

TWO NIGHT STAND

by

Mark Hammer

Tom Drumm
The Safran Company
(310)278-8234

Carolyn Sivitz
United Talent Agency
(310)246-6011

FADE IN:

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN, NY - NIGHT

We follow a trail of chocolate advent calendars marked with clearance stickers to... MEGAN, 22. She's pretty, but what's most striking is the mind-boggling way she lies on her couch.

Her legs are over the back of the couch, her back's where her butt should be and her head's twisted to watch tv. Her macbook's on her stomach as she clicks through gossip blogs.

Multi-tasking laziness is an art form she's nearly perfected.

She hears a KEY IN THE FRONT DOOR so she shuts her laptop, turns off the tv, and grabs a random novel to be reading as--

Her roommate FAIZA, 22, enters. Faiza's gorgeous, wearing chic business attire with her hair up in a messy bun - messy only because she's been at work since 7am.

FAIZA

Aw, right where I left you. How...
adorable.

MEGAN

Ya' caught me red-handed. I'm a
sucker for the American novel. I
won't apologize for it.

Faiza audibly sighs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Bad day?

FAIZA

I'm just exhausted.

Megan rises from the couch for the first time in hours and stretches her arms on the way to the kitchen.

MEGAN

Yeah, me too...

Faiza grits her teeth - weighs not saying anything...

FAIZA

I'm sorry but what the fuck could
you possibly be exhausted from?

Megan playfully ducks behind the kitchen island like she's being bombarded with incoming fire.

MEGAN

Whoa! Not-so-friendly fire!
I would love to be busy. I'm like
that 4th grader two months into
summer vacation who just wants
school to start again. Except that
it never ever will... Ever again.

Megan grabs a gogurt from the fridge and plops on the couch,
while Faiza hurries around changing out of work clothes,
opening mail, and scribbling utilities checks.

FAIZA

Perhaps it's time to get a job.

MEGAN

You're telling me...

FAIZA

Yes. I am telling you.

MEGAN

Hey! I look for fulfilling work
all the time. I just happen to be
taking a break whenever you walk
in. It's a curse... like studying
when mom's watching.

FAIZA

Do you find it creepy that you're a
child in all your metaphors?

MEGAN

I didn't before now...

FAIZA

Did you make a decision on the
lease? Deadline's on the first.

MEGAN

I didn't get around to a decision
yet. I'm stewing though. I am.

FAIZA

How did you not get around to it?
What did you do today?

Megan is stumped.

FAIZA (CONT'D)

How about this week?

MEGAN

I did Christmas.

FAIZA
(not accepting the answer)
This month?

MEGAN
(with gravitas)
I graduated college. Is that
impressive enough or do you want
something bigger?

FAIZA
That was two months ago. I know
because I did it too. I'm talking
since then. Have you done anything
since then? Anything at all?

MEGAN
I started online dating.

FAIZA
Seriously? I'm actually proud of
you. Back on the horse. Have you
met anyone?

MEGAN
I said I started. I'm not a
machine.

Faiza gives up on the conversation and goes into her bedroom.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Also I feel very strongly about
going dutch on principle but I
don't have the money for it so
online dating is more of an
intellectual exercise at this
point.

FAIZA (O.S.)
Good luck with that.

Faiza returns. In the time Megan has eaten half a small
yogurt, Faiza transformed from work mode to night-life mode.

MEGAN
Where are you going? You just got
home!

FAIZA
I'm going to a thing with Cedric.
I think it's for the best so I
don't domestic-violence you in your
sleep.

MEGAN

...hey, that's not nice.

Faiza grabs her coat and heads for the door.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So... I guess you're... not
making dinner then?

No words to express Faiza's frustration so she holds out her hand like a symbolic gun aimed at Megan's head. Megan reaches for Faiza's hand and turns it sideways so it's gangster-style. Megan then nods, resigned to her fate. Faiza can't pull the imaginary trigger.

FAIZA

(giving in)

One of Cedric's friends is having a birthday thing at this bar. They're having an appetizers/drinks special. Do you want to come?

MEGAN

Ooo is it tapas? I've always read about tapas and they really seem like something I'd be into!

FAIZA

I have no idea. What I do know, is that the birthday boy is single. He's not the brightest but he's pretty. Perfect candidate for a one night stand.

MEGAN

Do you think I'm ready for a one night stand?

FAIZA

Who cares if you're ready? I'm ready for you to have one. I mean, how long's it been? Aren't you horny?

MEGAN

Yeah... But I'm also really lazy so they counteract each other like two wizards fighting...

FAIZA

(tossing her a coat)

Tonight's the night, baby. Let's get you laid.

Off Megan's face, excitement building...

INT. CEDRIC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Faiza's boyfriend CEDRIC drives, looking miserable but exchanging a polite smile to Megan -- in the backseat, bopping her head, excited to be out of the apartment for a change. She pre-games from a flask and tries to pass it to Faiza and Cedric... both decline.

EXT. HIP BAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A line outside a hip, hopping bar. Faiza, Cedric, and Megan reach the BOUNCER, who lets Faiza and Cedric through but stops Megan:

BOUNCER
ID?

MEGAN
Seriously? I'm a girl!

BOUNCER
You look young. Take it like a compliment. C'mon, there's a line.

FAIZA
Just show him your ID.

MEGAN
Fine.

Megan digs through her purse, then her face goes sour. Hmmm.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
So funny story...

FAIZA
How'd you lose your ID again? You don't go anywhere!

MEGAN
(rapid fire)
I had it out because this website needed it to sign up to be an ordained minister and I thought, there's a job I could do, helping people find spiritual guidance through hard times. But then I got bored filling out the form and forgot about it and haven't been able to find my ID since!

The Bouncer doesn't budge. Cedric looks impatient.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm 22. I swear.

BOUNCER

Oh if you swear...

MEGAN

Oh my god... You're really not letting me in. I'm 22 and can't go out drinking.

CEDRIC

You have to admit that's sort of funny.

MEGAN

No... This is a serious pattern! I'm going backwards. A few months ago I was in college and I was somebody's fiance and I drank wine in restaurants. And now I'm home all day in pajamas and I'm nobody's nothing and I can't even get into a bar!

(noticing something blue
and sticky on her arm)

And I have gogurt on my arm, 'cause why not, right? Faiza?! What's happening to me? I'm going backwards! I'm Benjamin Button!

FAIZA

Uh huh, I'm hearing you.

MEGAN

And I feel awful! I know you were looking forward to this birthday thing and now you can't go...

She sees Faiza and Cedric not budging from the club entrance. They're going without her. Megan is shocked!

FAIZA

Honey, listen. This changes nothing. You need to get out of your rut. Take a cab home, get on that dating site, pick a cute guy you've been messaging with and schedule some meaningless sex. No drinks. No dinner. Just sex. I'm prescribing you to get laid.

MEGAN

It's not an edible arrangement, you can't just... order it!

FAIZA

Uh, yeah. You can. You've got tits and the internet. Cedric, back me up.

Cedric nods. The Bouncer nods too. Megan shoots him a weird look for listening. Cedric's phone rings--

CEDRIC

(into the phone)

Hey birthday boy! We're coming! We're just pimping out Faiza's fake-underage roommate first.

Cedric drags Faiza in.

FAIZA

(hurried, to Megan)

Desperate times call for desperate measures! Go get 'em, tiger!

Megan stands alone outside - all dressed up and nowhere to go. She waves a taxi down, but when she opens the door a happy COUPLE bounces out, going into the club. Megan groans.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan tosses the yogurt box in the trash and eyes her laptop from across the room.

A hesitant dance of seduction is happening... between her and the laptop. She moves closer to it, making the excuse of cleaning up a little around the apartment.

Finally Megan pulls the laptop onto her lap and opens OkCupid. It's a nice, friendly looking site. More like facebook than a skeezy dating website.

She clicks on her inbox, which is full of messages. The first one is a SHIRTLESS GUY with long hair on a hiking trip.

His message reads: **"Hailey, I'm gonna be 100% honest. If you're anti-foot massages than I am NOT your man."**

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON a wine glass being filled to the tippy top. Megan steels herself with a giant sip and returns to the laptop.

She clicks through message chains and gets to a handsome guy named DAVID she's gone back and forth with. An icon says he's online now. She IMs him:

Megan: "Hey there"

BING. A response.

David: "Sup?"

MEGAN

Nope.

Megan instantly closes his IM. Deal breaker.

She goes through the inbox and finds two others she's been talking to who seem okay and are online: ALEC and JOE. Writes the same message.

Megan: "Hey there"

Then she waits with the two IM windows open on her computer. Two potential suitors. Like a game show.

BING. A response:

Alec: "hey, how's it going?"

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(buzzed on wine, talking
to herself)

Keeping it casual... Keeping it
lowercase...

She studies Alec's profile again. Young, handsome, surrounded by friends in his pictures. He seems totally suitable for a one night stand. She types back:

Megan: "fantastic, how about yourself?"

Meanwhile the other guy (Joe) writes back:

Joe: "Hey gorgeous!" (sp)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Really?

She closes his IM. Now it's down to Alec.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on. The bar is so very low...

Alec: "same."

We watch her type: **"Cool, would you like to have sex with me?**
Then she deletes the whole thing before sending it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Jesus, I sound like a computer
virus.

She has a 'What are you doing?' moment. She steps away from the computer as if retreating from the awkwardness.

She starts drunkenly cleaning the kitchen to distract herself. She lifts a big see-through garbage bag out and sees near the bottom that there's an engagement picture of her and her ex-fiance pressing against the plastic, mixed in with fast food wrappers and discarded spaghetti.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Faiza... no...

She digs through the bag and retrieves the soiled stack of meticulously posed pictures. She flips through them as if precious artifacts... This is a sign. Time to do something out-of-character. She runs to her laptop, downs the wine, and types rapid-fire:

**Megan: "listen i know it's late but i'm about to get
sexiled by my roommate. do you want to hang out?"**

Alec: "sure. are you thinking drinks?"

Megan: "actually i was thinking your place"

Megan hits send before she can even think about it.

(instant) Alec: "yes"

A beat, then:

**Alec: "sorry that yes was too quick. pretend that I waited
a second before saying yes."**

Megan laughs.

Alec: "i'm in chelsea. 166 8th Ave. Apartment 2."

**Megan: "cool. i'm coming from brooklyn. see you soon i
guess."**

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(typing it as well)
Wait!

Megan: wait!

Alec: yeah?

Megan: do you have video chat?

Alec: sure

Megan: i wanna see your apartment first cause you can tell from someone's apartment if they're a psycho. and if you have newspaper clippings about unsolved murders on your wall i'm telling you right now that the deal's off

Alec: totally fair. just give me a minute to take off my mom's dress

He's actually funny! Megan clicks the video chat button and nervously fixes her hair while it loads. She suddenly realizes to hide her wine glass as--

Voilà! Alec appears on her computer, just like his profile picture. Handsome with a nice smile.

ALEC

Hi there.

MEGAN

Oh man, I was so sure I was gonna see a close-up of a penis.

ALEC

So was I actually.

Megan laughs.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Wow. You're really, really pretty.

Anyway, uh... this is me and...

(lifting up his laptop to
show the apartment)

This is a tour of my lovely
apartment.

It's a realistically small New York apartment, not the big dream ones in most movies. But it's clean and nice-looking.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(casual dry humor)

I can show you it all but the east wing. You just can't ever see the east wing.

MEGAN

I can respect that.

ALEC
So... did I pass the test?

MEGAN
I think so. I've never done this before.

ALEC
Yeah, me neither.

MEGAN
Like, I know people say that, but... I really haven't.

ALEC
I know. Me neither.

MEGAN
Well, I'll see you soon I guess.

ALEC
Really? Awesome. I mean uh...
(trying to be extremely
mature and detached)
That would be a nice thing... to happen.

Megan laughs and shuts her laptop. She makes spunky gun-fingers at her reflection in the tv like she's cheesily flirting with herself across a bar.

MEGAN
(to herself)
Let's get you laid, lady.

ALEC (O.S)
(coming from the shut laptop)
Sorry, I can still hear you. I don't think it shut off right...

Megan's mortified. She yells at the shut laptop:

MEGAN
Sorry, see you soon!

EXT. BROOKLYN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Bundled in a coat and scarf, Megan walks out of her apartment building down a street decorated with soggy Christmas decorations and piles of asphalt-stained snow shoveled off the sidewalk. A few harmless snowflakes fall.

Megan walks with a hop in her step, past a falafel stand where the Vendor is listening to local news on the radio.

RADIO NEWS

...WNYC is getting forecasts in of
a hurricane-strength blizzard
coming in the wee hours of the
morning. Word is flights out of
JFK are already being canceled...

...but Megan has her ipod headphones in so she's totally oblivious.

She walks past a Two Brothers pizza place with the local news playing on their tv. The newscast is all about the incoming blizzard. Pedestrians gather on the sidewalk to watch it.

Something big and ominous is coming, but once again, Megan is oblivious because of her headphones. She skips down the steps into an L-line subway station.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Megan's walking down the steps, but she's slowed by a SLOPPILY-DRESSED ELDERLY MAN walking ahead of her. He makes conversation:

ELDERLY MAN

Storm's gonna be a doozy, huh?

Megan (headphones in) makes a cringe-worthy misjudgment:

MEGAN

(polite as can be)
Sorry, I don't have any change.

Megan moves around him, swipes her metro card, and runs onto the waiting train just as the doors slide shut. Off her nervous, excited face that screams "Everything's coming up Megan!" we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - DAY

The early morning sun shines through cracks in the blinds. Megan and Alec are on opposite sides of his bed. She's wide awake. He's snoring. The clock reads: 7am.

Megan, looking very uncomfortable with this situation, slips out of bed and quietly dresses.

INT. ALEC'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She tiptoes through the living room, passing the remnants of their boozy night. She finds a piece of paper on his counter, and writes on the back in lipstick: **"Thanks for this, it was just what I needed."**

Not knowing what else to write, she comes up with: **"You have a lovely apartment. xoxo, Megan"** She puts it on the counter, moves to the door, unlocks the two locks, and opens it. Suddenly there's a FAINT BEEPING.

What the hell? She turns and sees a flashing burglar alarm asking for a password. Shit shit shit...

Megan doesn't know what to do. She shuts the door gently, but the ominous BEEPING persists. The alarm's about to go off! Mortified, she runs back into his bedroom--

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The BURGLAR ALARM BLARES and Alec jumps up from his bed, startled. He glances to his left and sees Megan pretending to be fast asleep next to him.

He digs under his bed for a weapon, but all he finds is a tiny novelty bat from a Mets game. It'll have to do.

MEGAN

(pretending she's just now
waking up)

What is that?

ALEC

Shhh... Stay calm...

(sees she's dressed under
the covers)

Did you sleep with your coat on?

MEGAN

I get cold.

(off his confused face)

Go get the intruder!

Alec leaves to check the rest of the apartment and Megan sits up in the bed, trying not to appear guilty. The alarm shuts off, and Alec returns, still not fully awake.

ALEC
Must have been a false alarm.

MEGAN
(nervous about her lie)
Really? Guess that's the nice
thing about a small apartment, you
can check the whole place by
turning around.

Alec tries to go back to sleep.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Well it's a bummer it woke us up,
but you know I should probably get
going anyway...

She hears him SNORING. He's back asleep already. She's
stuck. She groans and takes off her shoes back off.

She tries to go back to sleep but can't. She needs to wake
him up. She sees an alarm clock on his end table and sets it
to go off in exactly an hour.

Bored, she opens a drawer and sees a twenty pack of condoms.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(judgemental)
Wow... ambitious.

There's a dog-eared, cheesy romance novel on the end table.
She gives sleeping Alec a weird look. She cracks open the
book to pass the time.

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - LATER

The alarm clock RINGS. Finally. Megan tosses the book aside
and stretches her arms to pretend to be waking. Alec stirs
awake, disoriented.

MEGAN
That's some alarm you got there...

ALEC
I don't remember even setting it...
(reading the clock,
confused and sleepy)
...for 8:03. Uh, morning, Megan.

MEGAN
Morning, Alex.

ALEC
It's, uh, Alec actually.

MEGAN
What'd I say?

ALEC
Alex.

MEGAN
And do your way, one more time.

ALEC
Alec. With a c.

MEGAN
Gotcha. Sorry.

Awkward silence. Megan's awful at post-hook up chats.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Well. Last night was a blast.
Thank you for... having me.

ALEC
Sure, yeah...
(dry sense of humor)
My only concern is how we're gonna
sugarcoat this when we tell our
grandkids how we met.

MEGAN
(laughs)
Suppose we'll cross that bridge
when we come to it.

They're making the best of the awkward situation with humor.
Megan slips on her shoes, still eager to leave.

ALEC
So, uh, do you want breakfast or
anything or do you normally just
take off?

Silence. Megan almost lets it slide but can't.

MEGAN
"Normally"?

ALEC
Huh?

MEGAN

"Normally" like I do this a lot?
So much that I have normal and
abnormal versions of it?

ALEC

What? No! How'd you get that from
what I said? I have no idea how
often you do this...

MEGAN

I told you last night. This is the
first time I've done anything
remotely like this.

ALEC

Yeah but...

Silence. Alec almost lets this slide but can't.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Oh come on!

MEGAN

What?

ALEC

You really expect me to believe
this was the first time you've had
a one night stand?

MEGAN

(shocked and offended)
Listen -- the only reason I even
came here was because my roommate
peer pressured the shit out of me.

ALEC

Yeah, 'cause she wanted the place
to herself. I remember.

MEGAN

(forgot her white lie)
Huh?

ALEC

She "sexiled" you, right?

MEGAN

(frazzled)
That's right.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And yet now I'm feeling some distinctly judge-y vibes from your side of the bed which is odd considering the team work involved.

ALEC

Whoa whoa, slow down, there's no judgement here. Absolutely none. I actually really admire what you did. I wish more girls were so forward.

MEGAN

"Forward". Wow. And here we go again with the slut thing. Unbelievable.

ALEC

I'm not calling you a slut! Jesus! (can't resist the joke)
I'm calling you... a girl who came to a stranger's apartment at midnight. If only there was a word for that...

MEGAN

Wow! Screw you!

ALEC

That was a joke. Hey come on... I'm sorry--

MEGAN

You invited me over, you prick!

ALEC

I know I did. I'm sorry. It was a terrible joke. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Can I make you breakfast? Please? I do oatmeal with smiley faces made of jelly. I'm kinda known for it.

MEGAN

Save your oatmeal, I'm gonna head out. It was real awesome meeting you. Have a nice life, Alex.

Grabs her coat from the floor and walks out.

ALEC

Okay, cool, well I'm just gonna assume that time was on purpose, out of spite, because I told you my name is Alec with a c like a dozen times now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alec follows her into the tiny living room, clearly she struck a nerve.

MEGAN

Don't worry, wasn't on purpose, you just have a stupid name. But it's good. I love when names are helpful. Like, it's called bicycle 'cause it's two wheels. Or it's called Alec because he's a fucking idiot. You know, helpful.

ALEC

(sarcastically upbeat)
Okaaaay! Bye, it was lovely having sex with you!

MEGAN

Oh you're sweet. It was barely sex though. It was more fingering myself with obstacles.

Alec's face falls. Low blow.

ALEC

You said you always needed to help yourself...

MEGAN

Don't believe what people tell you. Especially when it's something like, "Cool name, Alec!" I mean, listen to it: Alec. It sounds like the first draft of a name.

ALEC

(big smile)
Fuck you, Megan.

MEGAN

(big smile)
Aw, fuck you back.

Alec disables the burglar alarm and opens the front door for Megan to leave. She happily obliges and he SLAMS the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Megan charges down the steps, past Alec's neighbor's door, and bursts through the front door of the building--

Or she tries to at least. The wind slams it shut on her. That's odd.

MEGAN

Hey! What the...

She tries to open it again but it only opens a crack. The sidewalk outside is packed with two feet of snow. And more every second. The blizzard of the century has arrived.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(face falls)

No... no no no no...

She shuts the door, stuck here. Exactly half of her is covered with snow that came through the cracked door. She takes deep breathes to stay calm... then forgets that and kicks the door.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Ow. Shit!

She wipes snow off her hair and turns around, faced with the daunting prospect of returning to his apartment. Then--

ALEC (O.S.)

(on the phone)

I am dead serious... I don't remember hitting a gold toothed old woman with my car but I must have. There's no other explanation. This girl was a gypsy curse.

He appears at the top of the steps with his cell phone on his shoulder, carrying his sheets and a jug of laundry detergent.

ALEC (CONT'D)

...lures you in with a pretty face and then wham, starts talking... I feel like the survivor of a natural disaster. I feel like I should be giving my scattered memories of the ordeal to a news crew... I'm just glad it's oooooooo...

He doesn't finish saying "over" because he sees Megan still here, at the bottom of the stairs.

ALEC (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
I'll call you later.

Megan gives a pained smile through gritted teeth.

MEGAN
Hi there... Alec, right?

ALEC
(filled with dread)
...what?

INT. ALEC'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The tv news is on and the local meteorologist, RICK RAINES, is talking. Storms are his time to shine.

RICK RAINES (ON TV)
I hope you weren't planning on going anywhere because it ain't happening any time soon. This thing came overnight and put the island of Manhattan in a white out. Tens of thousands of holiday travelers are stranded. Subways aren't running. Cars can't get on the road. Streets aren't being plowed because they can't even get the plows on the road until the snow slows down and the whiteout clears. Get cozy, folks. It's gonna be a loooooong weekend... my advice? Settle in for some quality time with the ones you love.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
(small talk with his co-anchor)
Y'hear that, Loretta, I think he said he loves us. In all seriousness, settle in and be safe everybody. Tune in right here for the latest emergency updates.

Alec and Megan stare at the tv with blank, miserable expressions on opposite ends of the tiny couch.

MEGAN
 (suddenly claustrophobic)
 The walls just closed in a little.
 Your apartment just got smaller.

ALEC
 (calm like a therapist)
 The walls did not close in. The
 apartment is the same size.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON Megan, whispering urgently into her phone.

MEGAN
 Faiza, you have to do something. I
 can't stay here. He's the worst.

Widen to reveal Alec sitting in the living room, which is exactly five feet away from the kitchen where Megan stands. He smiles politely, hearing every terrible word.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Faiza's on the phone watching the same tv news. Cedric is making an extravagant breakfast feast in the background.

FAIZA
 (on the phone)
 Sweetie? Are you watching the
 news? There's nothing we can do.

Cedric walks over with breakfast for them.

CEDRIC
 (low, to Faiza)
 See what it's like when you've got
 the apartment to yourself. This
 could be every morning.

Faiza makes a face like "I know, but..."

INT. ALEC'S KITCHEN - DAY

MEGAN
 Cedric's an E.M.T. Can't he
 like... helicopter me out of here?
 (listening)
 (MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Was that Cedric? Is Cedric
laughing at me?

FAIZA (O.S.)
(obviously lying)
No...

MEGAN
Tell him I'm gonna light him on
fire the next time I see him.

FAIZA
(to Cedric)
Megan says hi.

Cedric feeds Faiza a bite of perfectly golden banana pancakes
and she gestures that he did an amazing job.

FAIZA (CONT'D)
(with her mouth full, into
the phone)
Listen, sweetie, just make the best
of it and we'll rescue you as soon
as we can, okay? I promise.

MEGAN
This is your fault! I wouldn't be
here if it--

FAIZA
Sorry, I can't hear you, babe. It
must be the snow messing with...

She looks to a laughing Cedric for help with her alibi.

CEDRIC
(whispering)
Satellites?

FAIZA
(full-on laughing, into
the phone)
...satellites.

INT. ALEC'S KITCHEN - DAY

Megan hangs up, appalled, and joins Alec in the living room.

MEGAN
(clears her throat)
So you were right about the
helicopter not being a... viable
option.

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

But have no fear, I have friends
who live in the East Village.
Pretty sure I can make it on foot.

Alec raises the blinds of the nearest window as exhibit A:

ALEC

Pretty sure you can't.

MEGAN

Well I'm not staying here. Nice
try though.

ALEC

Yes, because it's a special kind of
joy being in your presence.

MEGAN

Y'know, what? I'll wait it out in
the hall. As soon as the white out
clears, the plows will come and I
can get a taxi home.

ALEC

You wanna be stubborn and sit in a
cold hallway for a day and a half?
Be my guest.

Megan wavers, but she's too stubborn to stay.

MEGAN

Fine.

She leaves and starts down the stairs. Alec slams the door -
feeling bad but too stubborn to beg.

INT. ALEC'S KITCHEN - LATER

Bacon drops into a pan and SIZZLES. Alec distracts himself
by making a hearty breakfast.

Then he cracks his front door open ever so slightly and lets
the aroma of bacon waft downstairs and torture her.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Megan sits on the floor by the mail cubbies - shivering under
a blanket of newspapers. She plays Solitaire on her iphone
but her gloves make it difficult. She smells the bacon from
upstairs and her stomach RUMBLES.

MEGAN
(to her stomach)
Traitor.

INT. ALEC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alec is about to take a bite of bacon from the skillet when he hears FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Alec opens his door and sees Megan halfway up the stairs.

ALEC
I had a feeling you'd come back.

Alec takes a smug bite of bacon. Megan can't let him be right, so she's lies through her teeth.

MEGAN
I'm not coming back. I was getting
cold down there and then your
neighbor here...
(gesturing to the closed
door of Apartment 1)
...very kindly offered to have me
in for tea... so that's what I was
doing. I guess some people still
know how to treat a lady.

ALEC
Older guy? Mustache?

Megan makes a non-committal noise.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Is that a yes?

MEGAN
Sounds about right.

ALEC
Wow, that's Mr. Saunders. The
only time I saw him leave his
apartment was when he moved in and
came knocking to tell me he's a
registered sex offender. Didn't
take him for the chivalrous type.

MEGAN
(nervous about her lie)
He seemed perfectly nice to me.

They stand there in silence. Alec knows she's bullshitting.

ALEC

Well what are you waiting for?
Tea's probably getting cold.

Megan looks at the stranger's door. Not able to knock because then her lie will be found out.

MEGAN

I'm waiting for you to leave first.
He invited me, not you. I don't
want him to think I'm inviting the
whole neighborhood.

ALEC

Fair enough. Well have fun. Give
Mr. Saunders my best.

As soon as Alec re-enters his apartment Megan tiptoes as fast as she can down the stairs to hide. Alec swings his door open and catches her.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Aha!

Megan freezes - caught red-handed and refusing to face him.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(softens)

Look, just come inside and eat
breakfast. This is stupid. We can
handle being around each other for
a little longer than anticipated.
We're two adults.

MEGAN

(incoherently contrarian)
Speak for yourself.

ALEC

Oh my god. Fine. Whatever.

He starts back inside but she follows him inside.

INT. DINING NOOK - ALEC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Megan sits at the dining nook that passes for a kitchen table. Alec slides over a plate of bacon and oatmeal.

They eat in silence. Megan watches the horrendous snowfall pound against the window. She has a depressing realization as she turns the jelly smiley-face into a frowny-face:

MEGAN

This is what I deserve. This is penance.

ALEC

That's officially the worst review my oatmeal has ever received.

MEGAN

I mean being stuck here with you. This is what I get for slutting it up.

ALEC

You're really clinging to that? That you've never done this before?

MEGAN

You don't have to believe it, it's true. And now I'm being punished for it. I've made my bed and now I have to sleep in it. Or rather... I've got to sleep in yours while you take the couch.

ALEC

Yeah that's not happening.

MEGAN

Rude.

ALEC

You really think God made this blizzard to punish you for being slutty?

MEGAN

I don't think God did. That's ridiculous. I think my parents did. I just don't know how.

Alec laughs. Megan makes jokes even when she's miserable.

ALEC

Right. Well I would prefer not to spend the day in a 24 hour long uncomfortable silence if it can be avoided. So how about we try this: Let's pretend we didn't sleep together. It never happened.

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)

Then we can pretend that this is just a random inconvenient weather occurrence and not your parents being passive aggressive about your lifestyle choices with their telekinetic powers. We're just two strangers who happen to be stuck together for a short time. Can we do that? Just start over?

MEGAN

That's like putting the toothpaste back in the tube. You can't do it. It's out there. I've seen your penis. You've implied I'm a slut. Those are big things.

ALEC

Did you just call my penis big?

MEGAN

No, I called the implications of your penis big.

ALEC

Still the nicest thing you've said all day.

MEGAN

You can't erase the fact that you've had sex with someone.

ALEC

You can try! I think you underestimate us - me in particular - and the lengths I'll go to avoid uncomfortable situations. Will you try the impossible with me? How about it?

Megan thinks long and hard.

MEGAN

I'll try. But no promises.

Alec puts out a hand to shake. To start over.

ALEC

Hi. I'm Alec.

MEGAN

(dry)

That's a really cool name, is that English?

He lets her sarcasm slide.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm Megan.

ALEC

Nice to meet you. So... where to start... um, so what do you do for a living?

MEGAN

Oh Jesus, this? This is what we're doing? I don't want to do this. I quit. You think I'm a slut and I think your average-sized penis has enormous implications. We're back to that.

ALEC

Seriously?? Already?

MEGAN

I'm afraid so.

Megan eats her bacon in silence. Alec turns to the microwave clock: 11:01. After a while it clicks to 11:02.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Wow, how the time flies.

Megan rinses her plate in the sink, then sits on the counter.

MEGAN

Fine, we'll start over again. But there are rules. No upsetting questions.

ALEC

Didn't realize it was one.

MEGAN

Well now you know.

ALEC

I'm trying very hard to form a question that could in no way be construed as upsetting in any way. Do... you... like... dogs...?

MEGAN

(emotional)

I liked my dog, before it was killed last weekend by a pack of cats...

Alec's eyes widen, then--

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'm just messing with you. That was a perfectly non-upsetting question. Good job. Yes, I like dogs. I need to use the restroom.

ALEC

That's allowed.

Megan rolls her eyes at his minor joke and shows herself to the restroom. Alec mouths "that's allowed" to himself, confused about why he even said it.

INT. ALEC'S BATHROOM - DAY

Megan sits on the toilet but it's freezing cold. As she pees she's amazed by the plethora of magazines and books in here. Skimming covers, she zeroes in on an Esquire headline: "Welcome to Internet Dating: Where the Easy Roam."

Scandalized, she flips to a section titled: "The 5 Types of Girls You'll Meet Online". Her jaw drops at "Type #2: Damaged Girl Getting Back on the Horse" - complete with an awful cartoon of a crazy girl surrounded by mountains of kleenex and smashed picture frames of her and her ex.

Megan's aghast. It hits way close to home. She rips the whole page out and balls it up and throws it in the toilet, as if a spy getting rid of a file that would blow her cover.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALEC'S APARTMENT - DAY

We hear the TOILET FLUSH and the SINK RUN and then Megan comes out with a big stack of magazines to keep her busy.

MEGAN

It's like a library in there. I've never seen anything like it.

ALEC

You gotta have reading material.

MEGAN

...why?

ALEC

You don't read in the bathroom?
What do you do?

MEGAN

I pee.

ALEC

Hmm.

MEGAN

Also, kudos on the super girly soap. My hands smell like cucumbers... which until now I didn't know was something I would want.

ALEC

See that. An hour with me and already I'm expanding your horizons.

MEGAN

Ugh... do you ever just get tired listening to yourself?

Megan plops on the couch and flips through the magazine. Meanwhile, Alec is distracted staring at the water seeping under the bathroom door and flooding the living room.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

If it's all right with you I'm gonna pass the time pretending I'm somewhere happier... Like a dentist's office waiting room.

ALEC

Megan.

Megan, oblivious, hums a waiting room song, ignoring him.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Megan!

She finally looks and sees the flood.

MEGAN

Ah! What happened?

ALEC

"What happened?" You happened!

Megan realizes where the water is coming from:

MEGAN

(mortified)

Oh dear god...

ALEC

Don't worry, I'll deal with it.
It's actually the perfect, sexy
development to a perfect, sexy day.

MEGAN

Step away from the bathroom! I'm
not having you clean up my...
that. You'll just hold it over my
head. Go in your room. I'll fix
it. Go!

ALEC

(heading into his room)
Be my guest.

Megan looks up at God for a brief "Why?!" then rolls up her
jeans and steps into the flooding bathroom.

MEGAN

Cold, cold, cold! What towels
should I use?

ALEC (O.S.)

The pink ones.

Megan lays the pink towels down, blocking the water from
living room. She reaches behind the toilet and switches it
off to stop the water.

MEGAN

...it just keeps coming...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM

Alec paces, not trusting her to fix it.

ALEC

You gotta turn the knob!

MEGAN

I don't mean the toilet. I mean
the punishments from universe. A
flood?! It's practically biblical!
Where's your plunger?

ALEC

It's not there?
(realizing)
Shit.

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)
My buddy borrowed it last weekend.
This is why you don't lend friends
plungers!

MEGAN
There's like a thousand reasons you
don't lend friends plungers.

ALEC
(frustrated)
Just shut the door and I'll deal
with it later.

Megan groans - this just keeps getting better. She shuts the bathroom door and plops on the living room couch, miserable.

IN THE BEDROOM Alec's trying to pass the time reading a book. Then he gets an idea.

INT. ALEC'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alec appears in the doorway with a big grin:

ALEC
I just had an idea that could fix
this whole mess.

Does he mean the flood? Does he mean being trapped here?
Either way Megan is all ears.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Do you wanna get high?

Megan can't believe that was his solution. She returns to her magazine, shaking her head in disgust.

ALEC (CONT'D)
(an awkward beat)
Yeah. Me neither. That was just a
test...
(then)
Actually, yeah, I'm gonna go ahead
and get high. You don't mind, do
ya?

MEGAN
Your apartment.

Alec opens a cubby underneath his bed and pulls out something wrapped in a beach towel.

ALEC

You're gonna make fun of this...
but I got it from a college buddy.

He unveils a giant, gaudy bong adorned with ceramic cherubs.
Megan rolls her eyes. Alex examines an old baggie of weed.

ALEC (CONT'D)

All my friends smoke way more than
I do. This stuff is probably a
year old. But for special
occasions like this one...

Alec rips the bong and coughs. Smoke wafts over to Megan in
the living room.

MEGAN

Jesus, your apartment's so small
the whole thing is hotboxing.

ALEC

(not sorry at all)
Sorry, I'd open a window but
probably not a good idea at the
moment.

MEGAN

You're gonna get me high against my
will. You suck!

ALEC

Just hold your breath. It'll go
away.

Megan inhales deeply to hold her breath but accidentally
takes in a bunch of smoke, then coughs it out.

MEGAN

Gah! Tricked!

Alec laughs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Make it stop!

ALEC

There's nothing I can do!

MEGAN

You could stop smoking it!

Alec looks surprised - didn't think of that.

ALEC

Meh...

He rips the bong again and lets out a big lungful of smoke. Megan flicks him off.

MEGAN

(coughing on the second-hand smoke)

It's a mystery why you don't have a girlfriend. Really.

ALEC

Hey! I'm a catch.

MEGAN

I'll bet you one hundred and fifty dollars you'll die alone.

ALEC

My future smoking hot widow will gladly take your money.

(a beat)

You could afford to take the edge off you know. This could be good for you. Embrace it.

MEGAN

I've gotten high before, moron. I just don't wanna get high with you.

Megan tries to re-focus on reading but the words go blurry. She blinks - eyes red and dry. Clearly high.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Whoops.

They both look at the kitchen with longing.

INT. ALEC'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A camouflaged boy scout's pup tent, pitched incongruously in the center of the tiny living room.

INSIDE THE PUP TENT

Megan and Alec gorge on snacks.

MEGAN

(surveying the tent)

You really don't think you'll die alone, huh?

ALEC

I don't think I'll die, period.
I'm extremely optimistic in that
way. What happened to no upsetting
questions?

MEGAN

I got over that. Do you think I'll
die alone? Like, is that the
impression you get?

ALEC

(thinking)

I don't think you'll die either.

MEGAN

'Cause your extreme optimism?

ALEC

No, 'cause harpy devils are
immortal. Everyone knows that.

Megan nods, emotionless. Alec senses his joke was tone deaf.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Wait, why aren't you being mean
anymore?

MEGAN

'Cause it's not fun picking on the
criminally retarded.

ALEC

(realizing)

Your heart wasn't in that one!

MEGAN

Was too!

ALEC

Nuh uh! You phoned it in! You're
really not being mean anymore.
Why?

MEGAN

I don't know. It gets exhausting
after a while. Plus you gave me a
pie that I can hold in one hand. I
didn't know to even dream of such
things...

ALEC

(smiling)

I finally wore you down, huh?

It's quiet. Alec stands up, lifting the whole tent with him... and off of Megan. Alec walks the tent over to an ihome and reaches through the flap to put on MUSIC. Then he returns to Megan in the living room and sits back down.

MEGAN

(as if nothing strange
just happened)

Earlier you asked what I did for a living and I got kind of defensive. Remember that?

ALEC

Vaguely.

MEGAN

Well the answer is I'm less-than-employed at the moment. I don't do anything. It's embarrassing. Three months ago I was able to say "pre-med student", which sounds extremely impressive, you know? But then I graduated so I'm not allowed to say it anymore...

ALEC

I think your profile said pre-med student.

MEGAN

Oh I guess I didn't update it yet.

ALEC

Wait, didn't you just make the profile like last week?

MEGAN

Wow, interrogator much?! I don't know, I guess I'm just in that limbo. I mean, you go to elementary school, then middle school, then high school, then college... but then what? You're basically kicked out on your ass and it's not like your degree has instructions on it...

ALEC

Well yours was called "pre-med" so that's kind of...

MEGAN

Yeah, no, not going to med school. Not for me. Horrible profession.

ALEC

But you majored in it for four years?

MEGAN

I always meant to change it, but then I graduated. Whoops.

ALEC

How does that happen?

MEGAN

Easier than you'd think. Speaking of changing the subject, what do you do? Wait. Lemme guess.

(thinks long and hard and very high)

Stenographer-comedian. When you're working a trial you type jokes into the official record and then when you read them back for the judge he's like, "What are you a stenographer or a comedian?!", and you say "Both!" And everyone's like "What?!" Probably get a lot of publicity that way, especially if it's a big case, like a serial killer or something.

ALEC

You are officially the highest person I've ever seen. You should be studied by an international team of scientists.

MEGAN

Well that was my only guess. What do you do?

ALEC

I work at a bank.

MEGAN

Oh, you're in banking. How fancy.

ALEC

Nope, just "bank". "Banking" sounds much more impressive than what I do.

Megan's kind of surprised it's something so boring.

MEGAN

What do you do at the bank?

ALEC

So you know ATMs? I'm like one of those but I'm less scary to elderly customers.

She tries to hide her surprise that he's just a bank teller.

MEGAN

Oh. How'd you end up doing something so...

ALEC

Wildly exciting?

MEGAN

Yeah.

ALEC

You know when you're 17 and you wanna go to college and change the world? Well... I actually don't know that because I never felt that way. I just wanted a job that paid me money that I could use to do things I wanted to do. I'm boring like that I guess. I never felt I needed some job that had to define my life.

MEGAN

But you like your job?

ALEC

(like it's obvious)

No! Since when are you supposed to like your job? It's a job. I think our generation catastrophically misunderstands that.

MEGAN

Maybe. Or maybe you just tell yourself that to convince you you're not wasting your one life on something you hate.

ALEC

Fair enough. But I mean, it's like you were saying, we have tons of people in college solely because that's what you're supposed to do, even though it has no bearing whatsoever on what they'll do next.

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)
We don't need everyone going to
college just to feel better about
themselves. What a waste.

Just as Alec realizes he might be hitting on a touchy subject
Megan exits the tent flap.

MEGAN
Hm. Excuse me.

Suddenly the walls of the tent start buckling as Megan beats
it (and him) with a couch cushion.

ALEC
I didn't mean you-- I don't mean
what you did!

MEGAN
Uh huh.

ALEC
I'm just high. I'm sorry, I say
stupid things sometimes.

MEGAN
Hopefully you'll meet someone who
finds that endearing someday.

Alec laughs at the backhanded insult. Megan re-enters the
tent and plops back down.

ALEC
You're a curious case though.
Usually girls our age are so
focused on a set plan for
themselves. You never bought into
that though, huh?

MEGAN
(defensive)
I had a plan.

ALEC
Becoming a doctor?

Again, Megan's face changes.

ALEC (CONT'D)
What made you not want to do that?
What made you change your mind?
Did you find out you're afraid of
blood or something?

MEGAN

Let's just... not. Okay? We made a lot of progress being all civil and that's great, but let's not push our luck.

ALEC

(steering back to safe territory)

So... dogs. You like them? Is that right?

Megan smiles, appreciative that he let the doctor thing go.

MEGAN

Dogs are solid in my book. We never broached your thoughts on the subject.

Megan lies back on the floor, feeling mellow.

ALEC

I rest firmly in the pro-dog camp as well. How about music? Generally a fan of that? Sunshine?

Megan smiles. Then a slight furrow in her brow. Something is seriously amiss.

MEGAN

I would like to frame what I'm about to ask in the context of the fact that junk food isn't a normal part of my diet and with that in mind...

Alec looks confused.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Theoretically... if one were to need to make use of a restroom... how would one possibly do that under these... special circumstances?

Alec's head pops out of the tent flap, and his eyes move from the bathroom door with soaked towels wedged underneath... to the window, still white with torrential snow.

ALEC

That... is a terrific question.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Alec and Megan walk down the stairs to the neighbor's door.
Alec KNOCKS. No answer.

MEGAN

Is he gonna sex offend me?

ALEC

Nah, I made that up. A nice Korean family lives here. Real gems.

Megan's shocked he lied but too distracted to get mad.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(calling through the door)

Mrs. Nyugen? It's Alec from upstairs. Wondering if you had a plunger. Sort of an emergency...

No answer. Alec peers downstairs to the mail cubbies and sees his is empty while the Nyugen's is overflowing. Uh oh.

ALEC (CONT'D)

It suddenly seems distinctly possible that the Nyugen family is away for the holidays...

Alec tries the building's front door but it doesn't even budge. Too much snow. He almost laughs at the situation.

MEGAN

You did not just laugh.

ALEC

I'm sorry, it's just a little...

MEGAN

Do you see this face? This is my panic face. Do we understand?

ALEC

(realizing the seriousness of the situation)

We do.

INT. ALEC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Alec marches into the flooded bathroom with a coat hanger and begins to uncoil it.

ALEC
Have no fear, the trusty coat
hanger is here to save the day.

MEGAN
(dry)
You probably say that to all the
girls.

Alec feeds the straightened hanger into the toilet and tries
to unclog it. Nothing.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
We're on a clock here, MacGyver.

He sees Megan bouncing on her toes, trying to hold it in.

ALEC
I have a Plan B. But it might
sound a little crazy...

MEGAN
We are not getting high again!

ALEC
The windows of this building don't
lock right. We can get into the
Nyugen's apartment through the fire
escape and borrow their plunger.

INT. ALEC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alec, now in way-too-small long underwear, rifles through a
living room closet and pulls out snowboarding gear. He pulls
on a really tacky men's snowsuit and boots. Then tosses
Megan a pink woman's snowsuit.

MEGAN
Why can't you just do it?

ALEC
I'm not breaking and entering
alone! The whole reason we're
doing this is for you!

MEGAN
(examining the pink
woman's snowsuit)
Why do you even have this?

ALEC
It was an ex's. Style complaints
go straight to her.

MEGAN

You kept it? What are you, making
a lifesize doll of her out of
shower hair?

Alec ignores her. They get dressed in the elaborate outfits.
Ending with pulling on goggles and a skimask.

ALEC

Let's do this.

Alec slides open the window. Snow blows in as he climbs out.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Alec climbs out onto the fire escape, gripping the handrail,
looking like an Arctic explorer as the snow whips at him.
Still inside, Megan cracks up and shouts over the wind:

MEGAN

HOLY SHIT!

ALEC

IF WE DIE IT'S ON YOU! YOU SEALED
BOTH OUR FATES WHEN YOU SELFISHLY
REFUSED TO SHIT IN THE SINK!

Alec slips on the steps and falls on his ass but pulls
himself back to his feet. Megan cracks up.

MEGAN

REMEMBER WHEN YOU FELL ON YOUR ASS
BACK THERE? I WAS JUST REMEMBERING
THAT. SO GOOD!

Megan climbs onto the fire escape and follows him down the
metal stairs to the apartment below, exhilarated by the sheer
ridiculousness of this.

Alec scrubs snow off the Nyugen's window and peers in. The
apartment is empty and dark. He pulls at the window, trying
to open it. Nothing.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

WHAT'S WRONG?

ALEC

IT MUST BE FROZEN SHUT. IT'S NOT
BUDGING!

Megan lifts an ashtray and smashes the window.

MEGAN
MARSHALL LAW! EMERGENCY!

Alec watches - wide-eyed - as Megan climbs in through the broken window.

INT. THE NYUGEN FAMILY APARTMENT - DAY

Megan races into the bathroom in full snow gear and grabs the plunger next to the toilet.

MEGAN
Go go go!

Alec watches in disbelief from the window--

ALEC
You'll break someone's window but
you draw the line at using their
toilet?

MEGAN
I am a lady!

She climbs back onto the fire escape--

INT. ALEC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Alec uses the plunger on his toilet. It unclogs and a crumbled magazine article rises to the surface of the water as it begins to drain. That's what clogged it.

Confused, Alec stops the soggy article from flushing back down by lifting it out with the handle of the plunger.

Megan is mortified. Alec reads the headline: **"Girl You'll Meet Online #2: Damaged Girl Getting Back on the Horse"**. Complete with the cartoon of a crazy girl surrounded by mountains of kleenex and smashed pictures of her and her ex.

Alec looks to Megan, confused how it wound up in the toilet.

MEGAN
(completely humiliated)
I don't wanna talk about it.

ALEC
(smart enough not to push)
...okay.

Megan orders Alec out of the bathroom and shuts the door behind him. Time for business.

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - LATER

Alec sits in his bedroom, thinking about Megan in a different light after the discovery of the flushed article. Seeing a vulnerable, self-conscious side to her. He hears a FLUSH.

INT. ALEC'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Megan curls up on the couch and buries her head in shame.

ALEC

You know, if you had a complaint about the bathroom reading material you could have just said so...

MEGAN

Just one more cosmic humiliation in a lifetime of cosmic humiliations. To be quite honest I feel the universe's piling on at this point.

Alec sits on the floor beside the couch.

ALEC

It was just some stupid article.

MEGAN

It wasn't stupid though. It was spot-on.

Alec doesn't know what to say. He makes a tiny snowman out of the snow that blew through the window.

ALEC

Do you really think my name sounds like the first draft of a name?

MEGAN

(still not facing him)
Like a good first draft. Like, it's close.

He laughs. It's quiet for a moment, but a comfortable quiet. Alec sees a chance to talk about a bigger issue:

ALEC

And do you really... not always need to help yourself?

Megan pulls her head out of the couch cushion, flabbergasted:

MEGAN

What are you talking about?

ALEC

You know... during sex. At the time you said you always needed to help yourself in order to...

(as clinical as possible)

...reach climax... and then when you were yelling at me you said that was a lie.

Megan cracks up laughing. Alec is embarrassed.

MEGAN

What happened to pretending we didn't have sex?

ALEC

I'm over that.

MEGAN

Why are you thinking about this again?

ALEC

Are you kidding? I barely stopped thinking about it!

MEGAN

Listen, I was just trying to hurt your feelings 'cause you hurt mine. It was a low blow. I apologize.

ALEC

I don't buy it. I've been around long enough to figure out girls are most honest when they're trying to hurt someone's feelings.

MEGAN

It's not unusual at all for me to need to help myself. Feel better?

ALEC

But you don't always have to?

MEGAN

Not always.

ALEC

So what did I do wrong?

MEGAN

You didn't do anything wrong. It's just how people sync up, how they fit together.

ALEC

And we didn't sync up well?

MEGAN

Did you think we did?

Alec shrugs: not really.

ALEC

But that's how it is the first time with someone new. You're awkward with each other. You're afraid to say anything--

MEGAN

But it's not like that changes after the first time.

Alec looks surprised by that statement.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I mean... They eventually get to know what you like more but you're never able to really say anything directly because guys are so sensitive. If you suggest doing something a little differently it freaks them out 'cause they think you've been thinking it every time and they're mad you didn't say something earlier but you didn't earlier because you were in the getting-to-know you phase and it would've been too soon. So there's never a time to talk about the stuff openly. Instead you try to just train them to recognize different levels of moans without them realizing you're doing it.

ALEC

Wow...

MEGAN

Or maybe that's just me.

ALEC

No, you're right! It's like those stupid games you played in camp where you had to do some activity with a partner but couldn't speak to each other. You just had to stumble through it...

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)
(eyes widening)
Holy shit...

MEGAN
Did you just remember a deeply
repressed camp memory?

ALEC
No, don't you see... This... this
right now... This is a unique
opportunity!

MEGAN
What is?

ALEC
Us. Being trapped together. We're
like lab rats. We're this
incredible experiment... We've had
sex but we don't have feelings for
each other. And as soon as that
snow clears you're gone. Right?

MEGAN
Like Mexico-gone.

ALEC
And we're strangers. We don't have
mutual friends. We'll never see
each other again. Right?

MEGAN
Yeah. So what?

ALEC
So we can be totally honest with
each other! We can give advice,
constructive criticism... Don't
you see what an opportunity this
is? We can make each other better
lovers for whoever we meet next who
we actually, you know, care about!

MEGAN
First of all, you can't pull off
the word lovers. Secondly, what
you're proposing is a terrible,
awful, dangerous idea.

ALEC
Are you kidding? It's best idea
I've ever had! This is a once in a
lifetime opportunity and you're
gonna pass it up?

MEGAN

Guys can't handle constructive criticism about that stuff. You'll get all pissy and we'll still be stuck together.

ALEC

(like a dare)

I won't get sensitive if you don't.

MEGAN

What do you mean if I don't?

ALEC

Oh you thought this was a one way street, huh?

Megan lets out a shocked laugh.

MEGAN

You've got pointers for me?

ALEC

A thing or two crossed my mind. But if you don't think you can handle hearing it, forget it. We'll go back to talking about dogs. For instance, how cute would it be if they had occupations?

MEGAN

Fuck dogs with occupations. I'm great in bed. You're bluffing.

ALEC

I guess you'll never know. Excuse me.

Alec goes to the restroom. Megan sits, stewing.

INT. ALEC'S BATHROOM - DAY

Alec reads a magazine on the closed toilet. Killing time, knowing Megan's driving herself crazy thinking about it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALEC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alec re-enters to find Megan pacing.

MEGAN

Fine. I'll bite. What do you got?

ALEC

This isn't just you. I want that clear. But... the lights thing. If the lights are off, like you requested and I gentlemanly obliged, than I could be having sex with anybody. But I don't want to be having sex with anybody. I want to be having sex with you. The universal you, I mean.

MEGAN

(floored)

Lights on? All guys feel this way?

ALEC

I can only speak for myself and my friends but...

MEGAN

I was being sarcastic. Girls hear this more than hello.

ALEC

Hear me out though. I get why some people turn out the lights. I do. A lot of couples it would be mutually beneficial to help the process along. I'll go farther, sex in the dark is probably crucial for the continued repopulating of our planet. But you and I are perfectly normal looking, healthy, young people. And we should embrace that while we have it.

MEGAN

Guys are just used to porn.

ALEC

Are you reacting defensively to constructive criticism? Because I thought we were having a revolutionary, once in a lifetime, open channel of communication between the sexes. I thought this was a safe place.

MEGAN

Fine! Guys like doing it with the lights on. You really blindsided me with that one, Kinsey. Next.

ALEC
You want more?

MEGAN
Do you have more?

ALEC
You do this thing where you stand up from the bed, turn kinda half-away, and undress all at once as quick as possible. Like you're preparing for a physical.

MEGAN
I've never had complaints about how rapidly I undress. Most guys like naked-me.

ALEC
Naked-you is a star. No argument there. But...

MEGAN
But?

ALEC
You could make it more of a...

MEGAN
Oh gawd...

ALEC
You know what? You were right. I thought we could help each other. It was overly idealistic on my part. I apologize.

MEGAN
No! Keep going. Just get ready for an onslaught.

ALEC
That didn't sound like it was totally in the spirit of constructive criticism but I'll continue none the less. All I'm suggesting is that guys like the process of undressing... No need to rush through it.

(a beat)
And lastly... when you insist on helping yourself... while a guy is... well, inside of you...

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)

It might sorta make that guy feel as though he's being put on the bench, y'know?

MEGAN

Duly noted. My turn. I don't know who first taught guys the "do the alphabet with your tongue" thing, but it makes me feel like I'm Helen Keller getting fucked by her teacher.

ALEC

That's not a fantasy of yours?

MEGAN

Moving right along... There was a moment - one moment - during foreplay in which I was close to coming. And I believe I subtilely pointed this out to you. Do you remember what I said?

ALEC

"I'm close to coming."

MEGAN

Right. Well after I said that you switched up what you were doing. What was the thought process there?

ALEC

I thought I'd do a finishing move. Like Mortal Kombat. You know...
(in the deep Mortal Kombat voice, undercut by being sort of hesitant)
"Finish her!"

Megan shudders.

ALEC (CONT'D)

No?

MEGAN

If by some miracle of happenstance you're ever close to making a girl come, just keep doing what you're doing. It got her close, it can get her home.

ALEC

Okay, cool. Well I think we learned a lot--

Megan isn't close to finished. She opens the floodgates.

MEGAN

You waited for me to undress you,
which is unnecessary and weird.
I'm not your mom tucking you into
bed. You kept trying to give me
hickies, which no one likes. You
found my g-spot but only briefly,
which makes me think you didn't
find it so much as stumbled across
it on the way to somewhere else. I
like this. This is refreshing.
I'm sure I have more...

ALEC

(quietly defensive)
Maybe I'd do a better job finding
things if the lights were on.

MEGAN

Only if you're talking about a
flashlight planted directly in my
vagina, which I'm not okay with.

Alec can't help but laugh.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh and last night, when we were
done, you retreated to the other
side of the bed like you planted a
bomb down there. Next time you're
with a girl, hold her and count to
ten. I thought this was common
knowledge but apparently not.
Anyway I think that's all for now.
If I think of anything else I'll
let you know.

ALEC

Did it feel good to get all that
off your chest?

MEGAN

(sincere)
It actually really did. How about
you? Holding up okay?

ALEC

Sure, yeah.

MEGAN

Aw...
(pinches his cheek)
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Other than those things you were a perfectly adequate lover.

ALEC

Perfectly adequate. Death by faint praise. Oh well, I asked for it.

Alec plops on the couch. Megan watches him. He looks sort of cute trying to not look crushed.

MEGAN

Oh geez. I told you it was a bad idea... I knew this would happen.

ALEC

(clearly covering)
You kidding? I'm Teflon, baby.
Nothing sticks. We should probably check for updates, huh?

Alec turns on the local news.

ON THE TV

No sign of the white out ending. The meteorologist from earlier, Rick Raines, is doing a field report.

RICK RAINES (ON TV)

(way too excited)

IT'S REALLY NOT SHOWING ANY SIGN OF SLOWING DOWN OUT HERE. LOOK, SEE THAT! BEHIND ME IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! BUT YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE IT 'CAUSE ALL YOU SEE IS SNOW! LIKE MAGIC!

(listening to his earpiece)

OKAY, I'M REALIZING THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IS ACTUALLY OVER THAT WAY. JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU THE DISORIENTING NATURE OF THIS INCREDIBLE STORM.

Megan doesn't pay much attention to the tv, instead watching this quieter, sadder Alec.

ALEC

(dead pan)

I'll bet you a thousand dollars Rick Raines is fully erect right now.

MEGAN

I'll bet you two thousand dollars
Rick Raines has - more than once -
hired prostitutes to watch his
Hurricane Bill coverage with him.

Alec laughs, still not in a great mood, but amused by her.
Megan feels awful for being so hard on him. She impulsively
grabs the remote and turns off the tv.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What if we tried again?

ALEC

You have more critiques? I can't
take any more critiques...

MEGAN

No I mean... what if we tried
again... Like tested out our
theories. Put to use what we
learned. For... science.

ALEC

(making sure he
understands)
For science...?

MEGAN

Yeah. It would probably be helpful
for me. I'm a hands-on learner.

ALEC

(hesitant)
I guess we could try that.

MEGAN

And the channel of communication
would stay open. Say whatever's on
your mind. That's the deal.

ALEC

(caught up in the moment)
Yeah, yeah... This is good! And
we should film it! So we can watch
the replay and get an objective
view of--

Alec sees Megan glaring at him. He backpedals.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Too far. Way too far. Even I'm
offended by what I just suggested.
Do you know what it was?

MEGAN
Pushing your luck?

ALEC
Yes. That's exactly right.

Alec stands up, not knowing what to do with himself.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Okay... So... how do we start?

Alec gently brushes a hand through her hair. She cracks up.

MEGAN
This won't work if you make me
laugh.

ALEC
(defensive)
Well how would you start?

MEGAN
(second thoughts)
You know what? Actually...

Megan grabs her coat and walks out the front door.

ALEC
Hey, what the hell?

KNOCK KNOCK. Confounded, Alec opens the door and sees Megan.

MEGAN
Hi.

ALEC
So this is, what, like a re-
enactment?

MEGAN
Aren't you gonna invite me in?

ALEC
(laughs)
Sorry, come on in. Welcome.

Megan enters like she's seeing it all for the first time.
She keeps her coat on, not sure she's going to stay.

MEGAN
(saying what's on her mind
like they decided)
You should have cleaned up more if
you knew you were having company.
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

The pup tent and candy wrappers everywhere... you kinda look like a professional child molester.

ALEC

Sorry about the mess, had a girl over earlier who was a real slob.

MEGAN

Don't talk about past girls with a new girl. Even if both are me. Still rude.

ALEC

(amused)

What was I thinking?

MEGAN

Offer me a drink. You didn't the first time around. I had to ask.

ALEC

Do you want a drink?

MEGAN

Just water.

(then)

Ask if I'm sure. Maybe I said water just to sound easy going.

ALEC

Are you sure on the water? I have a pretty fully stocked bar.

MEGAN

Water's fine.

(then)

Maybe she just wants water. You really never know.

Alec laughs and fills her a glass of water from the tap.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Burden's on you to initiate the small talk because you're the host.

ALEC

Did you know New York City's tap water is the second best in the country?

MEGAN

Pssh, yeah! Why do you think I moved here?

Alec hands her the glass and sits on the couch next to her, leaving a comfortable distance between them.

ALEC

I like your...
(all that's showing of her
outfit is her coat)
...coat.

MEGAN

Thanks.
(then, breaking character)
That was good. I'm feeling more
comfortable now so I'm gonna take
off my coat and stay a while.
Now, normally after a date or
something there would be more build
up here but since this was
explicitly a hook up scenario I
think it'd be fine for you to make
a move now.

ALEC

What kind of move?

MEGAN

The first time you waited for me.
I totally understand not wanting to
seem aggressive, but it was kind of
a let down. At this point, I'm at
your apartment, we both know what's
going to happen, obviously I'm okay
with it, so just man up and--

Alec interrupts her with a kiss.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(muffled through kissing)
Hm. Not bad.

Megan breaks the moment by giving him a high five like he did
a good job. Then slips off her shoes and walks into the
bedroom without even looking back to see if he's following.
Alec watches this from the couch, stunned.

ALEC

Wow.

She reappears in the doorway, adorably excited:

MEGAN

That was pretty hot, right? How I
just walked away like that? I've
never tried that before.

Alec smiles. He can't believe this is happening.

INT. BEDROOM - ALEC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Megan stares at the bed, which has all the sheets off it from when he was going to do laundry this morning.

MEGAN

The lack of sheets makes it feel a bit crack den-y.

ALEC

Sorry, I was doing laundry.

Alec grabs fresh sheets from the hall closet and quickly makes the bed.

MEGAN

Much better. Where were we?

ALEC

Maybe uh...

Alec takes her hands and uses them to push himself back onto the bed.

MEGAN

Ah, a fan of the bed push. Classic.

Alec starts to take off his shirt.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Socks first. There's no good time for it. Just get them out of the way. I'll wait.

He takes off his socks, then shirt. Megan flicks off the light. Alec is about to object but then Megan flicks on a desk lamp so it's like mood lighting.

ALEC

Nice compromise.

MEGAN

I'm like the U.N. of "doing it".

Megan stands over the bed. This is normally the part where she turns away and undresses as quickly as possible. But she's trying it his way. She nervously bites her lip but looks him in the eye as she undresses one article at a time.

Alec's mouth goes dry from hanging open.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Is this... sorta what you had in mind?

ALEC

(clearing his throat)

That's uh... You got the hang of that pretty good...

Alec struggles to strip off his jeans and Megan moves onto the bed with him. He kisses her. Then he moves down her belly gracefully, kissing as he goes, and then ruins the moment completely by blowing a noisy, ticklish raspberry.

MEGAN

NEVER EVER NEVER!

ALEC

That was a joke.

MEGAN

If there's one thing you take away from this experience... Never. My dad did those. Now I'm thinking about my dad.

ALEC

Maybe I wanted to cool you off. I don't want to get you so aroused that you, like, explode, you know?

MEGAN

I don't think we have to worry about that.

ALEC

Oh I worry.

Megan rolls her eyes. They kiss and fool around. Alec slides below, going down on her. We hang on Megan's face.

MEGAN

Much better...

ALEC (O.S.)

(proud of himself)

Japanese alphabet. Thanks, Rosetta Stone.

MEGAN

Oh my god, you're embarrassing on like fifteen overlapping levels.

Megan pulls him up by his hair and then slides below the camera frame, reciprocating the gesture. We hang on Alec's face this time.

MEGAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Any complaints?

ALEC
(in heaven)
Nuh huh.

With that Megan instantly comes back up.

MEGAN
Good. Usually there'd be more foreplay but we seem to have got that down. Since this is strictly a learning opportunity I think we can move on.
(as if ordering a diet soda)
Condom please.

Alec grabs one from his night stand.

ALEC
Okay, here's something. I think I speak for all guys when I mention that condoms are kinda terrible.

MEGAN
(sarcastic)
You're blowing my mind.

ALEC
But if you put it on the guy it makes it more like foreplay.

MEGAN
I'm open to that on a conceptual level but I think I speak for girls when I say we're afraid it'll snap and hurt and there will be a less than sexy hospital visit.

ALEC
That's a fair concern but if you just go slow and steady and...
(she puts it on him while we hang on his face)
Yup. Seamless. Beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

This next part is shot like a classic movie sex scene: all graceful, close-up pans of moving legs and shoulders. But the cliché imagery is juxtaposed by what we hear them saying.

ALEC (O.C.) (CONT'D)
No! Stop it! No helping yourself!

MEGAN (O.C.)
It'll be quicker.

ALEC (O.C.)
Teach a fisherman to fish!

MEGAN (O.C.)
Fine, give me your hand. There.

ALEC (O.C.)
This? Right here?

MEGAN (O.C.)
Nuh uh. Nope. Warmer...
(a beat)
Warmer...
(a beat)
Seriously?

ALEC (O.C.)
(lying)
No! Obviously kidding.

MEGAN (O.C.)
There ya go!

ALEC (O.C.)
Success!

MEGAN (O.C.)
Shouting "Success!" is fine now
because we're in practice, but
probably don't do it on game day.

ALEC (O.C.)
Gotcha.

MEGAN (O.C.)
Good. Same but faster. Faster.
Harder.

Her audible breathing gets shallower and quickens.

MEGAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Keep doing that until I
die or tell you to stop.

She comes. No crazy scream of pleasure, just a quivering, satisfied exhale that tells us everything we need to know.

He rolls off her but stays close. They both look happy and wiped out. Her fingers shake a little, in a good way. She shows him this as if to say "Look what you did!"

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Did you come too?

ALEC

Not yet. But I don't even care.
That was awesome.

MEGAN

(smiling)

We'll get you yours. Just give me
second.

She closes her eyes, resting just for a moment. Then peeks. His eyes are closed and he's holding her just like she suggested. She counts with her fingers...

But she gets past the agreed-upon ten seconds and then realizes he's fallen asleep holding her. She smiles, surprised, and closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Megan wakes up. Alec's still curled up with her. She checks the clock: 4am. She slips out of his spooning to grab underwear and her shirt.

MEGAN

Hey. Up and at 'em. Wake up.

She punches his shoulder. He wakes up, groggily.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

We fell asleep.

ALEC

Okay... Is that a problem?

MEGAN

I don't see what the educational
purposes of it are. Plus I'm
starving.

ALEC
(still trying to wake up)
We can fix that.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cupboards open to reveal barren shelves. The refrigerator door opens to reveal condiments and wilted lettuce.

MEGAN
Oh my god, we're gonna starve.

ALEC
We're not gonna starve.

Megan runs to the window and sees it's still snowing. The snow looks odd in the dark of night - like it's glowing.

MEGAN
Why don't you have food?

ALEC
I did have food! We ate it when we were high, remember?

MEGAN
Also your fault.

Megan digs through her purse and finds a loose stick of gum. She finds a butter knife and cuts it into six pieces.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
This might have to last days.
We'll ration it.

ALEC
(surveying the cupboards)
Calm down. We have things to work with here. We just have to get creative. Go back to bed. Give me ten minutes, okay?

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Megan gets under the covers, then decides it's too intimate. She sits above the covers.

ALEC (O.S.)
Ready?

Alec enters with a dinner plate. A upside-down cereal bowl is on top of it, as if it's a serving platter. Megan laughs.

ALEC (CONT'D)

For our first course, we have a
delightful pairing of saltines and
two vintages of ketchup.

He reveals the nicely displayed row of crackers surrounded by
two fancy drizzles of ketchup. Megan laughs.

MEGAN

What do you mean vintages?

ALEC

I mean I'm pretty sure one of 'em
came with the apartment. You'll
notice hints of sour that come with
age.

Megan takes a bite and frowns at the sour ketchup.

MEGAN

Maybe an acquired taste.

ALEC

That might be. But don't fill up
on appetizers!

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alec enters with a second covered plate. Megan claps, having
fun with this.

ALEC

For our entree course, we have crab
cakes over a bed of seasoned
vegetables.

REVEAL: Two small, misshapen crab cakes sit on a layer of
crumbled BBQ potato chips.

MEGAN

Oh how fancy.
(eyeing the color of the
crab cakes suspiciously)
If you don't mind me asking...
What kind of crab is that?

ALEC

Tuna.

MEGAN

(taking a bite)
It's actually not terrible.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alec enters with one last plate.

ALEC
Finally for the dessert course:
Depression-Era Crumb Cake.

He unveils a quite literal crumb cake. It's falling apart.

MEGAN
What am I looking at here?

ALEC
During our earlier smorgasbord, we
left behind quite a few crumbs in
the wrappers, so I re-purposed them
and used some butter and sugar as a
binding agent.

Megan eats a handful and puts her fingers to her lips and
does that kiss gesture like a satisfied restaurant critic.

There's silence but it's a comfortable silence.

MEGAN
You know, you're not the... worst
person in the world to be stuck
with.

ALEC
Right back at ya'.

Megan smiles. She gets under the covers.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Plus you're handy. If I was
choking to death on crumb cake you
could save me with that fancy pre-
med education of yours, right?

MEGAN
Nope. School was biology and
stuff. Any actual medical stuff
isn't until med-school. If you
choke right now you're a dead man.

ALEC
Comforting. Are your parents
doctors?

Megan shakes her head.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Oh, hm. I thought maybe that's why you were on that track. And then you rebelled and didn't want to do it anymore.

Megan shakes her head again.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Then what was it?

MEGAN

Does it matter?

ALEC

Come on...

MEGAN

No, it's embarrassing.

ALEC

I doubt that.

MEGAN

It won't make sense to you.

ALEC

Try me.

MEGAN

It's not that I stopped wanting to become a doctor...

ALEC

So you still do!

MEGAN

No, I mean, it's not like I changed my mind. I never wanted to be a doctor. Ever. Okay?

ALEC

(baffled)

Then why pick pre-med?

Megan thinks about the best way to explain it.

MEGAN

So I was engaged once. That's something about me. We were together for three years of high school in Arizona and I followed him to NYU. I had to pick a major but I never really planned on...

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

needing it. Or using it. I kinda, sorta just wanted to be a wife and a mom. People look at you funny when you say that. Like they feel bad for you. Like you're giving up on something... And I get it, I do, but... Anyway, when I was picking a major I thought, one day when I have kids and they ask if I went to college I'd say yeah and I majored in pre-med. I thought it would be a cool footnote about me, you know? Like a cool mom thing. And then the universe called my bluff. And after being together for six and a half years and engaged for almost two... he broke it off.

ALEC

Why?

MEGAN

Short answer? He was a chauvinist.

ALEC

(confused)

He thought men were better than women?

MEGAN

(embarrassed to admit)

Yes... he thought men were so much better than women that he would rather sleep with men... exclusively.

ALEC

He was gay?

MEGAN

Yeah, whatever. The funny thing is when he finally broke down and told me... it wasn't even a total deal breaker for me. But apparently it was for him. A semester later I graduated with a major I had no intention of using. And here I am. I told you it was embarrassing.

ALEC

(sincere)

Not at all. You got screwed.

(realizing)

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)

Wow, you were with that guy since high school. You weren't lying. You really never had a one night stand before.

MEGAN

Told ya'.

ALEC

You should know then... they usually don't last this long.

Megan laughs. There's something between them and they seem to both know it. Alec smiles at her.

MEGAN

What's that for?

Alec, still smiling, just shakes his head and shrugs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Tell me! Why are you all googly-eyed?

Alec's clearly falling in love with this girl but doesn't want to say it.

ALEC

Do you want a drink?

MEGAN

Sure. Whatever you're having.

Alec fetches drinks.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Can I have a sweatshirt? I'm cold.

ALEC (O.S.)

Sure. One sec.

Megan scoots off the bed, and opens the closet to get one. Almost right away she's notices... Hard not to.

Half the closet is filled with some woman's clothes. Only the right side is Alec's clothes. He shares this closet. This bedroom. *This apartment.*

Megan looks sick.

MEGAN

(under her breath)

Please be a cross dresser.

She sees a stack of picture frames in the closet. Each one has a picture of Alec and a girl, obviously his girlfriend.

Megan closes the closet doors and sits on the bed. Then instantly stands up, thinking about the girl in the picture who's bed it is. She needs to get out of here.

She checks the window and sees the street blanketed with glowing white snow. The downpour has slowed but it's not been plowed. She's still stuck.

Alec walks in, holding a bottle of wine and two plastic cups.

ALEC

The dishwasher didn't run so we're drinking out of plastic tonight.

Alec hands Megan a cup. She takes it, not knowing what to do or say. He pours her wine but the weight of it causes the cup to fall from Megan's numb fingers and spill on the floor.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(joking)

Whoops. Perhaps you've had enough.

Then he sees the closet door open just the littlest bit. He looks at Megan's face and puts together what happened. Shit.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Okay, I know what you must be thinking but--

MEGAN

Where is she?

Alec thinks about lying but can't do it.

ALEC

Home for the holidays.

MEGAN

You're with her?

ALEC

That's a hard question to answer.

MEGAN

No, it's not. See? You just did.

ALEC

Megan...

MEGAN

You get the place to yourself for a few days and, boy, do you make the most of it. When does she get back?

Alec sits down at a desk. Quiet.

ALEC

Uh... She was supposed to get home this afternoon... but the flight was canceled.

MEGAN

(dry)

Yeah, I heard about that. Apparently there's this huge fucking blizzard.

Alec doesn't know what to say. Megan doesn't react well to his silence.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Wow.

Megan walks out of his room.

ALEC

You don't understand...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan turns on the tv to the early morning news. The kind that's on before the sun comes up. They're talking about the storm, of course. No more fun, passionate Rick Raines though. The EARLY MORNING METEOROLOGIST is a total bore:

EARLY MORNING METEOROLOGIST (ON TV)

...there's been a lot of complaints about how slow the progress of plowing has been, but it has begun.

The news will be on in the b.g. of the entire scene, adding a din of inane banter. It should give us the feeling that Megan and Alec are no longer alone in their little world. The outside world is creeping back.

Megan sits in the dining nook, holding her purse in her lap. Watching the window, waiting to be able to leave.

She hears Alec enter but doesn't look at him.

MEGAN

Please, just leave me alone.
Please give me that. I'm not even
mad. How could I be? I didn't
ask. You didn't lie. I wanted
meaningless sex and I got it.

Alec looks stung.

ALEC

Can I show you something?

MEGAN

You don't have to explain your
actions. Just don't make me
explain mine... when I leave here
as soon as humanly possible.

Alec goes to the bedroom closet and digs through the girl's
side. He finds what he was looking for.

He walks out and hands Megan a handwritten letter. The
writing is girly and messy. She reads it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What is this?

ALEC

It's a break up letter. From her
to me.

MEGAN

So you're broken up but she still
lives here?

ALEC

Not exactly.

MEGAN

Than why the hell are you showing
me this?

ALEC

She didn't give it to me. Not yet.

MEGAN

I don't understand.

ALEC

Three weeks ago she called me from
work because she didn't have her
wallet.

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)

It fell out of her purse so she called me and had me look for it and I accidentally found this note. She never gave it to me, I guess she's been working up the courage. Anyway, I gave her the wallet at lunch and she flew home for Christmas the next day. I didn't mention the note. I didn't know how. While she was gone I made that account online. I wanted to hook up with someone and have something to throw in her face when she finally gave me the letter. What was I supposed to do? Wait around to be broken up with?

MEGAN

You could have broken up with her.

ALEC

The pre-emptive strike. Yeah, thought about it. Couldn't do it.

MEGAN

Why?

ALEC

I was afraid. People say it's great being single. Single people say that. And their friends in relationships actually fall for it. They get tricked into thinking it's better out there alone and they get tempted out of their relationships and then they're the ones lying about how fucking great it is to be single. It's a cycle I stopped falling for a long time ago.

MEGAN

(unmoved by his story)

Excuse me.

Megan goes into the restroom.

INT. ALEC'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Megan splashes water on her face and looks at the girly cucumber soap - realizing now it's the girlfriend's. She throws it in the trash, then feels ridiculous and puts it back on the sink.

She sits on the cold toilet lid and breaks down. She tries to cry quietly so he doesn't hear. Tries to steel herself.

INT. DINING NOOK - ALEC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alec feels like shit. He hears the NOISE OF HEAVY MACHINERY outside and knows what it is before he even looks.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW a huge SNOW PLOW trudges by, clearing 8th Avenue. All it means to Alec is that Megan's leaving.

ALEC
(under his breath)
Not yet... Please...

Megan comes out of the bathroom. Not showing any signs of tears. She sees Alec facing her, standing in front of the window as if to block the view.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Just sit down, please. Talk to me.

She pushes past him and sees the plow clearing the street and the first brave taxis starting to come back out with chains on their tires. The city is coming back to life.

MEGAN
Bye, Alec.

ALEC
Megan! Wait! Please. If I had
known that you existed...
(sincere)
I don't want her. I want you.

MEGAN
What the hell makes you think I
want you? You're just some sad guy
who works at a bank. Not exactly
breaking my heart, ya know?

Megan walks out the door. Alec is crushed.

INT. STEPS - NIGHT

Megan sprints down the steps. She tries opening the door but the snow is still packing it in. She slams her shoulder against it, again and again. It hurts but she forces it open just enough for her to slip through and escape.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Megan trudges through what used to be the sidewalk and is now waist deep snow. She forgot her coat in her hurry to leave.

ALEC (O.S.)
(from inside)
Megan! Wait! Megan!

BACK INSIDE THE BUILDING,

Alec tears down the stairs. He struggles out the door and into the snow, wearing nothing but his boxers and undershirt.

ALEC (CONT'D)
(teeth chattering)
Megan! Megan?

He scans the street but doesn't see her anywhere. She's gone. He stands there for a moment, shaking uncontrollably in the cold. Devastated. He turns back and goes inside.

We then see Megan hiding in the nook of a neighboring door. Teary-eyed and not wanting him to see her. Now that he's inside she waves down a taxi.

Megan climbs in the backseat and doesn't let herself look back at his building as it gets smaller out the window.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan enters her apartment - shivering and wet - interrupting Faiza and Cedric, who are lying on the couch under a blanket watching a movie.

It's clear the two are having sex but they freeze under the blanket and Megan's too distracted to realize the obvious.

CEDRIC
Whoa, hey, hey there...

FAIZA
(not able to stand because
Cedric's inside of her)
Oh my god, hey, Meg!

MEGAN
You're not even gonna get up and hug me? I just went through memoir-worthy trauma! Memoir-worthy!

FAIZA
Here, let me just...

Faiza starts to pivot, almost taking too much of the blanket off a naked-from-the-waist down Cedric.

FAIZA (CONT'D)

Let me just hold your hand...

Faiza reaches awkwardly over the couch to try to hold Megan's hand. Megan leaves her hanging. She takes off her soaked shoes and walks into her bedroom.

While Megan's away Faiza and Cedric try reaching for their clothes but before they can, Megan comes back in wearing pajamas. The couple on the couch freeze again, stuck.

Megan grabs the gogurt box from the trash (this is what rock bottom looks like) and opens one. She gestures for Cedric and Faiza to make room on the couch. They stare at her.

MEGAN

What?

Cedric and Faiza avoid eye contact. Megan notices the underwear discarded nearby and finally reads the situation.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I'm away for two nights and you make this whole apartment into your own personal, craven, sex den! You guys are monsters!

Megan runs into her bedroom and slams the door.

FAIZA

(walking on eggshells)

So... your night was good?

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alec sits at his computer on OkCupid. He writes a message to Megan: **"Please, I need to talk to you. At least let me give you your coat back."**

INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Megan opens her laptop and logs onto OkCupid. She sees the blinking new message from Alec. She closes that one and we see six other new messages from him. She looks conflicted...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sun shines through the blinds. The ALARM BLARES. Alec wakes up in his same clothes and checks the time: 8:03. The strange time Megan set the alarm to yesterday morning.

The bed feels empty without her. Alec logs onto OkCupid and checks his inbox. Nothing new. He clicks Megan's profile but it says: **"Profile De-Activated. But don't worry, there are plenty of fish in the sea!"**

Alec looks heartbroken.

FEMALE VOICE

You looked tired so I let you sleep.

Alec whips around and sees an attractive girl named DAISY in his doorway. He's shocked to see her and disappointed it's not Megan, but tries to hide it.

DAISY

Caught a bus to surprise you.

ALEC

You did... do that.

DAISY

Try to contain your excitement a little.

ALEC

Yeah, yeah, sorry... Listen, we need to talk...

DAISY

I know. I found the note in the trash. And I get why you wanted me to find it.

ALEC

What note?

Daisy hands him a crumbled paper with lipstick writing on it:

"Thanks for this, it was just what I needed. You have a lovely apartment, xoxo Megan"

It's the note she wrote that first morning but then discarded. This is the first Alec's seeing of it.

DAISY

You made your point, Alec. And you're right.

(MORE)

DAISY (CONT'D)
I took you for granted lately. And
everything that happened with me
and Brian-- Sorry, I--

ALEC
You can say his name.

DAISY
I know I can. I don't want to
though. I only want to say your
name from now on...

Alec laughs at the idiotic, meant-to-be-sincere statement.

DAISY (CONT'D)
(not getting it)
What?

Alec just shakes his head.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Honestly, baby, the past few weeks
I thought we were done. But seeing
this made me realize I don't want
you with someone else. I want you
with me. Forever.

Daisy tries to kiss him but he pulls away. He stares at the
Megan's hand-writing on the note.

ALEC
Actually... I think you were right
the first time.

TIME CUT:

Furious, Daisy carries all her bags, and soggy pink towels,
into the stairway--

DAISY
For the record: this apartment
looks like a fucking refugee camp!

She SLAMS the door.

INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Megan wakes up bitterly to a KNOCK on her bedroom door.

MEGAN
What? Now you guys wanna have sex
in my bed?

Faiza and Cedric enter with a tray: breakfast in bed.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(genuinely surprised)
For me?

FAIZA
We thought you could use a nice
hearty breakfast.

Faiza and Cedric sit and watch her eat as if they're visiting
their friend in the hospital.

MEGAN
I always ask for breakfast in bed
but this is the first time you've
actually done it. I feel like
there's a catch.

FAIZA
Nope, no catch.

CEDRIC
(low, to Faiza)
Why would you say that? There's
totally a catch.

Megan chews, awkwardly listening.

FAIZA
So listen... Normally I'd wait to
bring this up until after you'd
recovered a bit, but... the lease
is up tomorrow and... Cedric and I
sort of enjoyed having the place to
ourselves the past couple nights.
I wasn't sure we would because I
was so used to you always being
here, you know? Like always, all
the time... but, um...
(realizing she's getting
nowhere, to Cedric)
Help me, babe.

CEDRIC
Yeah, um... we were thinking you
could move out. But you could, of
course, stay as long as you need to
figure things out. Ya' know... A
couple days... Three days...
(nearing his limit)
Four days...

MEGAN

I think this is a good idea.

Faiza is stunned. Cedric is gleeful.

FAIZA

You do?

MEGAN

Yeah, I mean, I didn't even want to go to college in New York. I just came 'cause my ex wanted to be close to Broadway.

(off Cedric's face)

I know. Hindsight. Anyway, New York isn't for me. I hate winter and I hate tiny apartments... I've been thinking about moving back home for a while. The past two days were just the push I needed.

Faiza gets emotional and hugs Megan.

FAIZA

Do you realize what this means?
This is our last New Years Eve as roommates...

MEGAN

(emotionless, realizing)
Aw shit, it's New Years Eve.

INT. ALEC'S BEDROOM - DAY

Outside we hear CAR HONKS and CELEBRATORY SHOUTS as anticipation builds for tonight. Alec, on the other hand, is a man on a mission. He's dialing a phone number off OkCupid for "Questions and Concerns".

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

DARELLA, a tired woman in a headset, answers:

DARELLA

Hello, my name is Darrella at
OkCupid, how can I help you?

Alec paces his apartment.

ALEC

Hello. I was wondering if you could help me out. I met this girl from your site a few nights ago--

DARELLA

Sir, I believe I know where this is going and I might be able to save both of us some time--

ALEC

Please, Darella, I know how this sounds but hear me out. This was not some one night stand, okay? This was two nights.

(realizes that doesn't sound very impressive)

Anyway, she left her coat and I accidentally didn't get her phone number and now her account is somehow, um, deleted. I don't know if she accidentally did that, or somehow maybe the snow in New York maybe took down a... server. Is that a thing that happens? Not a computer guy, I'll be completely honest. The point is I just need some way to contact her so I can explain...

(catching himself)

...where her coat is. And get that back to her.

DARELLA

Sir...

ALEC

I realize this is word-for-word what a crazy person trying to track down some girl to murder would say. I get that, but please Darrella... open your heart to the possibility that I am not a crazy person trying to murder someone. I'm just a guy who cares... about coats.

DARELLA

(recites this a hundred times a day)

Sir, we cannot give out any customers' personal information beyond what they choose to share on the site. Is there anything else I can help you with today?

ALEC

Just a last name then. Please.
Just a last name. You could pull
it up on your computer so easily,
couldn't you? You could single-
handedly give a happy ending to
this delightful modern day
Cinderella story. Just a touch of
the keyboard and I swear to God if
I win her back we'll name our kids
Darella. Every single one. Boys
too.

(silence)

Darella, you're killing me. Say
something.

Darella eyes her surrounding cubicles. Waits for her
Supervisor to pass by... lowers her voice...

DARELLA

Sir, the only people who can get
customers' personal information is
the police. I'm sharing that
knowledge as a kindness, so you
think twice before you try to
serial kill anybody, okay?

Her Supervisor returns and she returns to her normal voice.

DARELLA (CONT'D)

Now... Is there anything else I
can help you with today, Sir?

Alec hangs up, frustrated. Then he sees into the bathroom
where the neighbor's plunger is drying in the bathtub.

ALEC

Alec, you're a genius.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Faiza and Cedric are hosting a hopping New Year's Eve party.
A mountain of winter coats sits by the door. We scan the
happy, drunken revelers all dressed up and eventually reach
the sad and very drunk Megan wearing pajamas. Megan's packed
on the couch like a sardine but somehow completely alone.

She's watching Rick Raines and the the local newscasters
banter in New Year's party hats.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Rick, the wife and I were watching your coverage all last night from the warmth of our living room. Did not envy you one bit. Helluva job, pal.

RICK RAINES (ON TV)

Thanks, Scott. Ya know, it's storms like that... that make a weather boy into a weather man.

Megan drunkenly laughs at the moronic statement but then realizes no one else is paying attention to the tv.

A stupidly handsome guy named BEN sees her.

BEN

Megan! Long time no see!
(no recognition)
It's Ben. From Bio last year?

MEGAN

How are you here? Do you know Faiza?

BEN

Yeah, I'm buddies with Cedric. They came to my birthday thing a couple nights ago. You should have come!

MEGAN

(dawning on her)
It's you... You're the dumb, pretty guy...

BEN

Uh, excuse me?

MEGAN

You and I were supposed to have a one night stand but I couldn't find my stupid ID! Faiza was gonna hook it up! You're the one I was supposed to be with that night! This is amazing! It's like the universe is correcting itself!

Megan nervously downs her drink, then sees Ben smiling.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I'm not a big drinker. Really. I
drink less than all my other
friends combined.

BEN
(laughs)
I should hope so.

Megan realizes what she said. She's embarrassed.

MEGAN
You know what I mean.

BEN
I always wanted to ask you out back
in college, but you were always
dating that gay guy.

MEGAN
(attempting to be flirty)
Yup, that's me. Very open-minded.

Ben puts a hand on her face, almost petting her.

BEN
Wanna talk somewhere quieter?

Megan sees Faiza across the room giving her a thumbs up.

FAIZA
I'm going to Cedric's to pick up
more booze. Have fun!

Megan re-fills her drink and smiles at Ben.

INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben sits down on the bed and Megan shuts the door.

MEGAN
(buzzed, rambling)
Gonna be honest here, I'm not great
at one night stands. But practice
makes perfect, right?

Ben doesn't know how to respond to such forwardness so he
awkwardly makes small talk.

BEN
So where'd you decide on med
school?

MEGAN
(dancing towards him)
Shhh. Not going. Never wanted to.

Ben, realizing how sober he is, takes her drink and sips it:

BEN
Maybe I should catch up a bit, huh?

Megan shoves him onto the bed. It's like Alec's request but way too hard. He spills his drink.

MEGAN
Boo ya! Bed push! Take your
clothes off.

BEN
Okie dokie.

MEGAN
Don't say okie dokie.

BEN
Oki- yup. Okay.

MEGAN
(clapping at him like a
dog)
Socks off too. Now. Do it.

BEN
You're kinda bossy...

MEGAN
(drunkenly trying to make
it sound sexy)
It's called... an open channel of
communication...

BEN
Kinky.

Megan turns off the lights. Then Ben turns them back on with a suggestive grin.

Megan pulls the lamp's cord out of the wall, putting them back in the dark.

MEGAN
Take it or leave it.

BEN
(immediate)
I'll take it.

We hear sloppy kissing.

MEGAN
(muffled demands)
Kiss better. Kiss a lot better.

BEN
How about I skip ahead just a
little bit?

Silence for a second as he slides below. Then:

MEGAN
Nope. Get out. Out.

BEN
(genuinely confused)
Do you mean out of your vagina or
out of your room?

MEGAN
Both! A thousands times both! I
already know my abc's, I don't need
a refresher course. Get out.

BEN
Are you serious?

Suddenly we hear the DANCE MUSIC from the living room cut out
and panicked voices:

PARTY-GOERS (O.S.)
Holy shit! / Shh! / What the hell?

A DRUNK GUY opens the door, letting light in:

DRUNK GUY
Hey, sorry, am I interrupting
something?

MEGAN
No, you aren't. He's leaving.

Ben bitterly gathers his clothes. Megan lies back on her
bed, upset. The Abc's thing was an excuse. Clearly she's
thinking about Alec.

DRUNK GUY
Uh, Megan? The cops are here.

MEGAN
Noise complaints go to Faiza or
Cedric, it's their apartment now.

GUY
 Yeah we tried, they're not here...
 Actually, though, the cops asking
 for you specifically.

Megan looks baffled. She peeks her head into...

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where sure enough, two uniformed COPS are waiting. All
 the party-goers are watching in total silence.

COP
 Megan Pagano? You wanna step into
 the hall with us?

MEGAN
 What's this about?

COP
 (well aware of all the
 people watching)
 We'd really rather not embarrass
 you with the specifics...

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Megan sits across from the Cop in his cubicle in the Brooklyn
 police station. New Years Eve is a busy night here. A lot
 of loud, drunk people.

The Officer lays out an evidence baggie with Megan's lipstick
 note in it: **"Thanks for this, it was just what I needed. You
 have a lovely apartment, xoxo Megan"**

COP
 Officers found this in the Nyugen's
 bathroom.

MEGAN
 (rapid-fire, furious,
 slurring a tiny bit)
 You don't understand. This guy is
 a psychopath. He's setting me up!
 He set up this whole thing! And I
 realize that's exactly what some
 psychopath would say but that
 explains the situation I'm in!
 He's so crazy that he's forcing me
 to sound crazy! Do you see what
 he's doing??

(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Officer, I don't know how else to say it: this man is playing you!

OFFICER

Ma'am, I hear what you're saying. Now did you, or did you not, break in through the window of Mr. and Mrs. Nyugen's apartment and steal their plunger?

Silence. Megan is stuck.

MEGAN

That is such a "gotcha" question.

INT. OVERNIGHT HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Megan sits in a holding cell, drunk and miserable, surrounded by other miserable, drunk girls wearing slutty New Year's dresses and a shit-ton of glitter. A heavy set POLICE CLERK waddles and slides open the cell door.

POLICE CLERK

Megan Pagano? Someone's here with bail. Come on. Let's go.

MEGAN

That's impossible. I didn't do my phone call yet 'cause you won't let me get a number from my cell.

The Clerk shrugs and waves her out.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Clerk and Megan turn a corner and see Alec at the end of a long corridor standing at the front desk with a very misguided, enormous bouquet of flowers, an "I'm Sorry" balloon and her winter coat.

Megan freezes at the other end of the hall, rage barely contained. Alec doesn't see her yet.

MEGAN

(to the Clerk)

He's the one posting bail??

POLICE CLERK

Yup.

MEGAN

I refuse his bail. Can I do that?

The Clerk looks at her like she's crazy.

INT. FRONT DESK - LATER

The Clerk has returned to the front desk without Megan.
Alec's baffled.

ALEC
Can she do that??

The Clerk shrugs. Alec looks panic-stricken.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Well, can I talk to her?

POLICE CLERK
You can only visit during visiting hours... and if the person wants to see you. Which I'm going to take a wild guess and say she doesn't if she would rather remain locked in a jail cell than see your face.

ALEC
I need to talk to her though.
(aha!)
What if I told you I helped her steal the plunger? Would I be locked up with her?

POLICE CLERK
Why would you be locked up with her? These aren't co-ed dorms. Are you stupid?

ALEC
Isn't there anything you can do?
This is a matter of... of...
love.

The Clerk sighs. He touched a nerve.

POLICE CLERK
I don't normally do this... but tonight is New Year's Eve. And that's supposed to be about second chances. Y'know what, screw the rules. Follow that hall until it turns left, then hang your first right, and I believe you'll find what you're looking for in the third door on your right.
(MORE)

POLICE CLERK (CONT'D)
 (Alec hesitates, shocked)
 Go! Run! This is a matter of
 love, you damn fool!

Alec can't hardly believe the Clerk's helping him.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alec sprints down the hall... whips around the corner...
 then hangs right... and skids to a stop in front of the
 third door on the right...

...which reads: "Psychiatric Evaluations".

His face falls. The Clerk was messing with him.

INT. POLICE STATION - CLERK'S DESK - NIGHT

The Clerk's now enjoying a cup-o-noodles. Alec returns.

ALEC
 I think I made a tiny navigational
 hiccup. The door I ended up at
 was...

POLICE CLERK
 Psychiatric Evaluations. Which is
 exactly where you belong if you
 think a uniformed police officer is
 going to bend the rules so you can
 make nice with your girlfriend.

Alec plops in a chair, no choice but to wait. He hears
 FIREWORKS outside. Alec checks the clock: 12am.

POLICE CLERK (CONT'D)
 Better luck next year, buddy.

Alec groans. This wasn't supposed to go this way.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - EARLY MORNING

Alec's asleep in his chair with Megan's coat as a blanket and
 the "I'm Sorry" balloon as a pillow. He awakens to the front
 door banging open.

Faiza and Cedric run to the front desk. Faiza looks frantic.

FAIZA
 (to the Clerk)
 Hello? I'm here for Megan Pagano.

Alec's ears perk, eavesdropping.

FAIZA (CONT'D)
I came as soon as I got her
message. Is she here? Am I in the
right place?

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Again, Megan is walked down the corridor by the Clerk. It's been a long night. She sees Faiza and Cedric down the hall.

CLERK
How about these two? You good with
these two bailing you out?

Megan nods.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - DAY

Megan walks into the arms of Faiza.

FAIZA
Babe, what happened?

MEGAN
Take me home please. I don't want
to talk about it for at least three
years.

Megan breaks out of the hug and sees Alec still waiting. He looks downright scared.

ALEC
Megan... listen...

FAIZA
Who's that?

CEDRIC
Making prison friends already? I'm
impressed.

FAIZA
Oh my god, wait... is that...

Megan doesn't say a word, just stares daggers at Alec.
Trying not to explode.

MEGAN
(to Faiza, through gritted
teeth)
Take me home.

ALEC
I had to see you. And I didn't
even know you're last name! What
was I supposed to do?

MEGAN
Literally anything but this!

Megan, Faiza and Cedric move out the door.

ALEC
Wait! Please!

EXT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

The sun is coming up.

Alec chases them down the icy steps, slips and falls on his
back. Faiza and Cedric hesitate, wondering if they should
help him up.

Megan shoots them a look and shakes her head vigorously: No.

ALEC
Megan! Wait!

He climbs back onto his feet, gripping the hand rail.

ALEC (CONT'D)
I know this was extreme, but I had
to see you again.

MEGAN
And you didn't think I should have
a choice in the matter!? I could
have responded to your messages, I
chose not to! What don't you
understand about that?

ALEC
I needed to talk to you in person.
There's something between us.
Admit it. You feel something too!

MEGAN
You don't wanna know what I feel
for you right now.

ALEC

I know you're upset now but we're good together! You felt it too!

MEGAN

What I felt was not love. It was Stockholm syndrome!

Megan waves down a taxi.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You have a fucking girlfriend, Alec!

ALEC

Not anymore.

Alec runs in front of the taxi, not letting it go. It's a stand off.

MEGAN

So she finally broke up with you and now you want me.

ALEC

I broke up with her because I want you.

TAXI DRIVER

(not wanting to deal with this)

Screw this.

The taxi backs up and drives away with no one inside. Megan is furious.

MEGAN

Go away! Stop ruining my life!

ALEC

Just hear me out, okay?

MEGAN

Fine! Fine! What is it you wanted to say so badly?? Tell me, please!

Alec looks at Faiza and Cedric watching awkwardly. Everyone is shivering. Not exactly the best conditions for spilling one's heart, but Alec powers through.

ALEC

When I told you that I didn't dream about going to college and changing the world or anything, all that was true. And you felt that meant I was wasting my life sitting in a bank doing a job I hated. But it's not like that. I hate my job, but that's completely besides the point.

CEDRIC

(teeth chattering)

C'mon, man, fast forward. It's freezing.

ALEC

(skips ahead)

My dad was always working late.

CEDRIC

That's skipping ahead? We're talking childhoods right now?

Faiza hits Cedric.

ALEC

My dad always missed dinner with his family. And I knew I wanted a job that didn't do that to the family I had one day. That was what was important to me. So when I was looking for a job, well... Banks close at five. Everyone knows that.

(a beat)

I'm not proposing to you or anything like that, we barely know each other... I'm just saying I think we want the same things. And I've never had more fun with anyone in my whole life than I did stuck in a shitty one bedroom apartment with you.

CEDRIC

(teeth chattering, moving things along)

Cool. Megan, what do we think?

Megan waves down a second taxi. Alec is crestfallen. Faiza and Cedric climb in the back. Megan lingers for a moment:

MEGAN

You put me in jail.

ALEC

Someday you'll laugh about that...

MEGAN

I'll make you a deal. You give me your phone number and then you let me leave... and I promise I'll call the minute I laugh about this.

Megan's nowhere near smiling. Alec knows this means she'll probably never call. But he enters in his number into her phone and hands it back. He puts her coat over her shoulders and fits the flowers and balloon in the back of the taxi.

Alec starts walking away, devastated. Giving up.

Megan squeezes into the backseat with Faiza and Cedric...

Or at least tries to. With the balloon and flowers and their winter coats, it's a tight fit back there. Faiza shoots Cedric a look to make room, he tries valiantly to make himself smaller. Megan starts to cry. Softly at first, but then hysterically.

Faiza and Cedric worry. Megan can't stop crying.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Alec walks past workers shoveling sidewalks and cleaning up confetti and trash from the celebration last night. Alec begins to cry as well. He knows he blew it.

EXT. TAXI - DAY

Faiza and Cedric continue to watch Megan heave with sobs in the doorway of the cab. The DRIVER looks impatient. But then we notice something...

Megan's not hysterically crying anymore. She's laughing.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - STEPS - DAY

Alec descends into a subway station, full on sobbing now. A pathetic sight. Then suddenly his phone rings with a number he doesn't have programmed in. He can't believe it.

He answers, hoping... praying...

ALEC

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TAXI - DAY

It's Megan, on the phone.

MEGAN

(sniffing back tears but
laughing)

You're an idiot, did you know that
about yourself?

Alec's teary face brightens as he races up the subway steps,
to get better reception.

ALEC

Wait, I'm in the subway, wait a
second, one second...

He reaches the top of the stairs and keeps running towards
the police station.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(never been more nervous)

Hey. Hey there. Can you hear me?

MEGAN

Did you hear what I said?

ALEC

(still running)

I did, I did...

MEGAN

And?

Alec finally sees Megan. She's still out in front of the
police station. Her friends left in the taxi.

Alec and Megan make eye contact from across the street.

ALEC

And I love you too.

(a beat, unsure)

You said I love you, right?

Alec breaks and we can tell he's joking. He runs to her and
tries to hug her, but she dodges him like a matador.

MEGAN

Nope. Too soon. Way too soon.

ALEC

That's fair.

MEGAN

As punishment, you might never get to see me naked again. That needs to be okay with you.

Alec can't wipe the smile off his face.

ALEC

It is. Totally fair.

Megan starts walking, not looking back to see if Alec follows. He does, happily.

The camera hangs back and the following conversation trails off as they get smaller in the distance:

MEGAN

You know what we're like right now? I used to dance and sometimes your pinky toe nail falls off--

ALEC

We're like that?! That's your analogy?

MEGAN

It happens when you dance! Anyway, mine always grew back. But sometimes they don't. We're like that right now. The nail is off. Maybe it'll grow back. Maybe it won't.

ALEC

I reject your analogy on the grounds that it's gross.

(realizing)

Hey, it's snowing!

MEGAN

Ugh. Goddamn it.

ALEC

(the happiest man alive)

Thanks, snowflakes! Look at 'em, a million tiny, little matchmakers.

MEGAN

(to the snowflakes)

All your fault. Stupid snowflakes.
Sure, alone they're cute but then
they gang up.

Megan swats a snowflake and punches another.

ALEC

Did you just punch a snowflake?
That's like a top five sign you're
gonna grow up to be a serial
killer. I read that somewhere.

MEGAN

You don't get to make jokes yet.
We are so not there yet. I'll let
you know.

ALEC

(laughing)

Let me know.

MEGAN

And I'm moving to somewhere it
doesn't snow. That's happening.
So if you wanna date me you're
moving too. Not like, moving in
with me. Just moving to the same
state. I'll make sure they have a
bank. Take it or leave it.

ALEC

That's fine.

MEGAN

Good.

ALEC

So where are we moving?

MEGAN

I'll let you know when you need to
know.

They're so far away we barely hear Alec's laugh. We see them
disappear in the distance as the snow picks up its pace...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END