SET IT UP

by

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Treehouse Pictures
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OVER BLACK:

MAN (O.S.)
Bobby!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Rachel!

OLDER MAN (O.S.)
Jonathan!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Elizabeth!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A NERVOUS ASSISTANT sits at her cubicle, eyes darting around like she's waiting for something terrible to--

BOSS (O.S.)
WHAT'S-YOUR-FACE!

NERVOUS ASSISTANT
Coming!!

She jumps up, knocking over her chair as she hurries into her boss's office. MUSIC STARTS as we CUT TO....

INT. DIFFERENT OFFICE - DAY

An ASSISTANT getting angry ON THE PHONE--

ASSISTANT ON THE PHONE
Well guess what, *Janet*, I've got a masters in sociology and nothing else to do today, so put me on hold for as long as you want 'cause I'm not hanging up until his seat's bumped to first class.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A FRANTIC ASSISTANT looks through a lunch pick-up.

FRANTIC ASSISTANT
No, I said <u>no</u> onions. I said onions were fatal. As in if there are onions, I will be killed.

INT. VARIOUS - DAY

--ASSISTANT #1 walks out of a DRY CLEANERS with 40 pounds of clothes, balancing a phone to his ear:

ASSISTANT #1
I'll be right there.

--ASSISTANT #2 answers the phone at dinner:

ASSISTANT #2
I'll be right there.

--ASSISTANT #3 answers the phone in bed, mid-sex:

ASSISTANT #3
I'll be right there.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An ASSISTANT walks her boss's PSYCHOTIC DOG. It BARKS and lunges toward a POLICEMAN as she struggles to hold on--

The Policeman gets out pepper spray but the dog stops short of him and takes a huge horse-sized poop at his feet.

DOG WALKING ASSISTANT
(sheepish)
Do you by chance have a bag?

The Policeman just gives her a look. QUICK CUT TO....

The Dog Walking Assistant picks up the poop with something white. WIDER REVEALS it's her shirt. She stands in the middle of the street in her bra.

INT. DIFFERENT OFFICE - DAY

The Assistant on the phone is still on hold as everybody else leaves for lunch. He tries to roll his chair to the next desk over to grab a bag of chips, but it's too far.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS - DAY

--On the STREET, ASSISTANT #4 pleads with a METER MAID:

ASSISTANT #4
Please, she was only gone for a few minutes, is there any way--

--In a COURTROOM, ASSISTANT #5 pleads with a judge:

ASSISTANT #5
He's not gonna be able to serve, so let's make some sort of deal. What if I serve on *three* juries....

--In an OFFICE, ASSISTANT #6 on the phone:

ASSISTANT #6
He wanted me to let you know he's breaking up with you and needs you out of the apartment by 6 tonight.

THREE QUICK CUTS of cups hitting desks:

--A CUP OF COFFEE

--A CUP OF ALCOHOL

--A SPECIMEN CUP OF URINE

A grossed-out ASSISTANT puts the specimen cup in a brown paper bag. His BOSS walks by--

URINE BOSS
It better still be warm when it gets there.

ASSISTANT #7
No problem!

He runs down the hall with it.

INT. DIFFERENT OFFICE - NIGHT

The Assistant on Hold groans, head on his hands, as everyone else packs up to go. He sits up and accidentally hits a button -- then hears a dial tone.

ASSISTANT ON THE PHONE
No. Hello? HELLO?! NO!!!

INT. VARIOUS - NIGHT

QUICK CUTS of all the Assistants we've seen before finally going home: slamming laptops closed, grabbing bags, escaping so quickly their chairs are still spinning.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A LAST ASSISTANT bursts out of the building. She beams up at the sky, finally free, as we pan UP AND AWAY....

But then we STOP ABRUPTLY -- at one lonely office with its light still on, where HARPER HALL (27, bright, always too eager) has her face pressed up against the glass, a low-paid, under-appreciated prisoner of war.

INT. “THE RUNDOWN” OFFICES - NIGHT

At the window, Harper watches the Last Assistant leave. Her hair is unbrushed, she looks like she got dressed in the dark, everything about her is frazzled.

HARPER
Be free, turtle dove. Save yourself...

She heads back through a sea of empty cubicles, passing the only other person still here, her boss, KIRSTEN (39, vain, intense), typing furiously in her office.

Harper gets to her desk and falls into her chair and opens her laptop to a GUY’S DATING PROFILE. She checks the time, curses, and keeps one eye on Kirsten as she calls her date--

HARPER (ON PHONE) (CONT’D)
Heeey, it’s Harper again!
(listening, then)
Nope, not there yet. I’m so sorry but I’m still at work. I know I’ve already done this twice and we’ve never actually met so you may want to continue to never meet, but I think I’ll be free around 2 or 3am.
(trying to be flirty)
Can you think of something we could do that would be worth waiting for?
(listens, then, horrified)
Are you kidding me? Absolutely not. Not a chance. That comes after love, and marriage, and like, a Valium. Are people really doing that on first dates? Is that a thing? Hello?

He’s hung up. She hangs up, sighs, and deletes his profile.

She quits Safari, revealing a HALF-WRITTEN ARTICLE open on her computer, cursor blinking. She reads it to herself--

HARPER (CONT’D)
“Some call it a field, some call it a pitch, but to soccer phenom Sophie Seymour, it’s a spa, a church, a librar”--oh my GOD.

She groans and deletes the entire thing, just as Kirsten leans out of her office.

KIRSTEN
Are you trying to starve me? My bones are eating themselves just to stay alive. Order me that thing I like from that place with that gay waiter. The closeted one.

HARPER
(super upbeat)
Sure! So we are doing second dinner?

Kirsten tosses her a FITBIT--

KIRSTEN
And make sure this is at 10,000 steps before Chad gets here tomorrow because I don't want him to think I haven't been working out between sessions.

HARPER
(super duper upbeat)
Great!

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - NIGHT

Harper wears Kirsten's Fitbit as she runs laps around the office and orders dinner.

HARPER (ON PHONE)
So the truffle mac and cheese, a kale salad, and a turkey burger. Perfect. 45 minutes?
(kill me)
Yep! I'll be here.

She hangs up and keeps running as we CUT TO....

EXT. CITY CLUB - NIGHT

A stone-faced DOORMAN guards the entrance to the CITY CLUB, a fancy building oozing money and exclusivity. CHARLIE (26, sweet but trying too hard) paces on the sidewalk outside.

A BALD MAN exits the building, typing on his Blackberry, and when Charlie sees him, he lights up. Charlie watches him walk away, then turns back to the Doorman, star-struck.

CHARLIE
That was David Walsh! Of Walsh Associates! He was on Shark Tank!

Charlie shakes his head, amazed, as he dials someone on his cell phone and absentmindedly sits on the front steps--

CITY CLUB DOORMAN
Steps are for members only.

CHARLIE
Totally. Sorry. I'm just waiting for my boss.

The Doorman doesn't care.

INT. BAR - NIGHT [**INTERCUT**]

An insanely hot girl, SUZE, answers her phone in this boisterous bar, shouting over the MUSIC--

SUZE (ON PHONE)
HELLO?!

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
Hey baby. I'm still here, Rick hasn't left yet, so I'm just gonna have to meet you at your place later.

SUZE (ON PHONE)
(frowny face)
Baby....

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
What are you wearing? Will you send me a photo?
(she MUMBLES something)
What?!

SUZE (ON PHONE)
Nothing, some guy's getting me a drink!

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
No! That's-- I get you drinks. Let me buy you a drink! Give the bartender my credit card number, okay? Ready? 4407--

Suddenly RICK (45, an angry live wire in the most expensive suit) walk out of the building. Charlie throws his cellphone against the building wall as if he'd never been on it, perking up with a mix of adoration and terror--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What? No one. Nothing. What'd you think? Are you gonna invest?

RICK
I'll invest in that company when they figure out how to dip their dicks in ink and write the Japanese symbol for "horseshit."

A VALET GUY screeches a super-expensive car to a stop in front of them and hurries over to Rick. Rick walks to take the keys and Charlie waves--

CHARLIE
See you tomorrow!

RICK
What are you talking about? We're going back to the office.

CHARLIE
Oh! Okay. Do you want me to order you dinner?

RICK
You know I'm on a cleanse.

CHARLIE
Yeah, it's just that sometimes you end up wanting dinner anyw--

Rick shuts him up with a look of death. Charlie reaches for the passenger door but Rick gives him another look--

RICK
Am I an Uber driver? Are you Miss Daisy? What's happening here?

Charlie jumps back as Rick floors it and zooms away. Charlie waits a beat, then dashes over to his cell phone--

CHARLIE
Suze? Baby?

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - NIGHT

Harper stands in Kirsten's office, sweaty and out of breath from the laps. Kirsten's looking at a wall-sized corkboard full of story ideas, names, and teams as Harper takes notes--

KIRSTEN
I want a young woman to do the profile on Coach Brown, so he'll think it's a puff piece. Someone smart but who can play innocent.

Kirsten looks right at her and Harper straightens, excited--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Did you return that jacket?

HARPER
(hiding her deflation)
I did! And after a two-hour drive to their warehouse and a very intense conversation with a saleswoman that ended with both of us crying, I got you a full refund.

KIRSTEN
I want it back.

HARPER
Terrific! Will do.

KIRSTEN
What else?

HARPER
I'm getting a present for your niece's birthday next week and you still owe RSVP's to a few parties--

KIRSTEN
What kind of parties?

HARPER
Let's see.... Polly's wedding. Annie's engagement party. Bridget's baby shower....

Kirsten's eyes get narrower with each invitation--

HARPER (CONT'D)
Alice's son's birthday. You RSVP-ed to Jane's wedding and they just need to confirm you're okay sharing a room with Helen since you're--

Harper finally registers Kirsten's face but it's too late.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Both...coming...alone.

Kirsten slams her desk. Harper jumps.

KIRSTEN
I'm starting a business! I don't have time to celebrate some friend of a friend's third kid. From now on just decline all of them and send a $200 gift. Don't even ask me anymore.
(then, angrier)
And we should have three times this many feature ideas by now!

HARPER
(blurting out)
I have a story idea!

Harper immediately regrets it, but Kirsten looks at her, expectant, so she has to keep going.

HARPER (CONT'D)
It's not fleshed out, or anything, it's not--I haven't cracked it.

KIRSTEN
Why are you telling me it's bad before I've heard it?

HARPER
But there's this soccer player, she was born in Germany, but she was obsessed with the US soccer team, and then she found out her father-- she had a single mom, I should have said that earlier-- and in high school she finally met her dad, and he's American, so she has citizenship, and now she's trying out for our national team--

Harper's voice breaks and she tries to shake it off--

HARPER (CONT'D)
--with her heroes, and she never thought she'd be here, and she's learning what it means to be an American...
(voice straining)
I'm sorry. I get really emotional when I talk about sports....
(trying again)
But she's taking a chance with....

Kirsten just stares at her. Harper's cell RINGS, saving her.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Your dinner! I'll leave this room now to go get it.

She hurries out of Kirsten's office, shaking her head. As she goes she passes a window, where we see the <u>only other light on in the building</u> and CUT TO.....

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICES - NIGHT

Charlie takes notes as he follows Rick through the empty desks toward Rick's palatial corner office.

RICK
Their 5-year plan is really a 2-year plan, their market capital is overvalued, and their name is stupid. People using a private chef want to feel fancy, they're not gonna open an app called "Chef-Me." What do I have tomorrow?

CHARLIE
I moved your lunch to Delfine's, and your ex-wife wants you to call her to discuss your daughter's parent-teacher conferences.

RICK
Tell Kiki she can suck my left nut.

CHARLIE
Like, if she calls? Or....

RICK
Ask Kiki if she's still fucking our real estate agent in the house I bought for us.

CHARLIE
I don't actually communicate--

Rick stops at Charlie's desk-- it's covered in lemons.

RICK
What is this?

CHARLIE
Oh, this is your daughter's science project! It's actually coming along really well. It'll be a fun play on "When life gives you lemons," 'cause I'm using a lemon *battery* to power a lemonade--

RICK
Where's my dinner?

A beat.

CHARLIE
Did you want dinner? 'Cause you said....

RICK
No, I'm just asking for its location so I have a more complete image when I jack off to it later.

CHARLIE
(trying not to panic)
No problem. Coming right up.

Charlie grins too widely and backs out of the room. As soon as he's out of Rick's view, he sprints to the elevator.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Harper and a DELIVERY GUY stand in the empty, echoing lobby. He holds two bags of food as Harper tears through her wallet.

HARPER
I have three credit cards. I can write you a check.

DELIVERY GUY
I'm sorry, it's cash only.

HARPER
What if I told you I could pay you *triple* tomorrow?

DELIVERY GUY
Cash only.

HARPER
What if I told you this face was just a mask and I'm really a hundred-year-old gypsy who will curse your family for generations if you don't give me that food?

DELIVERY GUY
Cash only.

Harper stifles a scream of frustration.

On the other side of the lobby, Charlie bursts out of an elevator on the phone.

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
What good is a 24-hour grocery store if you can't cook the food you sell?! Do you sell microwaves?

He comes around the corner to see Harper arguing--

HARPER
I cannot go up there and ask for cash and I cannot go up there without food so it seems like my only two options are for you to help me out or for me to finally commit a felony.

CHARLIE
HEY!
(hangs up, sprints over)
Whose food is this?

HARPER
It's mine.

DELIVERY GUY
You got cash, it's all yours.

Charlie takes out his wallet, giddy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I have cash! I have so much cash!
Holy shit, you're saving my life--

Harper slaps his wallet out of his hand.

HARPER
Stop! This is my boss's dinner and
I don't have any cash and if I
don't bring it back up I'm fucked.
(a beat)
Can I borrow some money?

CHARLIE
Um, no, because now this is my
boss's dinner and if I'm not
upstairs in two minutes I'm fucked.

He reaches for the food but she grabs his hand, emotional:

HARPER
Please. Help me.

Charlie hesitates. He recognizes the look of misery and exhaustion in her eyes. But--

CHARLIE
Sorry.

Charlie gives the guy cash, takes the food and walks away.

HARPER
There are two!
(Charlie stops)
There are two dinners, one for me
and one for her. We can split it.
You take one to your boss and I'll
take one to mine.
(before he can respond)
PLEASE. This is DEF-CON 5.

Charlie sighs. Finally--

CHARLIE
What are the meals?

Harper squeals with relief, then dives into the bag.

HARPER
I can take her the truffle mac and
cheese and you can have the burger--

CHARLIE
I'm not bringing him a plain
hamburger, he's a man of taste.

Harper opens the food containers, scooping some of the cheese from the mac-and-cheese onto the burger.

HARPER
Fine, look, now it's a...truffle cheeseburger...
(putting some salad on it)
With kale. This burger would win an award!

She takes the pickle but he snatches it out of her hand.

HARPER (CONT'D)
The pickle's my dinner!

CHARLIE
I can't give him a truffle cheeseburger without a pickle.

Charlie grabs his food and they hurry to the elevators.

HARPER
Thank you so, so, so much. I swear I'll pay you back tomorrow!

CHARLIE
With interest. 80%. Liquidity preference.

HARPER
Are you serious? Do I look like someone who can afford interest? I steal my toilet paper from the office bathroom.

Charlie shrugs as he steps onto his elevator. Harper steps onto the elevator across from him.

CHARLIE
You should really keep cash on you.

HARPER
You should really order dinner earlier.

CHARLIE
The pickle isn't for my boss, it's for me.

He takes a big bite as their doors close. Harper gasps--

HARPER
You're a monster!

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie races down the empty highway as he calls Suze.

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
Don't fall asleep. I'm coming!

EXT. SUZE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Charlie's old, dilapidated car screeches to a stop. He tries to get out so fast he gets stuck in his seat belt, then manages to escape and sprints to the building's INTERCOM, buzzing over and over until--

SUZE (O.S.)
(half-asleep)
Hello?

CHARLIE
I'm here! I'm here!

SUZE (O.S.)
It's three a.m.

CHARLIE
Do you still wanna watch a movie?

SUZE (O.S.)
I'm in bed, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Perfect! I'll get in with you!

SUZE (O.S.)
I'm already asleep.

CHARLIE
I could wake you up.
(sing-songy)
With my penis.
(immediately)
Not with my penis, you'll be awake before it touches you. You know what I mean.

SUZE (O.S.)
I have an early meeting. I'll just call you tomorrow.

CHARLIE
Okay, sure! Whatever you want.

Charlie turns back to his car to see a creepy HOMELESS GUY smiling at him.

HOMELESS GUY
You could wake me up.

CHARLIE
Nope, no thank you.

HOMELESS GUY
(sing-songy)
With your penis.

Charlie rushes away.

INT. CHARLIE & DUNCAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A clean, stylish guy's apartment. DUNCAN, 26, a corn-fed jock, does PULL-UPS in a doorway. Charlie walks in.

DUNCAN
Good morning! Want some coffee?

CHARLIE
Why are you awake?

DUNCAN
I can't wake up early and make my best friend breakfast to hear about his okay I need to tell you something. I didn't want to mention it until it was official, but...I bought a place.

CHARLIE
What's a place?

DUNCAN
I bought an apartment.

CHARLIE
(a beat)
Bought it, like, you own it?

DUNCAN
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Who's gonna live in it?

DUNCAN
I am.

CHARLIE
WHAT?! That-- But-- We live <u>here</u>!

DUNCAN
I know, but our lease is up in two months, and this was a great financial opportunity--

CHARLIE
Financial opportunity?! How much money do you have?

DUNCAN
You know I love living with you. But we're 27--

CHARLIE
(offended)
I'm 26!

DUNCAN
And I'm ready for my own space. To decorate, to bring guys home--

CHARLIE
You can bring guys here! I'm completely cool with it.

DUNCAN
You get a little weird.

CHARLIE
I do not!

POP TO:

INT. CHARLIE & DUNCAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Duncan flirts with a GUY on the couch. Charlie glides into the room with a platter of snacks and condoms. He whispers--

CHARLIE
I'm not here.

He puts the platter on the coffee table, grins, and glides back out of the room.

BACK TO SCENE:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I want my best friend to never go hungry and stay STD-free!

DUNCAN
Honestly, your hours are so shitty, we'll probably see each other more when we <u>don't</u> live together.

Charlie runs a hand through his hair, freaking out.

CHARLIE
This is insane. Buying apartments is for grown-ups. I can't even afford the HBO package!

DUNCAN
I know. That's why I pay for the HBO package.

CHARLIE
(quietly furious)
We've had HBO this whole time?

INT. HARPER & BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harper, in sweatpants, sets her alarm for 5:45AM and settles into the couch. She pulls her computer on her lap and opens a YouTube clip: Olympic runner Derek Redmond tearing his hamstring mid-race and Derek's father running down to help his son limp across the finish line.

Harper tears up as she watches, mouthing along with the announcer. Just then BECCA (27, beautiful, wild) bursts in, a little drunk, guided by her boyfriend, MIKE (30, sweet, put-together). Becca sees Harper and jumps on her--

BECCA
YOU'RE HOME! How was your date?

HARPER
Amazing! He's in my room drinking Gatorade to recover from our vigorous lovemaking.

BECCA
Really?!

HARPER
Of course not. I worked too late and didn't make it in time.

MIKE
Aw man, again?

HARPER
How was the party?

BECCA
Fine. Gilbert was there.

HARPER
He WAS? Have you seen him since...

She pantomimes something, trying to be secretive.

MIKE
Since she had sex with him in the handicapped bathroom on the Acela?

HARPER
(whipping around to Becca)
You told him that?!

BECCA
I tell him everything. And it wasn't the Acela, it was the Northwest Regional, I'm not a maniac.

MIKE
If we had to avoid every guy she ever had sex with on some sort of public transportation, we could never leave the apartment.

Becca smacks him. Mike gives her a cute smirk.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna fart. Don't come in your room for a minute.

BECCA
You're disgusting!

He heads to her room. She watches him go adoringly.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Look at his little khakis. Who wears khakis to a bar?!

HARPER
So many people. Like everyone who ever went to private school.

BECCA
How was your day?

HARPER
(trying to be positive)
I only cried once!

BECCA
If I ever see Kirsten on the street I'm gonna punch her in the throat.

HARPER
You never will, because she's always at the office, but I love the sentiment.

BECCA
I love you!

She kisses Harper and skips to her room. Harper smiles sadly and heads to her own room, when suddenly BECCA SCREAMS.

Harper whips around, grabs an UMBRELLA by the door and wields it like a club as she races toward Becca's room.

HARPER
I KNEW IT! No one wears khakis to a bar except Jeffrey Dahmer--

INT. BECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harper kicks the door in, ready to take Mike out--

HARPER
GET OFF OF HER YOU--

She stops suddenly: Mike's on one knee, slipping an engagement ring on Becca's finger.

BECCA
I said no! Just kidding I SAID YES!

Mike laughs. Harper drops her umbrella, stunned.

HARPER
We're not old enough to get married.

MIKE
What?

HARPER
What? Nothing!! Oh my God, CONGRATULATIONS!!!

She jumps on Becca, squealing. Mike joins in on the hug.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Mike!! MIKE!!! I love you!

MIKE
I love you too, Harper!

Becca and Mike kiss. Then they start really making out. Harper tries to squeeze out of their group hug.

HARPER
(ducking under Mike's arm)
Oh-- uh-huh. Get into it! You guys keep doing that-- I'm gonna get outta here.

Mike throws Becca on the bed. Her shirt's already off. Harper hurries out--

HARPER (CONT'D)
Okay have so much fun!

INT. HARPER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Harper lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, unable to sleep. Her alarm starts BEEPING: time for work again.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAWN

Harper walks into the dark office, hands full of bags and coffees. She clicks on the lights on the way to her desk.

She drops the bags on her desk and sighs, a rare moment of quiet, and goes to take a sip of coffee--

KIRSTEN (O.S.)
I'll need my own room!

Harper jumps and turns to see Kirsten marching in.

HARPER
Kirsten! You're here so early--

KIRSTEN
Helen met some fat bank manager last week and she's dragging him to Jane's wedding so make sure they know I'll need my own room.
(then, pleasantly)
Also, what are they paying you?

HARPER
Who?

KIRSTEN
ESPN. To sabotage my site from the inside. Whatever it is, you deserve a raise, because the writing samples you sent me last night had no attachment.

HARPER
They did, I'm sure they did--

She frantically clicks through her email, but Kirsten just storms in her office. Then she storms back out--

KIRSTEN
Do you think she <u>knows</u> how desperate it looks? To bring the first man she matched with on some $8/month dating site to a destination wedding? I mean, I feel bad for her.
(MORE)

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Sharing a room with some hairy stranger instead of actually getting to relax and enjoy the hotel.

HARPER
Totally.

KIRSTEN
I just think it's really transparent. What she's doing. And embarrassing.

Kirsten dives into the bag of food and pulls out a bagel.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Is this flaccid?

HARPER
I was just about to toast it--

Harper grabs the bagel and hurries to the kitchen as fast as she can, her shitty day already starting.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie scrolls through Suze's Instagram at his desk when--

RICK (O.S.)
CHARLIE!

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie hurries inside. Rick's sitting back in his chair, a disconcertingly wide smile on his face.

RICK
Apparently Jason Fox Investments had breakfast with the Chef-Me guys at the City Club this morning before he made a $500,000 angel investment.

CHARLIE
That's-- good, right? Because we hate him, and he's wasting his money on a bad idea--

RICK
It was <u>my</u> bad idea. Mine. They came to me, they were hard for <u>my</u> money, and now he's turning my shit into gold? Only <u>I</u> turn my shit into gold! Get out!

Charlie hurries away.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - LATER

Charlie keeps scrolling through Suze's Instagram feed -- Suze in a bikini, Suze pretending she just woke up, Suze giving duck face. Charlie frowns longingly. He looks up and notices a meek INTERN (20) heading for the door--

CHARLIE
Intern!

INTERN
My name is Bo.

CHARLIE
I don't give a shit.

INTERN
It's just, it has fewer syllables than "intern."

CHARLIE
I'm gonna get Rick's lunch and you're gonna cover his phones.

INTERN
(terrified)
What? How?

CHARLIE
Don't pee, don't zone out, don't sneeze, just put his calls through and try not to exist. And do <u>not</u>, EVER, connect his ex-wife.

INTERN
Do I tell him if she calls?

CHARLIE
Yeah, and then you slather my dick in ink and use it to write the hieroglyphic for "no."

The Intern just stares at him, confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That-- no. Don't tell him.

INT. BY THE ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's on the phone, happily jabbing the elevator button.

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
Baby! I have 30 minutes, let's--

BANG! There's a huge crash behind him. He turns, concerned.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie runs back in to see Rick trying to tear apart his office. He's not strong enough to really break anything so he ends up kind of just throwing paper and pens everywhere. The rest of the office watches, scared. Charlie races over--

CHARLIE
What happened?!

INTERN
(two octaves too high)
I think he's upset about the invitation?

The Intern hands Charlie a wedding invitation: *Kiki McKelvy & Michael Posada.* Charlie looks up, horrified--

CHARLIE
No. No. This is his ex-wife-- you showed him this?! She's getting married in their old house and you showed him?!

INTERN TWO
You didn't say anything about his mail!

CRASH. Rick tries to throw his chair out the window but it bounces back and hits him.

RICK
What is this, BULLET-PROOF GLASS?!

He storms out of his office--

RICK (CONT'D)
Where is that pencil dick?

INTERN
(raising his hand)
I feel like I'm pencil dick.

RICK
You're fired.

CHARLIE
Rick, he's a hard worker--

RICK
ALL THE INTERNS ARE FIRED.

CHARLIE
What?! Fire this idiot, but the others aren't even in today--

RICK
I'm going to Delfine's.

Rick marches out of the office. The Intern dumps a TOWER OF FILES on to Charlie's desk, sadly.

INTERN
I'm very average-sized. I just want that to be clear....

The Intern slumps out of the office as Charlie stares at the pile, his workload tripled, and puts his head on his hands.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

TIME LAPSE as most people flow out of the office and into their cars, driving off. Only two lights are still on.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - LATER THAT NIGHT

Harper slowly types out a sentence on her computer. She looks up when Kirsten walks a WRITER to the door of her office as their meeting ends. Kirsten speaks warmly--

KIRSTEN
You're talented. Stop trying to convince us. Cut every adjective and send it back to me and we'll see what we really need.

WRITER
Totally. Thank you so much, Kirsten. This is so helpful.

They hug. Harper watches, incredulous. The Writer starts to leave, stopping at Harper's desk to lean over and whisper--

WRITER (CONT'D)
Kirsten is amazing. You're so lucky to work for such a nice person!

Harper forces a smile and nod as her eyes go black. Kirsten calls out to Harper as the Writer leaves--

KIRSTEN
I'm taking a nap. Wake me up at midnight.

She closes the door before Harper can respond. Harper turns back to her computer, noticing POST-IT on her desk: "Pay back pickle thief."

Harper glances at her computer, the half-written article staring her in the face, then snatches the post-it.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - NIGHT

As usual, the office is dark and quiet except for the lamp on Charlie's desk, where he's filing the pile of paperwork the Intern left for him. Harper walks up, handing him $20--

HARPER
Here you go.

CHARLIE
(jumps, startled)
Holy shit, Pickles. What are you still doing here? Are you like, a janitor, or something?

HARPER
What? No! I work for Kirsten Jones, the sports writer.

CHARLIE
But why are you here?

HARPER
I can't leave 'til she leaves, and she never leaves. I'm always the last one here.

CHARLIE
No, I'm always the last one here.

HARPER
Kirsten keeps a cot in her office.

CHARLIE
Rick keeps a cot in his office. It's a tempurpedic. It's like the Tesla of cots. He also drives a Tesla. He's like the Tesla of humans.

HARPER
Kirsten's like if Miss Piggy and Voldemort had a baby, and that baby had low blood sugar and also hadn't had sex in a year.

CHARLIE
Ew, a baby shouldn't ever have sex. And Rick is worse.
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I check off every day like a prisoner at Alcatraz.

HARPER
How many?

CHARLIE
Days? 604. But it'll all be worth it.

He takes something out of his wallet: a torn-out magazine ad of Suze laughing as she opens a TAMPON. Charlie hands it to Harper, as he turns back to his work.

HARPER
Why do you keep a tampon ad in your wallet?

CHARLIE
(super proud)
That's my girlfriend.

HARPER
Oh. Sure. She lives in Canada? And can never video chat?

CHARLIE
(snatching it back)
She's very real, and she's hotter in person.

Charlie reaches into his trash can and pulls out a brand new bottle of Scotch with a big red BOW wrapped around it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
And while she's out there being lusted after by every non-asexual in Los Angeles, I will do the work of three unpaid sophomores drinking the liquor Rick throws away because it cost less than $200.
(opens it, then)
You want a glass?

HARPER
We're at work.

CHARLIE
It's after midnight.

HARPER
It's been so long, I have the tolerance of a fetus.

She smells it and recoils. CUT TO....

LATER. Harper pours herself another glass. She's really feeling it, splayed across a rolling chair. Charlie sits with his feet on his desk, still reading his paperwork.

HARPER (CONT'D)
I miss everything. I haven't been to a party or made out with a guy in so long I've forgotten how to do it. My tongue has atrophied.

CHARLIE
(totally not listening)
Suze is always just out in the world, being looked at by guys with more time and more money.

HARPER
When my mom was my age, she had me. I've never even had a boyfriend.

CHARLIE
But you're like, a grown-up.

HARPER
TAKE THAT BACK.

CHARLIE
Not even at camp?

HARPER
I've dated guys, I've just never had an in-love, real...thing.
(then, intense)
I am so happy for Becca.

CHARLIE
Who's Becca?

HARPER
I don't want it to seem like I'm not happy for her. Mike is perfect and she should be engaged because she's experienced everything. She's seen it all and done it all and done all of them.

CHARLIE
Seriously who is Becca?

Harper sits up, the whiskey hitting her.

HARPER
I've never had sex on a plane. I've never even had sex outside! I don't get to go outside! Do you have any idea how long it takes to show a man my boobs?

CHARLIE
.... No.

HARPER
A long time. I don't even have time to blow dry my hair--

CHARLIE
You should do that.

HARPER
Let alone go on dates. And given my average date-to-sex ratio, if I want to sleep with as many guys as Becca did, I'll get married when I'm seven-hundred-and-forty-DEAD.

She tries to chug her whiskey, but hacks and coughs as soon as it touches her lips. Through her coughs--

HARPER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be the maid of honor and I'm not gonna be able to go to her engagement party, her bachelorette party, I'll be lucky if I get to her WEDDING! I'm gonna end up like Kirsten. Buying thousand-dollar throw blankets and sleeping with my laptop every night.

CHARLIE
That's why she's so mean. She's sleeping with a laptop. She needs to get laid.

HARPER
She needs to be *made love* to.

CHARLIE
<u>Rick</u> needs to get laid.
(thinking, then)
Is it still illegal to hire a prostitute if it's for someone <u>else</u>?

HARPER
They're always in this stupid building, let's just lock them in a room and they can have sex with each other.

Charlie laughs. But Harper's thinking.

HARPER (CONT'D)
I'm serious. We could Cyrano them out of the office. And when they're banging, we're free.

Charlie drinks another sip of whiskey, sighing--

CHARLIE
I don't need to be free. I just need to get promoted before my birthday. I already made a reservation at Delfine's and I'm not gonna sit there with Suze and still be an assistant. I refuse to be an assistant at 28. That's the age it gets sad, you know?

HARPER
I'm 28.

CHARLIE
Oh. I'm sorry.
(then)
For you. That's sad for you.

Harper smirks at him and kicks off Charlie's desk, sailing away in the wheelie chair. As she rolls away:

HARPER
Byyyyyyye!

CHARLIE
(calling after her)
That's my chair!

INT. HARPER & BECCA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Harper lays in bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking hard. Muffled whispers and laughs come from Becca's room. A beat, then Harper jumps out of bed and grabs her computer.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie clicks through Suze's Facebook page as Rick works in the office behind him. Harper tiptoes in with her laptop--

HARPER
Hey.

Charlie jumps out of his seat again--

CHARLIE
Oh my GOD! Why are you so quiet?!
You move like a Prius.

HARPER
I made something.

She hands him her laptop, open to a HUGE SPREADSHEET.

CHARLIE
What is this?

HARPER
("obviously")
It's a Google doc of Kirsten's likes, dislikes, past relationships--
(off his blank look)
To set them up. For our Cyrano.

CHARLIE
That was a joke.

HARPER
But it doesn't have to be! What's Rick's favorite food?

CHARLIE
The filet from Delfine's.

HARPER
Where will he be at 3pm tomorrow?

CHARLIE
At the Mandarin for a meeting with the guys from JP Morgan.

HARPER
What does he hate more than anything?

CHARLIE
Bryant Gumbel and sour cream.

HARPER
We know everything about them -- what they like, what they hate. We control their entire schedule. We're the men behind the curtain.

Charlie stands, gathering his stuff--

CHARLIE
That's insane. I barely have time to do my actual job and keep my girlfriend. I can't do this, too.

HARPER
But this could save us!

CHARLIE
I gotta go.

He runs past her out the door. She watches him go, deflated.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

A bright, colorful auditorium set up for a play. EXCITED PARENTS mill about, taking seats. Suze, dressed for a nightclub, walks in, confused. Every DAD in the audience notices her immediately.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Suze!!

Charlie waves happily from the front row, where he's reserved the four center seats with his blazer. Suze walks over and Charlie goes to kiss her but she gives him her cheek so he just kisses her cheek really sexually.

SUZE
I thought we were getting lunch.

SWEET MOTHER
Excuse me, are--

CHARLIE
They're all taken, yes.
(turning back to Suze)
I brought lunch to us! Two kale chicken caesar salads and a soy latte for some mid-afternoon theater. You look so hot. How was your meeting?

SUZE
It was good. I booked that Old Navy print campaign.

CHARLIE
Are you kidding?! Baby! That's incredible!

SUZE
Look, Charlie--

A GLARING MOM tries to take one of the seats--

CHARLIE
This seat is saved, he'll be here any minute, thank you.

SUZE
It's shooting in New York, and I'm gonna be traveling so much, and you're already so busy--

Charlie can feel where this is going and his voice goes high--

CHARLIE
I'm not that busy.

SUZE
I barely see you as it is. I don't want to eat a to-go salad at some weird school. I want to be wooed. Maybe our schedules are too much to keep dating.

CHARLIE
(too loud)
NO!

Everybody jumps. Charlie clears his throat, then, calmer--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What I mean is that's silly. Things are going so well, we're having fun--

An ANGRY MOM tries to move Charlie's blazer and take a seat. He stops her, intense--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'd lay my life down for these seats and if you can't say the same I'd MOVE ON!
(back to Suze)
We can totally make this work. My schedule's about to get so much easier.

SUZE
It is?

CHARLIE
Yes! I can be around whenever you're home. I'm gonna take care of you. You're a print model! This is gonna be fine. I promise.

The lights go down. Charlie's PHONE BEEPS with a text and all the parents glare at him. It's from Rick: "*Not coming, get back now.*" Charlie jumps up and takes Suze's hand, crouching and crawling over the other parents in the row--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Excuse me. Excuse me.

The ANGRY MOM re-crosses her legs and knees him in the balls. Charlie groans and folds over.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Charlie limps in and makes a beeline for Harper. She looks up and sees him coming--

CHARLIE
I'm in.
(off her confusion)
When they're boning, we're free, right?

Harper smiles, getting it--

HARPER
When they're boning, *we're free.*

She does a weird hand motion like birds flying away.

CHARLIE
What was that?

HARPER
It was supposed to be birds being free, don't worry about it.
(then, intense)
Let's do this.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Harper and Charlie walk out of a coffee shop, each balancing a tray of drinks. They power-walk back to their office, darting in and out of the sidewalk crowd.

CHARLIE
He's usually at the City Club.

HARPER
Could she run into him there?

CHARLIE
Oh, yeah, sure. She'll just "run into" him. After she's been nominated by two current members and one former member and then get approved by the board, and then also had a sex change because *technically* women are allowed--

HARPER
I get it.

CHARLIE
(thinking)
All Rick cares about is winning. Literally. We just need to make your boss seem like a business deal or a softball game.

HARPER
All Kirsten cares about is the website. It's her baby.

CHARLIE
Because she doesn't have a real baby?

HARPER
How DARE you. But yes I do think that's a huge part of it.
(then)
We need a meet cute. Every great romance has a meet cute. Like, how'd your grandparents meet?

CHARLIE
My grandmother was running to catch a train, and a man put his foot out to keep the door open, but the door broke his foot and she took him to the hospital.

HARPER
(emotional)
Oh my God.

CHARLIE
And at the hospital he got a staph infection and died and my grandmother married the doctor who treated him.

HARPER
("what the fuck")
Oh my God.

CHARLIE
Pop Pop.... I miss him.

HARPER
How do people even meet now? How'd you meet your tampon lady?

CHARLIE
If you mean Suze, my girlfriend, I was like Babe Ruth.

HARPER
.... Fat?

CHARLIE
She was on a date, with like, an MMA fighter, but I saw her across the bar and pointed at her and said "she's gonna be my girlfriend." So I waited until he went to take a dump and then I walked over, super cool, and I bought her every single drink on the menu and said,
(super dramatic)
"Take your pick."

HARPER
That worked?!

CHARLIE
Of course it did. And then I wore her down over weeks of texts and flowers and chocolates and concert tickets and shopping trips.

HARPER
That's insane.

CHARLIE
(shrugs, sweetly)
She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen in my entire life.

He says it so nicely it stops Harper a little. She gets to the crosswalk and jabs at the button--

HARPER
We need a classic. Getting-stuck-in-an-elevator or something. What's our getting stuck in an elevator?

CHARLIE
Why don't we just get them stuck in an elevator?

HARPER
Because how would we do that.

CHARLIE
Oh, you don't know Creepy Tim?

The walk signal turns and he starts off as we CUT TO....

INT. BUILDING MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

CREEPY TIM, super high and very pale, sits in the bowels of the building. Harper looks around, concerned, as Charlie hands Tim a plant.

CREEPY TIM
My succulent!

HARPER
Can you grow plants down here?

CREEPY TIM
(pleasantly)
Oh no, they just slowly die.

Harper gives Charlie a freaked-out look.

CHARLIE
So buddy, we wanted to shut down an elevator for a few minutes so two people can fall in love.

CREEPY TIM
The only thing I love more than love is love in enclosed spaces. And succulents. But you already gave me one of those. Let's do this.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Rick walks towards the elevator, staring at his phone. He presses the button.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Kristin walks towards the elevator, staring at her phone.

INT. BUILDING MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Harper skids into the room, where Charlie and Tim are watching the SECURITY MONITORS.

HARPER
She's on the move. She's headed to the nest.

CHARLIE
You're not the secret service, you can say elevator.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Kirsten is about to press the elevator button, then stops.

INT. BUILDING MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Harper watches Kirsten root through her purse on the monitor.

HARPER
No no no, she's looking for her glasses.
(yelling at the monitor)
They're in the zipper pouch of your bag, you beautiful idiot!

CHARLIE
(to Tim)
Just stop it at her floor!

INT. “THE RUNDOWN” OFFICES - DAY

Kirsten turns around to go back to her office when -- DING! The elevator doors open. That’s weird. Just then she finds her glasses, and turns around to get on the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Kirsten gives Rick a polite smile. He doesn’t respond. She drops her smile, annoyed. They both go back to their phones.

INT. BUILDING MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY [**INTERCUT**]

Harper and Charlie watch the monitors.

HARPER
Does no one look each other in the eye anymore?! I hate technology!

The doors are about to close when a UPS GUY slips in, carrying a big package.

CHARLIE
Whoa whoa whoa? Who’s this?

HARPER
Get out! GET OUT, SIR!

But the doors slide closed. Kirsten and Rick stare at their phones as the UPS Guy stares straight ahead.

CREEPY TIM
Are you thinking what I’m thinking?

HARPER/CHARLIE
Abort mission./Call it off.

CREEPY TIM
IT’S GO TIME.

Creepy Tim hits the button and the elevator STOPS.

CHARLIE
What the fuck?!

CREEPY TIM
Wait, what did you guys say?

In the elevator, Rick, Kirsten and the UPS Guy jolt as it stops. They look around, startled.

UPS GUY
Oh my God. Oh my God. No.

In the Maintenance Room, Harper turns to Creepy Tim--

HARPER
Start it. Start it back up.

Creepy Tim hits a button and the elevator GROANS to a start. On the monitor the UPS Guy breathes out, relieved.

UPS GUY (ON MONITOR)
Oh thank God. I'm really claustrophobic.

CHARLIE
Let it go. Let it go, Rick.

RICK (ON MONITOR)
You work in a truck. Your job is to take elevators. How can you be claustrophobic?

UPS GUY (ON MONITOR)
Usually I take the stairs. Today was a really big day for me.

Kirsten shoots Rick a look--

KIRSTEN (ON MONITOR)
Okay, let's not make this any worse.

Suddenly the elevator STOPS AGAIN. Rick, Kirsten and the UPS guy stumble again. Creepy Tim pounds on the keys.

HARPER
Why did you stop it?!

CREEPY TIM
This wasn't me. This I think might be an *actual* system malfunction.

In the elevator, the UPS Guy starts hyperventilating and feeling the walls.

UPS GUY
Yep. This is how my nightmares start. Here we go. We all need to just CALM DOWN!!

He starts to take his clothes off. Like all of them.

KIRSTEN
What are you doing?

HARPER
What is he doing?

RICK
Stop. Stop that right now.

UPS GUY
I need to be free of this!

The UPS Guy shimmies out of the last of his clothes. Kirsten goes for the emergency phone as Rick takes out his cell.

KIRSTEN
I'm calling 911.

RICK
Don't, I'm calling on my cell.

KIRSTEN
This phone is specifically designed for this exact emergency.

RICK
Exactly. We want actual emergency response team, not the assholes assigned to elevator squad.

The UPS Guy is tying his discarded clothing together--

UPS GUY
Maybe we could make a rope....

KIRSTEN
You won't get service and this phone's already ringing.

Rick reaches over and hangs up the emergency phone.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Excuse me!

RICK
If we both call it in it might confuse the system.

The UPS Guy starts opening his package--

UPS GUY
I have to pee. I'm gonna pee.

RICK
If you pee I will end your life.

KIRSTEN
This is STRESS PEE, stressing him out more won't help!

RICK
I get men to do what I want <u>for a living</u>, I know what I'm doing.

KIRSTEN
Well I write about men full of shit for a living--

UPS GUY
I gotta listen to my body!

He pulls a cooper pot out of the package--

RICK
DO NOT PEE IN THAT.

He starts peeing in the pot. Kirsten closes her eyes. The pee echoes so, so, so loudly. Just then, the elevator STARTS AGAIN. The UPS Guy just keeps peeing.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The elevator opens and Rick and Kirsten storm out, pissed. A MAN starts to get on, then sees the naked UPS Guy, scattered clothes, pot full of pee. UPS Guy gives an awkward wave.

UPS GUY
Hello.

INT. BUILDING MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Charlie and Harper just stare at the monitors.

CREEPY TIM
I'm not great at reading rooms, how'd that go?

HARPER
It was okay, Creepy Tim.

CHARLIE
Are you kidding me? That was a disaster. They hate each other!

HARPER
Hate is good. Hate we can work with.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Harper goes over her notes from the doorway--

HARPER
I proofread the Jackson article and found a few typos.
(very casually)
(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)
And apparently some guy you were in an elevator with today asked security for your contact info?

Kirsten stops typing, concerned.

KIRSTEN
A delivery man?

HARPER
No! No. Some bigshot who works in the building. I guess he has a crush on you, or something. But don’t worry, I told them we don’t give out your number.
(then)
Okay, I’ll send these e-mails!

Harper turns and walks out. Behind her, Kirsten smiles.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Rick comes back into his office. Charlie looks up nervously.

CHARLIE
I heard you got stuck in an elevator with Jason Fox’s girlfriend.

RICK
Jason Fox from Fox Capital?

CHARLIE
Yeah. Maybe he’s just trying to date her, I can never remember. Do you want your third juice?

Rick walks into his office, thinking. Charlie watches him go, then calls Harper.

CHARLIE (ON PHONE) (CONT’D)
Okay, I said it. What now?

HARPER (O.S.)
Does Rick have good Dodgers tickets?

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
No, he watches from the nosebleeds like a common hoodlum. Of course he has home plate seats. What does that have to do with anything?

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - SUNSET

The sun sets behind Dodgers Stadium as fans buzz around excitedly -- peanuts, beer, hot dogs, baseball!

Charlie waits outside the stadium, in a full suit. He checks his watch, annoyed. Harper races up to him in a Dodgers jersey, hat, wearing a foam finger.

HARPER
Sorry sorry sorry. I got here so early that I thought I had time to dick around so I went to the gift shop and I tried on like seventeen things but then I lost track of time and suddenly I was late.

CHARLIE
That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. That's not a real thing.

HARPER
Yes it is. It's the dick-around thing. It's very common.

CHARLIE
Did you cancel on whoever she was supposed to be going with?

HARPER
I never even called him in the first place.

She high-fives herself with the foam finger, then notices--

HARPER (CONT'D)
What are you wearing?

CHARLIE
A suit. I'm not on the team, why would I wear the jersey? I don't wear scrubs to the doctors office.

Harper rolls her eyes and drags him inside.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM - EVENING

Harper leads Charlie around the stadium, looking for something. She finally spots it--

HARPER
Bobby!

BOBBY, a huge COSTUMED MASCOT that looks like an oversized BOBBLE-HEAD turns, sees Harper, and waves. Charlie jumps.

CHARLIE
OhmyGod--

BOBBY THE MASCOT
Harper!

Bobby bounds over and leans down to hug Harper. She squeezes him around his waist. Charlie backs up, uncomfortable. When Bobby talks it's MUFFLED through his costume head:

BOBBY THE MASCOT (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me you were coming?

HARPER
I didn't know until tonight!

Charlie reaches up to try and take off Bobby's costume head. Bobby swats his hand away.

BOBBY THE MASCOT
Dude.

CHARLIE
I need to see it without a head or I'm gonna have nightmares.

Harper gives him a weird look, then turns to Bobby--

HARPER
I have a favor to ask.

She hands Bobby a piece of paper. He tries to take it with his huge foam costume hands, but he can't. Harper shoves it in his mouth hole.

HARPER (CONT'D)
We need them to make out.

Bobby does an elaborate dance that ends in a nod. Harper and Charlie watch, confused--

BOBBY THE MASCOT
That's my Yes Dance! I'll give this to the jumbotron guy.

HARPER
Thank you!!

She jumps up and hugs him. Charlie pretends to hug him, then reaches around to try and take off the head again. Bobby swats at Charlie's hands--

BOBBY THE MASCOT
DUDE!!

INT. NOSEBLEEDS SEATS - DODGER STADIUM - EVENING

In the highest, farthest-away row, Harper and Charlie step over people in their row on the way to get to their seats.

CHARLIE
I need to see the human inside, otherwise it's just a nightmare come to life!

The game's just started. Harper takes out some BINOCULARS and Charlie eats popcorn. She sees Rick sitting behind home plate, yelling at someone on his phone.

HARPER
Rick's here!

CHARLIE
Kirsten better get here soon. Once he realizes his meeting isn't coming he'll go.

Harper settles back into her seat, and starts swiping through Tinder on her phone. Charlie looks over.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Ahh, online dating. I remember that old wily beast. Desperately searching for the nearest available genitals. Can you match with someone in the section where they give out free hot dogs?
(she ignores him)
Want me to take your photo here? Guys love girls who like sports.

HARPER
HA!
(off his look)
Wait, are you serious?

CHARLIE
They do.

HARPER
That's one of the world's great myths. Guys *think* they like girls who like sports. What they actually like is a girl in a very tight sports jersey serving them wings and getting the terminology wrong. They like girls who like *guys* who like sports.

CHARLIE
That's not true. Think of every beer commercial.

HARPER
Exactly. No guy actually wants to talk to a girl about offensive line coaches or batting averages. They want a girl to blow them while they're watching the Super Bowl.

CHARLIE
Sure, that too. Suze loves sports.

HARPER
No she doesn't. You can't love sports until you've gotten goosebumps watching Jesse Owens on the medal podium. Or Doug Flutie's Hail Mary. Abby Wambach scoring in the 122nd minute at the women's world cup.
(getting emotional)
Al Michael's voice breaking as he asked if we believed in miracles--

She tries to keep talking but she just ends up mouthing the words so she doesn't really cry. Charlie laughs, eyes wide--

CHARLIE
What is happening?!

Harper takes a deep breath and gets control of herself.

HARPER
I'm just saying Suze doesn't *get* sports. Sports are about the human spirit, the joy in seeing people do incredible things. The way that SHE'S HERE!

Harper whips up her binoculars -- behind home plate, Kirsten stares at her phone, walking toward her seat.

INT. HOME PLATE SEATS - DODGERS STADIUM - NIGHT [**INTERCUT**]

Kirsten gets to her seat, just a few away from Rick. Rick sees her and does a double-take.

RICK
Hello.

Kirsten looks up, then recognizes Rick, surprised.

KIRSTEN
Oh. Hi.

RICK
This is an odd coincidence.

Kirsten blushes, nervous. She tries to joke--

KIRSTEN
Hope you took the stairs.

RICK
I did. We both did. To get down here.

KIRSTEN
(so bad at this)
That's-- lucky...for us. 'Cause no one peed.

A long awkward beat.

RICK
Are you here with anyone?

KIRSTEN
I'm supposed to meet with a colleague, but I guess he's not here yet.

RICK
Meeting an investor. He must be stuck in traffic.

Kirsten nods. They sit in silence. Up in the nosebleeds, Charlie watches with the binoculars, freaking out--

CHARLIE
Why aren't they talking?
(Harper doesn't respond)
Why aren't they talking?
(she doesn't respond)
Why aren't they saying anything?!
This is a disaster--

HARPER
Shut up! Silence is only bad when you're worried you actually don't have anything to say anymore. This is just new silence.

Down at the good seats, Kirsten and Rick sit in silence. The batter SWINGS and misses, striking out. They both groan--

KIRSTEN
Oh, come on! You know his slider drops like that! Do you research!

RICK
You're paid at the elite level, give a fucking elite performance!

They share a shy smile. A beat, then--

RICK
You're welcome to take this seat.
The view's better.

KIRSTEN
Barely.

But she hides a smile and moves over next to him.

Up in the nosebleeds, Harper takes Charlie's popcorn tub and shakes it like it's a champagne celebration--

HARPER
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

INT. NOSEBLEEDS - DODGER STADIUM - NIGHT

Charlie and Harper eat popcorn, watching the game, when suddenly the familiar music starts -- it's the KISS CAM.

CHARLIE
Kiss Cam that's the Kiss Cam music--

The very first couple is Rick and Kirsten!

HARPER
BOBBY YOU FURRY MAGICIAN!

It takes Rick and Kirsten a second to realize they're on camera. Kirsten blushes and Rick rolls his eyes, embarrassed. He shakes his head -- "we're not together." A few scattered people BOO.

CHARLIE
Come on!

The Kiss Cam cuts to a NEW COUPLE, two BASEBALL BROs, who happily oblige and start making out.

HARPER
Nooo! You have to give them time!

CHARLIE
BOOOOO--
(then, realizing)
Not 'cause they're gay! For something else!

Harper and Charlie fall back in their seats, upset, as the Kiss Cam keeps cutting to new couples.

HARPER
They're nervous, this was too soon--

And then the Kiss Cam cuts BACK to Rick and Kirsten! The crowd LAUGHS as Rick and Kirsten jump, thinking they were home free. They're both blushing but they still won't kiss.

HARPER
KISS! IT'S THE LAW!

CHARLIE
LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE!

The stadium starts BOOING good-naturedly. Kirsten shakes her head. Rick looks away as if he can't see the camera.

The Kiss Cam cuts to a cute LITTLE BOY who kisses his MOM. Charlie and Harper MOAN, heads in their hands--

CHARLIE
Oh my GOD.

HARPER
What else can we do? Should we send some popcorn or cotton candy down there--

The Kiss Cam comes back to Rick and Kirsten a third time! Rick looks like he wants to murder someone. Kirsten blushes furiously. Now the whole stadium CHEERS encouragingly. Harper grips Charlie's arm, on the edge of their seats....

HARPER (CONT'D)
COME ON!

Rick and Kirsten share a glance -- "just to shut them up?" Rick adjusts in his seat and Kirsten pushes her hair back and they finally, shyly kiss in front of 50,000 people. The crowd CHEERS. Harper and Charlie leap to their feet--

HARPER
YESS!!

CHARLIE
YEAH!!!!

CRACK! A Dodger whacks a home run. The stadium ERUPTS, no one cheering louder than Harper and Charlie, still watching as Rick and Kirsten make out behind home plate.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - NIGHT

Downtown sparkles behind the stadium. The game's still going as Harper and Charlie hurry out to the parking lot. Harper checks her phone and looks up, amazed--

HARPER
No e-mails!

CHARLIE
(delighted)
You can't bark orders when your tongue's down someone's throat!

HARPER
Okay, have fun with Suze!

CHARLIE
Yep, you too! I mean, not with Suze, but, you know....

Charlie clicks his key and it BEEPS somewhere far away. Harper clicks hers, it BEEPS close by, but she can't find it. They walk past each other, beeping their keys--

HARPER
Yep, bye!

CHARLIE
Bye-bye.

INT. HARPER & BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harper pulls a big hoodie on backwards, so the hood is right below her face, and fills the hood with popcorn. She flips through guys on Tinder on her phone, hesitating on one, and finally typing: *Any sports moments make you cry?*

INT. SUZE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Charlie and Suze walk into her room. Charlie's giddy.

SUZE
I can't believe you made it before I fell asleep.

CHARLIE
I told you my schedule was gonna get better!
(as they climb in hed)
You like sports, right?

SUZE
Duh! I love basketball, and the one with no hands.

CHARLIE
Soccer? You don't know the word for soccer?

Suze climbs on top of him.

SUZE
That's the one with balls, right?

CHARLIE
Mmm-hmm. You know everything.

She reaches under the covers. His eyes flutter.

SUZE
Should I not use my hands?

CHARLIE
No! You can be the goalie.

INT. “THE RUNDOWN” OFFICES - THE NEXT DAY

Harper races in, fumbling with a tray of coffees, bags falling off her shoulders, and sprints to her desk--

HARPER
I’m so sorry!! There was a new barista and then a huge accident on Fairfax I’m so so sorry--

She realizes Kirsten’s office is empty. Harper checks her watch, confused.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICES - DAY

Charlie’s freaking out as he decorates Rick’s daughter’s science project poster board and calls Harper.

HARPER (O.S.)
Hello?

CHARLIE
Rick’s still not here.

HARPER (O.S.)
Neither is Kirsten.

CHARLIE
What if a psychopath saw them on the kiss cam and followed them home and murdered them?! Legally, where are we in that scenario?

Just then Charlie sees Rick sauntering in the office. Charlie hangs up and straightens. Rick smiles--

RICK
Morning! I could use a coffee. Do you mind grabbing me a flat white?

CHARLIE
Do I *mind*? It would be my honor...

RICK
And we should probably order some lunch. I’ll have the pork belly from Delfine’s. And then whatever you want.

Rick walks into his office. Charlie almost tears up.

INT. “THE RUNDOWN” OFFICES - DAY

Harper’s staring at a notebook, trying to scribble ideas, when Kirsten floats into the office. As she passes Harper:

KIRSTEN
Harper, my office?

INT. KIRSTEN’S OFFICE - DAY

Harper follows behind her and stands in the doorway as Kirsten falls into her desk chair. She stares off for a long beat, then turns--

KIRSTEN
I spent the night with a man.

HARPER
(overacting)
Whaaaaat? That’s amazing! Get it, girl!

KIRSTEN
We didn’t sleep together. We did everything but.

HARPER
(eyes wide)
Oh wow.

KIRSTEN
I’m still a lady. And it has been...a while. A while.

HARPER
Mmm-hmm.

KIRSTEN
Even when he was being gentle, you could sense the possibility of strength hovering in his touch. Like when that huge gorilla held and stroked that tiny kitten....

She gets lost in her train of thought. Harper’s frozen. Finally Kirsten turns to Harper, blushing.

KIRSTEN (CONT’D)
He doesn’t know anything about baseball. But, you can’t have everything.

Kirsten smiles. Harper smiles back. Then, all business--

KIRSTEN (CONT’D)
Did that guy from the Post call?

HARPER
He did, I'll return right now.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie's packing up when Harper runs in, giddy--

HARPER
She just left!

CHARLIE
So did Rick! IT'S DAYLIGHT!!

HARPER
I'm getting out of here before Kirsten comes back and it was all a terrible prank. I have a date with a guy I messaged last night. We're going mini-golfing.

CHARLIE
That's a terrible idea. You have a Dave Matthews concentration face.

HARPER
No I don't.

CHARLIE
I saw you write cursive one time.

He does a version of her concentration face -- it does look like Dave Matthews. She flips him off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Have fun on your date. Let him win a few holes.

HARPER
Excuse me, I only have <u>one</u> hole. Two on birthdays.

CHARLIE
Oh my God, I meant at mini golf.

Harper starts to reply, then blushes a red so deep she may pass out, then hurries away.

INT. CHARLIE & DUNCAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Duncan walks in, sweaty in gym clothes, to find Charlie cooking an elaborate dinner.

DUNCAN
You finally quit?!

CHARLIE
No! I just got out early. I'm making Suze dinner.

DUNCAN
(voice too high)
Oh. Suze is coming here?

CHARLIE
Yeah-- What is that tone? Why'd your voice go up like that? What does that mean?

DUNCAN
She's just... she's kinda...boring.

CHARLIE
No she's NOT!

DUNCAN
If you're not distracted by her face or her boobs, you realize that she's not really saying anything.

CHARLIE
That is the most heterophobic thing I've ever heard in my life. You just don't know her.

Charlie takes a sip of his sauce. A beat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Get me the take-out menus, I gotta Mrs. Doubtfire this shit.

EXT. MINI GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

A worn-down, charming Mini Golf Course, dotted with a few happy FAMILIES or COUPLES. Harper and her MINI GOLF DATE (20s, sweet face) cross a tiny bridge over a neon-blue river on their way to the next hole.

MINI GOLF
...and I just figured graphic design was the closest thing to drawing comic books besides... actually drawing comic books.

Harper goes to putt at the next hole. She tries to keep her face slack, but it's distracting and she whiffs the ball.

MINI GOLF (CONT'D)
You're not letting me win to boost my ego, are you?

HARPER
Are you kidding? I want to destroy you. I'm just trying not to do my concentration face.

MINI GOLF
Oh, no. I've got the John Mayer.

He does his John Mayer concentration face. Harper laughs.

MINI GOLF (CONT'D)
Why don't I just get behind you, and then you can make whatever face you want.

He steps behind her, almost touching, as she bends over to hit her ball. It's kind of sexy. Then Mini Golf gently pokes Harper in the butt with his golf club.

HARPER
I really hope that's your golf club. Because it feels very small.

Mini Golf laughs. Harper grins and whacks her putt.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Harper's still smiling to herself at her desk when an IM pops up from Charlie: *How was the date?*

Harper quickly responds: *PERFECT. We played three rounds because we couldn't stop talking.*

Behind her, Kirsten reloads her e-mail over and over, annoyed, and calls out--

KIRSTEN
Harper! My phone is broken. The messages aren't coming through.

Harper thinks for a moment, then IM's Charlie: *Rick needs to call Kirsten ASAP.*

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - LATER

Harper's phone rings with the caller ID: *McKelvy Investments.* Kirsten leaps for it--

KIRSTEN
I'll get it! I've got it.
(answers, "sexy")
Hi.

At her desk, Harper smiles.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Rick's on a call with a COLLEAGUE. Charlie listens and works on the science project, lemon juice squirting everywhere.

RICK (ON PHONE)
Dating's so much easier now. Everybody's sexting all the time. And waxing! Kiki never waxed, just to punish me. I'll never have to have sex with an un-waxed woman again.

Charlie puts his head on the desk.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Harper steps up to see Charlie already there. Charlie waits for the doors to close so they're alone, then--

CHARLIE
Kirsten needs to get a bikini wax.

HARPER
Excuse me?

CHARLIE
Tell her to get one. You're girls, you talk about this stuff.

HARPER
Oh, yeah, I walk in every morning and hand her a latte and then we talk about merkins and the cyclical popularity of the full bush--

CHARLIE
What's a merkin?

HARPER
It's a pubic hair wig.

CHARLIE
I miss the time when I didn't know what that was.

HARPER
(annoyed)
Why don't you go tell your girlfriend to get a bikini wax?

CHARLIE
I don't have to, Suze is totally hairless, like a beautiful tan dolphin.

HARPER
Well in a frozen apocalypse she'd retain no body heat and be the first to die so who's laughing now?

The elevator doors open and she marches off.

INT. SALON - DAY

A HEAVY SALON ATTENDANT grins, preparing her wax.

SALON ATTENDANT
It has been a long, long time, yes? You are ready?

Reveal: Harper is on the table, knees up to her chin.

HARPER
Yep. I mean, I don't want it to happen, but yes, ready.

SALON ATTENDANT
You don't want it?

HARPER
Of course I don't want it, I hate you. But it has to happen.

SALON ATTENDANT
So don't do?

HARPER
I need you to do it. Do it before I stop you.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Harper types at her desk when Kirsten walks by, smiling to herself, dressed up. Harper watches her go, thinking. Then she picks up her cell.

EXT. BUILDING COURTYARD - DAY

Charlie sneaks in to find Harper already pacing.

CHARLIE
What?

HARPER
If we hadn't intervened, Rick would have never called her and Kirsten's 70s bush would've turned him off and there would be no second date.
(then, serious)
(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)
We can't just kick them out of the nest. They're baby birds and they're careening to their death. We need to actually Cyrano them.

CHARLIE
Absolutely. Totally. Which is what we were doing before and is now what we're doing now.

HARPER
You do know what Cyrano is, right?

CHARLIE
I'm not an idiot. It's when assistants...set up...their bosses I do not know what Cyrano is.

HARPER
I've said it like fourteen times!

CHARLIE
I thought I knew what it was the first few times you said it and then it was too late to ask!

HARPER
It's about a nerdy guy who helps a handsome guy date the girl he's in love with by telling him what to say and do.
(then)
We can't just set them up, we need to help them *keep* dating.

CHARLIE
Um, does Cyrano know he stole his entire plot from a *Steve Martin movie?*

MUSIC UP as we CUT TO....

INT./EXT. VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT

--Kirsten finds a HUGE BOUQUET on her desk. She beams. Out by her desk, Harper air-fives no one.

--Rick smiles when he finds expensive-as-hell SCOTCH with a red bow on his desk. Out at his desk, Charlie air-fives no one.

--Harper sits on Charlie's desk as they scroll through DRESSES on a clothing website.

CHARLIE
Oooh, that one. He's an ass man.

--Rick's on the phone with Kirsten--

RICK
What about Tuesday night?

At Charlie's desk, Harper and Charlie listen to the call. Harper adds an event on Kirsten's calendar for Tuesday night.

KIRSTEN (O.S.)
Hmmm, I can't Tuesday.

RICK (O.S.)
Friday?

Harper adds an event for Kirsten on Friday night.

KIRSTEN (O.S.)
I'm busy Friday, too.

RICK (O.S.)
(flirty)
You're a hard woman to track down.

Harper and Charlie high-five for real.

--Harper listens to Kirsten on the phone with Rick.

KIRSTEN
Harper, drop off the call.

Harper gives her a thumbs-up, presses a random button so it beeps, mutes her phone, and keeps listening, taking notes....

KIRSTEN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
It's just us now.

RICK (O.S.)
You are so hot.

Harper grimaces but keeps taking notes.

--Harper's giving Charlie instructions.

HARPER
There are two kinds of compliments to give a woman. The things she already thinks about herself but she wants confirmed, and the things she doesn't think anybody else notices. He's only giving her the first kind. The second kind matters more.

--Charlie writes a note from Rick on the next set of flowers. He thinks, then write: "*I love how competitive you are.*"

--Charlie walks up, ready to wait outside, but the Doorman opens the door--

DOORMAN
He said you can wait in the lobby.

Charlie tries to hide his huge smile and walk in casually, but he goes too casual and accidentally strolls in like a very fancy old man.

--At night, Kirsten waves happily as she heads out--

KIRSTEN
Have a great night, Harper!

--ANOTHER DAY, Kirsten leaves as the sun sets--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
You can cancel my dinner.

--ANOTHER DAY, Kirsten leaves at lunch--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I'm taking the rest of the day.

--Charlie, on the phone, looks out the window to see Rick walking to his car--

CHARLIE (ON PHONE)
Baby, wanna get lunch?

--Harper, in her bathrobe, wearing a clay face mask, blow-dries her hair, smiling happily.

--Harper strides into the office, hair blown out like a queen.

--Charlie snuggles on the couch with Suze. He thinks for a moment, then--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I love how you look when you first put on your glasses.

She looks up at him, surprised and pleased. He grins.

--Harper laughs at a romantic dinner with Mini Golf.

--Only two lights are still on in the building -- and then those two lights <u>click off</u>. MUSIC OUT.

INT. CACTUS CANTINA MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Harper and Charlie clink WATER GLASSES at the bar.

CHARLIE
I took a nap today. A fucking nap.

The exasperated WAITER approaches.

CACTUS CANTINA WAITER
Are you ready to order yet?

HARPER
Still deciding. Can we get some more chips, though?

The Waiter glares at her as he walks away. Charlie picks up one of the chips and grimaces.

CHARLIE
When I get promoted I'm never eating at a place with photos of their food on the menus again.

HARPER
First of all, rude. Secondly, naps are great but Becca's engagement party is this weekend and I need to guarantee I can go.

She slides something across the bar. Charlie picks it up, intrigued, and reads it, confused--

CHARLIE
This is just a bar menu.

HARPER
I know, I just thought that seemed dramatic. I reserved them a romantic weekend for two in Ojai. Friday to Sunday. And there's no service out there. We'll have the entire weekend to ourselves.

CHARLIE
That's PERFECT. Suze's agency is throwing some big pool party this weekend! I'll finally be able to go instead of sitting around thinking about all the guys looking at her in her bathing suit.

HARPER
Isn't she a bathing suit model?

Charlie smirks at her. Harper's phone DINGS with a text and she reads it, grins, and starts typing a reply. Charlie takes a swig of his beer and reads it over her shoulder--

CHARLIE
Easy with the ha-ha's.

HARPER
That's a fine amount of haha.

CHARLIE
You like his joke, you're not a clown on meth. Read it out loud. "Hahahahaha--"

Harper smacks him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
If really you like him then you should go out with three other guys, this week.

HARPER
What? Why?

CHARLIE
You know how when you were little, if you had three salamanders, you would play with each of them for a little bit every day, and they'd live for years, but if you only had one salamander, you held it and loved it and played with it so much that it died almost immediately?

HARPER
(so weirded out)
No.

CHARLIE
Well, men are like that. If you're only focusing on one, he can sense it, and you're gonna accidentally kill him and hide him in your drawer so your mom doesn't find out.

HARPER
I like my one salamander.
(standing)
Let's get out of here.

CHARLIE
We haven't ordered anything.

Harper pretends to answer her cell, yelling loudly--

HARPER
What? What kind of emergency? No, I was going to pay for a meal at this restaurant, but I better come straight to the hospital!

Harper opens her bag and pours the rest of the chips into it.

HARPER (CONT'D)
(overracting)
The whole leg?? I'll be right there!

She sprints out of the restaurant. Charlie hops up awkwardly and hurries after her. The waiter calls after them--

CACTUS CANTINA WAITER
I mean, I saw your phone not ring. It's not legally a crime but I think you know this isn't right.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Harper listens to Kirsten on a call in her office. Kirsten's face lights up.

KIRSTEN (ON PHONE)
I've never been to Ojai.

At her desk, Harper hides a grin.

INT. HARPER & BECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harper, dressed up, opens the door to Mini Golf.

MINI GOLF
Hey! You ready?

HARPER
Yes! But I was thinking maybe instead of dinner we could stay in and have sex and watch Netflix.

Mini Golf doesn't say anything. Harper backtracks--

HARPER (CONT'D)
Or we can go out let's go to dinner out in public, I'm thinking of seeing other people, two other salamanders--

Mini Golf picks her up and carries her into the apartment. Harper shrieks happily.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Charlie whistles in his boxers, making PANCAKES in the shape of a penis and two boobs. Suze comes up behind him and hugs him around the waist.

INT. HARPER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun pours in Harper's room. She stirs, startled for a second to see Mini Golf asleep next to her.

Then she smiles and traces her finger along his back, happy and a tiny bit nervous.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie saunters in the office, beaming, fresh from morning sex, ready to take on the--

BAM. A printer slams into the wall next to him. Charlie ducks and screams a Mariah-Carey-falsetto.

In his office, Rick going full Hulk again.

RICK
WHY DO I ONLY HAVE A 2D PRINTER?!
AM I A CAVEMAN?!

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Harper settles into her desk for the day. Her phone rings. She sees it's Charlie and answers--

HARPER (ON PHONE)
Yes, I did bang someone last night,
thank you so much for asking--

CHARLIE (O.S.)
CODE RED! CODE BLACK! CODE SHIT!

Before Harper can respond, she sees Kirsten walk in -- face puffy, eyes red, still leaking tears. Harper hangs up as Kirsten straightens her shoulders--

KIRSTEN
Change of plans. I will be in town
this weekend. Make sure they know
we'll need the office open from
seven to seven Saturday and Sunday.

HARPER
Of course.
(then, delicately)
Is everything all right?

KIRSTEN
Why would you ask me that?

Tears are still pouring out of her eyes.

HARPER
No reason.

KIRSTEN
I'm a successful woman who's launching a website and doesn't need to travel with pathetic man-children who can't feed themselves or take a joke.

Kirsten storms into her office, then she storms back out--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Here's a riddle. Would you tell me you "love" Korean barbecue if you'd never eaten it and didn't know what it was?

HARPER
....No? No.

KIRSTEN
And if I took you there, would you claim to know what you were doing, eat a slab of raw tenderloin, swallow it rather than admit that I was right, and then vomit on the hot grill? And then blame ME?

HARPER
No. Never. What a jerk.

Kirsten's eyes flare, even more mad.

KIRSTEN
I'm worried that your abrasiveness and general demeanor will hinder you in the workplace.

Kirsten stalks past Harper into her office.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Charlie and Harper pace, each on the phone--

CHARLIE
How could you let <u>them</u> pick the restaurant?!

HARPER
It was your turn to choose!

CHARLIE
No! You chose last time!
(realizing)
Dammit!

HARPER
I'm going to kill you.

CHARLIE
This is worse than before! Rick just tried to fire a mailman! Mailmen work for the US government!

HARPER
The only thing worse than being single and miserable is being dumped and miserable. We have to get them back together before they kill us.
(intense, quiet)
I feel in my bones that Kirsten is capable of murder.

CHARLIE
What do we do?!

HARPER
I don't know! You did this, fix it!

She storms off.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie thinks hard as he walks back to his desk. Rick, in his office, slams on his laptop.

RICK
This stupid piece of shit is saying my password is wrong!

CHARLIE
That--

Rick throws the laptop to the ground and STOMPS on it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That's my laptop.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - NIGHT

Kirsten walks out with her bag and coat.

KIRSTEN
I'll need breakfast and a coffee before I get here tomorrow morning. Sometime between 6 and 9. And I need those articles sent to my iPad since apparently printing is beyond your capabilities.

HARPER
I didn't realize you wanted hard copies. I can print--

Kirsten stops and looks Harper right in the eye.

KIRSTEN
You're bad at your job. If I pay you to make my life easier but you're making it harder, you're useless to me. Do you understand that?

Harper blinks, hurt, and starts to respond, but Kirsten walks out past her.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Harper walks in, still stung. She sees Rick's empty office and brightens a little, heading for Charlie's desk.

HARPER
Well, my life is over and I may have just gotten fired, but at least Kirsten left. I'm gonna see if Mini Golf--

She stops when she sees Charlie's desk: total lemon carnage. The science project is smashed to bits. Charlie's miserably trying to fix it.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Oh my God, what is this?

CHARLIE
Rick's daughter's science project.
(bitterly)
Life gave me lemons and I used them to battery power lemonade!

Harper delicately picks up a smashed lemon.

HARPER
Can you fix it?

CHARLIE
I have to try. It's due tomorrow.
(then)
Get outta here while you still can. Save yourself.

Harper watches him for a beat, then pulls a chair up to his desk and sits.

HARPER
I think we have to start over.

Charlie looks over, surprised--

CHARLIE
What about Mini Golf?

Harper shrugs.

HARPER
I don't wanna squeeze my salamander too hard, right?

CHARLIE
That's what my dad told me at 13 when he was worried I would masturbate myself to death.

Harper laughs, then rubs her hands together, thinking--

HARPER
We need some food coloring and a new poster board.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - LATER

It's late into the night, the building empty and quiet. Charlie's telling a story as Harper laughs and sets out plastic plates, a carton of milk, and some dish soap.

CHARLIE
And he made this noise, like-- imagine if a duck were on meth, and you were holding his meth supply and refused to give it to him -- he sounded like that duck.

Harper laughs louder as she pours milk into a plate. Charlie can't help laughing too.

HARPER
Why do you <u>work</u> for him? He sounds insane.

CHARLIE
He totally is. But no one can do anything about it, because he's so goddamn cool. He can be the biggest asshole or totally wrong but he's so rich and smart that nobody says anything! Have you seen his house? His car? That's the life I wanna live.
(then)
Why do you work for Kirsten?

Harper pours DISH SOAP on another plate as she grabs a few different bottles of FOOD COLORING.

HARPER
Because I wanna be a sports journalist and she's the best editor there is, and I'm a sadist, apparently.

CHARLIE
Has she read any of your stuff?

Harper delicately drops different colored food coloring on to the plate of milk (the drops stay where they are).

HARPER
No. Because I haven't really written anything. My day is so long, and exhausting, and if I ever actually have free time--

CHARLIE
(kindly)
I get it.

Harper dips a Q-TIP in the plate of dish soap. A beat.

HARPER
And everything I write is bad.

CHARLIE
That's probably not true.

HARPER
It is. I want to impress her, and I wanted her to like me, and I feel like I've worked so hard to be a great assistant that I've killed any writing skill I ever had.

CHARLIE
That's definitely not true. You're not a great assistant.

Harper laughs. Charlie smiles.

HARPER
Ready?

She dips the soaped-up Q-tip in the plate of milk and the colors from the food coloring EXPLODE around the plate in beautiful circles and streaks. It looks like a kaleidoscope.

CHARLIE
Holy shit. How does this work?

HARPER
I have no idea. We should Google it.

They sit in silence as they watch the different colors spiraling out and away.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - LATER

Charlie works on a new poster board: *Magic Milk!* Harper sleeps on the desk next to him. Rick walks in, grumpy.

CHARLIE
Hey! So, everything she needs is in this bag, she just drops the food coloring into the--

RICK
This isn't as good as the lemon shit. She's not even gonna ribbon.

Rick grabs the bag and walks out. Charlie deflates.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - LATER THAT DAY

Harper, sleepy but in new clothes, signs for a messenger's envelope. She opens it and a BLUE RIBBON falls out. A note's attached; *This is purely symbolic, they haven't even judged yet. But call me, I have an idea.*

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE/RICK'S OFFICE - DAY [**INTERCUT**]

Harper and Charlie stand in their boss's respective doorways. CUT BETWEEN THEM as they pitch their bosses--

CHARLIE
I was just thinking. You still have the Ojai reservation, right?

HARPER
You should just go yourself. Take some Kirsten time.

CHARLIE
Since it's a nonrefundable trip, isn't it kind of financially short-sighted if no one goes?

HARPER
He's already paid for it and you deserve to be coated in ancient mud with cucumbers on your eyes.

CHARLIE
Take in a round of golf, lay by the pool, tan up the ol' body leather.

Harper plays her Ace--

HARPER
What are you gonna do, go to another godforsaken baby shower?

Kirsten sits back, thinking about it.

KIRSTEN
I could use a massage.

Charlie plays his Ace--

CHARLIE
I mean, I can go, just so it's not a waste of money--

RICK
Absolutely not. I'll go.

Charlie tries not to smile.

INT. CHARLIE & DUNCAN'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Charlie's on his cell, in a very short swimsuit. He opens the apartment door to find Harper in the doorway. He lets her in while he talks on the phone--

CHARLIE
Yes. Rose petals all over the bed. And candles everywhere.

HARPER
Kirsten's car is 45 minutes out.

CHARLIE
Okay perfect. Thank you.
(he hangs up, then)
The room's all set. It's gonna be Boner City in there.

Duncan walks out, also in a bathing suit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Harper this is Duncan, the best, most handsome, most perfect man in the world, but he's gay, so keep your ovaries in your pants.

HARPER
Good to know, I'll shove 'em back in. I just have one super quick question, where are the rest of your shorts?

Duncan laughs. Charlie looks down, sensitive--

CHARLIE
These are cool. Suze likes short shorts on guys.

HARPER
You look like John Stockton's slutty sister.

Duncan laughs again.

CHARLIE
Who is that?! Is that mean? Stop making Duncan laugh.

DUNCAN
(to Harper)
He doesn't know anything about sports.

HARPER
Oh, I know.

CHARLIE
Stop! You guys aren't friends! You're each my friend!

DUNCAN
(to Harper)
Please tell me you're coming to Suze's party.

HARPER
I would, but I have to sit on my bed and stare at my phone until a man calls me back.

CHARLIE
Mini Golf?

HARPER
Technically I haven't heard from him since we had sex, which I'm totally fine and happy and not at all concerned about, but he told me he'd come to Becca's engagement party, so I'm just going to get ready at home and wait--

DUNCAN
No. You're coming.

CHARLIE
It'll be a good distraction. And you can meet Suze!

HARPER
I don't have a bathing suit.

DUNCAN
You can wear one of my shirts.

Duncan takes off his shirt and hands it to her. She does a double-take: Duncan's body is AMAZING. She turns to Charlie--

HARPER
You're Urkel and Duncan's like your Stefon Urquelle.

DUNCAN
I love you.

CHARLIE
That's genuinely very hurtful.

EXT. POOL PARTY - DAY

MUSIC PUMPS at the most fun party ever: a gorgeous green backyard, a huge splashy pool, tan shiny people in swimsuits, beer and liquor everywhere, food on the grill.

Harper (wearing Duncan's shirt), Charlie and Duncan walk in. Harper and Charlie's eyes light up like they're seeing Oz.

HARPER
Look at all these people who live in sunlight, who breathe in real air, who are young and free and wild as horses!

A GUY walks by with a hot dog and Harper takes it off his plate, taking a huge bite--

HARPER (CONT'D)
I *knew* this was what was happening when we were at work!!

Suze, in the world's tiniest bikini, runs up to him. Charlie lights up and picks her up in a hug.

CHARLIE
Baby! You look so hot! This is my friend Harper.

Harper goes in for a hug, too, which Suze wasn't expecting.

HARPER
Oh my God, you're so light. Even I can pick you up!

Harper does pick up Suze. It's awkward. She drops her.

SUZE
Baby, will you get me a drink?

CHARLIE
Always!

He puts his arm around her and leads her to the bar. She checks out his swimsuit they go:

SUZE
Your shorts are so long!

Harper gives Duncan a look. He rolls his eyes, then--

DUNCAN
Wanna do the Slip 'N Flip?

CUT TO:

THE SLIP 'N FLIP: a slip-and-side down a small hill that ends at a flip cup table. Harper and Duncan line up at the top.

RANDOM GUY
Aaaaaaand GO!

They FLING themselves down the slip n' slide, screaming happily, then POP UP at the end and wobble to the flip cup table. It's neck-and-neck, they're downing beer and flipping cups over, but Harper wins at the last second! She throws her arms in the air--

HARPER
I'M YOUNG AND I'M FREE!!!

EXT. POOL PARTY - LATER

Charlie's laughing and firing TWO WATER GUNS at people when Harper runs up on her cellphone--

HARPER
Great! Yes, thank you! Thank you!
(hangs up, freaking out)
Two people just ordered room service and more towels up to the suite! They're there! Together! It worked!!

CHARLIE
YES!!!!

They jump up and down and dance in celebration. Charlie fires his water guns into the air, then fires one at Harper. It gets in her eye and she yelps, rubbing her face--

HARPER
Ow! What is that?!

CHARLIE
Oh sorry, it's vodka.

He grins and squirts some in his mouth. Harper grabs the other water gun and sprays it into her mouth, then chokes, coughing and spitting it out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh shit, that one's just pool water.

EXT. POOL PARTY - LATER

Harper and Duncan play Charlie and Suze in beer pong. Harper SINKS a ball and Duncan cheers, delighted. Harper bows.

CHARLIE
HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?!

Suze laughs with some SKINNY GIRLS off to the side, not really paying attention. Charlie tries to get her attention--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Sweetie-- do you wanna drink this one, baby? I can if you want--

Duncan and Harper bounce two balls in simultaneously. They cheer and do an elaborate handshake celebration.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You don't have a secret handshake! YOU GUYS ARE NOT FRIENDS!

EXT. POOL PARTY - LATER

Suze talks with a JACKED GUY across the party. Charlie stands next to her, holding a sun umbrella over her like he's Fonsworth Bentley. He tries to join in on the conversation, but they're not really listening to him.

Across the party, Harper watches. She catches his eye and raises her eyebrows, giving him a look. He ignores her.

EXT. POOL PARTY - LATER

Harper, a little drunk, checks her phone off to the side. Duncan and Charlie approach. Duncan hands her a drink. Charlie slaps the phone out of her hand.

HARPER
Hey!

CHARLIE
Stop. A watched phone never pings.

HARPER
Maybe he accidentally drove into a ditch and is running out of food and he can't make outgoing calls, he can only receive calls--

CHARLIE
Stop! So he's not calling you. It's not a big deal.

HARPER
(too loud)
Yes it is! I slept with him!

Harper catches herself, vulnerable, but then admits:

HARPER (CONT'D)
That's a big deal to me.
(then)
I've only done it with two other people and one of them came out while he was inside me.

CHARLIE
I hate that I'm the one explaining this to you, but that's actually how sex works, it goes in and out.

HARPER
No, he *actually* came out. Of the closet.

POP TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

A very nervous COLLEGE GUY shifts on top of an excited-but-nervous Harper, under the covers.

HARPER
Ready?

COLLEGE GUY
Mmm-hmmm.

He closes his eyes, wincing as he enters her--

COLLEGE GUY (CONT'D)
III'M GAY!

BACK TO SCENE:

Charlie laughs. Duncan nods--

DUNCAN
Sometimes we don't know until we've tried it. And then we really know.

HARPER
Mini Golf isn't like that. He was perfect.

DUNCAN
You can't know if something's perfect right away.

CHARLIE
Yes you can, I knew Suze was perfect at first sight.

He realizes Harper is texting again and slaps the phone out of her hand again--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Stop! Don't text him. It's time to play a little hard to get.

Harper's just drunk enough to rant--

HARPER
Why does everyone say that?! "Hard to get" makes no sense! It is EVOLUTIONARILY UNSOUND! Why would cavemen want a cavewoman who was like, "Go get me food, and then, I don't know, <u>maybe</u> there will be a cave for you, maybe there won't." He would die! Men should want the women who are very obviously going to keep the warmest coziest cave for them! They need shelter! I am guaranteeing shelter!

She hangs her head. Duncan rubs her back sweetly.

DUNCAN
Maybe it's because all cavemen did was shoot animals or climb mountains, and the harder the animal was to kill, the better it tasted. So they probably learned that anything worth anything is going to be hard.

That hits Harper -- and it hits Charlie, too. Harper takes Duncan's hand, emotional.

HARPER
I wish it was the 50's and you had to pretend to be straight and we had a passionless and confusing marriage.

DUNCAN
Simpler times.

Charlie looks over at Suze, flirting with a group of guys by the pool, and decides something. He turns back--

CHARLIE
Fuck Mini Golf.

HARPER
I did fuck Mini Golf! That's why I'm having this problem!

CHARLIE
No, I mean, forget him. I'll go with you. I'll be your date. I'll other-salamander you tonight.

HARPER
What about Suze?

CHARLIE
She should see what it's like when her cave doesn't have any fire.
(then, realizing)
I'm not the cavewoman, I'm still the guy-- let's just go.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

A downtown LA rooftop with a gorgeous view, hanging twinkly lights, great food passed around. Guests mingle in pretty dresses and blazers, drinking, laughing.

Charlie, a button-down over his bathing suit, and Harper, still in Duncan's t-shirt, move through the crowd, searching for Becca. Harper spots her talking to an OLDER COUPLE and bounds over, hip-checking the Older Couple out of the way, picking Becca up in a hug.

HARPER
YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED!!!

BECCA
You're here!!
(seeing Charlie)
Is this Mini Golf?

HARPER
No, this is Charlie, from work.

BECCA
(surprised but happy)
Oh my gosh, hi!

She hugs him as Harper grabs a passing appetizer plate.

HARPER
Do you have a funnel, or something, I can use for these?

She jokingly pours the plate into her mouth but she tips it too far and they all fall on her face. Mike approaches--

MIKE
Yep, there she is.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

The sun is setting. Becca's giving a speech. Mike looks up at her adoringly. Charlie brings Harper a champagne and they watch from the side.

BECCA
I've dated a lot of guys, and I liked things about each of them. And then I met Mike, and there was so much to *not* like about him. Harper pointed out that he dressed like a step-dad--

People laugh. Harper calls out--

HARPER
It was true!

BECCA
And he has terrible taste in music. He listens to Linda Rondsadt, non-ironically. His feet are something out of Lord of the Rings.

MIKE
(good-naturedly)
This is super fun for me.

Everybody laughs.

BECCA
But he loves me. And I am completely in love with him.

Harper sees Becca getting emotional and starts getting emotional herself.

BECCA (CONT'D)
When I was little my grandma told me, "you like because, and you love despite." You like someone because of all of their qualities, and you love someone *despite* some of their qualities. I never thought I'd find someone who loves me so much that he likes my worst qualities. But that's Mike, and that's me, and I just can't wait to marry him.

Harper smiles, so happy for her friend and a tiny bit sad.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Now please go get wasted so I can tell fun stories next week.

Everybody cheers and we CUT TO.....

LATER. Charlie, Harper, Becca and Mike do shots. Harper winces as she swallows and we CUT TO.....

LATER. A DANCE FLOOR's broken out. Becca glides around Mike, laughing. Charlie's actually a great dancer -- he might be technically terrible, but he's fearless and hilarious to watch. Harper watches, incredulous--

HARPER
Why are you good at this?

CHARLIE
Just stop thinking! Just do your thing, no one cares!

Harper moves stiffly, basically just walking.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Imagine you're paralyzed, and then you gain feeling back in your limbs, what would you do?

She tries, but she's helpless. She jerks around as Charlie watches, horrified--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That's-- you look like a scarecrow. I've never seen a human body move like this before.
(she tries something else)
You look like a magician being electrocuted.

Harper laughs as the song end and a SLOW SONG starts. There's a small awkward beat, but then Charlie grabs her--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Don't be weird.

They dance for a beat. It's nice.

HARPER
What's Rick and Kirsten's "and yet?"

CHARLIE
What?

HARPER
That like because, love despite thing. When there are all these reasons why it shouldn't work out, but they don't care. Like *Romeo and Juliet*: "Our families are mortal enemies, and yet..." Or *Beauty and the Beast*: "I'm a bookish librarian suffering from Stockholm Syndrome, and you're technically an animal, and yet...."

CHARLIE
"You're a black man who works for my father and I accidentally accused you of rape, and yet..."
(off her look)
To Kill a Mockingbird? Read a book.

HARPER
I'm worried Kirsten and Rick don't have one.

CHARLIE
Are you insane? We just got them back together. We're hanging on by a thread.

HARPER
But even friendships have them. Becca's wild and drinks too much and has never paid a bill on time, and yet, I love her. You like douchey things and let a 23-year-old walk all over you, and yet, you're tolerable.

CHARLIE
You're nice instead of honest and a know it all and you're a terrible dancer, and yet, you're kind of fun.

Charlie twirls her. She meets eyes with Becca, who's watching them, grinning. Harper gives her a look: "don't start." The slow song ends, and a fast one starts. CUT TO...

LATER. Harper and Charlie pound another shot. CUT TO....

LATER. An entire day of drinking is starting to really hit Charlie and Harper. They dance under hanging lights, twirling, not self-conscious at all. Harper laughs, happy, then suddenly gets very serious--

HARPER
I NEED PIZZA.

CUT TO: Over by the bar, Becca laughs with some FRIENDS. Harper squeezes through the group like Red Rover and hugs Becca around the waist.

HARPER (CONT'D)
You look. So beautiful.

BECCA
(delighted)
You're drunk!

HARPER
It was an accident but it was also incredibly on purpose.

Harper takes Becca's head in her hands, too aggressively.

HARPER (CONT'D)
You're the love of my life, I'm so happy for you and I'll remember this night until my death, but there's no pizza on this roof and so I have to go. Do you mind if we sneak out?

Becca sees Charlie holding Harper's coat behind them and smiles.

BECCA
Get outta here.

Harper squeezes Becca, kisses her on the cheek, and skips over to Charlie. Becca watches them go and smiles. A beat later, a PIZZA DELIVERY GUY walks in behind Becca, holding a stack of at least a dozen pizzas.

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY
Where do you want these?

BECCA
(turning around)
On the table, wherever.

INT. PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT

A dinky late-night pizza place. A few people chew silently. Charlie gets a soda while Harper waits for her pizza with a thousand yard stare. Suddenly--

HARPER
WHERE THE HELL ARE THE GOO GOO DOLLS?!

A few people jump, but Harper just goes back to her stare.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie and Harper walk toward his building, wobbly drunk. Harper tries to open the box to smell the pizza--

CHARLIE
No! Don't let its smell out.

HARPER
This smells the way I imagine heroin feels. I wish this box was my bed!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They amble to his apartment.

HARPER
I just-- when I was little and I thought of myself getting married and having kids, I always pictured a different person doing that. Who was a lot more put together and mature and prettier. But now I'm realizing -- that person has to be me! Doesn't that freak you out?!

CHARLIE
I know this isn't gonna sound like how I mean it to sound, but.... I wanna fuck this pizza.

HARPER
I get it. I mean, you shouldn't ever say that to anyone else, but I get it.

Charlie opens his door, then slams it closed, eyes wide.

CHARLIE
(whispered)
Oh my God. Oh my God. Duncan's hooking up with a guy in there.

HARPER
What?! Are they 69-ing?

She tries to open the door but Charlie holds it closed.

CHARLIE
(whispering fiercely)
We-can't-interrupt-them! He has to know this is a safe space!
(thinks, then)
There's another way in.

EXT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

They stumble outside to a FIRE ESCAPE outside Charlie's window. Harper jumps on the ladder, climbing up.

HARPER
Okay, I'll get to the top and then you hand me the pizza--

CHARLIE
Absolutely not. Your hands are too small.

HARPER
I can palm a child-sized basketball!

CHARLIE
I'll hold it and I'll climb with one hand like a monkey.

He starts to climb, balancing the pizza.

HARPER
Oh my God, keep the top up! The cheese is gonna slide, oh my God--

CHARLIE
Shut up you're distracting me!

She tries to grab it but he slaps her hand away--

HARPER
If you fall I will spend all of my efforts to catch this pizza and I will let you die! Don't put me in this position!

CHARLIE
Don't make me laugh!

Harper bursts out laughing.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harper crawls into the window, falling on Charlie's floor. The pizza appears in the window behind her and she grabs it. Charlie's face follows and he hoists himself up, tumbling into the room. Harper laughs. He shushes her.

Harper takes the pizza and sits on the floor against Charlie's bed, inhaling the smell. Charlie crawls over to the pizza, sprawled on the floor, and takes a slice.

CHARLIE
Thank God.

She takes a bite of pizza and moans. He inhales his slice. They chew in pleasant silence, smiling, so happy, just the right amount of drunk. Finally, Harper whispers--

HARPER
This is the best meal I've ever had in my entire life.

Charlie smiles. They keep eating in silence. It's relaxing, and nice, and kind of intimate. Maybe too intimate. After a moment Harper realizes that they're in his room, on his bed.... She offers him a shy smile and stands.

HARPER (CONT'D)
I should probably get out of here.

CHARLIE
A slice for the road?

HARPER
I'm a *lady*. Two slices for the road.
(he hands them to her)
Roll it crust side out, I'm not a monster.

They roll up two slices and Harper holds one in each hand, salutes him, and climbs down the fire escape out of view.

Charlie watches her go, then flops down on his bed and eats his pizza, in a weirdly good mood. His phone PINGS -- it's a text from Suze. He ignores it and takes another bite.

INT. HARPER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harper lays in her bed in almost the same position, a plate of pizza on her chest, eating her slice and thinking. After a beat she smiles.

INT. “THE RUNDOWN” OFFICES - THE NEXT DAY

Harper walks up to her desk with her morning coffees and sees a note scribbled on her desk: *Meet me on 12th floor.*

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Harper walks up to Charlie’s desk. He brightens.

HARPER
Hi.

CHARLIE
Hey!

They smile, a little shy from their adventure. Harper’s about to say something when Rick leans out of his office--

RICK
Come in. Both of you.

INT. RICK’S OFFICE - DAY

They walk in to find Kirsten sitting perched on Rick’s desk.

RICK
Charlie, this is Kirsten, and her assistant, Harlowe.

KIRSTEN
Harper.

Charlie and Harper shake hands, very formal, eyes smiling.

CHARLIE
Nice to meet you.

RICK
You guys are gonna need to know each other, because Kirsten and I are getting married.

Harper and Charlie’s heads whip up.

HARPER
What?!

CHARLIE
Are you serious?

Kirsten takes Rick’s hand, absolutely glowing.

RICK (CONT’D)
It happened quickly, but when you know you know.

HARPER
That's-- amazing.

RICK
We wanna fly down to St. John's and elope on the beach.

He squeezes Kirsten's hand and she blushes.

RICK (CONT'D)
Super romantic. At sunset, all that bullshit. And we need you two to plan it.

CHARLIE
We can do that. We can totally do that. Consider me J.Lo. From her movie *The Wedding Planner*. About planning weddings--

HARPER
(cutting him off)
Whatever you need, we'll make it happen. When do you want to go?

RICK
This Saturday.

CHARLIE
That's my birthday!

RICK
I don't care.

KIRSTEN
Harper, I'll be gone for so long with little to do in the office, so maybe now's a good time to prepare a draft of that soccer article you were weeping about.

HARPER
(trying to hide her joy)
That's-- yes. Yeah. I would love that. I'll do that.

Harper tries to hide her joy but she can't. Kirsten smiles happily. Rick looks between them, not wanting to be outdone--

RICK
Also Charlie you're promoted.

CHARLIE
What?

RICK
Not now, I still need you to be my assistant. But when we get back. You can train the new bastard for a few weeks so they can get up to your level.

Charlie beams.

CHARLIE
Absolutely. Of course.

He and Harper steal a look: holy shit.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Harper and Charlie walk out, trying to be cool, but as soon as they're out of sight of Rick's office they freak out, jumping up and down and whispering frantically--

HARPER
Oh my God!!

CHARLIE
Holy shit!!

They hug. The hug lasts that half-second too long that gives you a drop in your stomach. They pull away quickly.

HARPER
You're getting promoted! Before your birthday!

CHARLIE
Dude! You get to write an article!

Harper inhales, eyes wide, excited but nervous, as Rick and Kirsten walk out of Rick's office.

RICK
Grab my bag, Charlie, we can work from the City Club today.

Charlie gives Harper his most excited look, then drops it to look casual, grabs his bag and hurries after Rick.

INT. STEAM ROOM - CITY CLUB - DAY

A few OLDER MEN men sit, eyes closed, sweating profusely.

Rick enters in a towel. Charlie follows him, also in a towel, looking around like he's in the North Pole.

Rick sits on a bench, puts his arms back, and closes his eyes. Charlie sits next to him, legs swinging, just excited to be there. He keeps trying to catch someone's eye to say something, but everyone ignores him. Eventually he closes his eyes and tries to relax.

INT. DINING ROOM - CITY CLUB - DAY

Charlie follows Rick down a fancy food buffet, in a sea of blue blazers and bloated rich guys.

RICK
We were smart to wait on Chef-Me. What we really want is to get in on the Series A. Fuck angel investments.
(taking a bite of bread)
And make sure my wife knows.

CHARLIE
About Chef-Me?

RICK
No, idiot, about the wedding. And the date. Six weeks before hers.

CHARLIE
I was just gonna send her an invitation when I sent the rest out.... Do you want me to call her, or something?

RICK
No I'll do it.
(then)
You know what? Let's send her flowers instead. Some "fuck you" flowers. Really big daisies. She hates daisies.

CHARLIE
Awesome. What should they say?

RICK
Say.... "I'm gonna beat you to the altar. And I'm gonna fuck you harder tonight than I did last week."

CHARLIE
(a frozen beat)
What?

RICK
Or maybe, "I'm getting hitched first, but you can come first." No, that's gross. The first one.

CHARLIE
(clearing his throat)
I just...I thought you were gonna marry Kirsten.

RICK
We are. And it better be spectacular. Speaking of which, we need a ring, right? Tomorrow you should go to a jewelry store and pick out something that looks expensive.

CHARLIE
Okay....

RICK
Let me know when Kiki gets the flowers. And tell Kirsten I've got a meeting tonight.

Rick picks up a lobster tail, frowning--

RICK (CONT'D)
God the food here sucks.

INT. KIRSTEN'S OFFICE - LATER

Harper stands in the doorway, juggling papers as she goes over the calendar.

HARPER
The coders and designers will need a few days to prepare the mock-ups for your approval, so it's pretty easy to clear next week.

KIRSTEN
I really don't want to delay the launch. Can we squeeze anything in this weekend?

HARPER
Totally, you just have Mary's baby shower but I already declined--

KIRSTEN
Ugh, I'll go to that.

HARPER
To the baby shower? What about the moratorium?

KIRSTEN
This time I'll have something to talk about. Or at least something they'll wanna listen to.

Harper rolls her eyes, but Kirsten's face softens.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I love this job. This site is my dream and I wouldn't do a single thing differently. But.... I was lonely.

Harper freezes, totally thrown by this vulnerability--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Men don't wanna date you when you're beating them to a story. I used to think there was something wrong with me. That everyone else had found someone and I was the only loser alone. But I wasn't going to meet the person for me until I'd done what I wanted and become the person I am.
(a beat, then)
I know I've been a cunt to you.

HARPER
(startled)
Oh my God, no you haven't, don't say that--

KIRSTEN
Don't be one of those women who can't say "cunt." It's just a word. And I've been cunty. Partly because you're young and your skin bounces back and it annoys me. But also because I think you're talented.

HARPER
(even more startled)
What?

KIRSTEN
People are shitty to talented, driven women. They're gonna be awful to you. So if I'm the most awful to you, when this testicle-dominated shitstorm of an industry is hard on you, you'll be prepared. And you'll dominate.

Harper smiles, touched and a little stunned.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Which is why I'm not gonna stop. I asked for those wedding dress mock-ups an hour ago.

HARPER
I've got them--

She hurries out of the office, smile faltering, suddenly feeling really guilty.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICES - DAY

Harper walks in. Charlie sees her and spins around in his chair, trying to keep things light--

CHARLIE
Okay so I just talked to the Caneel Bay Resort, and we can get them a sunset slot next Saturday and the second-best honeymoon suite--

HARPER
Charlie, is this crazy?

CHARLIE
What?

HARPER
It just feels like it's getting out of hand. They're gonna link their bank accounts because we wanted some free time? They don't even know each other!

CHARLIE
That's-- No! They know each other. And they're obviously happier together than they were apart. They both want to be married. This is good for them!

Harper takes a deep breath.

HARPER
Okay. Tell me about our flower choices.

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - LATER THAT DAY

Harper's working when her phone rings.

HARPER (ON PHONE)
Hello?

EXT. STREET - DAY [**INTERCUT**]

Charlie's walking down the street on his cell--

CHARLIE
Will you come and help me pick out the ring?

HARPER
No. I've already stood up like four times today.

CHARLIE
Please? You're so good at this. You're better at this than me. I need your female expertise.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Harper walks in. She sees Rick in his office on the phone and tiptoes over to Charlie's desk. She moves some papers around, opens a drawer, searching for the credit card.

She finds a PHOTO of Suze and Charlie taking a goofy selfie and picks it up for a second, until she hears Rick--

RICK (O.S.)
No. Because you look so hot in that dress I can't concentrate.

Harper looks over to Rick talking on the phone. She smiles. Then she frowns, thinking of something. She takes out her phone and checks Kirsten's calendar: Kirsten's in a meeting. Harper thinks a beat, then picks up Charlie's phone to hear:

KIKI (O.S.)
You shouldn't be concentrating on anything but my tits.

Harper's face falls. <u>That's not Kirsten's voice</u>.

RICK (ON PHONE)
What are you wearing right now?

KIKI (O.S.)
The bra you bought me on our honeymoon.

RICK (ON PHONE)
Did you get what Charlie sent you?

Harper slams the phone down like it's on fire.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Harper walks in as Charlie talks with a RING SALESMAN at the counter. The Ring Salesman notices Harper--

RING SALESMAN
Is this the lucky lady?

CHARLIE
(turns and sees her)
Finally! Okay, how does Kirsten feel about blood diamonds?

Harper hands him the credit card, studying his face.

HARPER
It was so weird, when I got the card, I heard Rick flirting with somebody on the phone, but I think Kirsten's in a meeting. What do you think that was?

Harper watches Charlie go a little pale. He clears his throat, voice faltering--

CHARLIE
I don't know. I bet he was leaving Kirsten a voice mail. For her to hear later. And be happy.

Harper's face falls. Charlie tries to change the subject--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Does she like topaz?

HARPER
I don't know? Does Kiki like topaz? She didn't mention it when she and Rick were having PHONE SEX!

She slams the counter and the rings go flying.

CHARLIE
How do you know about that?!

HARPER
You are such a LIAR!

CHARLIE
Look, it was one time, it was a mistake, it didn't mean anything--

HARPER
After everything we did for him? We gave him everything he wanted!

CHARLIE
He's confused! He just needed to get it out of his system before the wedding--

HARPER
The WEDDING?! They can't *get married*!

CHARLIE
Yes they can! Harper, we can keep this from her...we control their schedule, their e-mail-- she never has to know.

HARPER
Are you being serious? You would ruin someone's life so you can hang out with a girl who treats you like shit and work longer hours at a job that doesn't matter?

CHARLIE
Whose life am I ruining?! Your lonely boss? She has no life! We're giving her a husband!

HARPER
OH MY GOD. You're worse than Rick! Rick's a selfish, superficial asshole, but he can't help it. You're better than that, you could be great, but you want to be an asshole. You're choosing to be a piece of shit! You don't care about anybody but yourself!

CHARLIE
Stop pretending this is some moral dilemma. You're just scared not to be an assistant anymore. You're going to ruin my life and their lives because you'd rather run around getting Kirsten coffee than actually have to write something.

Harper flinches, stung. She almost tears up, but reels it back in, standing up straighter--

HARPER
I'm telling Kirsten.

CHARLIE
Harper--

HARPER
The whole truth, ALL OF IT!
(as she goes)
Congratulations on your promotion from assistant douchebag to full douchebag, and all before your 28th birthday!

She storms out, face crumpling. Charlie watches her go, pissed and confused. Fuck. A beat.

RING SALESMAN
(pulling out another tray)
I'd be happy to show you our "I fucked-up" selection...

INT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - DAY

A classy, sterile, mini-mansion covered in baby decorations.

Harper enters, holding a present, and glides through clumps of LADIES in pastels laughing and drinking. She spots Kirsten across the room, talking to a crowd of WOMEN.

Kirsten sees Harper and gives her a confused smile. Harper gestures -- "I need to talk you" -- and Kirsten excuses herself and walks over to her.

HARPER
I'm so sorry to just show up, you forgot the present--

KIRSTEN
Honestly, you saved me. If I hear one more woman talk about how much their nipples have changed since giving birth, I'll kill myself. I swear to God, Harper, I walked in here with a fiance and it's like suddenly I was a member of a club.

She says it like it's a bad thing but she's clearly happy. They get to a corner away from everybody else.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
All they wanna talk about is when I'm gonna have kids. I told them, first I have to learn to be a stepmother--

HARPER
(blurting it)
Rick is cheating on you.

Kirsten freezes. A beat.

KIRSTEN
What?

HARPER
He's sleeping with his ex-wife.
I'm so sorry.
(quickly)
But it's actually not as bad as it seems! Because you don't actually like him.

KIRSTEN
What are you talking about?

HARPER
This whole thing-- it's not real. His assistant and I, we.... we set you up. We made you think you liked each other. We shut down the elevator. So you'd meet. And the game! The Dodgers game wasn't real, we made you meet there and the Kiss Cam, that was me.

Kirsten flinches at each memory, but Harper doesn't notice--

HARPER (CONT'D)
Even Ojai, we sent the flowers, we did the meal... The whole relationship... it isn't real. You don't even know him. I know you better than Rick does. What you feel for him, it's not real.
(desperate)
So it's not as bad....

Kirsten's face stays completely still. Another long beat. Harper waits, scared. Then, calmly--

KIRSTEN
You're fired.

Harper winces as Kirsten holds her head up and walks away.

INT. FOYER - MINI MANSION - DAY

Harper walks out, crying, and passes a group of KIRSTEN'S FRIENDS gossiping by the appetizers.

KIRSTEN'S FRIEND
I think it's a financial thing. They get married and he can put all his bad assets in Kirsten's name.

The others laugh. Harper stops.

KIRSTEN'S FRIEND #2
She's acting like she invented getting engaged. It's like, I've been engaged three times. It's not that hard.

KIRSTEN'S FRIEND #3
I just hope her vows include working all the time and leaving him at home to jerk off.

HARPER
Excuse me?

The women turn.

HARPER (CONT'D)
You're lucky to even be Kirsten's friend. Do you have any idea what a big deal she is? What she's done for sports journalism? I can tell you don't because if you did you would WORSHIP her. And she still comes to your shitty showers and parties and brunches-- Carol, she spent four hours at your water birth. She'll never be able to unsee that. She's tough and she's smart and she doesn't put up with any bullshit and I want to be just like her when I'm older. In some ways. Not in every way, but in a lot of them-- most of her qualities are great. And you're all a bunch of c--

She tries to say "cunts" but she can't get it out.

HARPER (CONT'D)
C--hmmmmm. Damnit--
(furious, but can't do it)
C-words. You're all a bunch of C-words.
(then, just as mad)
This home is beautiful thank you for having me.

She grabs an appetizer from the plate by the door, glares at them one more time, and storms out to the door.

She passes a hallway where Kirsten stands, hidden, having heard the entire exchange.

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Charlie fidgets at his desk, waiting for Rick. Rick finally walks in and Charlie sits up, nervous, but--

RICK
Good morning! Is this mine?

CHARLIE
(very confused)
Uh, yeah. Yes.
(then, fishing)
So your tickets are all set for tomorrow. For the wedding....

RICK
Great.

CHARLIE
A car will pick you and Kirsten up from the building?

Rick just goes into his office. Charlie watches him, even more confused.

INT. HARPER & BECCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harper's sprawled on the couch in her bathrobe and sweatpants, staring at a blank page blinking on her laptop. Becca walks out of her room, surprised to see her.

HARPER
(trying to sound excited)
I got fired!

BECCA
THAT'S AMAZING!

Harper bursts into tears. Becca hurries over.

HARPER
I spent a year there and didn't write a single thing and now Kirsten hates me and will never help me. I wasted all that time.
(gesturing to her laptop)
And I'm *bad*. I'm bad at this. I have been trying to write the same article for months and it's so bad I can't even finish it.

She starts crying again. Becca leans in to hug her, then shoves her instead. Harper looks up, surprised--

BECCA
Of course your first draft is bad. It's gonna be terrible. And then you make it better. But you can't make it better until you <u>do</u> it.

That hits Harper. She sits back.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You learned a lot from that psychopath, you've just never had time to actually use it. And now you do. So go do it!

HARPER
Okay.

BECCA
Okay!

HARPER
I'm gonna go write the shittiest thing I've ever written.

BECCA
It's gonna suck ass! I can't wait to read it!

Harper grabs her laptop, kisses Becca on the cheek, and sprints out of the apartment.

INT. CACTUS CANTINA MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Harper marches into the restaurant, still in her bathrobe. She slams into a seat at the bar and opens her laptop.

HARPER
I'm not leaving this chair until I write an entire article.

CACTUS CANTINA WAITER
That's great. That's great news for me.

HARPER
Free chips and water, please!

INT. MCKELVY CAPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Charlie stares at his phone, then picks it up, dials Harper--

NEW INTERN (O.S.)
Hello?

CHARLIE
Uh...is Harper there?

NEW INTERN (O.S.)
Who's Harper?

CHARLIE
Kirsten's assistant.

NEW INTERN (O.S.)
I'm Kirsten's assistant. Can I help you with something?

Charlie slams the phone down.

INT. CACTUS CANTINA MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Harper types maniacally. The Waiter approaches, so frustrated. Harper notices him and realizes--

HARPER
Oh, God, I should probably eat something.

She pulls a GRANOLA BAR out of her bag and opens it. She stuffs it in her mouth and goes back to typing--

HARPER (CONT'D)
Keep that water coming!

INT. DELFINE'S - THAT NIGHT

A condescending HOST leads Charlie and Suze through an unbearably fancy restaurant. Charlie tugs at his nicest suit. Suze's dress catches every eye in the room. She takes Charlie's hand, thrilled--

SUZE
I've always wanted to eat here!

Charlie smiles. They arrive at a tiny table shoved awkwardly in the back corner.

CHARLIE
Oh. I think we requested a table by the window, actually...

DELFINE'S HOST
I think you're mistaken.

The Host leaves. Charlie frowns, annoyed, but sits.

INT. CACTUS CANTINA MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant's pretty empty. Harper types a last sentence and sits back, surprised.

HARPER
I finished.
(a beat)
I FINISHED!

She grabs two handfuls of chips and crushes them in her hands like she's the Hulk. Then she realizes something. She checks the time, then shoves her computer in her bag--

CACTUS CANTINA WAITER
Nope. Not again--

HARPER
I actually do have to be somewhere! I really have to go!

CACTUS CANTINA WAITER
YOU HAVE TO ORDER SOMETHING!!

INT. DELFINE'S - NIGHT

Suze picks up her wine glass to cheers--

SUZE
Happy birthday, baby. 28 is going to be the best year.

Charlie manages a smile. He takes a bite of his steak and chews, unimpressed. Suze takes a bite and moans.

SUZE (CONT'D)
Oh my God. This is the best meal I've ever had.

Charlie watches her, realizing something.

CHARLIE
The best meal I ever had was a $5 piece of pizza that was thrown up a fire escape.

SUZE
What?

He looks around the restaurant, the fancy tablecloths and stuffy people...

CHARLIE
I don't want this anymore.

SUZE
Do you want to order something else?

CHARLIE
No. Delfine's sucks. That guy is an asshole and everything's too quiet in here and this steak is delicious but it's not worth $70. I could buy two bikes for that.
(then)
I don't want to <u>want</u> to be an asshole.

SUZE
What are you talking about?

CHARLIE
If my 15 year-old self was here he would punch me in the dick. But I can't do this anymore, Suze.

Suze is literally shocked. Charlie stands.

SUZE
But-- that-- you're my backup.

CHARLIE
I know. And you're gonna find someone much hotter and more appropriate for you and be happier.

He kisses her on the cheek and hands her his credit card.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Order whatever you want, on me.
(leaves, then turns back)
What the fuck am I doing, you're not my girlfriend anymore, gimme that. I'm not a Rockefeller!

He snatches the card back and sprints away.

EXT. DEFLINE'S - NIGHT

Charlie races over to the VALET GUY, waving his ticket--

CHARLIE
I need my car! This is an emergency! I have to get to the airport to stop someone from getting married!

The Valet Guy just stares at him. Charlie checks his watch.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, actually, I have plenty of time. The flight's not for another four hours.
(a long awkward beat)
How's your night going so far?

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie calmly drives towards the airport. He passes the far-away DISCOUNT PARKING LOT and shrugs--

CHARLIE
I got time.

EXT. PARKING LOT SHUTTLE BUS STOP - NIGHT

Charlie waits as the SHUTTLE BUS pulls up to the parking lot. He lets an OLDER LADY board before him--

CHARLIE
Please, go ahead.

INT. AIRPORT STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Charlie steps up to the Barista, pondering the menu--

CHARLIE
What's the difference between an Americano and a latte, again?

INT. AIRPORT BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Charlie sips his coffee and flips through a book. An EMPLOYEE approaches--

AIRPORT BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE
Sir, we're closing in five minutes.

CHARLIE
(checks his watch)
I did the dick-around thing!

He sprints off.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Charlie hurries through people waiting to go through security. He searches the crowd, frantic, then finally sees Rick and Kirsten in line and sprints over--

CHARLIE
Kirsten! Stop!

Rick and Kirsten turn, surprised to see him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Rick, I quit. And Kirsten, you can't marry him, because he's a huge dick.

RICK
Thank you.

CHARLIE
I said you <u>are</u> a huge dick, not you *have* a huge dick.
(to Kirsten)
You deserve better than this.

RICK
Excuse me?

Some of the crowd starts to realize what's happening.

TSA AGENT
Is this some sort of sick joke?

RANDOM AIRPORT GUY
DO IT! GO WITH THE YOUNG GUY!

CHARLIE
Oh, gross, no. I mean-- not gross, she's a handsome woman, but no--

RICK
Charlie, I don't know what you think you're doing--

HARPER (O.S.)
HEY!

Charlie turns-- Harper's on the other side of security, waving at them, pissed.

CHARLIE
What are you doing?!

HARPER
I came to stop them! I was worried I was gonna do the dick around thing so I bought a ticket to meet them at the gate and it was EXPENSIVE AS SHIT!
(then)
Don't do it, Kirsten! You don't have to settle for him!

RICK
What is going on?!

CHARLIE
(turning to Kirsten)
I know we've never really met, but I know a lot about you. Because Harper's always talking about you. And even when Harper's saying mean things, you can hear how much she admires you.

HARPER
You're a badass, Kirsten! Whatever you think you're getting from doing this, you don't need it.

Kirsten's armor starts to crack. Rick takes her arm and tries to move toward the gate--

RICK
Charlie, you are fired as fuck.

CHARLIE
I ALREADY QUIT!

Kirsten stops him.

KIRSTEN
What's my favorite food?

On instinct, Rick looks to Charlie. Charlie glares at him.

RICK
Steak tartare--

HARPER
IT'S GREEN CURRY YOU DOUCHETARD!

KIRSTEN
Where's my favorite place?

Rick starts to say something, but he's got nothing.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
It's Squam Lake, New Hampshire, you douchetard.

RICK
Kirsten, this is ridiculous--

Kirsten takes her bag from Rick's hand, puts her shoulders back, clears her throat, and takes a deep breath.

KIRSTEN
Harper? Can you remove the wedding from my calendar?

HARPER
Absolutely!

KIRSTEN
Thank you.

Charlie smiles. The crowd CHEERS and starts chanting--

CROWD
KISS! KISS!

CHARLIE
Ew, no. Again, not "ew," just, this is not a sexual thing--

Kirsten marches away with her rolling bag. Rick chases her.

RICK
Kirsten! Stop!

Charlie watches them go, then turns to Harper, but Harper's already walking away.

CHARLIE
HARPER!

Harper turns back.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I, um-- I broke up with Suze.

HARPER
Congratulations.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry I was an asshole.

HARPER
It's fine.

CHARLIE
It's not fine! Don't say it's fine.
(then)
Do you want to get a pizza?

HARPER
(a beat, then, sadly)
No.

She turns and walks away.

CHARLIE
Harper....

Her face falls but she doesn't turn around.

INT. CHARLIE & DUNCAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Duncan and Charlie pack up the apartment, moving boxes everywhere. Duncan puts all of the kitchen stuff in a box marked "Duncan." Charlie puts a single chipped cereal bowl in a tiny box marked "Charlie."

INT. "THE RUNDOWN" OFFICES - DAY

Harper walks into the empty office with a cardboard box for her things. She gets to her desk and starts packing up her few personal items, then stops, surprised, when she sees Kirsten walking out of her office, frantic.

HARPER
Hi--

KIRSTEN
Thank God you're here. I can't find that article on lesbian soccer players in Nigeria.

HARPER
It's probably still in your downloads folder.

KIRSTEN
Also, I can't find Geoff's number.

HARPER
You made me change his name to "Satan" in your contacts.

KIRSTEN
Also, come back to work.

HARPER
(a surprised beat)
What?

KIRSTEN
You crossed every line, ever. Last week I genuinely considered setting you up for a white collar crime and letting you rot in jail.

Kirsten glares at her, but there's a warmness to it.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
But I...*understand*, in some ways, what you were trying to... you're a smart girl.
(then)
Also I have no idea how you did all of this and I can't do it without you. This place is falling apart. Come back and do this with me.

HARPER
I learned so much from you and admire you so much...but by my age you were already starting your own magazine, because that's what you wanted to do, and I want to be a writer. So I think I need to write. But I'd love to help you find a new assistant.

KIRSTEN
You're fired again. I hate you.

Harper nods and turns to go. Kirsten calls after her--

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Harper!
(Harper turns back)
Do you have a first draft?
(off Harper's confusion)
Of your article.

HARPER
Yes! Yes.

KIRSTEN
Send it to me. We can go over it and when it's in good enough shape, I'll send it to some friends.

Harper beams and nods.

INT. CHARLIE'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

A much smaller studio. Charlie unpacks his lone box, drinking a beer. Someone knocks on the door and Charlie goes to open it-- it's Rick.

CHARLIE
What do you want?

RICK
You live here?
(looking around)
This is disgusting.

Charlie starts to close the door but Rick stops it.

RICK (CONT'D)
I need some information. On my wife. My ex-wife.

CHARLIE
Like what?

Rick clears his throat and pulls out a notebook.

RICK
Assorted favorites, like food or flowers or clothing. Ideal vacations or romantic gestures.

CHARLIE
Are you serious?

RICK
I should know these things, but you always did them for me.

CHARLIE
I know.

RICK
(awkwardly)
And I want her back.

Charlie's shocked -- for the first time Rick looks a tiny bit vulnerable. Charlie softens.

CHARLIE
I have an old Kiki folder. I'll send it to you.

RICK
I'd really appreciate that.

Charlie nods. Duncan walks up with an iced coffee.

DUNCAN
Rick! How are you?
(to Charlie)
You don't work for him anymore, right?

CHARLIE
Nope.

Duncan tosses his iced coffee on Rick's shirt. Rick recoils, shocked, as Duncan walks past him into Charlie's apartment.

DUNCAN
This place is great!

Charlie gives Rick a salute and closes the door.

INT. HARPER & BECCA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Becca reads her laptop on the couch when Harper walks in.

BECCA
How'd it go?

HARPER
She's gonna help me with my story and then send it to a few people.

BECCA
That's amazing!!

HARPER
Yeah! It's awesome.

Harper's trying to be excited but she sounds miserable. Becca watches her for a beat, then jumps up.

BECCA
Let's go, we're getting free chips.

INT. CACTUS CANTINA MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Harper walks in, talking to Becca behind her.

HARPER
I honestly think I cry harder at the speech Murray gives when he *loses* Wimbledon. Because it's so--

Harper freezes-- Charlie's sitting at the bar. He looks up, just as surprised.

CHARLIE
Did Duncan invite you, too?

Harper turns, but Becca's gone. Harper looks outside and just catches Becca getting into Duncan's car.

BECCA
GO!!

Duncan floors it and Becca leans out the window as they squeal away--

BECCA (CONT'D)
Just make up and make out!! You're driving us crazy!!!

Harper and Charlie watch them go, stunned. Harper turns back to Charlie. She thinks a beat. Then sits at his table. Charlie clears his throat, nervous.

CHARLIE
I like you so, so much. You're not hard to get, at all. But you're hard to earn. And that's better.

Harper doesn't say anything for a long time.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Is this the good kind of silence--

HARPER
You displayed a total lack of character when it mattered.

CHARLIE
I know.

HARPER
You have the sexual and romantic personality of a seventh grader.

CHARLIE
I don't think a *seventh* grader, I think at least high school--

HARPER
You wear suits to sports games.

Charlie realizes what she's doing. He starts smiling.

CHARLIE
You can be really judgmental.

HARPER
You're terrible at beer pong.

CHARLIE
You've never used less than four exclamation points.

A beat. Harper's trying her hardest to hide it but she can't help smiling. Finally she shrugs--

HARPER
And yet....

Charlie leaps over the table and kisses her. Harper throws her arms around him and they make out, oblivious to the world. The Waiter walks over.

CACTUS CANTINA WAITER
I mean, this is not your home. This is a public space. That-- keep your feet on the floor.

Charlie picks Harper up onto the table, swiping it clear and sending a bowl of chips CRASHING to the ground as we--

FADE OUT.