

Love In The Age Of The Internet

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FULL SHOT - CHATROOM SCREEN.

We hear the writer speaking as he types into the message stream.

PAUL4ASIANCHICKS

I love my wife. Don't get me wrong.
She's stunning. The sex is amazing.
Her English is getting way better.
It's just, well, I think she might
be grinding up glass in my food.
Any advice?

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

White letters are typed up onto the black screen:

THE PROBLEM WITH LOVE IN THE AGE OF THE INTERNET ...

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack - one pizza too many, one shave too few - sets up a chalkboard on an autumnal tree-lined East Village street.

JACK (V.O.)

Do you ever get that nightmare, where
you're back in high school and your
girlfriend dumps you for the
quarterback? Well, that happened to
me. Only I wasn't in highschool.

CUT TO

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Cindy, cheerleader-type hands a bunch of flowers back to Jack.

Craig the Quarterback sits in his yellow Ferarri.

CINDY

I'm sorry, Jack, I really am.

She presses the flowers at him. Jack looks at them sadly.

CRAIG THE QUATERBACK

C'mon baby!

CINDY
Goodbye Jack.

The Ferrari roars away.

JACK (V.O.)
And the quarterback had his own reality
tv show.

CUT TO

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Jack sits on the sofa watching tv and double fisting ice
cream and pizza.

On tv:

CINDY O.S.
I'm sorry, Jack. I really am.

CRAIG THE QUARTERBACK O.S.
C'mon baby!

CINDY O.S.
Goodbye Jack.

Jack rewinds.

CINDY O.S. (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Jack. I really am.

CRAIG THE QUARTERBACK O.S.
C'mon baby!

CINDY O.S.
Goodbye Jack.

Jack re-winds.

CINDY O.S. (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Jack. I really am.

Jack hurls a slice of pizza at the tv. It slides down in a
smear of tomato.

JACK (V.O.)
It was time to leave town.

CUT TO

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Jack drives a beat-up car towards the city.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack pulls up to the coffee shop and parks.

Alan, entrepreneur, hipster, converse wearer - the kind of guy who wears glasses even though he has 20:20 vision - helps Jack bring his case through the side door.

After a moment, a tow truck rounds the corner. Hooks up the car, and drives it away.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Alan's Coffee Shop is eclectic and comfortable - arm chairs, vintage Deco posters, a counter packed with cakes and cookies. Jack stands behind the counter, tapping at a laptop.

JACK (V.O.)

If you're a writer, starting over probably means crashing on your friend Alan's sofa, working in your friend Alan's cafe and surfing Craigslist.

Jack clicks something on the screen and a request comes up.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN (CRAISGLIST PAGE)

We see this on screen and hear Romance 69's voice:

ROMANCE69 (V.O.)

Help writing my online dating profile. I have good job in extermination industry, and am good lover. Looking for woman with small feet. I thinking my English stopping me from getting date. \$50 to write for me.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jack looks up, considers this for a moment.

JACK (V.O.)
And that's where the idea for a small
side business hit me:

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Jack types a Craigslist Advert:

**Avoid common traps and pitfalls - let me write your online
dating profile.**

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jack types his advert on the screen as we hear:

JACK (V.O.)
I'll write your personal statement -
in grammatical English. I'll write
a couple of getting-to-know-you emails
to potential dates, a bit of banter,
a bit of back and forth, lets meet
in real life, ok, let's do it. Leave
the writing to me, the rest is up to
you.

He clicks enter, and sits back, satisfied.

ALAN
Who are you to give romance advice?

JACK
Not romance advice. Just writing.
I've read Jane Austen. I know what
a sonnet is. And I make \$20 an hour!

ALAN
That liberal arts degree really paying
off for you then.

JACK (V.O.)
It turns out, a lot of this online
dating stuff is common sense, which
is not as common as you'd think.
Example: if this is what you look
like in real life -

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

The mouse clicks on a file download. It opens into a picture of a perfectly attractive woman in her mid 30s.

JACK (V.O.)

Don't pick this photo as your avatar -

The mouse clicks on another file download. It opens. The same woman, 20 years ago, as a cheerleader.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

- unless you are looking to date a paedophile. If your hobbies include cats -

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN (INT. PINK THEMED BEDROOM)

We're watching a decidedly amateur web video.

FLUFFY BLONDE

I love cats. It's just - I hate to think that there are kitties out there with nobody to love them, and I love them, but I can't literally fit them all in my apartment.

(more sobs)

I want to cuddle them and wrap them in clouds!

JACK (V.O.)

Feel free not to mention that. And never respond to anyone who tells you up front:

CUT TO

INT. DEN - DAY

Tight in on a harmless-looking guy.

HARMLESS LOOKING GUY

I'm fascinated by Japanese culture -

Pull out to reveal - the guy is dressed as a Ninja.

JACK (V.O.)

Seriously. 9 times out of 10.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack puts the finishing touches to his sign.

JACK (V.O.)
 Everything about Love is hard.
 Searching for it. Finding it.
 Keeping it. Luckily, in the mean
 time ... there's cake.

He adds a final flourish to the chalkboard.

"Bake Yourself Happy."

He heads back into the coffee shop flipping the sign to Open as he closes the door.

CUT TO

EXT. GOTHIC CASTLE - NIGHT

A gorgeous, illustrated graphic world, straight out of a fantasy role playing game.

A fat balding monk and a hot green alien with long flowing hair stand on the drawbridge. Their words appear in bubbles over their heads as we hear them outloud.

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
Suck it, dragon! Unbelievable. Who does that? One shot?! Critical?! Seriously?! You were amazing.

ALAN (V.O.)
 (as the monk)
No, You were amazing. The way you executed that sneak attack on the tower and held off the goblin guards - I could never have taken that shot without you.

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
We make a great team.

ALAN (V.O.)
 (as the monk)
Totally.

The tinkling of the cafe door bell disturbs the gloomy quiet of the castle scene.

ANNE (O.S.)
 Morning!

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

For a moment, Anne's framed in the doorway, deep red hair glittering in the sun. She ought to be a Pre Raphaelite poet's muse.

Jack gazes at her.

ANNE

Hey Jack!

He blushes.

JACK

The usual? Coming right up.

She holds the door for a guy with a stroller, then comes into the shop. She's followed by her co-worker, Ellen, who looks like she was a Rockette 50, 60 years ago, way way back in her youth - which in fact she was.

Ellen takes her fur coat off and drapes it theatrically over her arm.

ANNE

So he took me to a nightclub with a tank of real live mermaids behind the bar.

ELLEN

Oh, I love that place!

ANNE

Then he felt up the coat check girl and we were asked to leave! So no, it was not a good date.

Alan looks up from the Gothic Fantasy on his iPod, leans over to whisper to Jack at the coffee machine.

ALAN

You should totally ask her out.

JACK

Shh.

ALAN

I mean it. Do you feel up coat check girls on dates? No. See. You're way less shit than that guy.

JACK

Great. Yeah. Date Jack. Way less shit than The Dude Who Feels Up Coat Check Girls. Ringing endorsement.

He finishes the last coffee (there are 3) and turns back to the counter.

ANNE

(to Ellen)

It's just depressing. I swear to God, another date like that and I'm gonna give up and get a cat.

ELLEN

Don't you dare.

Anne takes the coffees and heads for the door.

ANNE

Thanks Jack.

ELLEN

(declamatory)

Take my advice. Advice gathered from almost 8 decades of existence, two marriages and an imaginative love life.

Jack and Alan and the rest of the customers who could not help / didn't try not to overhear, lean in closer:

ELLEN (CONT'D)

If you don't use it, it'll grow over.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Jack watch Anne as she crosses the street with Ellen, talking nineteen to the dozen.

ALAN (O.S.)

You gotta get back in the game, man.

JACK (O.S.)

No. No I don't.

ALAN (O.S.)

So what? You're gonna spend the rest of your life alone because your ex got married on tv?

CUT TO

INT. THE VENETIAN HOTEL (BRIDGE OF SIGHS) - NIGHT

Tight in on the bridge - we could actually be in Venice.

Cindy, in her wedding dress and Quarterback Craig Cranston, in his tux, look out over the water.

CINDY
This is the most wonderful day of my
life! And this? Wow.

QUARTERBACK CRAIG CRANSTON
Totally. Where else in the world
could we do this?! I mean, seriously!

Pull out to reveal the slot machines.

QUARTERBACK CRAIG CRANSTON (CONT'D)
It's Tight! Totally Tight!

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Alan watch as Anne hands one of the coffees to Will, the homeless guy who hangs out on the stoop.

JACK (O.S.)
I'm not taking dating advice from a
guy who's in a committed relationship
with an alien.

ALAN (O.S.)
A Hot alien.

Jack considers this.

JACK (O.S.)
Ok. Fair enough.

ALAN (O.S.)
She's single. You're single. What's
the worst that could happen?

JACK (O.S.)
Ha.

She unlocks the door to her vintage clothing shop and goes inside.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Twitter messages stream down the screen.

JACK (V.O.)
 When we're talking about love, the
 "worst that can happen" is probably
 worse than we can even begin to
 imagine.

Zoom in on one of the messages, which we also hear spoken:

FELIX 007
 My wife cheated on me with my twin
 sister. No, not an episode of Jerry.
 FML.

JACK (V.O.)
 It's a miracle we don't all just
 give up, and stop cutting our
 toenails.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - MORNING

Jack carries the chalkboard out of the coffee shop and sets
 it up. It reads:

"Donut pass go. Donut collect \$200."

He looks up in time to see Anne heading over the street past
 Will, the homeless guy, who looks up from his Wall Street
 Journal.

WILL
 Russian chromium. Mark my words.
 And whatever you do, stay outta the
 Euro Zone. And don't forget. Soy.
 The government is putting hormones
 in milk to keep us meek.

ANNE
 I'll bear that in mind. Morning
 Jack.

Jack holds the door as Anne and Ellen head into the cafe.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 My point is, it's not crazy town
 like it used to be. 1 in 5 marriages
 are between people who meet online.
 It says so on the commercials.

ELLEN
 You know those things have small
 print, right? 1 in every 5 marriages
between people both called Alex living
in Wisconsin -

ANNE

It's got to be worth a try. Though I kinda hate the way it sounds: We met on the internet.

ELEEN

So what? I met my second husband in a gay bath house.

The door closes behind them.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Alan looks up from his iPad

ALAN

The usual?

ANNE

And a donut. I'm suggestable. Oh, and Will wants soy.

ALAN

Sure.

Anne turns and gives Will (the homeless guy) a thumbs up through the window.

Jack follows them into the shop, collecting empty cups.

ELLEN

How about I set you up with this guy I know. Real smart guy. Marty.

ANNE

What's the catch? Come on. There's always something. He lives on his friend's sofa, right?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

Jack's asleep on a sofa. Until an odd whirring noise wakes him up.

Alan is working out on one of those total body fitness machines he bought from an infommercial.

JACK (V.O.)

Sofa surfing. Strike 1.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

ELLEN

No. He has his own apartment.
Bought, not rental. And he has a
real interesting job.

Jack looks at the empty mugs and plates in his hand.

JACK (V.O.)

Bussing tables. Strike 2.

ANNE

"Interesting"? Go on.

ELLEN

He trains sharks.

JACK

That's possible?

ANNE

Why would you train a shark? Train
it to do what?

ELLEN

I don't know. Swim. Jump through a
hoop. For the movies. You know.
And he does snakes and spiders and
things like that.

ANNE

He keeps them in his apartment,
doesn't he.

Ellen wonders if she can deny it.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It's always something! Why can't I
meet a nice guy who has a grown up
job and an apartment with no sharks
in the tub, and, I don't know, for
bonus points, maybe looks a bit like
Disney Prince Eric?

JACK (V.O.)

Resemblance to Disney Prince Eric?
Zero. Strike 3.

He pulls his T-shirt away from his stomach self consciously.

ELLEN

Realistic expectations. Perfect.
You know, I dated a Prince once. It
wasn't all that.

Anne chokes on her scone. Alan hands over the coffees.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What? You think Grace Kelly's the only one?

ANNE

I am looking for true love, with a side order of good old fashioned romance. Is that really too much to ask for?

ELLEN

I'm sorry Honey. We live in a world where Grindr exists.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN (GRINDER HOMEPAGE - STREET MAP OF THE EAST VILLAGE)

Pins drop onto the map, and with each pin, a Polaroid of a toned, naked chest, or a suggestively half pulled down g-string.

TOM (V.O.)

Hot, toned and ready to go. 0.2 km away.

DICK (V.O.)

Wanna party? 0.3 km away

HARRY (V.O.)

In search of a serious relationship
... with my body! 0.3 km away

Faster and faster, until the whole map is obscured by semi-naked flesh.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Hudson, suited, smart, a dead ringer for Disney Prince Eric, is sitting at a table with Jack checking boxes on a printed form.

JACK (V.O.)

It takes a brave soul to navigate the dating waters. And if you've got a couple of hundred dollars, like Hudson here, I can help. Well, with the writing part.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jack takes the form and scans it.

JACK (V.O.)
Absolutely not.

He turns to Hudson.

JACK (CONT'D)
OK. So you're not a vegan, that's a plus. You don't smoke. You like working out. You volunteer in your free time. You have a loft in Tribeca. And you need my help why exactly?

HUDSON
You're a writer.

JACK
Ok then.

He goes back to the form. There's an odd silence.

HUDSON
Shakespeare.

JACK
He also was a writer, yeah.

HUDSON
I'm more of a numbers guy. More numbers than - well, you know -

JACK
Words?

HUDSON
Women.

JACK
Oh. Still, that's not a problem. Strong Silent type.

A conversation pause emphasizes this in a most awkward way.

JACK (CONT'D)
So tell me, have you tried online dating before?

HUDSON
Sort of. You know. A bit.

JACK
Could you be more specific?

HUDSON
I guess. Well, ok. The first time I wrote the usual kinda stuff.

JACK
Something like "I like going to the gym, having fun and meeting nice people?"

HUDSON
Yeah. I figured women would like that. So.

JACK
And did they?

HUDSON
No. Nobody wrote me.

JACK
It's tough out there.

HUDSON
So I did it again, and I was a bit more specific, you know, like they tell you.

Jack glances at the form.

JACK
Did you mention that you liked swimming at your house in the Hamptons?

HUDSON
Maybe.

JACK
And, let me guess, you were inundated?

HUDSON
I'm still getting emails from Russian brides.

JACK
So are you looking for a relationship?

HUDSON
Well, yeah. Of course. A relationship. Marriage. The One. Why else would people do this?

Jack shoots him a quizzical look.

JACK
You'd be amazed. So Hudson, ever
been married before?

HUDSON
No sir.

JACK
Kids?

HUDSON
No.

JACK
And you don't want to just go to a
bar and meet a girl, get her drunk,
you know, the old fashioned way?

HUDSON
The last girl I met in a bar stole
my Macbook Air, my flat screen and
my signed Thurmon Munson catcher's
mitt while I was sleeping.

JACK
Woah. OK. So, addictions? Prison
sentences?

HUDSON
No.

JACK
Beer or wine?

HUDSON
Wine. Oh, and Sangria. On a hot
day ...

Jack notes this down.

JACK
Sangria. Hot Day. Good. Dogs or
cats?

HUDSON
Neither.

JACK
Steak or chocolate?

HUDSON
I don't know. I kinda prefer lean
meats like chicken and turkey.

JACK
Interesting.

He turns over the form and starts to take notes on the back.

JACK (CONT'D)
Any general oddness-slash-quirkiness?
Cactus collections, pet geckos,
monthly juice fasts, foot fetishes?

Hudson shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Recently broken up with someone?

HUDSON
No.

JACK
So why now?

HUDSON
What?

JACK
Why now? What's brought on this
sudden urge to settle down?

HUDSON
Um. No reason.

JACK
So out of the blue you decide; this
is it, better find myself a woman to
love and cherish and have monogamous
sex with for the rest of my life?

HUDSON
I guess. I was just thinking, I
don't know, just cuz.

Jack writes:

JACK
"Just Cuz". Okay then. Awesome.
Hudson, let's start the rest of your
life.

CUT TO

EXT. GOTHIC CASTLE - NIGHT

Back in the graphic gothic world of the game. The Balding
Fat Monk and the Hot Green Alien are sitting on a picnic
blanket drinking mead from flagons.

Stars glitter above them.

JACK (V.O.)
Meanwhile, back at the castle ...

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
I think we should wait till dead of
night if we want to slip past the
Orcs in the forest.

ALAN (V.O.)
(as the monk)
I was thinking the exact same thing.

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
This is so great, isn't it? I wish
I didn't have to go to my roommate's
pottery exhibition.

ALAN (V.O.)
(as the monk)
I'll meet you when you get back.

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
Outside the castle at midnight.

ALAN (V.O.)
(as the monk)
I'll be there.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Clearly a bachelor pad. Infomercial exercise machine in one
corner, xbox, trash can with basketball hoop.

Alan and Jack both sit on the sofa, engrossed in their own
laptops. Alan drinks his beer, sighs happily and leans back.

ALAN
I'm thinking I should ask her to
MIRL.

JACK
What?

ALAN
Meet in real life.

JACK
Are you sure?

ALAN
Did you see her?

JACK

I'm not saying she's not hot. She is. Totally hot. I'm just saying the reality may not live up to the avatar.

ALAN

I'm not exactly a short bald monk -

JACK

Yeah, but in fairness, you've done a great job of lowering expectations there.

He checks his laptop.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here's another one. Pretty. Nice. Statistically speaking, so far, Hudson is appealing more to the blondes than the brunettes.

ALAN

Is she a Maybe?

Jack scans the reply.

JACK

Yes, looking good, looking good, oh. No.

ALAN

What?

JACK

She regularly enjoys water sports.

ALAN

Ugh. Gross.

They think this over for a moment.

JACK

Is it possible that's not dirty, and we've just watched too much Robin Byrd?

ALAN

You wanna shoot up some Zombie Beavers?

Jack take a drink of beer and reaches for the control.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Is this Hudson guy really all that?

The game loads up.

JACK

I think so. Fancy numbers job,
Tribeca loft, 2 marathons, 3
triathlons, volunteers on the
weekends. You'd think that would be
enough, right?

ALAN

And?

JACK

He once saved a cat from a fire.

ALAN

No shit.

JACK

I know. An actual real live cat
from an actual real live house fire.

ALAN

And That Guy can't get a girlfriend?

JACK

Apparently not. It's a mystery.

Blam. A Zombie bites the dust. Slam. Another.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that's when it hit me:

Jack stops shooting zombies. They start to close in.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Own apartment. Proper job. Good
looking, decent, stand up, cat
rescuing guy.

ALAN

Man, they're eating you!

JACK

Anne.

ALAN

Huh?

Jack puts down the control and picks up the laptop.

JACK

This is the guy for Anne.

ALAN
Anne as in coffee shop Anne? Anne
the girl you have a crush on? That
Anne?

JACK
She deserves That Guy.

ALAN
Dude!

JACK
She gives coffee to homeless guys.
She runs her own business. She's
sweet and funny and -

ALAN
Totally hot and you Like her.

JACK
This is perfect.

He finishes typing.

JACK (CONT'D)
And here she is.

Her profile pops up on screen.

ALAN
You cannot be serious about this.

Alan takes his eyes off the screen to concentrate on Jack.

JACK
I really am.

A gloop-y noise indicates that the zombies have won.

ALAN
Man! That screws up my score board.

JACK
It's like, I don't know, I have to
believe it. Some people get to meet
their One.

ALAN
Bad plan. Here's an idea: Ask her
out yourself.

JACK
Yeah? Wow, why didn't I think of
that?! That's a great plan.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

She could be dating a heroic rich dude who's 200 pounds of pure toned ripped muscle, or me, underemployed writer, 200 pounds of pure mac n cheese, spring rolls and wings in hot sauce. That always works out.

ALAN

How much Six Point did you drink?

JACK

If I can do this for her, it would prove that good people can find - that love is - I don't know exactly. Possible.

ALAN

Great.

JACK

I think this guy could make her happy.

He starts to type.

ALAN

I think this is a way bad idea.

Jack ignores him and continues to type.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Anne puts her glass of wine on the dresser, picks up her laptop, and makes herself comfortable on the bed.

Silk flowers in vases, a few pictures in gold frames, perfume bottles, piles of dog-eared novels, shells.

She opens a message, and the screen is filled with Hudson's picture.

JACK (V.O.)

Hi. I loved reading your profile, and I'd like to connect with you. I am not here to jerk you around.

Anne sits up a little at this, and keeps reading.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's going to sound corny as hell, but I am here to find love. That's my bottom line.

Anne nods. Keeps reading.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 One other thing, though. I believe that Tapas does not count as dinner. If we go on a tapas-related date, I will expect to stop off for a burger on the way home. If you can get behind that, maybe we should message. If not, I'm sorry to have bothered you. Good luck with your search. I hope you find everything that you wish for. Sincerely. Hudson.

Anne thinks for a moment, then starts to type.

She presses delete. She thinks. Types. Deletes. Takes a sip of wine. Starts again.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Jack's pillow and blanket are set up on the sofa. He's reloading and reloading the laptop screen.

Suddenly, a new message. He clicks it, anxious to read -

ANNE (V.O.)
 I could get behind the Tapas thing as long as you do not keep sharks in your tub. If we're confessing up front to oddities you might as well know that I am totally phobic to false teeth. So if you have those, this is already over. Anne.

Jack types.

JACK (V.O.)
 No. No false teeth, and no sharks. Especially not in my tub! Man did Jaws ever ruin sharks for me.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Anne's lying on the bed, laughing as she types.

ANNE (V.O.)
 I love that movie so much! But I'd be willing to give sharks a chance if I could go diving.

JACK (V.O.)
So you're a water baby?

ANNE (V.O.)
Closest I've gotten? Snorkeling off
Cape Cod on family holidays. I'd
love to dive. It looks like how
flying would feel.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Jack thinks for a moment, then types back:

JACK (V.O.)
I know what you mean. Arms out,
very Chagall, floating over the coral
and fish. It's all fun and games
until a big-ass shark shows up with
murder on its mind.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Anne laughs. Then she types:

ANNE (V.O.)
So you'd miss out on the Barrier
Reef because of a shark in a movie?

After a moment -

JACK (V.O.)
Maybe you could talk me into it.
Say, over wine sometime this week?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Jack waits.

ANNE (V.O.)
Sounds good. I'll check my schedule.

JACK (V.O.)
Great! It was nice virtually talking
to you.

ANNE (V.O.)
It was nice virtually talking to you
too.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

The light in the apartment above Anne's vintage clothing
store goes out.

ANNE (V.O.)
Good night.

JACK (V.O.)
Good night.

After a moment, the light in the window above Alan's coffee
shop goes out too.

CUT TO

INT. GYM - MORNING

Hudson lifts weights while his trainer, a sculpted woman
with her hair pulled tight back in a ponytail showcasing
gold hoop earrings, spots him.

MARIA
That's it. 5 more, and 4, 3, 2, 1,
good work.

They move to a different set of weights.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Ready for this?

HUDSON
Sure.

He takes a gulp of water.

MARIA
Wow. You sound enthusiastic this
morning.

HUDSON
Sorry. I'm just - I got something
on my mind.

MARIA
The Belize trip?

HUDSON
No.

MARIA
You wanna talk about it?

HUDSON
Not really.

MARIA
Fine. Let's go.

She adjusts the weights.

HUDSON
It's dating.

MARIA
Oh.

HUDSON
I'm maybe dating. Tonight, in fact.

MARIA
Well, that's good, isn't it? Watch those elbows -

HUDSON
I don't know. She's really pretty, and she seems really nice, but, I don't know.

MARIA
What do you mean "I don't know"? Dating is supposed to be fun!

HUDSON
I don't think so.

MARIA
Then don't date. Nobody makes you date if you don't want to date. So if you don't want to date, don't date. Simple. Let's do this!

She adjusts his machine.

HUDSON
I'm going to be 40.

MARIA
We're all going to be 40.

HUDSON
Soon. I'm going to be 40 soon.

MARIA
So what?

HUDSON

My Dad was married with 3 kids when he was 40. Taught me to ride a bike that year. You know.

MARIA

Sure. Ready for some more weight?

HUDSON

He died when he was 41. Heart attack.

MARIA

Wow, that's so young. I'm sorry.

HUDSON

Like, 40 years was it. His whole life. Makes you think.

MARIA

Yeah it does. You know, my daughter turns 17 this year? That as old as I was when I had her. She's got her head screwed on right though. Still. It makes you think.

HUDSON

It really does.

MARIA

But a date is just a date. What's the worst that could happen?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Hudson sits at a table with his head in his hands. Alan and Jack pause from stacking chairs onto tables - the coffee shop is closing for the night.

HUDSON

Oh God.

JACK

What the hell happened? You've only been on the date, what, half an hour tops!

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Hudson's sitting at the bar when Anne arrives. She's dressed to the nines, looking lovely. Hudson is immediately shy.

ANNE

Hudson? Hi. It's great to meet you at last! It's a bit You've Got Mail, isn't, only with less Tom Hanks, and also, I don't think you've been trying to open a corporate rival to my clothes shop, so -

Hudson can't speak.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So what are you drinking? White wine?

Hudson fails to speak again.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Sounds good! Another glass of that please.

DAN THE BARMAN

If you have three glasses it's cheaper to buy the bottle -

Hudson gives him a desperate, sure, do that, kind of look. Dan heads off to the bottle rack.

ANNE

Wow. I can't believe we're actually meeting. Wow.

Hudson takes a gulp of his wine.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Hudson sits up, looking miserable.

HUDSON

I couldn't say a word.

JACK

What?

ALAN

Seriously?

HUDSON

I just clammed right up. She was so pretty, and funny, and I just sat there like a lump.

CUT TO

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Hudson and Anne sip their drinks.

ANNE

Sorry I was running a bit late. I had a customer looking at a couple of wedding dresses. Beautiful silky ones from the 40s. One of them was so pretty I didn't want to sell it. I kept thinking, maybe I'd wear it myself. You know, if I ever got married. I don't know, one day, maybe. Not that I'm saying that's something I want to do. Well, I wouldn't say it's something I Don't want to do. But not right away. Unless you wanted to. Ha. Just joking. Um. So.

Hudson blushes and fails to say anything.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Anyway, it took longer than I expected.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Anne sits at the same table, head in hands. The coffee shop is open now, a few other customers around. Ellen, Jack and Alan watch.

ANNE

I am such a moron! I really liked this guy. He's totally hot, like, better than his picture, so when I saw him, it was like all the worst things that you should Never Ever say on a date came rushing out of my mouth. I may even have kinda accidentally sorta proposed to him! Poor guy couldn't get a word in.

CUT TO

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Anne drains her glass.

ANNE

Sorry. I've never done this before. I'm a bit nervous.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

I haven't been this nervous since
that pregnancy scare in college.
Ha. Um.

Hudson tries a somewhat sickly smile. A moment.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Wow. I am talking a lot.

She takes a breath.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Will you excuse me one minute -

She heads off to the bathroom.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Hudson sighs.

HUDSON

Not one word. I was totally frozen.
And she was being really nice, but
clearly she knew I was being totally
weird. So she went to the bathroom,
probably to despair.

JACK

And then what?

CUT TO

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Hudson sits alone at the bar. He takes another gulp of wine.
He tries to breath. A few more deep breaths. Ok.

He reaches for an olive with a pick. It drops off the pick
and falls onto his crotch leaving a small grease stain.

HUDSON

Damn.

He dips his napkin in water and dabs at it, rubbing - he
notices Dan the Barman staring.

He stops. Looks down at the water mark. It looks bad. Way
worse than an olive stain, in fact. He drops the napkin
over it.

It's not enough to cover it.

DAN THE BARMAN
Dude, that does not look good.

He smirks.

Hudson throws down money and runs out of the bar.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Jack and Alan stare in disbelief.

JACK
Wow. You just - Wow.

HUDSON
I'm a total failure with women.
That's all there is to it. This
will never work out for me and I
will die alone.

JACK
Little perspective here?

HUDSON
I mean it. I thought this would
help - you know, um, get over that
first getting to know you bit. But
no.

JACK
This is just one fuck up, it's going
to get better -

HUDSON
When I start thinking, this could be
it, this could be the woman I could
marry, it's all basically over.

ALAN
Seriously?

HUDSON
I blush, I sweat, I stammer and mumble
even if I can actually speak at all.
I'm a total mess.

ALAN
Jeez.

HUDSON
I was raised by my Mom and my 2
Aunties and my Grandma, and they all
(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)
used to spit on tissues and wipe my
face with them.

JACK
So?

HUDSON
So, that's as far as I've gotten in
therapy. I'm working on it.

JACK
Wow. You are actually serious about
this.

HUDSON
I'm pretty much always serious about
things.

JACK
Ok. Ok. Interesting. Let's think.

HUDSON
You gotta help me. Give me some
advice. I know it's not what you
signed up for, but I can pay you -

JACK
That's not it. It's just - well, I
write profiles and a few emails.
I'm no good at the actual dating
thing. I live on my ex-college
roommate's couch. That's pretty
much all you need to know.

ALAN
That's true.

JACK
My last girlfriend dumped me for a
quarterback. And married him on a tv
show.

ALAN
Also true, and totally harsh.

JACK
I just do the writing.

HUDSON
I really really like this girl.
She's so sweet, and funny, and -

ALAN
Hot.

HUDSON
I really think she could have been
The One.

CUT TO

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Anne returns from the bathroom to find Hudson's empty seat.

DAN THE BARMAN
He just left.

ANNE
Huh?

DAN THE BARMAN
He paid and left. Ditched you.

ANNE
What?

DAN THE BARMAN
Men, huh.

ANNE
What?!

Dan refills her glass and slides it down the bar.

DAN THE BARMAN
Wanna talk about it?

He leans in with a practiced blend of sympathy and lasciviousness.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ellen rolls her eyes.

ELLEN
We all know how this one ends: in
bed with the bartender.

ANNE
No! I just drank the rest of the
bottle, and quite a few more drinks,
and then I woke up on my sofa this
morning still wearing my clothes,
with Cheerios all over my carpet for
some reason.

ELLEN

I'll tell you what you need. You need a raw egg whisked in hot sauce. That's what you need.

ANNE

Please. I'll be sick. I mean it.

ELLEN

I had a boyfriend who was in the mob. He'd be out all night drinking at poker games. You think you know how to drink? You aint seen nothing. One raw egg and a bottle of hot sauce, and he was back to ripping people off like a prom dress. Well, one day he met this guy called Baby, which is a red flag right there, and started on some money-making scheme. Well, to cut a long story short, a stripper shot him in 1975. Live by the sword ...

A moment.

ANNE

What?

Another moment.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So basically, I met a great guy. We hit it off. We met in real life. He was perfect and I blew it.

ELLEN

You really liked him, huh.

ANNE

I really really did. I don't know why. Stupid of me. I just thought, maybe he could be the one.

ELLEN

Give me strength.

JACK

Maybe there's an explanation.

ANNE

Like what?! The guy literally ran away from me.

JACK

Maybe something happened.

ELLEN
Some kind of epic disaster, you mean?

JACK
Well, sure, maybe. Maybe this could still work out.

ANNE
That's sweet, Jack, but I don't think you can make me feel better about this one.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S VINTAGE CLOTHES SHOP - DAY

Anne is reading a message on her laptop while leaning on the counter of the shop, a treasure box of lovely clothes.

JACK (V.O.)
So I could spin you a story about an emergency phone call or something, but the truth is, it was an epic disaster. After that waitress dropped a bowl of mussels in my lap, I thought retreat was the best way forward so to speak.

Anne types:

ANNE (V.O.)
Mussels?

JACK (V.O.)
Unfortunately yes. A whole bowl of hot shellfish, wine and garlic butter in my crotch.

Anne smirks. Then types.

ANNE (V.O.)
"Crotch"? We're already at the saying crotch to each other stage?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jack's typing on his laptop at the counter.

JACK (V.O.)
Looks like it.

ANNE (V.O.)
The bartender said you bailed on me.

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK (V.O.)
Was he a heterosexual male who wanted
to give you free drinks by any chance?

ANNE (V.O.)
Point taken.

JACK (V.O.)
So you'll give me another chance?

ANNE (V.O.)
Sure. Why not?

JACK (V.O.)
Wow, such enthusiasm.

He smiles, enjoying this exchange.

ANNE (V.O.)
OK then, Hudson. When and where?

CUT TO

EXT. IFC CINEMA - EVENING

Hudson shifts nervously from foot to foot.

HUDSON
But wasn't that a lie?

JACK
Mussels? It's still dropped food.
I just went more dramatic. Anyway,
it worked, didn't it?

HUDSON
I suppose.

JACK
OK, so believe me, I am no expert in
women, but this is my best shot. If
in doubt, ask a question. One more
time.

HUDSON
How was your day?

JACK
Exactly. And you read the paper,
right? So you've got a few
conversation starters?

HUDSON
So, that election then?

JACK
Yup, that's solid.

HUDSON
So, what do you think about the city
stopping poisoning rats in Riverside
Park because the endangered hawks
eat them and die?

JACK
Um. OK. Quirky. Sure.

HUDSON
So, they found this dead hooker from
the 70s buried in a basement in
Nolita, which is interesting because
they thought she died in a club fire.
What do you think about that?

JACK
Right. Um - maybe.

Anne turns the corner and heads for the crossing.

JACK (CONT'D)
She's coming. You can do this.

HUDSON
I don't know -

JACK
Yes you can. Do it. Remember. "Do
you want to share some popcorn, or
are you a candy gal?"

Hudson takes a steadying breath. Nods. He's got this.

Jack ducks into a tattoo parlor as Anne crosses the street.

ANNE
Hi! It's good to see you.

HUDSON
Um.

A long moment. In the doorway of the tattoo parlor, Jack
holds his breath.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
(abruptly)
Do you want to share some popcorn or
are you a candy gal?

Anne digests this for a moment.

ANNE
Popcorn. I'm sweet enough.

HUDSON
Ok.

He heads into the IFC. Anne rolls her eyes.

ANNE
Sweet enough? Oh my god. Who am I?

She follows him into the doors.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP (BACK KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Alan's rolling dough into croissants and putting them on a baking tray. Jack's just rolling dough, and gazing into the middle distance.

ALAN
So I ordered 500 feet of orange
twinkle lights, 6 glowing ghosts,
and a trash can with a skeleton in
it that pops up and makes jokes.

JACK
Sounds good.

ALAN
It has to be the best Halloween party
of All Time because I invited her
and she said yes!

JACK
Great.

ALAN
Yeah. It's a Big Deal, I know, but
I think we're ready to bring this
thing out into the real world. And
sometimes you have to takes risks in
life, you know.

JACK
Good.

ALAN
And then I cut off both my testicles
and fed them to my new pet iguana.

JACK
OK.

ALAN
Dude!

Jack blinks.

JACK
Sorry. What?

Alan rolls his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
How do you think it's going? On the date.

ALAN
Honestly? I kinda hope it's going really badly, because it's a terrible terrible idea.

Jack's phone rings. He hastily wipes his hands and answers it.

JACK
(to Hudson)
OK. Calm down. What? The rat story? Seriously?

He turns to Alan.

JACK (CONT'D)
He told the Rat Story!

ALAN
And I thought I was bad with women.

Back to the phone.

JACK
(to Hudson)
Um. Ok. Don't panic. I'm coming.

ALAN
What? No!

JACK
Oh come on, you've only got one more tray to go. I'll make it up to you. I'll clean out the dishwasher filter ...

ALAN
That's not the point.

Jack grabs his jacket and heads out -

JACK
 (to Hudson)
 Plan? Um? I don't know - just, go
 back to the table, keep your phone
 on your lap -

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Anne and Hudson are sitting at a table for 2, eating pasta.

Jack sneaks in and chooses a seat at the bar, hidden from sight by the potted palm that's next to Anne and Hudson's table - he can listen to the date through the palm fronds.

HUDSON
 So. Um. What do you think about
 the pasta?

ANNE
 It's good.

HUDSON
 And the wine? Um, do you like it?

ANNE
 Yes. It's lovely.

HUDSON
 Um, so, um, what do you think about
 the ... the ... breadsticks?

ANNE
 I didn't try one yet.

HUDSON
 Oh. Right.

ANNE
 You're brave, ordering seafood pasta.

Hudson looks puzzled.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 Mussels.

Hudson still looks puzzled.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 After the mussel disaster last time
 we went out.

HUDSON
What? Oh, oh yeah.

Another horrible silence.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
So, do you like mussels?

ANNE
Um, I suppose.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack texts furiously, then looks up in time to catch the bartender's eye.

JACK
(whispering)
Whisky. Double. Rocks. Thanks.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

There's a muffled ping. Hudson looks down at his lap. Under the napkin is his phone. He reads, then looks up at Anne.

HUDSON
Did you pick mussels when you went to Cape Cod as a kid?

ANNE
Sure, all the time. My grandpa would boil up a bucket of sea water over a campfire and steam them open. Honestly, I was more in it for the s'mores. Gotta love a flaming marshmallow. It's the best.

There's a pause. Hudson looks down at his phone. Nothing.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack takes the whisky from the bartender and takes a fortifying sip as he spreads Hudson's profile pages along the bar.

Then he texts.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Hudson and Anne both take sips of wine. Eventually Hudson tries -

HUDSON
So you like fire?

Just as - Ping -

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Um. I mean, that sounds like fun.

Silence. Then -

ANNE
Ok. Yeah. Sure.

Silence. Then -

HUDSON
Good. Um. So. Fire. Um.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK
Jeez.

Jack starts to text.

HUDSON (O.S.)
Oh, so, um, they found this dead hooker from the 70's buried in a basement in Nolita, which is interesting because everyone thought she died in a fire.

JACK
Seriously?!

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Hudson nods seriously.

HUDSON
I read it in the paper.

Anne considers this.

ANNE

Hudson, you are full of surprises.

A waiter refills their wine glasses, and there's a slight natural pause.

A muffled ping. Hudson looks down and reads;

HUDSON

Did you enjoy the movie?

ANNE

I loved it. The old ones are the best, aren't they?

Hudson nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)

That's the great thing about living in New York; there are plenty of places where you can watch Casablanca on a big screen.

HUDSON

I'd never seen it before.

ANNE

No way! Wow. So, did you love it?

Hudson nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)

There's nothing like it. It's so romantic, you know. Nobody even thinks like that anymore. It's just -

She stops herself, takes a breath.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So, Hudson. What kind of movies do you like then?

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack shuffles through his notes.

HUDSON (O.S.)

Um. Anything, really. Um -

He texts.

HUDSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'll watch whatever's on, you know -
 um -

Send.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A soft ping. Hudson reads.

HUDSON
 Oh yeah!

Anne looks confused. Hudson blushes but continues.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
 I mean. Um. I like Godfather.
 Movies like that.

ANNE
 Oh. Probably the only gangsta movie
 I like is Guys and Dolls.

HUDSON
 Oh.

A moment. And a soft ping.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 You think Guys and Dolls is Gangsta?

ANNE
 Ok, well, maybe not. But certainly
 a little Mobster. Mobster lite.
 The Mobster Musical. Can we agree
 on that?

Ping.

HUDSON
 (reading)
 I love the thought of Skye Masterson
 living in a -

He pauses, blinks, continues -

HUDSON (CONT'D)
 Hamster paradise.

ANNE

Huh?

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack screws up his face.

JACK

Shit.

He furiously types "Gangsta. G."

JACK (CONT'D)

Fucking auto correct!

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Hudson tries again.

HUDSON

Uh, gangsta - Um, with a G.

ANNE

Actually, I like the idea of hamster
paradise more. It's totally cute.

O.S. Jack laughs.

Anne looks curiously towards the potted palm for a moment,
then shakes her head. It couldn't be.

A waiter takes their plates.

WAITER

Would you like to see the dessert
menu?

ANNE

I couldn't. Too much popcorn. But
you go ahead.

HUDSON

No. I'm good.

He reads a text.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Um, did you know popcorn is the most
expensive mark up product on the
planet?

ANNE
I did not know that. Why?

HUDSON
Huh?

ANNE
Why is that?

HUDSON
Oh. Um -

Hudson looks down again, then is able to tell Anne that -

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Because it's bought by weight, then
popped and sold by volume.

ANNE
Good to know.

HUDSON
It's just trivia.

ANNE
Still. That's fun.

HUDSON
I suppose.

ANNE
Ok then. I see your popcorn and
raise you one baby sloth. Did you
know that sometimes baby sloths
mistake their own arms for branches
and fall out of trees? So
conservationists set up nets to catch
them so they don't plummet to the
forest floor! Pretty cute, right?

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack laughs, then claps a hand over his mouth to muffle the
noise. He takes a big sip of his drink.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Hudson is serious. He takes a deep breath.

HUDSON

Actually, I spent quite a bit of time in Belize working on this laptop project - the idea is, every 10 laptops we sell here, the company donates one to schools there - and I saw sloths, and baby sloths, which I think are actually called cubs, but no nets.

He gulps for breath, taken aback by his own daring.

ANNE

Wow. That sounds amazing.

HUDSON

Not really.

ANNE

It really does.

They share a look.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You know, I'm so happy we got to properly meet this time. It's strange. I mean, I feel like I know you. Well, a lot of the important things anyway. Like, we both don't know what's going on in Game of Thrones but watch it anyway.

Hudson nods along.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And the tapas thing, of course.

Hudson looks confused, but Anne continues.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And that whole shark debate. It's just - am I talking too much again? Enough.

HUDSON

It's ok. I like it.

Anne smiles.

CUT TO

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (BAR) - CONTINUOUS

Jack drains his glass and gestures for a refill.

ANNE (O.S.)
So, ok, time to get serious. Are we
really compatible? Best cheesecake.
Katz or Carnegie?

Jack starts to text.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET IN THE VILLAGE (ANNE'S VINTAGE SHOP) - NIGHT

Anne and Hudson stand at her steps.

ANNE
I had a really great time.

Hudson nods.

ANNE (CONT'D)
So. Well. This is me.

After a moment, Anne turns to her door.

ANNE (CONT'D)
So, goodnight then, I guess -

CUT TO

EXT. STREET IN THE VILLAGE (BEHIND A STACK OF GARBAGE BAGS) -
CONTINUOUS

Jack's crouched down, cell phone glued to his ear.

JACK
(whispering)
Do you want to go out again sometime?

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S VINTAGE SHOP) - CONTINUOUS

Hudson listens to his earpiece.

HUDSON
Do you want to go out again sometime?

Anne turns back to him.

ANNE
That would be good. In fact, my
friend has a hat thing next week if
you want to -

JACK (O.S.)
 (very faintly from
 Hudson's earpiece)
 I'd love to, but I'm out of town
 next week.

HUDSON
 I'd love to but I'm out of town next
 week.

ANNE
 Oh. Just for reference, was it the
 words "hat thing"?

JACK (O.S.)
 (just audible)
 I mean it, I'd really love to, it's
 not a line. I'm in Belize with the
 laptops for schools project.

HUDSON
 I mean it, I'd really love to, it's
 not a line.

ANNE
 Really? Because it kinda sounds
 like a line.

HUDSON
 Um. I'm in Belize with the laptops
 for schools project.

ANNE
 Wow. And so does that.

JACK (O.S.)
 (just audible)
 What can I tell you?

HUDSON
 What can I tell you?

A moment. Anne leans in.

JACK (O.S.)
 (just audible)
 But when I get back we can go to all
 the hat things that you want - or
 not hat things, either way.

HUDSON
 But when I get back we can go to all
 the hat things you want. Or not hat
 things. Either way.

ANNE

Ok.

She tilts her head.

JACK (O.S.)

(just audible)

God, kiss her already.

HUDSON

God, kiss -

Anne blinks.

ANNE

What?

JACK (O.S.)

(just a little louder)

Don't say that! Jeez!

HUDSON

Um -

ANNE

What was that?

HUDSON

What?

ANNE

I thought I heard -

HUDSON

No -

Anne shoots him a look.

ANNE

Ok.

She turns back to her door.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Well, I suppose that's good-night then.

JACK (O.S.)

(just audible)

Stop.

HUDSON

Stop.

JACK (O.S.)
 (just audible)
 You are more beautiful in real life
 than I imagined.

HUDSON
 You are more beautiful in real life
 than I imagined.

Anne blushes.

JACK (O.S.)
 Really. I mean it.

HUDSON
 Really. I mean it.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (BEHIND A STACK OF GARBAGE BAGS) -
 CONTINUOUS

Jack sits whispering into his cell, watching Hudson and Anne
 across the street through a chink in the garbage bags.

JACK
 The more I get to know you, the more
 I like you. You're sweet, you're
 kind, you're funny. I love how blue
 your eyes are and how they sparkle
 when you smile.

He listens for a moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I know -

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S VINTAGE SHOP) - CONTINUOUS

Hudson seems to be listening. Then he continues -

HUDSON
 I know that people don't usually
 come out with stuff like this, but -

Anne puts her finger up to Hudson's lips to hush him.

ANNE
 I like it.

Then she kisses him.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (BEHIND A STACK OF GARBAGE BAGS) -
CONTINUOUS

Jack watches as Anne and Hudson kiss.

She opens the front door and leads him inside.

After a moment, an upstairs light goes on, and hands pull
the curtains shut.

Jack sits for a moment, stock still. Then he closes his
cell phone, slips it into his pocket and walks away.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Anne and Ellen are talking as they enter the coffee shop.

ANNE
And then we Did It.

ELLEN
Praise the Lord.

ANNE
Twice.

ELLEN
Not bad for a beginner.

ANNE
I don't want to jump the gun here,
but, this feels very special. I
just know it.

Jack's face fights conflict. He is suddenly very interested
in cleaning the coffee machine.

ANNE (CONT'D)
So I am going to want a chocolate
twist with my coffee this morning
please.

ALAN
Coming right up.

He starts to make the coffee, the rattle of the machine
keeping the conversation private.

ALAN (CONT'D)
So.

JACK
So?

ALAN
You happy now?

JACK
Why wouldn't I be?

He picks up the chalk and heads through the cafe towards the door.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So as Hudson flew to Belize to volunteer with computer deficient school children, and Anne relaxed with baked goods and sex talk -

ANNE
(to Ellen)
Actually, that's pretty helpful advice. Does it come in a tube or is it more of a spray thing?

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - CONTINUOUS

Jack wipes out the board and starts to write.

JACK (V.O.)
I could be happy in the knowledge of a job well done, and life could go back to normal.

"Death By Chocolate is still death."

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Whatever "normal" is:

CUT TO

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A huge banner proclaims:

Welcome to Furry Speed Dating!

People in plush costumes - giant bears, cats, dogs - sit in two rows at tables chatting animatedly, and drinking wine through straws.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Alan and Jack sit on the floor on sheets of spread out newspapers carving pumpkins and drinking beer.

ALAN

After you've finished the classic Jack-O'-Lantern, you can do Bat and I'll do Spider. I've got stencils.

JACK

Stencils?

ALAN

I printed them out from Martha Stewart. And I've got some great garland ideas too.

JACK

Dude?!

ALAN

What? Who says two bros can't rock out crafting? Am I right?

He drains his drink.

JACK

Um.

ALAN

Pass me another beer. It has to be the best Halloween party ever. I've invited everyone we know. All the neighbors -

JACK

Wait, what?

Jack stops, fresh beer in hand.

ALAN

What?

JACK

All the neighbors?

ALAN

Yeah.

Alan takes the beer.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Ted and Jorge from the key cutting shop, Maggie from the fruit stall, all the guys from Mr Wong's including Mr Wong, who said being shot in the leg wouldn't stop him from having a good time. Ellen and Anne - oh.

JACK
Anne's coming?

ALAN
Yeah. Shame you hooked her up with the guy who saves cats from fires when he's not at his house in the Hamptons.

JACK
Actually, that was at his house in the Hamptons. The lady next door. Anyway, that's fine. I'm totally fine with that. I'm actually glad she's coming.

ALAN
Yeah. I can hear that.

JACK
I am. Did you know that for the last 4 Halloweens in a row Ellen has hit the black sambuca and done a Rockette kick line dance routine at midnight.

ALAN
No. I did not know that. Um, how do you know that?

JACK
Anne told me yesterday.

ALAN
You had a real live proper conversation?!

JACK
More kinda online.

ALAN
Kinda Online?

JACK
Yeah. So?

ALAN
So that would mean you and her communicating online then. Pass me the black spray glitter.

JACK
Sort of.

Jack throws it over and Alan catches it.

ALAN
Sort of. Interesting. She thought
you were Hudson, didn't she?

JACK
Um.

Alan brandishes the spray glitter.

ALAN
This has got to stop! Set them up,
ok, bad idea, terrible idea, but ok,
it's done, and now you have gotta
leave well alone.

JACK
It's not like that. I'm just helping
Hudson seal the deal.

ALAN
Sure.

JACK
While he's out of contact somewhere
in the jungles of Belize, I am his
point man back on the ground.

ALAN
Dude.

JACK
Ok. I know.

ALAN
Do you though?

JACK
I know, I know.

ALAN
This has to stop.

JACK
It will. It totally will. If she
emails again, I'll say there's patchy
signal in the rainforest, or the
mountains or whatever's in Belize,
and I won't write back. Now pass me
the stencil.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But it wasn't as easy as that.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - LATER

Anne, bathrobe on, hair curlers in, sits in the window with a mug of tea on a side table, typing on her laptop.

ANNE (V.O.)

I thought it would be odd to meet online. That's why I didn't try it for so long. But then I thought about it, and it kinda made sense. I mean, so much of my life is online.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

A pile of finished Jack-O'-Lanterns cover the infommercial exercise machine. Jack sits on the sofa bed looking at his laptop screen.

JACK (V.O.)

I know. I'm genuinely friends with people on Facebook that I haven't seen since High School. I know about their lives, their relationships. We're actually friends. Not everyone of course - some of them I have no idea why we're in touch at all.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Anne puts down her tea.

ANNE (V.O.)

People who use their cat at their avatar.

JACK

The worst. Also, people who tell you everyday how far they ran.

ANNE (V.O.)

Hateful. And people who set up pages for their babies and get offended if you don't friend back.

JACK (V.O.)

Ugh. People who photograph their every meal.

ANNE (V.O.)

Horrrifying. Also, my friend Marinda, who mostly writes in unintentional haiku.

JACK (V.O.)
For real?

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A screen grab of a Facebook status update

MARINDA (V.O.)
Mom and Dad in town. Tea and bagels
in the sun. Grateful, loved and
blessed.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Jack laughs, then types:

JACK (V.O.)
Wow. And you two are friends because?

ANNE (V.O.)
We were in school together. And she
has a cat that looks like Hitler and
sometimes she posts pictures of him.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A photograph of a cat that looks like Hitler, standing
defiantly on the kitchen table.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Anne sits up in bed and types.

ANNE (V.O.)
So, cats or dogs?

JACK (V.O.)
Cats. Gin or vodka martinis?

ANNE (V.O.)
Gin.

JACK (V.O.)
Good. That could well have been a
deal breaker. Just show it the bottle
of vermouth and we're good to go.

ANNE (V.O.)
 Totally. Is it cocktail time in
 Belize?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Jack quickly checks Google. He types. Time. Now. Belize.
 The page loads ...

JACK
 Come on come on.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 1 in the morning.

ANNE (V.O.)
 Is it hot where you are? There's
 the first chill in the air here.
 It's the first night I've put a
 blanket on the bed.

Jack Googles: Weather, Belize. Right Now.

He opens a web page, reads, then types.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Anne waits for a reply.

JACK (V.O.)
 It's 76 degrees, with northerly winds
 bringing rain storms tomorrow.

ANNE (V.O.)
 That's oddly specific.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack types:

JACK (V.O.)
 Well, you did ask.

ANNE (V.O.)
 Fair enough. I love when it gets
 colder in New York. Bright scarves
 and hot apple cider.

JACK (V.O.)

The way the park looks like it's on fire, and the mist that rolls in off the river in the mornings, and the sweet smell of roasting chestnuts on carts.

ANNE (V.O.)

I love that.

JACK (V.O.)

Your hair reminds me of maple leaves in the Fall.

ANNE (V.O.)

Thank you, I guess.

JACK (V.O.)

Too much?

ANNE (V.O.)

No. I like it. Most people I know have such hard edges. There's no space - for a little romance. All that real life, all the time - it's unrelenting.

JACK (V.O.)

Yeah. I get that.

ANNE (V.O.)

You know something? I miss you. That's crazy, right, because we really only just met. But I do.

Jack thinks for a moment, then types.

JACK (V.O.)

I miss you too.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack draws a spider's web on the chalkboard around the slogan:

"Devil's food cake"

Anne and Ellen cross the street, heading towards him.

Will yells over the road.

WILL

Soy milk! Remember!

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

And stay away from High tech futures.
That shit's only gonna lead to
trouble.

ELLEN

3 in the morning and no sex at all
to show for it?

ANNE

We just talked and talked. Really
connected. I mean, we laughed, and
we had so much in common, it was
just perfect.

Jack perks up at this rave review.

ELLEN

And it doesn't hurt that he's hot,
rich and owns prime real estate?

His face falls.

ANNE

That's not the point - oh, hey Jack.

JACK

Morning.

Jack holds the door open and follows them inside.

ELLEN

Doesn't hurt though, am I right?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Decorations are in progress - a skeleton in the corner, some
cobwebs. Alan is standing on a ladder, putting up pumpkin
garland.

ANNE

Hey Alan, I've finished your costume
if you want to come over later for a
fitting. It's looking good up there.

ALAN

Just wait till the lights go up!
Let's just hope she likes it.

ELLEN

Your alien chick?

ALAN

She's not actually an alien.

ELLEN

So she says. But back to the non-sex talk. You expect me to believe that you and Hudson spent all night writing messages to each other and that was it?

ANNE

For hours and hours.

ELLEN

No sex at all?

ALAN

Really?! Writing for hours and hours? How 'bout that. Hey Jack, you hear that? That's pretty interesting, right?

Jack gets on with making the coffees.

ELLEN

My god, I've had actual Trans-Atlantic pen pals move faster than that.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN (EXT. SUBURBAN GARDEN - AFTERNOON)

A duck tries to walk up a slide. It's not going well.

JACK (V.O.)

So Alan was onto me, and even this awesome video of a duck failing to climb a slide couldn't distract him for long.

CUT TO

INT. KENKA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bustling with a young crowd eating noodles while Japanese music from the 20's blares from speakers.

Bowls of food and jugs of beer cover the table. Jack holds up a raw octopus tentacle, then devours it.

JACK

How do you think anyone first worked out that raw octopus would be good to eat?

ALAN

No. Don't think you're going to change the subject that easily.

JACK

Really? How about mushrooms as a food source? How many people had to die before they worked out which ones were ok?

ALAN

I'm serious.

He jabs the air with his chopsticks for emphasis.

JACK

Alright already. I won't write her. I'm gonna stop.

ALAN

Yeah. You sound totally convincing.

Jack avoids Alan's eyes by putting his face into his noodles and giving slurping his full attention.

CUT TO

EXT. ST MARKS ST (KENKA RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

Alan twirls a stick in the cotton candy machine, then joins Jack on the sidewalk, which bustles with life.

ALAN

I'm not trying to be the asshole who ruins your fun. I think you should ask her out.

JACK

Guys like me don't date girls like her. It's just better not to even try.

ALAN

If I thought smacking you around the head would help ...

JACK

Anyway, it wouldn't be right. I set this whole thing up.

ALAN

So?

JACK

What about Hudson?

ALAN

What about Hudson? We don't even know him.

JACK

Dude saved a cat from a fire. It's bad karma to screw over guys like that. Plus, he would obliterate me in a fist fight.

CUT TO

INT. MEXICAN WRESTLING BAR - NIGHT

Jack and Alan buy beers, then choose a table by a giant screen, upon which, Mexicans wrestle.

JACK (V.O.)

Still, It was tempting. It really was. She emails Hudson and I write back something like "btw, would an incurable fungal infection be a deal breaker for you?" Or "I believe that America will never be free until all her citizens are armed. That's what you think too, right?" But when it came right down to it ...

Jack checks to see that Alan is engrossed in the match, then reaches into his pocket and checks his phone under the table.

ANNE (V.O.)

So I'm at the hat thing, and it's not quite what I expected.

Jack types back:

JACK (V.O.)

Really?

ANNE (V.O.)

Last time I saw Lisa, she wore suits and worked at a law firm. She quit to make hats, but she had to tweak the plan a little ...

CUT TO

INT. TRENDY SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Anne is dressed inappropriately for a BDSM party, which this is. She's standing a little to the side, typing on her phone.

Elaborate hats - devil horns, tops hats with crystal skulls, gimp masks, spiked cages - are displayed around the room.

ANNE (V.O.)
There was way more money in Bondage.

JACK (V.O.)
I am genuinely devastated to be missing it.

ANNE (V.O.)
I'll bet.

JACK (V.O.)
I just liked talking with her too much to stop.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Anne and Ellen wait for Jack to make coffees, while Alan sticks little bats on cocktail sticks into orange cupcakes.

ANNE
(yawns)
And then we talked till past midnight - so could you put a double shot in there, Jack?

Jack loads up another shot.

ELLEN
Sex talk?

ANNE
Nope. Well, some BDSM -

ELLEN
Sure.

ANNE
But mostly, no.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - NIGHT

Jack sits on the steps to the apartment, and types. Over the street, he can see the light on in Anne's bedroom window.

ANNE (V.O.)
It's brave of her to give up her job, all that security, and follow her dreams. It really is.

JACK (V.O.)
I sometimes wish I was a bit more
like that. Though, not in the kinky
headgear way.

ANNE (V.O.)
I know what you mean. I sometimes
look at my life and wonder how did I
get so timid?

JACK (V.O.)
You think you're timid? You seem so
open and positive and bright to me -
not timid at all.

ANNE (V.O.)
No.

JACK (V.O.)
Seriously. I mean it. I really
like that about you.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Anne smiles happily at this memory.

JACK
3 coffees, one double shot.

He yawns.

Alan shoots him a look.

CUT TO

EXT. ECONOMY CANDY - DAY

Jack heads towards the shop.

JACK (V.O.)
When you want to avoid an awkward
conversation with your best friend
slash boss, one good plan is to go
run errands. Get out and about, see
the world, and, you know, do
important things.

His phone beeps. He checks as he walks through the door.

CUT TO

INT. ECONOMY CANDY - CONTINUOUS

Jack picks up a basket and heads into the crowded aisles packed with fabulous candy.

ANNE (V.O.)
What would you say is the best
Halloween Candy of all time?

JACK (V.O.)
There was a woman a few doors down
who would give out full sized
snickers.

ANNE (V.O.)
Nice! I was always a fan of the
Hershey Krackle. Best thing about
the miniatures bag. So good.

JACK (V.O.)
My Grandma used to give out pencils.
No word of a lie.

He locates boxes of candy eyeballs and starts loading them into his basket.

ANNE (V.O.)
Jeez. That's terrible.

JACK (V.O.)
Isn't it?

ANNE (V.O.)
Almost as bad as my sister who gives
out raisins! Not even Raisinettes.
Raisins.

JACK (V.O.)
The worst!

ANNE (V.O.)
So check this out. This may well be
the best Halloween candy of all time.
I'll save you some.

There's a picture of Economy Candy Eyeballs.

Jack looks at it. Looks at the eyeballs in his own hands. Looks wildly around the shop.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Jack?

Jack jumps, shocked, to find Anne, who's come round a shelf. He quickly stuffs his phone into his pocket.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Were you in the middle of something?

JACK

Um. No. Nothing. So. Um. Hi. Of all the candy shops in all the world -

Anne smiles politely.

ANNE

So. Eyeballs? Me too.
(to the woman behind
the counter)

Just these, please.
(to Jack)

For my nieces. My sister's pretty heavy on the organic - she gives out raisins on Halloween, can you believe it?

JACK

Not even Raisinettes?

ANNE

I know it.

JACK

The worst.

Anne shoots him an odd look.

ANNE

Anyway, I like to do my bit. So how is party central?

JACK

Busy. I still have to collect the cauldron, and get the backdrop that looks like a castle, and the Jell-O molds in the shape of skulls.

ANNE

Impressive. It's a lot of trouble to go to for a girl, isn't it?

JACK

You have no idea.

ANNE

Need a hand carrying?

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Decorations in progress - Alan and Jack are up stepladders hanging lights.

ALAN
 Seriously? You thought that was a
 good idea because?

CUT TO

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

Chaos.

Dogs wearing rabbit ears, dogs as ballerinas, dogs as firemen,
 dogs as Ewoks.

Jack and Anne attempt to navigate the complex web of pets
 and owners, carrying a cauldron loaded with packages between
 them.

ANNOUNCER
 (distant)
 And here's Honey with her owner John.
 And Honey has come dressed as an
 open top tour bus! Let's hear it
 for Honey!

JACK
 Oh My God.

ANNE
 You know, I sold a couple of costumes
 this year - There's a Great Dane
 wandering round somewhere in a \$500
 vintage silk turn of the century
 tutu.

JACK
 Is that a dog dressed as a Bee?

ANNE
 Why, yes. Yes it is.

ANNOUNCER
 (distant)
 And here's Mike with Buster. And
 Buster's come as a wall street
 protester. A big hand for Buster!

JACK
 This is exactly what Rome looked
 like a couple of months before the
 Fall.

ANNE

Most likely.

JACK

I guess we better just enjoy it while we can.

ANNE

Yeah, or take the Hudson approach, and do charity work for orphans in Belize.

JACK

School children, not orphans.

ANNE

What?

JACK

Um - it's just you said school children before, not orphans -

ANNE

I did? Wow. Good memory.

JACK

So things are going well then?

ANNE

Really well.

JACK

He sounds like a great guy.

ANNE

I think so.

JACK

Great!

ANNOUNCER

Here's Candy with her greyhound Ripper. And Ripper has come as an At-AT Walker. Great job Ripper!

ANNE

I think I like the dogs dressed as other animals best. It's just so odd. Like that one there -

JACK

The skunk? Yeah, he looks pretty pissed about it.

ANNE

Not as pissed as that dog dressed as a scarecrow.

JACK

Very Night Creatures.

ANNE

You know Night Creatures?

JACK

Are you kidding? I love Hammer Horror.

ANNE

You do?

JACK

I do.

ANNE

Because it's playing at the IFC at midnight tonight.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The coffee shop is about 70% of the way to Halloween awesomeness. Alan is testing smoke machines, wreathed in gusting clouds of fog.

ALAN

Tell me you said no, right? Tell me you did. You told her you were busy helping me decorate tonight, and you said no.

JACK

Yeah, about that -

CUT TO

EXT. IFC CINEMA - NIGHT

Anne is waiting for Jack outside.

ANNE

You ready for some freaky-ass swamp phantom action?

JACK

Totally.

ANNE

Good. I got the tickets.

JACK

I'll get the snack food. Popcorn?
Or are you a candy gal?

Anne shoots him a strange look.

ANNE

Um, popcorn. I guess I'm sweet
enough.

He holds the door for her. As she walks in, she rolls her
eyes at her own cheesiness.

JACK (V.O.)

Sometimes we know that what we're
doing is risky, but we just go ahead
and do it anyway:

CUT TO

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

An older couple sit at the table - she's looking at her
laptop.

On screen, a box suddenly pops up: YOU HAVE WON A MILLION
DOLLARS!!!! CLICK HERE!

JILL

Hey, Cliff, honey, we might have
won a million dollars!

CLIFF

We probably haven't.

JILL

Should I click it?

Her mouse hovers over the link.

CLIFF

I'm not so sure that's a smart idea.
It could be some sort of scam or
something.

JILL

Yes. Though - well, what if everybody
says that? You know what? I'm going
to click it.

She clicks the link. She looks up, shocked.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh! Oh dear.

CLIFF

What is it, honey?

JILL

Oh. Oh My. I think it might be viral animal pornography.

CLIFF

Cheese and Crackers. Where do people find the time?

CUT TO

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

Anne and Jack sit in the cinema, popcorn between them, as horror occurs in black and white.

They are both engrossed.

They both reach for the popcorn and their hands touch. Jack jolts his hand away.

JACK

(whispering)

Sorry.

Anne takes some popcorn and goes back to the movie. Jack watches her for a moment, then turns back to the screen.

After a moment, Anne turns to look at him, then turns back to the screen.

CUT TO

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Jack and Anne share an enormous cheesecake.

JACK (V.O.)

Things seemed to be going well. It was all under control.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well. That was. Something.

ANNE

Totally. What's straight up freakier than Hammer Horror?

JACK

Um. Well, more or less everything, depending on how much you've drunk first.

ANNE

Actually, that's true. I once watched Bambi with a bottle of Mescal, and I still have nightmares about that bug-eyed rabbit. Menacing.

JACK

I had a nightmare once about those twin babies on Youtube that talk in their own secret language.

ANNE

Freaky. And how about those girls that play the ukelele?

JACK

Um. What?

ANNE

It's the way they're all totally original and quirky, and yet completely identical. Very Stepford. Very Alien.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Videos of individual yet, to all intents and purposes, identical girls playing Live and Let Die on their ukuleles.

CUT TO

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Jack stabs at the cheesecake.

JACK

My ex used to play the ukelele.

ANNE

Oh. Sorry.

JACK

Don't be. She wasn't very good at it. I think she just thought it would be good on her resume.

ANNE
Because she was a Mariachi Band
leader?

JACK
Actress.

ANNE
Ah.

JACK
Exactly.

ANNE
So what happened?

JACK
She broke up with me.

ANNE
Shit.

JACK
Yeah. She made that classic actress
mistake - date a writer, maybe he'll
write you a play to star in one day -

ANNE
You write plays?

JACK
No. You know, it was a really poorly
thought out plan on her part. The
scary thing is, I didn't even see it
coming. I thought things were going
well, and then - you know the
quarterback Craig Cranston?

ANNE
"That's Tight! Totally Tight!"
Yeah! I mean, I sometimes see that
show in passing, you know, if it
happens to be on tv -

JACK
Well -

ANNE
Seriously? So your ex is - and -
wow. That's harsh.

JACK
Yeah. I should have seen it coming.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe not all the details -
quarterback, reality show - but
clearly she was going to leave me
because he's - and I'm - well -

Anne takes his hand. For a moment, they sit in silence.
Eventually she gives his hand a squeeze and releases it.

ANNE

She's an idiot.

Jack breathes.

JACK

So come on. I've shared my sordid
romantic past. Pony up.

ANNE

Not a whole lot to tell. Just dating.
Nothing too serious. I guess I
thought, when my One comes along,
this will all magically work out.
You know?

JACK

Sure.

ANNE

But, this might sound really stupid -

JACK

Go on.

ANNE

Do you ever worry that maybe the One
for you was out there, and you missed
them?

JACK

That doesn't sound stupid.

ANNE

Maybe I was supposed to meet Him at
a party, but I was engrossed in a
Law and Order marathon, so I didn't
go. Or we should have had a chance
conversation waiting in line at Shake
Shack, only I had my iPod on and
didn't hear Him. And I didn't catch
his eye in the taxi rank at The Garden
because I was shooting angry birds
at pigs for godsakes.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)

He was out there, looking for me,
and I was too busy looking at
Farmville, or bidding on Ebay, or
becoming the Mayor of Pinkberry -
yeah, that's pretty awesome - but
you get the idea.

JACK

Yeah.

ANNE

And suddenly its all about playing
catch up, scrabbling around working
at something that's supposed to be
completely natural. I was searching,
and really, really wondering - and
then, I met Hudson.

JACK

You met Hudson.

ANNE

It's early days, I know, but - I'm
just saying; Love is hard. Finding
it, keeping it - everything about
it. But - look - don't give up.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S VINTAGE SHOP) - NIGHT

Jack and Anne walk towards the shop as dawn breaks over the
city and birds start to sing.

JACK (V.O.)

Things were still under control as
we walked home.

ANNE

So, this is me.

JACK

And this is me.

They stop.

ANNE

Thanks for coming. I had a really
good time.

A moment.

JACK

Well, good night then, I suppose.

ANNE

Good morning.

A moment. They lean in to each other. Then, abruptly, Anne puts out her hand. They shake, and she turns and heads into her building.

JACK (V.O.)

All totally under control until -

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Jack sits down on the sofa. His phone pings.

ANNE (V.O.)

Hudson? You're probably asleep, but I wanted you to know, I'm thinking about you.

He looks at the screen for a moment.

JACK (V.O.)

No. I'm awake. I was thinking about you too.

ANNE (V.O.)

You were? I was thinking about how much I would love to kiss you.

Jack gulps. He walks over to the window.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Anne's window is dimly lit. Her silhouette takes off a blouse and drops it on the back of a chair.

JACK (V.O.)

And that's probably when things got a little out of control.

CUT TO

EXT. ENCHANTED FOREST - NIGHT

The Bald Fat Monk and the Hot Green Alien sit under an ancient oak tree looking up at a heaven filled with stars.

ALAN (V.O.)

(as the monk)

You know this is going to change everything, right?

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
I want this to change everything.

ALAN (V.O.)
(as the monk)
Me too. Meet me outside the castle
when the clock strikes 12.

HOT GREEN ALIEN (V.O.)
No turning back.

ALAN (V.O.)
(as the monk)
No turning back.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - NIGHT

The party spreads out of the shop onto the sidewalk in a riot of twinkle lights, bat garlands and Jack-O'-Lanterns. The brickwork is gray - for now, that's all we see of it.

A skeleton pops out of a trash can.

SKELETON
Hey you! You look like death! Ha!

Alan, dressed as a fat balding monk, picks the label off his beer bottle. He paces, nervously. Jack, dressed as a wizard, follows him.

JACK
So I should tell her, right? That's
the right thing to do? Or is it?

ALAN
We're still talking about this? I
am about to meet my soul mate in -

He checks his watch

ALAN (CONT'D)
15 minutes, but, ok, this is what
we're talking about?

JACK
What do you think I should do?

ALAN
Honestly? Invest in a kickstarter
campaign to invent a time machine,
and try a do over.

JACK
I've got to tell her, right?

ALAN
And how do you think that's going to go down? She's going to realize she's been falling in love with You all along, not worry about the whole You / Hudson sext thing last night -

JACK
This is bad.

ALAN
You think?

JACK
I'm going to tell her.

ANNE
Tell who what?

Jack spins round to find Anne dressed in full Marie Antoinette finery.

JACK
Um. Nothing. Actually, look, can I talk to you for a moment.

ANNE
Sure. Can we talk on the way to the bar?

They head inside the cafe.

SKELETON
That outfit is a GRAVE mistake! Ha!

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Ellen, witched up to the nines, sits by a bubbling cauldron, surrounded by a circle of rapt listeners.

ELLEN
She held his gaze for what seemed like an eternity, then she leaned towards him, and kissed him on the lips, her hungry tongue seeking out the pleasure she had so longed for. And that was the moment she realized; he wasn't at the party *dressed* as a corpse, he was actually a corpse.

Her audience shudders in horror. Jack and Anne walk past towards the counter that is now doubling up as a bar.

ANNE
So something awesome happened!

JACK
Huh?

ANNE
Hudson came back from Belize!

JACK
He did?! Oh great! He did!

ANNE
I know! A day early! So I invited him to come here. That's ok, isn't it?

JACK
Um. Sure. Why would that not be ok?! I don't know! Seems ok to me!

She picks up a purple cocktail from the counter, and downs it.

ANNE
Steady my nerves. I'm so excited to see him!

JACK
So, you're really happy.

ANNE
I really am! So, what was it you wanted to talk about?

JACK
Oh -

He looks at her, smiling and happy.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nothing.

ANNE
In which case, I am going to re-lipstick and tighten my corset!

She heads for the bathroom.

Jack drains his beer and picks up another drink.

HUDSON

Jack? Jack!

And there he is, dressed as Disney Prince Eric. Totally toned, buffed and beautiful.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Isn't this an amazing coincidence?
That Anne would invite me to a party
at your coffee shop!

JACK

Actually, it's Alan's shop. I just
work here. So Belize!

HUDSON

Do you know Anne? Because it would
be a bit weird if you knew her, and
didn't mention it, wouldn't it?

JACK

Um, would it? Would it really be
weird? But that's not the point
because I don't really know her at
all.

HUDSON

So she's at your party because?

JACK

Alan's party. Alan is the one
throwing the party. Um, she's here
because - oh yes, he invited all the
neighbors. And, who knew, there's
Anne. I mean, she probably comes in
for coffee, but I can't be expected
to remember everyone who comes in
for coffee. So, um, she's just a
neighbor. Look. More neighbors.
There's Ted and Jorge from the key
cutting shop.

Two Mummies try to stuff red velvet cupcakes around their
costumes. Red icing stains their bandages like blood.

JACK (CONT'D)

So you're back! That's ... great!

HUDSON

I have a plan. I bought this book
at the airport, if it's good enough
for Oprah ... Learned a few tricks.

He ticks them off on his fingers.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Focus on the physical. Deep breaths.
Take the emotional pressure off.
Take things slow.

JACK

Take things slow. Yeah. That's a
good idea.

HUDSON

My plan is this: start with what's
working for me and build from there.
So; sleep with her, then maybe I'll
be more relaxed, and then work up to
the communicating.

JACK

Interesting. Look, Hudson, there's
something I probably ought to tell
you -

But he's not looking at Jack.

ANNE

Hello.

Her chest is exploding out of her dress.

HUDSON

Um. Hi.

A long look.

ANNE

You want to go somewhere quiet?

HUDSON

Uh huh.

They walk out of the party.

Jack watches them go, frozen for a moment.

ELLEN

I wasn't into it.

JACK

Huh?

ELLEN

The whole online dating thing. I
wanted to put her number on a
billboard. But I guess it worked.
He seems like a good guy.

JACK
Yeah. He is.

ELLEN
Well, good luck to 'em, I guess. I
just want for her to be happy.

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK
Yeah. Me too.

Then he runs out of the coffee shop.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - NIGHT

Jack runs past Alan, who is standing in front of the shop,
waiting.

A clock bell strikes. Alan mouths the count under his breath.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 ...

He straightens his costume, smooths his bald cap and looks
around. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11

12 Pull out to reveal the whole building has been covered in
a castle backdrop.

A hot green alien steps out of the shadows and walks towards
the monk.

HOT GREEN ALIEN
You.

ALAN
You.

They kiss.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Jack clambers onto a trash can, then reaches for the fire
escape ladder. It's a fraction of an inch out of his grasp.
He holds his breath, bends his knees and jumps -

Reaches -

Catches the ladder and swings. Gritting his teeth, he heaves
himself up onto the platform, stomach first.

It creaks.

He tries not to look down, and climbs up the ladder until he's on Anne's floor. He crawls along the landing until he's outside her bedroom window.

He peers inside.

CUT TO

EXT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (FIRE ESCAPE) / INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Through the window, Jack can see Anne leading Hudson into the dark room. She flicks on a bedside light. They start to kiss.

Hudson is facing the window, Anne is looking the other way.

Jack waves. Hudson doesn't notice.

Jack taps at the window. Hudson doesn't notice.

Jack taps a little louder. Anne and Hudson jump apart.

ANNE

What was that?

Hudson goes to the window to look. Nothing. He opens the window and peers out.

JACK

Pst!

He spots Jack crouching on the fire escape.

HUDSON

What the -?!

JACK

Shhh. Pretend I'm not here.

ANNE

What is it?

JACK

Nothing.

Hudson calls back into the room.

HUDSON

Um, nothing.

ANNE

Nothing?

HUDSON

That's right. Can't see anything.
 (to Jack, whispered)
 What do you want?!

ANNE

So why are you still hanging out the window?

JACK

You sent her emails from Belize.

HUDSON

I did?

JACK

Just a few. Didn't want it to take you by surprise.

HUDSON

That's it?

ANNE

Are you sure there's nothing out there?

Hudson comes back into the room, but leaves the window open.

Jack tries to crawl back along the fire escape, but it creaks.

ANNE (CONT'D)

There's a noise again.

Jack freezes.

HUDSON

Um, there's nothing out there. It's probably the wind.

He sits down on the bed with Anne.

ANNE

It's good to see you. I missed you.

A moment.

HUDSON

That's um, nice.

He tries to kiss her neck.

ANNE

So how was Belize?

HUDSON

Fine. I guess.

ANNE

Did you get to the beach in the end?

HUDSON

Um. Nope.

ANNE

Well maybe next time I'll come with you and we could take diving lessons?

HUDSON

Um. Oh. I can't dive. I have this inner ear thing. Wax.

ANNE

Oh.

He resumes kissing. She pulls away a little.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Hey, so I thought of another totally hateful thing. People who post pictures of their lunches everyday. I mean, how do I respond to that? Yay you, you ate a sandwich.

HUDSON

Oh. Right.

He goes back to neck nuzzling. She pulls away.

ANNE

Look, could we just talk for a while?

HUDSON

Um. Sure.

ANNE

It doesn't have to be all romantic stuff though I'm gonna admit it, that whole your hair looks like maple leaves in fall shtick was pretty much the loveliest thing anyone has ever written me ...

HUDSON

Um. Ok.

He thinks.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

You have really nice -

He stares at her boobs popping out of her corseted dress.

Jack holds his breath.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Um, not nice, um, round, not not
round, oval um, shoulders.

ANNE
Huh.

He looks pleased with himself.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Look, I want you to know something.
What you wrote, that really meant a
lot to me.

She gestures to a pile of paper on the nightstand tied with a ribbon. Hudson picks it up. It's a bundle of printed out emails.

HUDSON
My emails. Right.

Hudson starts to read through them.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
(reads)
You seem so open and positive and
bright to me - not timid at all. I
really like that about you.

ANNE
I love that one! And this one, here,
and here -

She rifles through the pages, scattering them on the bed.

ANNE (CONT'D)
And all the little stuff too - the
zombies, the hour we spent hating on
reality shows about triplets, how
bad it is that we live in New York
and never go to museums, how amazing
it was when the guy who dresses up
as Dora the Explorer in Times Square
lost it and started yelling bi-lingual
abuse at the tourists ...

Hudson holds the letters, turning them over one by one.

HUDSON
Um. Yeah. You really like all that
stuff?

ANNE
Are you kidding? I love it.

HUDSON
Oh.

ANNE
I know this is crazy, too soon,
totally crazy, but I think I'm falling
in love with you.

Anne leans in to kiss Hudson. Hudson takes her shoulders
and gently pushes her back.

HUDSON
I'm sorry. I can't do this.

ANNE
Huh?

He takes a deep breath.

HUDSON
I, um, I haven't been completely
honest with you.

And then it all comes out in a rush.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
I didn't write these letters. Any
of the messages. Right from the
start. I'm not fancy with words,
and when I like a girl, I get real
nervous, so - I paid someone to help
me - Look. I really like you and I
hoped we - I don't know. But if
these
(the letters)
Are what you love, then you don't
love me.

ANNE
I - I don't know what to say.

HUDSON
We both deserve better than that.
So I'm real sorry, but - I have to
go.

He leaves.

Anne watches him go, then goes to the window and leans out.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

After a moment, Anne sees Hudson leave the building.

An odd creaking noise.

She looks down, and sees Jack hanging from the fire escape ladder.

ANNE

Jack?

He looks up, guilt all over his face.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

JACK

Um - I can explain.

ANNE

Can you?

JACK

Um. No.

The truth starts to dawn on Anne.

ANNE

You were talking to Hudson at the party. How did you know him?

JACK

Um -

ANNE

Don't lie to me.

JACK

He's sort of a friend.

ANNE

Sort of?

JACK

I did some work for him one time.

Anne thinks for a moment.

ANNE

Ok. Quickly. I say fascinators and hats, you say

JACK

BDSM.

Anne nods sadly.

ANNE

It was you. All those words. It was all a lie? So Hudson didn't write - it was all a lie.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I can't believe that you, of all people, would do this to me.

JACK

No! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I can explain - please -

She closes the window.

JACK (CONT'D)

Everything I wrote was true! The only lie was that I wrote it.

She pulls the curtain shut.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - NIGHT

Jack sits on a beer crate and puts his head in his hands.

Ghosts, skeletons and devils dance around him.

CUT TO

EXT. GYM - MORNING

Jack, still dressed as a wizard, leans against the locked doors of the gym in the gray light of dawn.

Hudson walks round the corner, sees Jack and turns and walks the other way.

JACK

Hudson! Wait!

Hudson stops.

HUDSON

What could you possibly want?

JACK

I want to say I'm sorry.

Hudson turns.

HUDSON

Ok. So now you can go away.

Jack doesn't move. After a moment.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

How did you find me here?

Jack hands over the questionnaire.

JACK

I know you, remember.

Hudson throws it in the trash can.

HUDSON

So now you can go.

JACK

Look, you have every right to be pissed at me -

HUDSON

I'm not mad at you.

JACK

You're not?

HUDSON

I'm - I don't know. I don't even know what just happened. I've spent all night thinking about it. The things you wrote. Those were some pretty personal things.

JACK

I'm sorry.

HUDSON

You love her, don't you.

Jack nods.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell her?

JACK

I don't think that would be a good idea.

HUDSON

Jesus.

Maria jogs up, ready to train.

MARIA

Hey. Ready to work? Why the long face?

HUDSON

You know what it is? I think I just give up. I'm terrible at dating. There. I said it. It just isn't meant to be. I give up.

MARIA

So much drama so early in the morning.

HUDSON

I can't talk to women!

MARIA

You talk to me every day. Sure, at least half of what you say is nonsense, but still.

HUDSON

I'm through dating. It's just too hard.

MARIA

It really isn't.

HUDSON

It is for me.

MARIA

Bullshit. How about you take me out for breakfast after I whip your ass into shape with a fast 5k up the river and back?

HUDSON

You mean, like a date?

MARIA

Exactly like a date.

HUDSON

You would go on a date with me?

MARIA

Yes.

HUDSON

Really?

MARIA

Yes. See. Easy, isn't it. Now let's go.

Maria sprints off down the block.

Hudson gives Jack a little grin, then he speeds after her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

By the way, who's the wizard?

HUDSON

He's my - it's a bit of a long story.

JACK (V.O.)

So as Hudson ran towards the relationship he truly deserved -

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Jack enters, still in his wizard outfit.

A trail of clothes leads through the living room - a green leotard. A monk's habit. And there, on the bedroom door, a sock.

JACK (V.O.)

And Alan's steadfast faith in his relationship was richly rewarded -

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Jack, still in wizard clothes, looks at the party chaos left behind in the deserted cafe.

Leans wearily against the counter and starts to eat an orange cup cake.

JACK (V.O.)

I had two choices: I could get the hell out of Dodge, or I could stay and try to clean up.

He puts half the cupcake down, takes a black plastic bag out of the cupboard and starts to shovel trash into it.

A tap on the window makes him look up.

It's Ellen, still in her outrageous witch's outfit. She mouths something through the glass.

JACK (CONT'D)

What?

She tries again. Again, he can't hear her. He opens the door and she comes inside.

ELLEN

I said, any chance of a walk of shame cappuccino?

JACK

Sure. It's going to take a minute for the machine to heat up though.

He pulls down the bat garland that covers the coffee machine and switches it on.

ELLEN

Big night for you too?

JACK

Not exactly.

ELLEN

You know, when you're my age, finding a date is pretty hard - and finding a hard date who's also pretty? That's a challenge. So you gotta take your chances where you can get them. Ha, at any age really, I guess.

She picks up a plastic bag and starts to help clean up.

JACK

Can I ask you something?

ELLEN

Sure. Unless it's about that thing I learned in Bangkok, because I swore an oath on a viper fang that I would never tell.

JACK

How come you're so brave about dating?

ELLEN

That's easy. I used to hold myself back worrying if I deserved to find love, or if I deserved to be happy, and then I realized, that was bullshit.

JACK

That you did deserve it?

ELLEN

No, that being loved or not has not one single thing to do with whether we deserve it or not. Think about it. It's pure grace, not some kind of reward. By all accounts Hitler and Eva Braun were pretty happy together, and Mother Teresa never married. Go figure. Nobody "deserves" to find love. We should just be damned grateful if we do.

CUT TO

INT. ANNE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Anne lies on top of her sheets, dressed in her Marie Antoinette finery. Her eyes are red and swollen.

Her phone pings with a message.

She rolls over and looks.

JACK (V.O.)

Can we talk about this? Please.

Anne presses delete. Wipes her eyes, and gets out of bed.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack wipes the board clean, thinks for a moment, then he writes:

"I'm sorry that I lied to you about who I was, but nothing I said was a lie. I love you."

The vintage clothes shop door opens and Anne and Ellen walk out. Anne looks at the chalkboard, then turns and walks the other way.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The formerly Hot Green Alien is now a hot girl, wearing a green dress. She's helping Alan put the last of the Halloween decorations in a box.

ALAN

Did she see it?

JACK

Yup.

HOT GREEN ALIEN

And?

Jack shakes his head.

Alan and his alien give him sympathetic looks.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack wipes the board clean then draws a martini glass. He draws an arrow to the contents and writes:

"Perfect martini = Gin + show it the bottle of vermouth. I didn't lie about that."

Anne walks out of her vintage shop, sees Jack, and goes straight back inside.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The hot green alien girl, now wearing jeans and a green cardigan leans against the counter with Alan, playing together on an iPad and drinking coffee. They look up when Jack walks in.

HOT GREEN ALIEN

No change?

Jack shakes his head.

ALAN

Sorry.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack, now wearing a coat, cleans the board then writes:

"I love that you hate

Facebook friends who write in verse

Totally the worst."

Anne walks past the coffee shop carrying a tray of Starbucks. She ignores him.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Will brandishes a Starbucks cup, as Alan loads pastries into a bag for him and Jack pours him a fresh coffee.

WILL

I got standards! Is this Organic?
Is is Artisanal? Is it Freshly
Roasted? Is it even coffee? Is it?
Is it? Every morning. Like
seriously, does my life not suck
enough already? Whatever you did to
piss her off, you gotta make it right,
man!

JACK

I'm trying.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack puts the final flourish on a Thanksgiving wreath he's drawn on the chalkboard. Then he writes:

"Your hair really is the color of maple leaves in fall."

Anne walks past, rolls her eyes and keeps on walking.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Alan and his alien, wearing a green cocktail dress, are stacking chairs on tables when Jack comes in carrying the chalkboard.

JACK

I'll finish this. You guys should go.

ALAN

You sure?

JACK

I literally have nothing better to do tonight.

Jack puts the chalkboard down on the table and starts to wipe. The alien reads:

HOT GREEN ALIEN

"I also believe that girls who play
ukelele on the internet are

(MORE)

HOT GREEN ALIEN (CONT'D)
potentially aliens. See. We're
totally compatible."

ALAN
What kind of girl just walks past a
sign like that? What could be better
than that? Seriously.

HOT GREEN ALIEN
Um, maybe flowers?

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S VINTAGE SHOP) - DAY

A huge bunch of flowers sits outside the door.

Anne approaches the store, picks up the flowers and reads
the card.

She crumples it up and throws it in the trash.

She looks up and sees Jack watching. Her eyes narrow.

ANNE
You want these?

She thrusts them at a female traffic cop.

COP
For real?

ANNE
Looks pretty real to me.

The Cop beams.

COP
Thanks!

Anne shoots Jack a look, unlocks her door and goes inside.

CUT TO

INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The green alien girl and Alan hold hands watching Jack pace
up and down.

HOT GREEN ALIEN
So I guess it's back to the original
plan then?

ALAN
Sounds good to me.

JACK
I gotta step it up a notch.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

Jack finishes drawing a border of holly leaves and berries on the chalkboard, then he writes:

"I love that you find Thumper menacing."

Pull out to reveal that Jack has set up a fleet of chalkboards, completely covering the shop front.

"I love that you care so much about cheesecake"

"I love that you hate Gangsta movies"

"I love that you read Agatha Christie Mysteries in a fake English accent in your head"

"I love that you smell of roses"

"I'd love to actually go to a museum with you"

"I love that you save all your fortunes from fortune cookies"

"I love that you remember all the words to Hammer Time"

"I love that you believe soup is a drink not a meal"

"I love that you took high heels on a camping trip"

"I love how kind you are"

Anne and Ellen walk out of the shop. They see the signs. After a moment, Anne turns and walks the other way.

ELLEN
Morning Jack.

ANNE
Don't talk to him.

ELLEN
Oh come on!

ANNE
I mean it.

Ellen gestures at the chalkboards.

ELLEN

Oh, listen to yourself. You're the one who wanted romance.

Anne looks Jack in the eye.

ANNE

These are just more hollow words.

Jack looks at her for a moment, then he puts down the chalk - and walks away.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ANNE'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Anne's bedroom window is dark.

A stone rattles against the glass. Another.

A lamp is switched on, and Anne comes to the window, pulls it up and peers out onto the street.

Jack steps into view from under the fire escape.

He's dressed in full diving gear and is carrying a second set of everything.

ANNE

What are you doing?

JACK

I said I would risk sharks for you, and I meant it.

ANNE

Don't be ridiculous.

JACK

2 tickets. 1 week at dive school. I love you. If it takes diving with a shark to prove it to you, then, well, shark diving it is.

ANNE

Jack -

JACK

No. Don't say no. Don't say no yet. This is going to sound corny as hell, but I just wanted you to be happy. And I did dumb things, I know it, and I'm so sorry. But you - you have this light inside you.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

And I just, love you. I had to risk it and say it - I just wish I'd dared to say it sooner. That's all it is.

Anne thinks for a moment, then she pulls away from the window and goes inside.

JACK (CONT'D)

Anne?

Jack just stands there as the first snow of winter flurries in the air.

JACK (CONT'D)

Anne?

He waits.

And waits.

The door opens and Anne steps out onto the sidewalk.

ANNE

And you thought dressing up in a wetsuit, in New York City, in December, would be the best way to convince me you're a good prospect for love?

JACK

Yes. Apparently I did. So, what do you think?

She pushes the dive mask entirely off his face.

They kiss in the falling snow.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If life and the internet has taught us anything, it's that love is risky:

CUT TO

INT. FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - DAY

Two women chat as they serve themselves frozen yogurt.

MAGGIE

So obviously you Googled him first, right?

KERI

Obviously.

(MORE)

KERI (CONT'D)

And it's lucky I did because it turns out the reason he can't meet me till Thursday is that he doesn't get out of prison until Wednesday.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHLINE PARK (BENCH) - DAY

Jack sits on a sun lounger drinking bubble tea, as people wander past eating ice creams.

JACK (V.O.)

Communication is a problem in the modern world.

The guy sitting next to him is talking loudly on his cell.

GUY

Dude, it makes no difference! You cannot tell your wife you're leaving her by text message!

Jack, and everyone in ear shot, nods in agreement.

PASSING WOMAN

Word.

CUT TO

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET (ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

JACK (V.O.)

But it's also taught us, that sometimes, the risk is worth it.

Beautiful sunny summer's day. Girls in sun-dresses, children eating ice creams.

The window of the coffee shop is now lined with copies of a cookbook - Bake Yourself Happy - by Jack Ross.

Hudson and Maria jog past in matching minimal sportswear.

Jack exits the coffee shop with a suitcase - a snorkel is tucked into the side pocket.

The hot green alien - who is now extremely pregnant - follows with Alan.

ALAN

Got everything?

JACK
 Tickets. Passport.

He checks his top pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)
 A carat and a half of vintage
 diamonds.

He starts to trundle his case across the street to where
 Anne is waiting with her luggage.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Great Barrier Reef here we come.

FADE TO BLACK

FULL SHOT - COMPUTER SCREEN (INT. ALAN'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT)

Slightly shaky cell phone video takes in the scene; Jack and
 Anne's wedding is in full swing. Tables spill out onto the
 sidewalk. Champagne, twinkle lights, dancing.

Ellen, wearing a sexy red wrap dress, steps up to the band
 and takes the microphone.

ELLEN
 And now, at the special request of
 the bride and groom -

JACK
 (whispering)
 Did You ask her?

ANNE
 (whispering)
 No, did You?

JACK
 No.

ELLEN
 A special song!

The band strikes up New York New York. Ellen pulls off her
 dress to reveal her Rockette outfit.

ANNE
 Oh boy.

She takes the microphone and starts to croon.

ELLEN

Start spreading the news, I'm leaving
today, I want to be a part of it,
New York, New York ...

People dance. Alan and the former alien carrying their little
daughter, Hudson and Maria, Dan the Barman and the woman who
loves cats ...

JACK

I love you.

ANNE

I love you too.

ELLEN

... if I can make it there, I'll
make it anywhere, it's up to you,
New York, New York.

She launches into her kick routine.