockets, and they both stand in
silence, not making eye contact.

ALEX (cont'd)
Well, I should be going.

LAURA
Aren't you going to tell me what you
brought us?

ALEX
Oh, uh, yeah, of course.

ALEX (cont'd)
Well, there's a sweet lobster tail
appetizer, a luscious hazelnut-potato
croquette, and a pan-seared sirloin
with wild mushrooms. Also, I had the
chef make some onion rings for you.
They're not on the menu, he made a
real fuss about it, but I know how
much you like them. Anyway, enjoy.
I'll see ya later.

Alex turns to leave.

LAURA

I wasn't expecting all of this, you know. None of this was supposed to happen, and it just happened.

ALEX

I know.

LAURA

Goddamn it, you made me do this.

ALEX

No, you chose this. It's what you wanted. And that's okay. I gotta go.

Alex turns to leave again.

LAURA

All I wanted was a freaking Valentine's Day card. I just wanted to feel appreciated. I love you and I know you love me, but sometimes we get complacent, and I know that's unavoidable, but lately I've just felt like a set piece in your life.

Alex stops as he's about to walk out the door. George comes out of the bathroom, stark naked.

GEORGE

(confused)

What's up?

Alex turns around. His eyes widen at all of George's nakedness. Laura grabs his shoulders with both of her hands.

LAURA

(continuing to Alex)

Which is why I got so caught up in this joker's charming ways.

Still holding on to Alex, Laura turns her head to George.

LAURA (cont'd)

(to George)

I didn't mean to mislead you, but you were a fantasy come to life.

GEORGE

But what we have is a reality. You wouldn't be here if it wasn't.

LAURA
I feel like an asshole, and I don't think I wanted to admit it to myself, but I think I was just along for the ride.

GEORGE
But-

LAURA
It felt so good to feel appreciated. It was a really fun ride-

ALEX
Ride?! Seriously, you guys didn't...

LAURA
(defensive)
No!

GEORGE
(sadly)
No...

ALEX
(pulling himself back together)
You know what? It's fine. All I ever wanted was you to be happy, and I'm not going to stand in the way of that now.

Alex turns to leave again.

LAURA
(to Alex)
Wait!

GEORGE
(to Laura)
What's he doing here?

LAURA
(to George)
Shh! Be quiet!

ALEX
What are we doing here?

GEORGE
Yeah, what are we doing here?

LAURA
I don't know, but I don't want you to go.

ALEX

I don't want to go, either, but I can't stay in the middle of all this. I can literally see his dong flopping around in my peripheral vision.

GEORGE

I want him to go-

ALEX

(to George)
Shut up!

LAURA

(to George)
Shut up!

GEORGE

Talk is cheap, I'm a man of action. Laura, this clown clearly doesn't know what he's doing. I do.

Still naked, George opens a small jewelry box, revealing a stunning ring with an enormous diamond.

Laura gasps at the beauty of it.

LAURA

(to herself, staring
at the ring)
Holy shit...

ALEX

No, no, no, fuck no. That's it, no more fucking around.

Alex grabs an onion ring from the tray. He takes Laura's hand and slides it onto her ring finger, and gets down on one knee.

LAURA

Oh come on. You don't want to get married. You're only doing this because he's doing it.

ALEX

All I know is that I want to spend the rest of my life with you, and if getting married is price of admission, then so be it.

Laura looks down at the little onion ring, then can't help but look back at the monstrosity George is offering, then meeting Alex's eyes.

ALEX (cont'd)
(whispering to Laura)
Don't worry, I'll get you something
better.

Alex can't help but get drawn into the sparkle of the giant diamond.

ALEX (cont'd)
Probably not something like that...
but this will have to do for now.

Alex turns back to Laura and focuses every ounce of attention he has onto her.

ALEX (cont'd)
Laura Penney, love of my life,
chocolate to my peanut butter,
ketchup to my french fries, will you
marry me?

LAURA
Yes! Enough of that talk, you're
making me hungry!

Laura slurps the onion ring off of her finger, grabs Alex's face with both hands, and they share a long kiss.

GEORGE
(to himself)
Well, shit. Harry Winston my ass.

George snaps the jewelry box shut and tosses it over his shoulder.

LAURA
Harry Wi-huh?

Laura can't help but crane her neck toward jewelry box as she watches it fly away.

ALEX
(to Laura)
What?

LAURA
(catching herself)
Nothing!

GEORGE
Hey, if you guys need a pastor, I
actually got ordained a few years ago
on a goof-

ALEX
Of course you did.

Laura gives Alex another one of her elbows to his ribs. He winces.

GEORGE
-and have been dying to marry
someone. Whaddya say?

LAURA
We'd be honored.

INT. AIRLINE COACH SECTION - DAY

Laura holds on tight to Alex's arm as the plane back to New York takes off.

Alex briefly winces from Laura digging in to him, and goes back to reading a book with his free arm.

EXT. BRONX ZOO WEDDING VENUE - DAY

A small but tasteful wedding party gathered for Alex and Laura's wedding.

George is the pastor officiating, and Alex and Laura stand in front of him exchanging their vows in typical fashion.

ALEX
I do.

LAURA
I do.

GEORGE
(to Laura)
Are you sure...?

ALEX
Stick to the script, Rev.

LAURA
Yes, I'm sure.

GEORGE
Alrighty then, well, by the power
vested in me...

We pull away as George finishes, and we see Alex and Laura kiss.

EXT. BRONX ZOO WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

Alex and Laura, the happy newlyweds, each holding glasses of champagne, the rest of the party going on around them.

At the bar Alex sees George with his date, the Wendy's Girl, and she looks fantastic.

ALEX
(to himself)
Damn...

LAURA
(having heard him)
You want to go see if she can hook
you up with some chicken sandwiches?

ALEX
No...I love you and I like your
sandwiches better.

LAURA
Good save.

Alex smiles. They smooch. It's cute.

INT. GOGOTAXI BREAK ROOM

Alex walks in and notices everyone congregating in the conference room around the TV.

There's a giant "Congratulations!" banner, and it feels like a party.

ALEX
What's going on?

ROGER
Shhh! It's about to start!

On the TV is a local newscast. They cut to a press conference showing the NYC MAYOR, a lanky white-haired fellow in an Italian suit, standing behind a podium, with Roger and the Taxi Union Leader flanking the mayor on each side.

NYC MAYOR (ON TV)
Today we would like to announce a
joint partnership between the City of
New York and Brooklyn-based tech
startup GoGo Taxi to bring the iconic
Yellow Cab into the 21st century...

The mayor speaks a few more words, then shakes the hands of both Roger and the Taxi Union Leader.

ALEX
Looks like you pulled it off.

ROGER
We pulled it off. I'm proud of you, buddy.

Roger goes in to shake Alex's hand, and Alex goes in for a hug instead.

ALEX
I love you, brother.

DEVIN (O.S.)
Hey, group hug! Can I get in on this?

Devin takes over and gives both Alex and Roger a huge bear hug for a moment, before releasing the two men.

DEVIN
This guy! Not only did he make the Taxi Union his bitch, he takes George Travers' girl...anyone that smooth, there's something happening with this guy.

ALEX
Actually, she was my girlfriend before-

DEVIN
Bro, not only did you steal George Travers' girlfriend, you propose to her right in front of him. That is totally baller, dude. I was like, "This guy is cool. Let's do some business."

Devin reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a check, and hands it to Alex.

Alex's eyes widen.

DEVIN (cont'd)
I wanted to wait until you got back. Say hello to my little friend "Series A Funding".

ALEX

Wow. Thank you. Really glad to have you aboard.

Alex extends his arm, and the two men shake hands.

DEVIN

Let's talk mañana. I've got some killer new body designs I'd like to run by you guys.

Devin slowly backs away toward the rest of the party, smiling and pointing at Alex and Roger with both arms.

ROGER

You cool with that?

ALEX

Whatever he wants. We'll make it work.

ROGER

(in heavy Italian accent, pinching Alex's cheeks)

Oh-a-my-god, Pinocchio! He's-a-become-a-real-a-boy!

Alex shakes his head and can't help but smile. He puts his arm around Roger and the two rejoin the party.

INT. ALEX AND LAURA'S APARTMENT - THREE MONTHS LATER

Alex and Laura are cuddled up on the couch, with Monty laying between them, all three intently watching *Shark Week*.

A giant great white shark breeches, launching itself into the air as it chomps on some poor seal.

LAURA

Ohhhh!!

ALEX

That is crazy.

LAURA

Don't be swimming around the Farallon Islands.

ALEX

True dat.

Beat.

ALEX (cont'd)

Excuse me.

Alex gets up and goes into the bathroom for a minute. He comes back to the couch and settles back in next to Laura.

LAURA

Thank you for not farting in here.

ALEX

You're welcome. I even pulled my butt cheeks apart so you wouldn't hear it.

LAURA

(making up her own
song)

Pull-your-butt-cheeks-apart...when-
you-have-to-fart.

ALEX

That's the best song ever.

Another great white breeches, even higher than the first one.

ALEX (cont'd)

Daaamn!

LAURA

I'm never going into the ocean, ever.

ALEX

Me either. We'll just stay here.

Laura smiles and cuddles up against him just a little bit closer.

FADE OUT.