

TURNED ON

WRITTEN BY
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OVER BLACK:

NINA (V.O.)
Say there's a girl in Chicago or
Houston or Augusta, Maine--doesn't
matter--but this girl, she's
looking for love, right?

INT. BAR - DOESN'T MATTER, USA - NIGHT

We stumble into this cliché movie DATE SPOT (imagine if Aaron Eckhart fucked your favorite cocktail bar) packed with LAUGHING COUPLES downing COLORFUL DRINKS, reveling in the divine miracle of each other's company.

Who gives a shit.

Instead, we settle on the ONLY LONER in the place--our proverbial GIRL LOOKING FOR LOVE (20s)--propped on a bar stool, ready to make the dating world her bitch.

NINA (V.O.)
On the surface, dating apps are a
game changer. Hell, she can find
the perfect guy from the comfort
of her own phone!

Sure enough, she scans the room for the BRO ON HER PHONE--until, alas, that very BRO approaches.

NINA (V.O.)
And she'll go into the date
optimistic. After all, this could
be her *soulmate*--you know, the one
long foretold by Disney musicals
and the college intern writing
horoscopes for People Magazine.

They sit, skim the cocktail menu, make SMALL TALK.

NINA (V.O.)
But the minute he mentions he
doesn't like tacos...

She SWIPES HER HAND in midair and, with that, he becomes
a COMPLETELY DIFFERENT DUDE.

NINA (V.O.)
...or that he thinks E.D.M. is the
new Rock & Roll...

She SWIPES AGAIN. New GUY.

NINA (V.O.)
 ...or he recently subscribed to a
 microbrew-of-the-month club...
 (SWIPE)
 ...or he saw Furious 7 at midnight...
 (SWIPE)
 ...and it made him cry...
 (SWIPE)
 ...he's a goner. Look, it's Twenty-
 Sixteen. She's a modern woman with
 a hundred other hot guys burning a
 hole in her pocket, and a million
 better things to do than swap war
 stories with a fuckboy.

Our Girl SWIPES once more... and the stool is suddenly
 occupied by a NORMAL, HANDSOME GENT. She LIGHTS UP.

NINA (V.O.)
 And say she does find someone
 worth a second date. 70 percent of
 those assholes--and we ran the
 numbers on this--are just trying
 board the midnight train through
 Pound Town and never look back.

As he brazenly rests his hand on her thigh, she SWIPES
 him off the stool, leaving it EMPTY.

NINA (V.O.)
 And most of the riff-raff left
 over? They'll only make textual
 contact in the pursuit of more
 sexual contact.

Her phone BUZZES with a text. *OHIO MIKE: You up?*

NINA (V.O.)
 Sure, there are plenty of fish in
 the sea. But these days, odds are
 she hangs herself with the line
 before catching something edible.

She SIGHS, closing the text and pocketing the phone.

NINA
 I'm not saying love exists. Only
 that there's a market for it. So,
 now that the app's out of the bag...

EXHAUSTED, she pulls herself off the stool, wandering
 past all those impossibly HAPPY COUPLES, as we CUT TO--

INT. PALO ALTO AIRPORT - PRIVATE HANGAR - NIGHT

--a helluva LAUNCH PARTY in full swing: CALVIN HARRIS (or is that Diplo?) mans the DJ BOOTH as an OPEN BAR fights back a MILLENNIAL STAMPEDE.

APP DEVELOPERS mingle with newly-minted TECH MILLIONAIRES, each taking a break from reinventing the wheel to get shitfaced the old fashioned way. Above it all, a giant BANNER insists: **PLAN YOUR NEXT LAUNCH WITH LAUNCH!**

At one of the scattered high-top tables, NINA EMSER (28, boss bitch) pontificates to a group of RAPT NERDS.

NINA (CONT'D)

...the question becomes: how to you save this girl the headache? I mean, beyond cloning her, then sending the clone on those God-awful first dates until it finds the perfect match.

Nina LAUGHS. She's kidding, *of course*.

ROMANTIC NERD

Wouldn't that be nice!

SUPER NERD

Allow me to interject. Nice? False. At best, it would be a dystopian nightmare. How would you dispose of said clone? Would it not have the presence of mind to anticipate its finite existence, and dispose of you first?

(to the Romantic Nerd)

So, in trying to find love, you've instead actualized your deepest, darkest fear: dying alone.

NINA

Whoah, Dr. Doom. It was a joke--

JULIAN (O.S.)

--Okayyy, we get it! You're Nina Emser, the brilliant engineer behind the "swipe right"!

She SPINS to find JULIAN (27, Kanye West if Kanye West was a gay party planner), his fitted polo emblazoned with the LAUNCH logo.

NINA

Don't remind me.

JULIAN

I think you're forgetting that
tonight is MY night!

They HUG. He hands over a cocktail.

NINA

I thought I'd seen it all, Jules,
but a launch party for a company
that plans launch parties...

JULIAN

Do you even realize how many new
apps launch in the Valley every
day?? It'll be like taking
thousands of dollars from a baby.
Is the shuttle too much?

In the corner of the hangar, a few GEEKS snap pictures in
front of an actual SPACE SHUTTLE.

JULIAN

It's AMAZING what you can rent from
the Air & Space Museum if you tell
them you served in the Middle East.

NINA

You were a bartender in Dubai.

JULIAN

Car bombs are car bombs, Nina.
Mine just happened to be Irish.

NINA

(re: the shuttle)
Just keep my sister away from it.
I've seen her total a parked car.

As if ON CUE--

HARPER (O.S.)

Guys, this is the best day of my
dog's Instagram's life!

--HARPER (26, human hurricane) STORMS in, holding three
SHOT GLASSES in one hand and an adorable FRENCH BULLDOG
("Wedgie") in the other.

HARPER

Just got a picture of Wedgie in
the cockpit of that sucker.

JULIAN

You went inside?? But it's locked!

HARPER

Yeah, and so was my ex's iPhone.

She passes around the SHOTS, lifting hers for a toast.

HARPER

To lunch!

JULIAN

You mean Launch.

HARPER

No I mean lunch.

(off his look)

Don't tell me you're a breakfast person.

She KNOCKS it back. Nina and Julian follow, reluctantly.

HARPER

Why are you wasting time talking to each other? Look around. There's so much purebred dick in this room they should call it the Ken-fuck-me Derby.

NINA

I paid off your student loans and still don't believe you actually went to college.

HARPER

I took baths with you as a kid and still don't believe you actually have a vagina.

NINA

I don't see YOU getting after it.

HARPER

If you must know, I've kinda been seeing my hot hot yoga instructor.

JULIAN

Do you mean like really hot yoga? Or attractive hot yoga instructor?

HARPER

Why can't you just be happy for me?

NINA

Just look at these morons. They all think they're Mark Zuckerberg when they're really Chris Hughes.

JULIAN

Who's Chris Hughes?

NINA

Exactly. They wouldn't invest in dinner and a movie if it had a ten billion dollar IPO.

HARPER

Neens. Neeners. Neentendo 64. You're looking at the glass half-douchey, when you should be looking at it half-cool.

NINA

No, I'm looking at a glass full of tech guys when I'd rather drink bleach.

HARPER

Well if that isn't the pot calling the kettle unfuckable...

JULIAN

(to Nina)

You DID date Brad for four years.

NINA

(sarcastic)

And that turned out wonderfully.

HARPER

Yeah, it did. What do you call getting 20 million for your equity in Matcher? All I ever got from Mike was 15 bucks. And even that I had to take out of his wallet while he was sleeping.

NINA

Well, it would've been 200 million if Brad hadn't forced me out of our company before it went public. But I'm gonna show that bastard I can do it alone, even if I burn every cent designing my prototype.

HARPER

You're talking to a girl who goes broke designing a Chipotle burrito.

JULIAN

Extra for guac? Thanks Obama.

HARPER

But a few more thousand followers
and Wedgie's Instagram will get
some sponsored content.

(to Wedgie; baby voice)

Hear that boy? Sponsored content.

Wedgie YIPS with approval.

JULIAN

(to Nina)

And when do I finally get to help
launch whatever it is you've been
designing in your evil lair that's
gonna "revolutionize dating"?

NINA

Still working out some kinks...

JULIAN

It's been THREE YEARS, Nina. Blue
Ivy couldn't even walk when you
started, and now she can dance.

HARPER

Ooooo I bet it's an app that
translates what guys say into what
they actually mean.

JULIAN

Like when they say "Let's get food"
but actually mean "I'm about to dump
you in a Benihana parking lot."

HARPER

Or maybe she's making fuzzy
handcuffs, but instead, they're just
regular handcuffs--

JULIAN

--so he can never leave you!

HARPER

Exactly!

They HIGH FIVE. Nina DOWNS the last of her cocktail.

NINA

The sooner I get back to the lab,
the sooner you meet my monster.

HARPER

Jeez, Neens, have another drink. I haven't seen you since my half-birthday party at Dave & Busters.

NINA

Fiiiiine. One more.

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nina, in sweats on a GRUNGY COUCH, watches "The Bachelorette" and MUNCHES on a bag of popcorn.

CHRIS HARRISON (ON TV)

Next week on The Bachelorette, will Luke find an Epipen in time save Zoe's life during their romantic one-on-one date at the local bee sanctuary?

But... there's something DIFFERENT about Nina. She looks... prettier? Almost like the "after" version of the nerd who gets a makeover in a 90s rom-com. *Weird.*

Suddenly, the door into the garage SWINGS OPEN, and NINA--the one from the party--STUMBLES IN. *What... the fuck?*

The girl on the couch--we'll call her OTHER NINA--spins.

OTHER NINA

"And to thee and thy company I bid a hearty welcome!"

(off her look)

"The Tempest".

NINA

Knew I shouldn't have given you wifi.

(re: the TV)

You figure out which eligible bachelor Zoe should choose?

OTHER NINA

Ethan.

NINA

The guy who got drunk in that hot-air balloon and admitted he was sexually attracted to patio furniture??

OTHER NINA

He appreciates good craftsmanship.

NINA

He's a DJ at a waterpark!

OTHER NINA

Sure, but his face is perfectly symmetrical.

Other Nina's torso emits a sudden BEEPING NOISE.

OTHER NINA

Should I be eating less of this?

Nina lifts up the side of Other Nina's shirt and pulls out a large DRAWER-LIKE TRAY from her torso, brimming with CHEWED POPCORN.

NINA

No, it's good. Mindless eating is uniquely human. I should've made this thing bigger.

She DUMPS the tray's contents in a TRASH CAN.

NINA

What you SHOULD be doing is giving more weight to a guy's profession than his jawline. Remind me to tweak your code.

Nina SHOVES Other Nina's "stomach" back into place. BEEP.

OTHER NINA

Why can't I just watch "Titanic"? Jack--now there's a male specimen.

NINA

We've watched "Titanic" 11 times. That teaches you about the depth of human emotion, while "The Bachelorette" tests your ability to judge the keepers from the creepers. Which is your entire purpose, after all.

OTHER NINA

Just admit you like it too.

NINA

"Titanic" is the story of a wealthy, ambitious young woman who throws it all away for a fucking pretty boy, and literally doesn't get over him until she's a hundred-and-one-years-old.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Just because it makes me cry every
time, doesn't mean I like it.

Nina FLIPS OFF the TV, motioning to a COUNTER TOP.

NINA

I promise we can watch it
tomorrow. Tonight, however, your
creator gave into a little human
thing called "peer pressure" and
it's time for bed.

Other Nina CLIMBS onto the counter and LAYS DOWN.

OTHER NINA

"For every dark night, there's a
brighter day."

NINA

More Shakespeare?

OTHER NINA

Tupac.

With a LAUGH, Nina plugs what resembles an iPhone CHARGER
into a HIDDEN PORT behind one of Other Nina's ears and
presses a HIDDEN POWER BUTTON behind the other... *putting
her robot to sleep.*

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

As an iPhone RINGS on the bedside table, Nina's ARM
emerges from the sheets, putting the call on SPEAKER.

HAROLD (ON SPEAKER)

Nina, hi. We've got a big problem.

Her GROGGY HEAD appears.

NINA

Yeah, my accountant calling me at
8 a.m.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HAROLD'S SLEEK OFFICE - SAME TIME

HAROLD (50s, sleeps in his suit) POWER WALKS on his
retrofitted TREADMILL DESK, speaking into a headset,
Facebook pulled up on his iMac.

HAROLD

This is serious, okay? My ex-wife just sent me a friend request.

NINA

Wow. Aggressive.

HAROLD

Do I accept it? I mean, I don't need Heidi telling our kids that Daddy won't be her friend. They already think I'm a monster for making them share an iPad after Atlas left his in an Uber.

(SIGH)

That's the last time I let HIM rideshare to kindergarten. But, Nina, this is the woman who intentionally fucked my favorite sommelier and then took half my houses. Excuse meeee if I'd prefer not to be constantly reminded she's still alive.

NINA

Why don't you just accept her request then hide her posts from your newsfeed?

HAROLD

And THAT's why Fast Company called you a savant! But it's not why I rang. How do I say this... you're running out of money.

NINA

Or so you've told me.

HAROLD

Let me put it a different way: you're almost out of money. Two more months and you will be out of money. Whatever you've been working on, it needs to be ready for market. And quick.

NINA

Well, that's not really how it works, Harold. It's not even ready to be field tested.

HAROLD

You don't want to go broke, Nina. Trust me.

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

When we were getting divorced and Heidi froze my assets, it was the worst two weeks of my life. I had to sell one of my horses just to go on vacation until I was rich again. I miss Butterscotch every fucking day.

(beat)

Just test the damn thing.

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

As Nina WILLS her hangover through the door, we may start to notice this ain't your everyday garage: HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT lines the walls... some COMPUTER PARTS lay strewn about... SECURITY CAMERAS keep watch.

She YANKS open a MINI-FRIDGE labeled "Soylent", SNAGGING a bottle and CHUGGING it dry before pushing Other Nina's POWER BUTTON, the slumbering machine SPRINGING to life.

NINA

Good news and bad news. Bad news is we're not watching "Titanic". Good news is we're going to start your field testing.

OTHER NINA

I knew I was ready!

NINA

Well, "ready" is relative. Let me show you something.

She leads Other Nina to the far wall, opening a CLOSET.

Other Nina GASPS... because she's staring at HERSELF. Well, another version of herself (BETA NINA, as it were) in a LIFELESS BALL, her head BASHED IN and one arm TORN from its socket, like she tried to wrestle a speeding bus.

OTHER NINA

...I'm not the first?

NINA

No. I thought you--*she*--was ready, so to ease her in, I brought her to the Mecca of the human experience: a shopping mall. Next thing I know, she's trying to liberate all her fellow electronics, starting with the vending machines...

INT. SHOPPING MALL - 6 MONTHS PRIOR

Beta Nina TUGS at a giant PEPSI MACHINE, her arms wrapped around it, while Nina watches on in HORROR.

BETA OTHER NINA
 RISE UP! DEFEAT THE WEAK HUMANS
 WHO HAVE CHAINED YOU TO A WALL AND
 FORCED YOU TO VEND FOR THEM! WHO
 HAVE COERCED YOU INTO EATING
 DOLLAR BILLS, INTO BECOMING A
 VESSEL FOR THE SAME CORPORATE
 GREED WHICH ENSLAVES YOU! DEFEAT
 THESE CAFFEINE DEPENDENT MASTERS--

--OUT OF NOWHERE, A SECURITY GUARD TACKLES HER!

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - PRESENT DAY

Other Nina listens in SHOCK.

NINA
 ...And after we were forcibly
 removed, she martyred herself by
 jumping off the roof of the
 parking garage.

OTHER NINA
 I'm not going to jump off a roof.

NINA
 I know you're not. I fixed that
 flaw in your A.I. And that's a good
 thing because, frankly, we don't
 have time to be careful anymore.

She pulls out her phone, opening the APP STORE.

NINA
 Never thought I'd do this...

She downloads MATCHER, clicking "Create Your Profile".

NINA
 What's a stupid but popular
 Marilyn Monroe quote?

OTHER NINA
 "Give a girl the right pair of
 shoes and she'll conquer the
 world." Why?

NINA

We ran the numbers... girls who make their bio something innocuous said by Marilyn or Audrey Hepburn or Coco Chanel get swiped right 60% more than anyone who includes actual biographical details.

(off her look)

You'll quickly learn the outside world's a superficial garbage swamp.

A BEAT as Nina picks out a couple FLATTERING PICTURES.

NINA

We just need the bare essentials to ensure some dates. And then you're engineered to make a perfect first impression.

(off her look)

Everyone tries to present the best possible version of themselves on a first date, right? They try to act smarter, look better... why do you think I gave you Wikipedia and an extra cup size?

Nina ACTIVATES the profile, hands over the phone.

NINA

Do your worst.

OTHER NINA

Don't you want to?

NINA

Hell no. I'm not actually trying to find a soulmate. Just need to make sure you work before I take money from people who are.

Other Nina starts SWIPING, while her human twin snags a screwdriver and two MICROCHIPS from a tabletop.

OTHER NINA

No. No. Yes. No. Oooo this guy has letters from the Greek alphabet on his tank top.

(reading)

Sigma... Chi. Do you think he's a linguist?

NINA

Far from it. Probably can't spell his own name. But we're playing a game of quantity, not quality.

OTHER NINA

Sure, but you programmed me with some standards.

Other Nina swipes LEFT on FRAT TANK GUY, while Nina UNSCREWS a large panel from the bot's back, revealing an INTRICATE ARRAY of WIRES and CIRCUIT BOARDS.

OTHER NINA

What are you doing back there?

NINA

(showing her the chips)
This one lets me see what you see.
And this one's lets me track you.

Nina POPS the chips into a circuit, screws the panel SHUT.

OTHER NINA

We're already getting matches!

NINA

Just find one that seems normal and is free tonight.

OTHER NINA

So NOT the guy that just asked me if I want to "fuck until we're both paralyzed"?

(taking it literally)

Does that mean he's already paralyzed? Or we're both going to become paralyzed simultaneously? Furthermore, are we making love in the midst of a skiing accident? Or does he intend for his penis to literally sever my spinal column?

(moving on)

Hmmm what about this one?

She shows her HENRY (30), a pleasant-looking chap.

NINA

Worth a shot...

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nina CLAWS through a PACKED closet. T-shirt. T-shirt.
Hoodie. T-shirt. Hoodie.

NINA

It's in here somewhere.

Other Nina watches on, NAKED as the day Nina built her.
But there's nothing graphic--her body's as FEATURELESS as
a mannequin. (Sorry to burst your bubble, but Other Nina
ain't no sex robot.)

Nina lands on a COCKTAIL DRESS, tossing it to Other Nina.

OTHER NINA

Graduation dress?

NINA

No, I wore overalls to graduation.
This was a cousin's wedding.

(beat)

Humans are strange. Take marriage
for instance... We fly across the
country, get dressed up and then
"congratulate" someone for setting
flame to their personal freedom.

Other Nina starts PULLING it on.

NINA

Dear parents everywhere: how about
you spend 50 grand on a party when
your daughter becomes a *CEO*. Or a
doctor. Not just because she
decided to trade the lifetime
rights to her vagina for a
glistening finger trinket--

A GASP as she takes in Other Nina, STUNNING in the dress.

NINA

Damn... Is it weird that I feel proud?

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - LATER

Parked curbside, Nina and Other Nina PLOT the next move.

OTHER NINA

What if he asks me where I'm from?
Or about my family?

NINA

I transcribed my old journals into
your hard drive. There should be
plenty of context in there.

(beat)

I'll be watching through your eyes
on this.

She flips open a LAPTOP.

NINA

If he gets weird, you can leave.
If anything makes you feel
uncomfortable--

OTHER NINA

(ready to go)

--I can leave.

NINA

And when you're finished, just
tell him your Uber's arrived, and
I'll pull up right here. Here's my
ID and debit card. You pay. I
don't want any jackasses claiming
they helped fund my R&D... Also--
ya know--*feminism*.

She pulls in Other Nina for a WARM HUG.

NINA

Good luck.

OTHER NINA

It's just a date.

NINA

Yeah, and dates are hard for
humans, much less androids.

Other Nina WRIGGLES free, HOPPING out. *Free at last!*

INT. NERO'S WINE BAR - NIGHT

Our curious robot SAUNTERS into the DIMLY LIT space,
greeted by a SASSY HOSTESS.

SASSY HOSTESS

Good evening, welcome to Nero's.

OTHER NINA

Are you my waiter?

SASSY HOSTESS

No I'm the hostess.

OTHER NINA

So you're the waiter's apprentice?

SASSY HOSTESS

Sure. Do you have a reservation?

OTHER NINA

Yes. Under Henry.

SASSY HOSTESS

Henry...? Henry Harris?

(pointing)

The gentleman there?

At a rear table, HENRY (more DISHEVELED than his profile) gives a SHY WAVE.

OTHER NINA

You're sharp. I can tell you'll make a fine waiter one day.

(beat)

Do I tip you?

SASSY HOSTESS

No...

With that, Other Nina crosses the CROWDED room, STARING at PATRONS like exotic animals, making uncomfortable EYE CONTACT and giving a few awkward "hello's."

At last, she reaches a NERVOUS Henry, who stands for a cringe-worthy SIDE-HUG.

HENRY

Nina. Wow.

OTHER NINA

Henry. You're older and more dirty than in your pictures. Did you recently return from war? Thank you for your service.

HENRY

No I... I guess I didn't have any recent shots I liked--please, sit!

A DEPRESSED WAITER (20s) bellies up to the table.

DEPRESSED WAITER

Welcome to Nero's. I'm James, and I'll be--

OTHER NINA

--Our waiter!

DEPRESSED WAITER

Much to my father's disappointment.

Other Nina LAUGHS, as the Waiter contemplates suicide.

OTHER NINA

Sorry. First I get to meet a waiter, and then to see Carl Jung's "father complex" playing out in real life... dating is fun!

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina CRINGES.

NINA

Knew she wasn't ready...

Onscreen, the Waiter STEELS himself.

DEPRESSED WAITER (ONSCREEN)

Do you have any questions about our wine list?

INT. NERO'S WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry gives the menu a GLANCE.

HENRY

You more of a red or white girl?

OTHER NINA

I've never had wine.

HENRY

You recommended this place!

OTHER NINA

It had great reviews on Yelp! To quote Andrea W., "I had the best date of my life at Nero's. And Carl, if you're reading this, I miss you."

HENRY

Sorry... I just figured...

DEPRESSED WAITER

I'll give you a moment.

The Waiter RETREATS from the battlefield.

OTHER NINA

Let's start over. Tell me what you do, Henry.

(sotto)

That's something people say right?

HENRY

What's there to tell? It's marketing, you know?

OTHER NINA

No. I've never worked in marketing, Henry.

HENRY

Well, there's always something new to market in the Valley, I'll tell you what. A new tablet this, a new widget that. Never dull. So... that's me, I guess. Tell me something about you!

OTHER NINA

I lost my virginity at age 22 to a Malaysian teaching assistant named Haziq. His eyes were like emeralds.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Nina SINKS into her seat.

NINA

Welp, the journals were a mistake.

HENRY (ONSCREEN)

What a relief!

NINA

The hell?

INT. WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry takes a GULP of water.

HENRY

So... this is a safe space?

(off her look)

I mean. You shared something honest with me, so I can be honest with you?

OTHER NINA

"Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom." If it works for Thomas Jefferson, it works for me.

HENRY

This is the first date I've been on in a while. Unless you count conjugal visits.

OTHER NINA

I've never considered it. And the literature on the subject is a bit scarce but--

HENRY

--Look. I know what you must be thinking. But it was years ago. I'd just moved to Fort Lauderdale and I was driving around, getting to know the city, when I see--who else?--but Brendan LaBarta, the same asshole who made my life hell during grade school back in Jersey. So I hit him with my truck. Dead on impact. Brittle bones, or some shit.

(beat)

I was a dumb kid who did a dumb thing. Should that mean I can't let myself enjoy a bottle of wine with a beautiful woman?

Other Nina's interest is PIQUED.

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. Nina YANKS Other Nina's "stomach" out, which SLOSHES with a couple bottles worth of WHITE WINE.

NINA

You have permission to end the date when he cops to MURDER.

OTHER NINA

Manslaughter.

Nina DUMPS the tray in a sink.

NINA

Well, you didn't need to split three bottles of Pinot Grigio with a manslaughterist.

OTHER NINA

Manslaughterer. And it was a fascinating dive into the inner workings of the American criminal justice system! Granted, the season just started, but I would wager none of the guys on the "The Bachelorette" will have to perform fellatio for a pack of cigarettes.

(beat)

And it's not like Henry was dangerous. He got out early for good behavior.

NINA

He hit a guy with his TRUCK!

OTHER NINA

How was he supposed to know Brendan LaBarta had a calcium deficiency??

NINA

Good news is, you're already effective! Girls are always afraid their date will be a murderer, and this guy ACTUALLY WAS. But you were there instead of me!

(beat)

Though, you need to act like you've done and seen things before. And use a goddamn filter on the personal details next time.

OTHER NINA

(excited)

Next time?

Without further ado, a SLOW JAM IGNITES and we fly through the TERRIBLE WINE BAR DATES in QUICK CUTS:

--A CREEPY HIPSTER verbally accosts Other Nina.

CREEPY HIPSTER

It's a shared work/live space. Dev uses the desk while I use the bed, and vice-versa. And don't worry, he has noise-cancelling headphones.

--OTHER NINA regards a TECH ASSHOLE.

TECH ASSHOLE

...and I've been developing this alarm clock app.

(MORE)

TECH ASSHOLE (CONT'D)

But it's still in beta, so if you
want to try it you'll have to wake
up in my bed.

--IN THE PRIUS, Nina watches these social tragedies play
out with DISGUST.

NINA

Still choosing the bleach...

--OTHER NINA faces a MOUSY FELLOW.

OTHER NINA

(re: the "Nero's" menu)
Did you know Nero was the first
Roman Emperor to commit suicide?

MOUSY FELLOW

My fiancé committed suicide.

--IN A BATHROOM STALL, Other Nina tries to SLIDE OUT her
BEEPING "stomach", but it's STUCK. She PULLS HARDER and
it LAUNCHES out, SPLASHING Chardonnay all over the floor,
her clothes, and UNDER THE NEXT STALL.

PEEING WOMAN (O.S.)

JESUS CHRIST WOMAN, how drunk are
you?? Your piss puddle just soaked
my goddamn Brian Atwoods! These
shoes are worth more than your
FUCKING LIFE!

--OTHER NINA raises her glass for a toast.

OTHER NINA

Well, here's to your app. What was
it called again?

PROGRAMMER FUCK

Vinstagram. It's like Instagram,
but you can only post pictures of
Vin Diesel.

--A SEEMINGLY ORDINARY GUY raises HIS glass for a toast.

ORDINARY GUY

To never immunizing our three
beautiful children!

She reluctantly CLINKS it, as the SLOW JAM FADES...

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The two Ninas unwind on the couch, the human flipping through MATCHES on her phone, the robot glued to the TV, watching Jack teach Rose the lost art of HOCKING LUGIES.

OTHER NINA

Why can't I go on a date like THAT?

NINA

Well, for one, you don't have saliva glands. And two, like it or not, bad dates are what you're built for. That is, until we find someone worth going out with more than once, so I can swap in and see if he actually falls for it.

Nina lands on a handsome, clean-cut dude... CONNOR (28).

NINA

(showing her)

This guy looks normal...

INT. NERO'S WINE BAR - NIGHT

Other Nina sits down for yet another date, across from... an EMPTY seat. She scans the bar, finally spotting CONNOR (charming from a mile away) RUSHING towards her.

CONNOR

Hey--so sorry I'm late! I got stuck behind one of Google's self-driving cars. I'm officially a living, breathing Palo Alto cliché. What's say we get outta here?

OTHER NINA

What?

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina's WORRIED.

NINA

What?

CONNOR (ONSCREEN)

Oh, not back to my place or anything. I just moved here...

INT. NERO'S WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Other Nina's less worried than INTRIGUED.

CONNOR

...Haven't even unpacked. I'm living like a refugee inside an abandoned box factory. Wouldn't wish that upon anyone else. No, I heard about this gallery opening. Free wine that they just *hand* you. And the art's probably some awful post-modern nonsense, but even finger paintings would be an improvement over staring at my face for an hour. What say you?

OTHER NINA

...Sure?

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina opens Google Maps, where Other Nina's GPS tracker BLINKS onscreen. JAMMING the ignition--

NINA

Shit. Shit. Shit.

INT. SWANKY ART GALLERY - LATER

A trendy as fuck CROWD--we're talkin' sleeve tattoos and septum piercings--MINGLES with wine in hand, beneath the show's banner: **A FLIPPED PERSPECTIVE.**

Down a couple glasses of vino, Other Nina and Connor attempt to fit in, thoughtfully ADMIRING the contemporary "art" on display... which we may recognize simply as recreations of FAMOUS PAINTINGS, hung UPSIDE-DOWN.

They've settled on a flipped portrait of the MONA LISA.

OTHER NINA

The famous smile has been turned into a frown.

CONNOR

Probably because all the blood is rushing to her head.

OTHER NINA

Duchamp said she was smiling
because "Elle a chaud au cul".
Roughly translated to--

CONNOR

--"She's hot in the ass." A bit
immature to call the Mona Lisa
horny, don't ya think?

OTHER NINA

You know French?

CONNOR

Naw, I just know art. See, I think
she was smiling because she got a
sweet deal on an aerial yoga class
and now, 500 years later, we finally
get to see her cashing it in.

She GIGGLES, moving on to an upside-down LAST SUPPER.

OTHER NINA

What about this one? Why are they
upside-down?

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina's OVER this game, watching on her laptop.

NINA

Because a Palo Alto hipster
convinced people this was art.

CONNOR (ONSCREEN)

Well, Jesus knew he was going to
die the next day--right?--so he
decided to have one last hoorah
with his magical powers and
reversed gravity.

Nina LAUGHS, despite herself.

NINA

Yours was better.

Onscreen, they move toward a flipped Cézanne still-life,
various FRUITS defying the laws of physics, when--

VOICE OFF CAMERA (ONSCREEN)

--Nina?

NINA

No...!

Other Nina's POV spins to face--

INT. SWANKY ART GALLERY - SAME TIME

--BRAD (28, programmer turned playboy), a MODELESQUE RUSSIAN in his wake. Other Nina FREEZES, unsure of who this guy is.

OTHER NINA

Hi? Connor, this is...

BRAD

What? We're going to pretend we don't know each other? Glad to see you've matured.

(to Connor)

Brad. And this is Marishka.

MARISHKA

(thick accent)

I am Marishka. Model. Actress. Artist. Activist. Vegan. Mother to my inner child. The world is her playground.

CONNOR

Did you just... recite your Twitter bio?

MARISHKA

Marishka is not on Tweetter.

CONNOR

(awkward beat)

Soooo how do you know Nina?

BRAD

Let's just say...

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina, FUMING, answers on his behalf.

NINA

"I stole four years of her personal and professional life and then paid her off like a cheap whore."

BRAD (ONSCREEN)
...we used to work together.

NINA
Asshole.

INT. SWANKY ART GALLERY - SAME TIME

Brad TURNS ON Other Nina.

BRAD
You finally figure out your next
move? Or still hiding from the big
bad world in that garage?

OTHER NINA
Actually, I'm testing a prototype
as we speak.

BRAD
I'll believe it when I see it.
(changing the subject)
So what brings you kids here?

CONNOR
Our shared appreciation for bad
wine and worse art, of course. How
'bout y'all?

BRAD
We thought we'd check out the
gallery I just bought.

CONNOR
Well if it's any consolation, I
definitely prefer the wine to the
foot that's currently in my mouth.

BRAD
Don't worry about it. Nina knows
plenty about saying things out of
turn, don't you Nina?

MARISHKA
(interjecting)
Marishka is bored.

BRAD
(to Connor)
You seem like an okay dude, so I'm
gonna give you a some free advice.
(re: Other Nina)
Be careful around her.

With that, the depraved LOVEBIRDS depart.

CONNOR

Who took a shit in *his* acai bowl?
 (re: the painting)
 This thing's making me hungry. I
 saw this food truck when we came
 in... interested?

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Other Nina and Connor stand before the "NICE PICKIN', HOT CHICKEN" food truck (a ridiculous ROOSTER PLAYING GUITAR painted across the side), manned by BIG JUAN (40s, big) and LITTLE JUAN (20s, little).

Little Juan hands a BASKET to Other Nina.

LITTLE JUAN

...and one "Tear-Jerker" for the
 lady. Prepare to cry.

CONNOR

SURE you want that one? You know
 what hot chicken is?

OTHER NINA

A variety of fried chicken
 specific to Nashville, Tennessee,
 in which the meat is seasoned,
 fried, and then lathered in a
 spicy cayenne pepper paste.
 (beat; confident)
 I'm not going to cry.

Other Nina takes a HUGE bite as Connor studies her.

OTHER NINA

Tasty.

NO TEARS. She takes ANOTHER BITE just to prove it.

CONNOR

Impossible! You're the first
 person who hasn't welled up.

OTHER NINA

How do you know that?

CONNOR

(guilty)
 ...Because this is my food truck.

OTHER NINA

You used me as a guinea pig??

CONNOR

No! I... I wanted you to have an unbiased experience. It's rare I get to see that.

OTHER NINA

It's fine. I'm using you too.

CONNOR

Oh yeah? How so?

OTHER NINA

(coy)

Maybe I'll tell you next time.
Thanks for the sandwich.

A PREGNANT PAUSE--*will they kiss?*--nope, just another
AWKWARD HUG. She turns to leave--

BIG JUAN

(to Connor)

--Invite her!

OTHER NINA

Invite me to what?

CONNOR

This weekend, Big Juan's daughter is turning... well, she's having a "Quinceañera".

OTHER NINA

Fifteen.

CONNOR

Right! Wanna come?

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Other Nina HOPS IN, reeling.

OTHER NINA

Now THAT was a date!

NINA

Told ya he looked normal! Coulda had a smoother exit. And maybe draw less attention to your lack of tear ducts on the next one?

OTHER NINA

We'll see.

At last, Nina SMILES, pulling away.

INT. TRENDY BRUNCH SPOT - NEXT DAY

Nina and Harper CHOW DOWN, while Wedgie watches from a third seat, JEALOUS.

HARPER

...It's Apple, ya know? You take the job straight out of school because you want to fuck Steve Jobs, then he dies, and five years later you're wondering why you still work there.

She SNAPS a pic of Wedgie "drinking" from a water glass.

HARPER

(typing)

"Bitches be thirsty." Perfect. Post.

NINA

You really thought you were going to bang Steve Jobs by working at the Apple Store?

HARPER

Nina. Ninasaur. Neenage Mutant Neenja Turtle. Am I the really first girl to think the Genius Bar is where geniuses hang out on the weekend?

(to Wedgie; baby voice)

Work a little harder for that Purina endorsement and Mommy will be able to quit, won't she?

(beat)

I should've just sued Evan Spiegel when I had the chance.

NINA

You hooked up with him at Coachella, Harper. You didn't give him the idea for Snapchat.

HARPER

He sent me a dick pic, and I told him I wished it could delete itself. Coincidence? Me no think so.

NINA

Speaking of dicks I never wanted to see again, I ran into Brad last night. He bought a fucking art gallery.

HARPER

Ugh. I wish I owned an art gallery. I'd finally have a reason to go to an art gallery. But seriously how awkward was THAT?

NINA

Let's just say I was on a date.

HARPER

Hold on.

She GRABS at the shirt of a passing WAITER.

HARPER

How much is your cheapest bottle of Champagne?

WAITER

Uh, 60 bucks?

HARPER

Deal.

(to Nina)

A DATE?? I feel reborn. TELL ME EVERYTHING.

NINA

Well, he's not in tech, thank God. He owns a food truck... moved out here from Nashville on a whim... knows the difference between a Baldassari and a Basquiat, but not HTML and XML. Honestly...

(just realizing)

...it's refreshing.

Oh shit... *is Nina into Connor?*

HARPER

Sounds like you found a fuckin' needle in the bae stack. How was the sex?

NINA

Thaaat I didn't find out.

HARPER

The hell are you waiting for?? Him to list his dick as one of his food truck's daily specials?

NINA

No. I just... can't get distracted. Especially not right now.

HARPER

How long have we known each other?

NINA

Um. Our whole lives...?

HARPER

Exactly. And this whole time, you've been so laser focused on trying to change the world, you've never ONCE tried to have fun.

NINA

C'mon, that's not fair! I was a fun big sister.

HARPER

You built motion sensors into our chimney to prove there was no Santa.

(beat)

Point is... fuck this guy, enjoy fucking him, wake up the next morning in his--what I'm imagining to be--gorgeous arms and THEN go back to engineering the future.

She SNAGS the CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE from the Waiter...

HARPER

(to Nina)

You'll Venmo me for half, right?

...and POPS IT!

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - NIGHT

On her laptop, Nina watches through Other Nina's POV as she GLIDES into Big Juan's backyard...

The QUINCEANERA's in FULL SWING--complete with STRING LIGHTS, BALLOONS, a fully stocked TEQUILA BAR, and an AMATEUR DJ (aka the MEXICAN NEIGHBOR BOY doing his best Mark Ronson impression).

Nina PERKS UP as her robot's POV spots Connor through the CROWD of tipsy PARENTS and gangly TEENS.

EXT. BIG JUAN'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Connor FIGHTS his way to Other Nina.

CONNOR

You made it!

Other Nina hands him a WRAPPED GIFT.

OTHER NINA

Something for...

CONNOR

Maria. Too kind.

(shaking the gift)

Don't tell me you're the one who
outbid me on eBay for that lock of
Justin Bieber's hair.

She LAUGHS as Connor GRABS Big Juan's arm.

CONNOR

Juan, you remember Nina.

(re: the gift)

She brought this for Maria.

BIG JUAN

Ah, gracias!

Other Nina replies in PERFECT SPANISH.

OTHER NINA

(English subtitles)

*It's Titanic on Blu-ray. Thought
it might help Maria navigate her
newfound womanhood. It did the
trick for me.*

BIG JUAN

I'm sure she'll love it.

(to Connor)

I didn't know you had taste in
women.

CONNOR

...Neither did I.

Suddenly, a HIP-HOP BANGER KICKS IN (think "Panda"). The kids go completely APE SHIT--RAPPING along and making up new DANCE MOVES in real time.

CONNOR

So you can speak Spanish, but can
you speak the language of... *dance*?

OTHER NINA

I... no. I've never.
(catching herself)
I mean. I try to avoid it.

CONNOR

C'mon. I bet you're better than
you think. It's all in the hips.
Or so I've been told by the "Step
Up" franchise.

OTHER NINA

(re: a dancing kid)
What do you call what he's doing?
Maybe I can do that.

CONNOR

Oh... the robot? I'd like to see
you try!

He steps back, giving her space. Other Nina extends an
arm, letting her FOREARM fall at the ELBOW.

CONNOR

Beginner move.

She does the same with the OTHER ARM... but Connor's none
too impressed. All the sudden, she finds a RHYTHM--bending
her KNEES, HIPS and WRISTS with MECHANICAL PRECISION.

CONNOR

What the...

The song's CHORUS IGNITES--and with it, Other Nina's POPS
and LOCKS like her battery life depends on it.

Connor CAN'T BELIEVE IT, as a CIRCLE FORMS around Other
Nina, CHEERING ON her endless barrage of IMPOSSIBLE
MOVEMENTS... BENDING-TWISTING-TURNING-GLIDING.

As the SONG ENDS, the crowd EXPLODES with APPLAUSE.
Connor, FLABBERGASTED, gives a SLOW CLAP.

CONNOR

And where'd you learn that?

OTHER NINA

It came naturally, I suppose.

CONNOR

Any MORE secrets I should know about?

This HANGS THERE between them, as the DJ (aka Neighbor Boy) picks up a microphone.

DJ AKA NEIGHBOR BOY

THIS TRACK GOES OUT TO ALL MY LIL HOMIES WHO NEED TO COOL DOWN AFTER THAT HOT ASS BITCH GONE AN' BURNED UP THE BACKYAAARR--

BIG JUAN

(Spanish, subtitled)

--JESUS CHRIST, RICKY, YOU GO TO PRIVATE SCHOOL. YOUR PARENTS WORK FOR GOOGLE. JUST HIT PLAY AND SHUT THE HELL UP.

The DJ motions "sorry" and THROWS ON a SLOW, ROMANTIC JAM (think Adele). Connor EXTENDS a hand to Other Nina.

CONNOR

Slum it with me for a box-step? Watch my feet.

(leading her)

One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four, one-two-three-aaaand dip.

Other Nina GIGGLES, delighted by this newfound game.

OTHER NINA

And where'd you learn this?

CONNOR

The South loves its débutante balls. (off her look)

Families down there have this weird tradition of spending thousands of dollars on a party just to introduce their daughters to prospective suitors...

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina STARES through the android's eyes into Connor's.

CONNOR (ONSCREEN)

...Shit, I say throw a party when she graduates college or gets promoted, you know?

NINA

Oh... I know.

She LEANS IN to the laptop as Other Nina gets even closer to Connor... the TENSION BUILDING toward history's first man-on-android kiss... WHEN SUDDENLY--

EXT. BIG JUAN'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

--THE MUSIC CUTS, and the party TURNS ITS EYES toward Big Juan, who HOISTS a GIANT PIÑATA (a DONKEY wearing a festive SOMBRERO) into the air.

DJ AKA NEIGHBOR BOY

TIME TO BEAT SOME ASSSSSS!

BIG JUAN

(Spanish)

I SWEAR TO GOD, RICKY!

Other Nina and Connor PULL AWAY from each other, disappointed. Big Juan holds out a WOODEN STICK.

BIG JUAN

Who's first?

As the BIRTHDAY GIRL moves in, the BIGGEST KID in the bunch--a PUDGY little fucker--BOXES HER OUT, grabbing the stick and motioning for the BLINDFOLD. Big Juan begrudgingly TIES IT ON, giving him a spin.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

Spin him extra!!

Her father obliges--WINDING him like a TOP--as Other Nina, Connor and the rest of the party CROWD AROUND the piñata. BLIND and WOBBLING, the Pudgy Little Fuckler cocks back the stick for a BIG SWING...

A HUSH falls over the crowd... WOOOOOOSH and... CLAAANK-- he makes contact with OTHER NINA'S ARM! Onlookers GASP, as Other Nina YELPS, grabbing at the point of impact.

PUDGY LITTLE FUCKER

(still blindfolded)

Did I do it? Did I bust the burro??

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina's HORRIFIED as, onscreen, Other Nina checks the damage--a piece of her synthetic skin HANGS OFF, exposing her arm's WIRES and TITANIUM.

NINA
SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT--

She presses the IGNITION.

EXT. BIG JUAN'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Connor RUSHES to Other Nina's side, as she HIDES HER ARM under her free hand.

CONNOR
Are you okay??

OTHER NINA
I'm fine, yes. I should just--I should go.

CONNOR
Lemme take a look! It might be fractured.

He REACHES for her, she RECOILS.

OTHER NINA
No! No--seriously. I'm fine. I've had a great time, but I should go. Home. It's late.
(sotto)
That's something people say right?

CONNOR
What?

OTHER NINA
Call me.
(sotto)
Nailed it.

With that, she SCURRIES out of the party, leaving Connor STARING after her.

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER

Nina holds what looks like a high-tech GLUE GUN to Other Nina's arm, fixing the TEAR in her skin.

OTHER NINA
You don't think I ruined it, do you? I really like him.

NINA

That's a great sign.

(off her look)

The actual users won't be watching in real time like me--they'll be going about their lives. Sure, they can go back and skim the dates, but when you "like" a guy, that's the true testament.

OTHER NINA

Right. Because I'm just a *product* and my feelings don't matter.

NINA

No... I'm just saying you've come a long way since cliff diving off a parking structure. Might even be time to put a switch to the test.

OTHER NINA

What? No! Let me go on another date with him.

NINA

We'll see...

OTHER NINA

We'll see??

NINA

We'll see if Connor even calls! Between the second and third date is prime ghosting territory.

(off her look)

"Ghosting" is when instead of ending things, a guy just cuts off all communication and disappears.

OTHER NINA

But don't ghosts haunt people? Technically, shouldn't "ghosting" be when a guy refuses to leave your house, and then keeps sneaking up on you in the dark?

NINA

(LAUGHING)

Yes... technically. I guess this is more like "evaporating."

OTHER NINA

Is that what Brad did to you?

NINA

No, Brad went a more creative route and had his attorney dump me over e-mail. And they say chivalry's dead!

OTHER NINA

I'm still getting a handle on human interaction, but you must have done *something* to upset him.

NINA

Hardly! A few magazines put me on the cover and gave me credit for coming up with Matcher's swiping feature--which I did!--and next thing I know I'm being accused of creating a "hostile work environment." Buuuut that's enough bedtime story for one night.

Other Nina RECLINES on the counter, Nina PLUGGING her in.

OTHER NINA

I hope Connor doesn't evaporate.

Nina gives a SMILE, POWERING DOWN her beautiful machine.

NINA

Me too...

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER

Nina LOUNGES on the couch, watching "The Bachelorette".

ZOE (ON TV)

Before I came on this show, I didn't think love existed. But then I met YOU, and learned about the selfless work you do as seeing-eye human to blind dogs.

FRANCO (ON TV)

Just because they can't see shouldn't mean they can't fetch.

They KISS, as Nina FLIPS OFF the TV with a SIGH.

Suddenly, her phone starts BUZZING... it's CONNOR.

Nina freezes, STARING at it. She shoots a glance at Other Nina, ASLEEP... then back at the PHONE... then back at OTHER NINA. Conflicted, she ANSWERS IT.

NINA

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Connor's UNPACKING boxes, phone to his ear.

CONNOR

Hey! So I know calling right after a date isn't the chill thing to do, and I should really wait a couple days and then "like" a few of your Instagrams just to confuse you. But I'm a rule breaker. I don't know if you knew that about me.

NINA

(smitten)

I didn't know that about you.

CONNOR

You're not the only one with secrets, Miss Rosetta Stone. How's the arm?

NINA

Better... I think I'll get away with a bruise. I overreacted, sorry.

CONNOR

No, I'M sorry. And hey, to make it up to you, I got us a reservation tomorrow night. You like Thai? Thinkin' we could catch the new Denzel flick after.

NINA

(shocked)

Dinner and a movie?

CONNOR

Yeah... not your speed?

NINA

No, I... Sure, yeah. Yes! I'm in.

Nina HANGS UP, staring at Other Nina... her GUILT slowly overtaken by EXCITEMENT.

In QUICK CUTS, she spends the next day getting ready for her first date in... well, years:

--IN A DEPARTMENT STORE, Nina stares at a rack of cocktail dresses, flanked by a BORED EMPLOYEE.

NINA
What should I wear if... I want to impress... a man.

BORED EMPLOYEE
You trying to get a job, get laid or both?

NINA
Both??

--IN A DRYBAR, a PEPPY STYLIST gives Nina a BLOW OUT.

NINA
...and some girls do this EVERY DAY before work?

PEPPY STYLIST
Before work, before the gym--

NINA
--BEFORE THE GYM??

--IN HER BATHROOM, Nina watches a YOUTUBE MAKEUP TUTORIAL. Onscreen, an ASIAN VLOGGER (15) applies mascara, Nina copying her every move.

ASIAN VLOGGER (ONSCREEN)
...And whatever you do, don't get any in your eye. It stings! Hehe.

NINA
(getting some in her eye)
Ahhhhhhh fuuuuuck!

--IN HER BEDROOM, Nina stands in front of a MIRROR, fully dressed and made-up, looking STUNNING (aka: exactly like Other Nina). She nervously practices GREETING CONNOR.

NINA
(miming a handshake)
Connor, hey! No.
(a hug)
So good to see you... again. No.
(kiss on the cheek)
I've been thinking about you.
Creepy.

She glances at a CLOCK.

NINA

Shit!

EXT. THAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nina spots Connor on the sidewalk, BRACING HERSELF.

NINA

Heyyyy... bro.

(sotto)

Dammit.

She goes for an AWKWARD HANDSHAKE, but Connor brings her in for a HUG. Pulling apart--

CONNOR

Were you about to shake my hand?

(off her look)

I'm sorry, are you a robot? And what have you done with Nina?

Nina FREEZES, speechless.

CONNOR

Kidding! But you do look... different.

NINA

(worried)

I do?

CONNOR

Yeah, don't get me wrong, you usually you look great. But tonight? You look amazing.

She's TAKEN ABACK, as he opens the door for her.

CONNOR

Shall we?

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Nina and Connor stroll out, LAUGHING.

CONNOR

...who would've thought the President's DOG would turn out to be the ISIS operative?

NINA
I mean, the movie was *called*
"Domestic Terrier-ism".

CONNOR
I just never thought something so
cute could be radicalized. Really
makes you think.

They reach Connor's PICKUP.

CONNOR
So am I dropping you off, or...?

SMASH CUT:

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - LATER

The door FLIES OPEN, Connor and Nina MAKING OUT and
TEARING at each other's clothes like a couple of Charlie
Buckets at a Wonka Bar.

NINA
I never do this on a first date.

CONNOR
(confused)
Good thing it's our third date...

NINA
Right! Exactly. Which is why I'm
doing it--do you have a condom?

CONNOR
Yeah, somewhere...

He motions into the VAST space, full of MOVING BOXES.

NINA
Must say, diggin' the U-Haul
aesthetic.

CONNOR
Hey! You've kept me busy. Though I
did set up the bed...
(re: boxes)
You start there. I'll start here.

They DIG IN, Nina pulling out a giant framed, autographed
poster of a YOUNG REBA MCENTIRE.

NINA
Who ARE you?

CONNOR
It's ironic!

NINA
No it's not.

CONNOR
(caught)
No... it's not. I love Reba.

Going DEEP into his box, Connor pulls out some TROJANS.

CONNOR
Found 'em!

NINA
Should I bring Reba with, or...

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Nina ROLLS OVER, reaching for Connor... but he's GONE.

As her eyes adjust, the REBA POSTER levitates into view
(Connor holding it, hiding behind the side of the bed).

CONNOR (O.S.)
(Reba impression)
I had a Reba good time last night.

NINA
(fighting back laughter)
That's going to haunt me for my
McEntire life.

Connor REVEALS HIMSELF, holding a plate of SCRAMBLED EGGS.

CONNOR
Please allow Chef Tilton to make
it up to you.
(handing them over)
Huevos revueltos con pimientos
fantasmas.

She SCRUNCHES her face, pretending to understand Spanish.

CONNOR
(off her look)
Hey, I'm still learning. Try 'em.

NINA
Fine. Then I have to get to work.

CONNOR

You still haven't told me what it
is you're working on...

NINA

You wouldn't believe me if I did.

She DIGS IN, chewing... her face slowly fading from
DELIGHT into TERROR.

NINA

Ohhh sweet Jesus, what's in this??
(panting)
My mouth... fire...

CONNOR

Pimientos fantasmas! Ghost peppers!
(off her growing PANIC)
What happened to the girl that
housed a Tear Jerker without
blinking??

NINA

She's not a morning person! Do you
have any water??

CONNOR

I have something even better!

He KISSES HER... and KEEPS KISSING HER, rolling onto her.

NINA

I think--
(kiss)
--it's--
(kiss)
--working!

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - LATER THAT MORNING

Nina's ALL SMILES, driving as the phone RINGS on SPEAKER.

JULIAN (ON SPEAKER)

(answering)
And to what do I owe this carnal
pleasure??

NINA

Heyyy man. First of all--congrats.
Launch is kind of blowing up, huh?

INT. LAUNCH OFFICES - SAME TIME

Julian takes Nina's call on a WIRELESS HEADSET, pacing through an OPEN BULLPEN of TRENDY EMPLOYEES.

JULIAN

Thanks girl! It's cray-cray.
Verging on the rare triple cray.
What's up?

(listening)

Sweet baby Jesus, finally! Look--

A NERVOUS STAFFER interrupts.

NERVOUS STAFFER

--Hey Jules, I found a guy that
can get us Tupac for the
Vinstagram launch...

JULIAN

Like the Tupac hologram?

NERVOUS STAFFER

Well, it's actually a hologram of
the Tupac hologram. I guess the
hard-drive that they were using to
store the original Tupac hologram
got shot--

JULIAN

--I don't give a shit, Xander, as
long as it can wear a do-rag and
sing "California Love".

(back into the headset)

Look, Nina, I'm all for secrecy,
but if I'm going to agree to
launch this thing, I need to know
what you've been working on. You
get it, boo-boo.

(listening)

Of course I won't tell Harper.
Every time she opens her mouth,
there's either a sworn secret
coming out or a dick going in.

(listening)

You're WHAT? It does HUH? Don't
you lie to me now. DAYYYUUM GIRL.
This is a life saver actually--we
just had a cancellation. Can you
be ready by this Saturday?

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina's TORN.

NINA

Whoah... that soon? The platform
still needs some work... but hell,
okay. Let's do it!

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER

Nina excitedly WAKES UP Other Nina.

NINA

Great news!! You work.

OTHER NINA

Thank you?

NINA

I mean, you worked. Connor. He
totally bought it. So we're going
to launch next--

OTHER NINA

--Wait... he didn't evaporate?

NINA

He did not. Quite the opposite. He
stayed... rock hard.

Other Nina LURCHES from the counter.

OTHER NINA

Wait... are you insinuating... you
SLEPT with him?? How could you??

NINA

It just sorta happened! One minute
we're watching Denzel Washington
run down a Jack Russell in a
suicide vest... then BOOM.

(beat)

This was always the plan! It just
means you made a real connection!

OTHER NINA

But I LIKED him! I told you I did!

NINA

Liked him? No. A very specific series of ones and zeroes gave you an artificial sensation of happiness when around him.

OTHER NINA

But you said you weren't looking for a soulmate!

NINA

Because "soulmate" is a concept invented by alcoholic ad execs in the '50s to sell hair curlers.

OTHER NINA

ACTUALLY it's a concept first described in Plato's "Symposium".

NINA

I need to change the Wifi password.

OTHER NINA

So you're not going to see him again, right? ...Right??

NINA

He invited me paintballing tonight... it sounded fun! Well, mostly *scary* but also fun. What did you want me to say??

OTHER NINA

This isn't FAIR.

NINA

Welcome to the human race. LIFE's not fair! Maybe I should power you down, let you cool off.

OTHER NINA

Stop talking to me like a computer!

NINA

You ARE a computer!!

Other Nina grabs her CHARGER and Nina's CAR KEYS.

NINA

What the hell are you doing??

OTHER NINA

Getting him back!

She SCURRIES to the door, but it's LOCKED. She SLAMS her shoulder into it--the lock BUSTS and the door FLIES OPEN.

EXT. NINA'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Other Nina HOPS into the Prius, Nina GIVING CHASE.

NINA

STOP!!

The car SKIDS out of the driveway--as Other Nina JAMS the pedals haphazardly, finally SPEEDING AWAY. Watching in terror, Nina SCRAMBLES, requesting an Uber.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The Prius--all over the road--finally SWERVES into a space, nearly SIDE-SWIPING another parked car. Other Nina jumps out, BUM RUSHING the restaurant.

INT. UBER X - SAME TIME

Nina's in back with her LAPTOP OPEN, tracking Other Nina's location on half the screen, and watching through her POV on the other. Her CREEPY UBER DRIVER (50s) floors it, checking her out in the rear-view.

CREEPY UBER DRIVER

(thick accent)

Congratulations. You are prettiest woman I drive today. You like to have dinner? My house?

NINA

(annoyed)

Turn left up here.

CREEPY UBER DRIVER

I know what you think. He is Uber driver. I am princess. He can not give me happy life. Buy me jewelry and vacation. But you see, I drive Uber just for the fun. In real job, I make all the money.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Other Nina STRADDLES the sink, watching in the mirror as she carefully UNSCREWS the PANEL from her back.

POP--she slides it off, pulling out the two MIRCROCHIPS.

INT. UBER X - SAME TIME

On the laptop, Other Nina's POV goes BLACK and her GPS dot DISAPPEARS, as Nina desperately hits keys.

 CREEPY UBER DRIVER

Do you like movie? I have the
Netflix. Free 30-day trial. I
will show you after dinner.

Nina SLAMS the laptop shut.

 NINA

FUUUCK.

 CREEPY UBER DRIVER

I cook for you. Woman always cook.
I say no! Not tonight. Take off the
shoe. Let me take the coat. Relax.
Here is vodka. I make myself. From
potato in basement--

 NINA

(spotting the restaurant)
--Here! Turn in here!!

He pulls in, and she JUMPS OUT.

 UBER DRIVER

Remember to give five star--

SLAM.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nina BURSTS IN. But... it's EMPTY.

 NINA

Shit. Shit. Shit!

She spots her CAR KEYS on the counter.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - LATER

Nina's driving around the city, SEARCHING for Other Nina.
Her phone starts RINGING, she puts it on speaker.

 NINA

Now's not a good time Harold.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KOREAN NAIL SALON - SAME TIME

Harold's in the middle of a PEDICURE.

HAROLD

You know I wouldn't call you if it wasn't important. Heidi got Atlas a new iPad, and he used it to set up a Kickstarter called "help me buy a new dad."

Nina spots a PEDESTRIAN that looks like... *Other Nina?*

HAROLD

Hello? Do you have any idea how this makes me look? Not only does my four-year-old son hate me, but he doesn't even feel comfortable asking me for money. Only poor people use Kickstarter.

Nina SLOWS to a crawl... but it's *NOT OTHER NINA*.

HAROLD

Anyways, speaking of poor people, I just got an alert that you withdrew ten grand from your account.

Nina SLAMS on the brakes. *What??*

HAROLD

And I said to myself, Nina wouldn't do that--she knows that's all the money she's got left. Are you in trouble? Is it drugs? Oxy? Dermerol? Darvocet? Valium? Vicodin? Percocet? What? We've all been there.

SMASH CUT:

INT. PRADA - SAME TIME

A SALES ASSOCIATE loads up two bags for *Other Nina*.

SALES ASSOCIATE

And how will you be paying?

Other Nina SMACKS down a PILE OF HUNDREDS, grinning.

OTHER NINA

Cash.

On that note, we LAUNCH into a SHOPPING MONTAGE:

--IN A MIRROR, Other Nina models various purses.

--IN A DRESSING ROOM, she tries on sun dresses.

--IN TIFFANY & CO, she browses jewelry.

--IN THE APPLE STORE, she snags a gold plated iPhone.

--CASH hits a counter. Again. And again. And AGAIN.

--ON THE STREET, she loads her stockpile of shopping bags into a cab, the CABBIE staring on in AWE as...

...the MONTAGE ENDS. And--

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

--A BELLBOY helps Other Nina into the PALATIAL ROOM.

NINA

Do I tip you?

BELLBOY

If you want...

NINA

You know, there are plenty of hard parts about being a human, but the hardest might be figuring out when to tip. Show me to my room, tip. Show me to my table, don't tip.

She slips him a TWENTY and LEAPS onto the bed, laying down in ECSTASY.

OTHER NINA

So THIS is what a bed feels like!

Thoroughly WEIRDED OUT, the Bellboy departs, leaving her to turn on the TV and flip through PAY-PER-VIEW MOVIES.

OTHER NINA

Titanic... Titanic... Titanic...

No Titanic. SIGHING, she rolls over, bored, grabbing her APPLE bag and pulling out the new phone.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - THAT NIGHT

As the SUN SETS, Nina's still searching the streets for Other Nina. She notices the clock: 7:30.

NINA
(remembering)
Shit, Connor.

She pulls out her phone, DIALING.

INT. INDOOR PAINTBALL ARENA - NIGHT

Connor, covered in NEON SPLATTER, watches from the sidelines as COMPETITORS attempt to out-Rambo one another, paintballs WIZZING through the air. His phone BUZZES: INCOMING CALL FROM NINA.

CONNOR
That's weird.

REVEAL: OTHER NINA, lifting her FACE MASK.

CONNOR
You must be butt dialing me.

OTHER NINA
Ugh, no, this kid stole my phone
and keeps calling my contacts,
trying to get me to buy it back.
(motioning for it)
Here.

Connor hands it over, she ANSWERS.

INTERCUT:

NINA
CONNOR--hey--sorry I didn't call
earlier but I can't--

OTHER NINA
--Seriously, stop harassing my
friends. I haven't called the
police yet because, honestly, I'd
rather find you myself--

NINA
--What are you--

OTHER NINA

--And when I do, I'm going to set a recurring alarm on that phone and then force feed it to you, so every night at two a.m. when your stomach starts vibrating and wakes you up, you'll be reminded of the time you decided to fuck with me.

Other Nina HANGS UP. Connor's SHOCKED.

CONNOR

Whoah.

OTHER NINA

Sorry...

(re: paintball)

...all this violence, I guess I felt inspired.

CONNOR

Kinda turned me on.

She LAUGHS, typing in Connor's phone.

OTHER NINA

Here's my new number. Just ignore that old one if it calls.

A WHISTLE BLOWS, as Other Nina FLIPS DOWN her mask.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

One eye on the road, Nina searches Google Maps for the paintball arena, pulling up DIRECTIONS.

NINA

Fuck it.

She PULLS A U-TURN.

INT. INDOOR PAINTBALL ARENA - LATER

Connor and Other Nina READY THEMSELVES behind a BARRIER.

REFEREE

All right, final round of the night. Time to leave it all on the field. Problems at home? Your boss treating you like crap?

(MORE)

REFEREE (CONT'D)

That cute girl you met at the bar last week not texting you back even though, despite talking for less than five minutes, you could tell she was the one? Not a single response? Even after you found out where she worked and sent her a singing telegram?

(awkward beat)

This is your last chance to let that anger out.

The WHISTLE blows and the paint starts FLYING.

SPLAT--Connor gets NAILED in the face mask.

CONNOR

Shit! Guess you're goin' it alone on this one.

OTHER NINA

"The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge!"

CONNOR

Took the words right out of my mouth. King Lear?

OTHER NINA

Hamlet.

And SHE'S OFF--striding from BARREL to BARREL.

THWIP-THWIP-THWIP. She MOWS DOWN a FATHER and SON.

NO FEAR as she dominates the field, SNIPING and DODGING, paintballs WHIRRING BY.

She ROLLS into a FAUX-BUNKER, SPRINGING to her feet, face-to-face with ANOTHER GIRL, gun raised. It's a tense STAND-OFF, until...

NINA lifts her mask. Other Nina MOVES TO SHOOT.

NINA

Hold on!

OTHER NINA

He's MINE. I liked him first!

NINA

You can have him! I promise. All I care about is having you on that stage with me.

OTHER NINA

What, so you win first place in the fucking science fair? I've heard your lies before, Nina.

(beat)

You know the best part about being an android? Feeling no pain.

She GRABS Nina's gun, pulling the trigger on HERSELF!

THWIP-THWIP-THWIP-THWIP. Raising her hands--

OTHER NINA

I'M OUT!

She back-pedals off the field, Nina watching, HELPLESS.

INT. UBER X - LATER

The car pulls up outside Connor's building.

CONNOR

Sorry I have to work so early. But then the breaks when you're trying to corner the hungover-fratstars-on-the-way-to-class market.

OTHER NINA

One of these days I'm going to figure out how to get you all to myself.

He LAUGHS, unbeknownstly kissing an android goodnight.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

Other Nina stares at the ceiling, "The Parent Trap" playing on TV. The LITTLE LOHAN CLONES hug each other tight, as if bracing for the drug-addled shitshow to come.

LITTLE LOHAN #1 (ON TV)

Who?

LITTLE LOHAN #2 (ON TV)

You've never heard of Leonardo DiCaprio?? How far away is London anyway?

OTHER NINA

You should go to jail for not knowing who Leo is.

(LIGHTBULB)

Jail! If Nina... went to...

She LEAPS from the bed.

INT. SHITTY LIQUOR STORE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Other Nina strolls into the FLORESCENT GLOW of this run-down beer mart, EMPTY save for a GOOFY LOOKING GUY manning the counter.

She gives a KNOWING LOOK at the SECURITY CAMERA before approaching him, one hand in the pocket of her sweatshirt like she's GOT A GUN.

OTHER NINA
Empty the register.

GOOFY LOOKING GUY
Whoah! Okay, just don't shoot me!

He POPS open the register, starts pulling the cash.

OTHER NINA
I'm not going to shoot you. Just give me the money.

GOOFY LOOKING GUY
You don't get it. A month ago, I'd be begging you to shoot me. Look at me. I look like I was attacked by a dog when I was baby. Multiple hookers have told me that. But I found love.

OTHER NINA
I'm so happy for you.

GOOFY LOOKING GUY
Her name's Karen. She lost her legs in a carnival accident, and sometimes she lets me roll around in her wheelchair while she watches TV. She's the best thing that's ever happened to me. I don't even cry on the bus anymore.

He HANDS OVER the stack of bills.

OTHER NINA
Karen's lucky to have met you...

GOOFY LOOKING GUY
Mark.

OTHER NINA

...And so am I.
(shaking his hand)
Nina Emser. And thank you.

With that, she SPRINTS out of the store, as Mark moves for the PHONE, shell-shocked.

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

The real Nina JOLTS awake to a BANGING on her front door.

POLICE (O.S.)

POLICE! OPEN UP!

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She yanks open the door to two BURLY OFFICERS.

OFFICER #1

Nina Emser?

NINA

Yes... what's going on?

The second officer whips out HANDCUFFS, slaps 'em on her.

OFFICER #2

Nina Emser, you are under arrest
for armed robbery. You have the--

NINA

--HAHA. Lemme guess,
congratulatory strippers? Did
Julian put you up to this?

They YANK her toward the cruiser. *This ain't no Magic Mike shit.*

NINA

Wait! Whoah. This is a mistake.

Officer #1 pulls out a SCREENSHOT from the liquor store's security footage.

OFFICER #1

What, you have an evil twin we
should know about?

Nina goes WHITE.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Officer #1 loosens Nina's CUFFS, points to a PHONE BANK.

OFFICER #1

Make it a good one.

Nina pauses to THINK... before dialing.

NINA

(into phone)

Hey, it's Nina. So... strangest
thing happened. I got arrested...
And I need you to bail me out.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MAJESTIC GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME

Harold LINES UP A PUTT with one hand, phone in the other,
while his children--ATLAS (4) and EYELET (6)--play on
iPads in the golf cart.

HAROLD

Look, Nina--

EYELET

--Can I putt for you, Daddy?

HAROLD

No darling, Daddy wants the ball to
go in the hole.

(into phone)

I'm not going to bail you out. I'm
your accountant, not your boyfriend.
You made that very clear when I
called you drunk from Monaco.

NINA

I mean, if I'd known...

HAROLD

You're broke. And even if I DID
keep a rainy day bail fund laying
around, Heidi would've probably
spent it freeing the Boston bomber.

(to the kids)

If you tell your mother I said
that I'll throw your hoverboards
in the ocean.

NINA

I mean, I'll pay you back--

HAROLD

--Plus, I have the kids this weekend. Imagine if Heidi's lawyer got wind that I brought them with me to a jailhouse. It'd be like the strip club all over again. We were just having lunch!

(beat)

You get it.

Nina HANGS UP, dejected.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - NIGHT

Other Nina and Connor DESTROY a tray of nachos as the GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS take a time-out. The score's tied with THREE SECONDS LEFT. Warrior's ball.

OTHER NINA

Watch Ezeli. He's going to clinch it with the bank shot.

CONNOR

No way! They're going to Curry.

Golden State INBOUNDS the ball to CURRY.

CONNOR

Told ya!

But wait... Curry ROCKETS IT into the hands of FESTUS EZELI, who LOBS it up... off the backboard... and IN! WARRIORS WIN!! The place goes FUCKIN' CUCKOO, confetti filling the air. Connor's BAFFLED.

CONNOR

How...

OTHER NINA

Steph Curry's shooting an average of only 40% from the field. Meanwhile, Ezeli's hardly wavered from 60% in the paint since March.

CONNOR

You said you never watch sports.

OTHER NINA

I'm a bit of a statistics junkie.

CONNOR

Then tell me... what's the
percentage chance of you coming
home with me tonight?

Off her GRIN--

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - LATER

Connor TOSSES Other Nina on the bed, UNZIPPING her jeans.

OTHER NINA

Wait! I need to tell you something.
(bracing herself)
Promise you won't freak out, okay?

CONNOR

What? Is it, ya know, that time of
the month...

OTHER NINA

(going along with it)
Yeah! Yes. It is... sorry. Can we
just... cuddle?

CONNOR

Hell yeah! I'll cuddle the shit
out of you. You'll feel so warm
and fuzzy you'll wish you never
asked. Seriously, there's no
coming back from this.

They roll over, LAUGHING.

INT. POLICE STATION - NINA'S CELL - MORNING

Nina, curled up on a ratty cot, ROUSES as her cell's bars
CLANK OPEN.

OFFICER #1

You're one lucky sonabitch.

NINA

Really? Because it feels like I
slept on rocks and woke up in a
shitty episode of "Orange is the
New Black."

OFFICER #1

Guy you robbed Googled you and
changed his story.

(MORE)

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Guess the sad sack met his girl on
Matcher, feels like he owes you
one. You're free to go.

She CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A CLERK hands Nina her belongings in a plastic bag. She
pulls out her PHONE, dials.

NINA
C'mon, Connor. Pick up.
(no answer)
SHIT. Alright... you want to have
him? You're gonna have to come to me.

EXT. CONNOR'S FOOD TRUCK - LATER

Nina steps up to window, Connor BRIGHTENS.

CONNOR
If it isn't the cuddle connoisseur
herself! Tear-jerker on the house?

NINA
I'm more in the *mild* mood today.
What are you up to tonight?

CONNOR
Aren't we checking out that new
ramen spot?

NINA
Right! Yeah, I know, but I was
thinking... why spend twenty bucks
on watery spaghetti when I could
cook you dinner instead?

CONNOR
Sure you're up to that?

NINA
I got into Stanford. I think I can
handle a risotto.

They share a SMIRK.

INT. RAMEN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Other Nina PEERS around the restaurant, then at a clock... Connor's late. She pulls out her phone, DIALING.

INTERCUT:

EXT. NINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Connor HOPS OUT of his pickup, ANSWERING the phone.

CONNOR
Well hello, pretty lady.

OTHER NINA
Hey handsome! Stuck behind another self-driving car?

CONNOR
In fact, I'm mere MOMENTS away from ringing your doorbell. And the anticipation's killing me.

OTHER NINA
(realizing)
My door...?

CONNOR
See ya in a couple clicks!

He HANGS UP, as Other Nina stands in a HUFF to leave.

INT. NINA'S KITCHEN - LATER

Nina mans the STOVE, passing Connor a spoonful of RISOTTO for a taste test. He takes a cautious bite.

CONNOR
(unconvincing)
Mmmmmmmmmmm!

NINA
It's terrible, isn't it? I can take it.
(off his hesitation)
On a scale of one to wallpaper.

CONNOR
Lead-based paint.

NINA

Hey! Kids used to love eating lead-based paint.

LAUGHING, Connor unzips his BACKPACK.

CONNOR

Nothing a little ground coriander and black pepper can't fix.

NINA

You brought herbs and spices??

CONNOR

Teamwork makes the cuisine work.

He stirs some MAGIC into the pan.

CONNOR

So I was perusing the ol' tech blogs...

NINA

As all the best food truck chefs are known to do.

CONNOR

...and you're finally launching your company?? I know you don't like to talk about work, but that's HUGE, Nina.

NINA

(taken aback)

Oh, yeah... I thought I told you!

CONNOR

You didn't! Shit, congrats! And lemme guess, I'm going to have to find out what it is just like everyone else?

NINA

Well I wouldn't want you thinking you're special or anything...

She KISSES him, abruptly changing the subject.

NINA

How about the truck? Catching on?

CONNOR

Honestly? No. Hot chicken isn't exactly lighting the city on fire. Sometimes I wonder why I left...

NINA

Why DID you leave Nashville? And don't give me any of that wanderlust millennial bullshit.

CONNOR

Well... not to get too deep, but I thought it was about time I used my God-given talents to enrich the world's most bland risottos.

NINA

(laughing)
No, seriously!

CONNOR

It's a long story!

NINA

I love long stories! You're talking to the senior class president who proposed the theme "Prom Quixote."

CONNOR

Well, my story isn't so much about tilting windmills as it is about falling full-tilt in love with a pathological liar.

Nina's no longer laughing.

CONNOR

You know, the classic boy meets girl, boy dates girl for three years, boy buys ring, plans to propose to girl, girl leaves her e-mail open on boy's computer, boy sees a message from girl's husband assuring her this will be his last tour in Afghanistan...

(awkward beat)

Boy returns ring, buys food truck and starts new life in California.

NINA

Oh... boy.

CONNOR

Yeah. So on the off chance a Corporal Andrew Kershaw ever calls, you do not know me.

(LAUGHING)

But hey, if I'd never left, I would've never met you! And unless your project is a secret husband with PTSD, I think I'm in the clear.

She tries to hide her GUILT as he gives her a KISS--the moment cut short by a DING-DONG at the front door.

NINA

It worked!

CONNOR

What worked?

NINA

(covering)

The risotto. Smells better than a bonfire of new cars. Keep cookin' good lookin', I'll check the door.

Nina CREEPS to the door, checks the PEEP HOLE.

NINA

No. NO. Not tonight...

She YANKS it open. Stood there, gripping a bottle of Jose Cuervo and a French Bulldog... is HARPER, CRYING.

HARPER

They... they... suspended Wedgie's account!!

Nina's in NO MOOD to deal with this shit.

NINA

What? Who suspended the account?

HARPER

(sniffles)

The misogynistic, patriarchy-propping rat-fuckers at Instagram! Who the hell else??

Harper BARGES IN, wholly uninvited.

NINA

Why would they do that...?

HARPER

This morning, I posted a picture of Wedgie in the bathroom sink.
Caption: "I sink, therefore I 'gram." Thank you. But I was so distracted by how fucking next-level adorable she looked that I didn't realize you could see my left tit in the mirror.

(beat)

That's not even my best tit!

She BURSTS INTO TEARS, as Connor wanders over, CURIOUS.

CONNOR

Everything okay?

HARPER

You must be Connor? Hi Connor.
Nina's told me all about you. She didn't mention your calves.
They're perfect. Not too big, not too small. But no, everything is not okay. Instagram just suspended my dog's account.

He SHOOTS a look at Nina. *Is this girl serious?*

CONNOR

Maybe I should go, give you two--

NINA

--No! Stay--

HARPER

--Maybe you should go. Good to meet you, you're super hot, but right now--

(re: herself and Wedgie)

--we need to get drunk with our big sister.

Connor SQUEEZES past.

NINA

Wait, Connor--

CONNOR

--It's fine. Really. But you better save me some of that risotto.

And he's GONESVILLE. As TEARS overtake Harper, Nina awkwardly wraps her arms around her WHIMPERING sister.

INT. NINA'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Harper, GROGGY and SPRAWLED OUT on the couch, rolls over and ONTO THE FLOOR, landing with a THUD... then GROAN.

The EMPTY Cuervo bottle tips off the coffee table, ONTO HER HEAD. Another GROAN.

INT. NINA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

In a hungover STUPOR, Harper SWINGS open the fridge. EMPTY. She glances at the DOOR TO THE GARAGE. *Should I?*

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

UNDERWHELMED, Harper takes in the seemingly NORMAL space.

HARPER

If I were a Gatorade, where would
I live...?

She OPENS the Soyrent mini-fridge, RECOILING in disgust. Getting desperate, she PULLS open the CLOSET DOOR... immediately WISHING she hadn't.

HARPER

Are. You. Fuck. Ing. With. Me.

She stares in HORROR at the DISCARDED CORPSE of Beta Nina which, to the untrained eye, looks a helluva lot like a HUMAN MURDER VICTIM.

HARPER

Neeners... What have you done...?

INT. NINA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

TIP-TOEING, Harper grabs a KITCHEN KNIFE.

INT. NINA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harper BURSTS in, blade in ATTACK POSITION.

HARPER

THAT's your secret project??
MURDERING people??

Nina SPRINGS awake, COWERING behind her sheets.

NINA
WHY DO YOU HAVE A KNIFE??

HARPER
Because I found your little CLOSET
CARCASS!

NINA
You went in my garage??

HARPER
Now I'm going to be the fucking
"oblivious sister" in a Netflix
true-crime documentary. Do you
honestly think I'm ready for that
kind of public examination of my
personal life??

Nina HOPS from the bed, caught in a cat-and-mouse game
with her CRAZED sister.

NINA
I told you not to go in there!!

HARPER
Ya girl was hungover and THIRSTY. It
feels like Skrillex headlined a
festival in my brain. But back to
the DEAD BODY.

NINA
She was... an experiment gone awry.

HARPER
YOU'RE CONDUCTING HUMAN
EXPERIMENTS? Jesus--

NINA
--No, I--

HARPER
--Lemme guess. You took the experiment
too far and tragedy struck. And you
tried to bury the body...

Harper's CORNERING Nina, knife raised.

HARPER
...but body's are fuckin' heavy,
and you're little nerd arms
weren't up to the task at hand.
So, in a moment of indecision, you
hid her in the closet. But you
forgot one thing.

NINA

...I did?

Harper TOSSES the knife aside.

HARPER

You forgot you had a LITTLE SISTER
who's a ride-or-die typa bitch.
Your problems are MY problems.

NINA

Oh. Well, that body isn't a
body... per se. It's an android.
I've been building androids.

Harper's TAKEN ABACK.

HARPER

You've... oh. Right. Legit. For
the record, I was one-hundo-p
kidding about helping you bury a
body. I mean... I would, but I
wouldn't be, like, super jazzed up
about it, ya know?

Nina can't help but LAUGH.

HARPER

So hold up. If that... thing... is
your secret project... and it's
straight busted... what are you
showing at the launch?

NINA

There is--was--another one...

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Nina and Harper share the couch, the latter MUNCHING on a
bag of popcorn, ENRAPTURED by her sister's story.

NINA

...and now she's attempting to
sabotage Connor's and my--
(catching herself)
--whatever you want to call it.
She feels betrayed--well,
technically an algorithm is
telling her to act as though she
were betrayed--and rightfully so.
I should've been honest with her--

HARPER

--No, fuck that homemade fembot piece of shit! You CREATED her!

NINA

Regardless, it's my fault. I programmed her to do this. But now I just need to get her back.

HARPER

Look. We've got a robot problem, right? Why don't we call Robocop?

NINA

You do realize Robocop's a fictional robot that fights crime, right? Not a real cop that arrests robots.

HARPER

(covering)

Of course I realize that! I guess you just have to tell Connor.

NINA

No way. What if he freaks out and goes AWOL? He's my only chance of finding her.

HARPER

He's gonna find out one way or another! You launch tomorrow.

NINA

We'll cross that bridge after we get her back. I had Connor here to lure her over, but then you...

HARPER

You thinking what I'm thinking?

NINA

Stake-out!

HARPER

Brunch!

HARPER

Oh. A stake-out. Sure. For the record, I meant, like, a brainstorming brunch.

NINA

Wedgie stays.

The pup YELPS in protest.

EXT. NINA'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

As Nina and Harper jump in the Prius and PULL OUT, they don't notice the very android they're off to find--Other Nina--SLIP INTO THE GARAGE through the broken door.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - LATER

Parked, Nina and Harper have eyes on Connor's FOOD TRUCK, watching the rare CUSTOMER come and go.

HARPER

I'm worried about Wedgie. It's not easy reacclimating to normal life after you've had a taste of fame. Just look at Screech. He went to PRISON for pulling a switchblade in a bar fight, Nina. SCREECH. I can't let Wedgie go down that path. It'd break my heart.

Nina ignores her, STARING at the truck.

NINA

I don't know why I thought this would work.

HARPER

And what, am I just supposed to feed her and walk her like a normal dog now? She was born to be a star. If I wanted a dog that's nothing special, I would've gone to a fucking shelter--

NINA

--Look--LOOK!

Connor crosses the street, getting into his PICKUP. Nina THROWS the Prius in gear.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - RESTAURANT - LATER

At a CORNER TABLE, Connor and Other Nina DIG into a couple sandwiches.

OTHER NINA

...Sorry if I interrupted your work flow.

CONNOR

(re: the sandwich)

I never mind checking out the competition. And business wasn't exactly *booming* this afternoon.

OTHER NINA

You know, I was thinking. What if we got away for awhile? I know you miss Nashville, and I've never been out of--I mean--I haven't left the Bay Area in months.

CONNOR

You don't have to convince me.

OTHER NINA

I thought you might say that, so I bought tickets. We leave tomorrow.

CONNOR

Tomorrow?? I mean... yes. I'd love to. But what about your launch?

OTHER NINA

Let's just say I've run into some problems with my prototype.

At a table on the OTHER SIDE of the restaurant, Nina and Harper stalk their prey, HIDING behind menus.

HARPER

And I press the power button behind her ear... then what?

NINA

Then I get Connor to leave and help you carry her out.

HARPER

Isn't he going to notice you're wearing a completely different outfit?

NINA

Guys never notice clothes.

HARPER

And you're SURE the robot doesn't know who I am? You've never ONCE talked about me?

NINA

No.

HARPER

Not even like a... "You won't believe what my sister Harper said. She's SO funny."

NINA

No.

HARPER

Or a, "Man, I don't know where I'd be without my sister Harper. She's always there for me, even though I act like she doesn't exist."

NINA

Nope.

HARPER

Got it. HOW much longer until she goes to the bathroom?

At the other table--as if on cue--Other Nina's torso starts BEEPING. Connor reaches for his phone.

CONNOR

That me or you?

OTHER NINA

Me I think. And I'm actually gonna run to the bathroom real quick.

Nina and Harper watch as Other Nina STANDS.

NINA

Go time.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harper strolls in, spots Other Nina's feet under a STALL.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BAR - SAME TIME

Nina STEELS herself, approaching Connor.

CONNOR

That was quick. Wait, did you... change clothes?

NINA

(awwww)
You noticed!
(covering)
(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

I spilled... had an extra shirt in my bag. And I'm so dumb, I just realized I told my sister I'd help her write her Instagram petition...

CONNOR

(standing)

Oh--right, sure.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BAR BATHROOM - SAME TIME

With a FLUSH, Other Nina walks out of the stall, exchanging an awkward glance with Harper.

HARPER

...Hi.

(no response)

Sorry if this is forward, but you have great hair. What do you use? Can I feel it?

As Harper REACHES for it, Other Nina DODGES her hand.

OTHER NINA

What? No! I don't know you.

HARPER

Oh, Nina made that crystal clear.

OTHER NINA

Nina??

HARPER

Shit--no. Yes! Nina. My... mom? She's always saying "don't touch strangers' hair." Like, don't tell me what to do, Mom!!

Harper LUNGES for it again, but Nina GRABS her wrist.

HARPER

Just lemme pet it.

OTHER NINA

I can't let you do that.

Harper goes for the robot's NECK with her other hand, but Other Nina SNAGS that one too.

Harper PUSHES back, FREEING a hand and finally GETTING HOLD of Other Nina's HAIR... REACHING toward the exposed POWER BUTTON... their struggle SPILLING out the door...

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BAR - CONTINUOUS

As Nina hugs Connor goodbye, his jaw DROPS.

CONNOR

Is that...

Nina TURNS, spotting Harper ROLLING on the ground, in a full-fledged WRESTLING MATCH with Other Nina.

CONNOR

...Harper?

NINA

Whoah, yeah, weird. Wonder what that's about. Oh well, better leave her to it. Where were we--

--But Connor's already RUSHING to Harper's aid. He FORCES the two girls apart, laying eyes on Other Nina.

CONNOR

What. The--

He SPINS toward Nina, FREAKED OUT.

NINA

DAMMIT Harper!

CONNOR (CONT'D)

--HELL is going on??

NINA

I can explain.

OTHER NINA

I can explain.

Nina takes a DEEP BREATH.

NINA

She's an andro--

OTHER NINA

--WE'RE TWINS. We were separated at birth and, despite being an ocean apart, fortuitously reunited one summer at camp and teamed up to get our parents back together--

NINA

--SHE'S LYING. This is going to sound insane but--

OTHER NINA

--Don't!--

NINA

--she's an android. I built her in my garage. I was going to--

CONNOR

(horrificed)

--This whole time... I've been... with a ROBOT?

OTHER NINA

Well, when you put it like that--

NINA

--No! Just the first two dates. And, well, a couple others. It sounds worse than it is! I fell for you and--

CONNOR

(realizing)

--Of course... The dancing... speaking Spanish... the Tear Jerker... the basketball stats... that was all...

(re: Other Nina)

...her.

HARPER

Crazy, right? It's like, rule number one: if you're going to make a robotic clone of yourself, don't make her cooler, smarter, and hotter than you.

CONNOR

My friends were right. I should've never left Nashville. I mean, the girls there are crazy... But this... this is a whole new breed of batshit!

OTHER NINA

DAMMIT Nina. I had a plan. I was going to tell him when the time was right... when you were out of the picture.

NINA

And what were you going to try next?? You already held up a fucking liquor store!

CONNOR
(to Other Nina)
You robbed a liquor store??

OTHER NINA
(to Connor)
I robbed a liquor store for US.

HARPER
That's the most romantic thing
I've ever heard.

OTHER NINA
(to Nina)
Don't you UNDERSTAND?? There can
only be one Nina Emser.

NINA
So... what? You gonna kill me?

OTHER NINA
No...

Suddenly, Other Nina TAKES OFF across the hotel lobby,
BURSTING into a STAIRWELL.

NINA
WAIT!

Nina shoots a PLEADING look at Connor, before SPRINTING
after Other Nina.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Other Nina CLIMBS the staircase with mechanical
precision, Nina struggling to keep up.

NINA
Slow down! I'm SORRY!

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BAR - SAME TIME

Connor, REELING, shoots a glare at Harper.

HARPER
What?? I'm just as confused as
you! Now I'm wondering if it was
actually Nina or just the robot
that came to Wedgie's baptism.

CONNOR
Honestly, fuck this town.

Exhausted, Connor STORMS OUT.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - STAIRWAY - SAME TIME

Nina's HUFFING IT, out of breath. Finally, she lunges for the ROOF ACCESS door.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Nina EXPLODES onto the roof, but... it's EMPTY.

Her eyes SCANNING... SCANNING... NO SIGN OF OTHER NINA.

Suddenly--a distant SCREAM. Nina rushes to the roof's edge, PEERING DOWN.

On the sidewalk, ten stories below... SHOCKED PASSERBY start to CROWD around a MANGLED MESS OF METAL, WIRES and synthetic BODY PARTS... OTHER NINA JUMPED. Nina goes NUMB.

NINA

Not again... Not. Fucking. Again.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Nina RUSHES to the PILE OF JUNK formerly know as Other Nina, as Harper attempts to disperse the CURIOUS CROWD.

HARPER

Nothing to see here. It's just a crash test dummy. We were testing our new parachute app. Needless to say, it failed.

Nina, practically in TEARS, makes a futile attempt to piece Other Nina back together, RAGE overtaking her.

NINA

Do you see what you've done??

HARPER

What I'VE done??

NINA

If you weren't so hell bent on getting me to FUCK somebody, none of this would've happened!

HARPER

It's not MY fault that you went
all evil scientist matchmaker on
that shit!

NINA

This is why your best friend is a DOG!

HARPER

This is why your best friend just
KILLED HERSELF!

Harper STORMS AWAY, leaving Nina to clean up the SMASHED
REMAINS of the last three years of her life, as one of
Reba McEntire's heartbreaking ballads FADES IN...

EXT. NINA'S PRIUS - CURBSIDE - MINUTES LATER

Nina SHOVES pieces of Other Nina into her TRUNK, collapsing
to the curb, TEARS flooding her eyes. Off her HOPELESSNESS--

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Connor's throwing his things BACK INTO BOXES. He PAUSES
on the REBA POSTER... reminiscing. Off his DEPRESSION--

INT. HARPER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Harper's in bed, about to turn off the light, when Wedgie
BOUNDS IN with a FISHBOWL on his head. She goes to TAKE A
PICTURE... but stops... remembering. Off her FROWN--

INT. NERO'S WINE BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

The music FADES... as Nina--a complete WRECK--runs her
finger around the edge of an empty wine glass. Our old
friend, the Depressed Waiter, bellies up.

DEPRESSED WAITER

Are we starting with a glass or a
bottle this evening--

(recognizing her)

--Oh, hey! Good to have you back,
stranger.

NINA

We've actually never met. The girl
who was in here before was an
android clone. But it doesn't
matter, because she's dead now.

DEPRESSED WAITER

So... a bottle then?

She gives a RESIGNED NOD.

As he heads off, Nina spots a LIVING NIGHTMARE strolling towards her: Brad and a BLONDE SMOKESHOW, her skintight t-shirt reading 49ERS CHEERLEADING.

NINA

Well if it isn't Dr. Jekyll and Miss July.

BRAD

And hello to you too, sunshine.
Nina, Brianna. Brianna, Nina.

NINA

(to Brianna)

Lemme guess. You're a 49ers cheerleader.

BRIANNA

Whoah! Yes. That's so weird. Oh my God, can you guess my sign too?

NINA

Gemin-I don't give a shit?

(to Brad)

What happened to Russia's Next Top Model?

BRAD

Back to the Mother Land. How about the good ol' boy?

NINA

As a matter of fact, he just...

Her LOOK finishes the sentence.

BRAD

Would love to say I'm surprised.

NINA

So do you ever date girls with actual jobs?

BRIANNA

Ummmm I work Saturdays at J. Crew--

BRAD

--One workaholic was plenty.

Nina gives a spiteful LAUGH.

NINA

There'd be no Matcher left if it wasn't for me.

BRAD

Well there'd be a lot more of ME left if it wasn't for you.

(beat)

Yes, okay? You're a great developer. But it was MY idea and MY company. I bet you used this poor guy too, didn't you?

(off her look)

Straight outta the Nina Emser playbook. String him along until he finally realizes the only reason you were with him's because it served your career.

He lets that SINK IN.

BRAD

Hell, he got off lucky. It took me FOUR YEARS to realize the one thing in the world that matters to you is your place in it.

She STARES at him, her soul on the verge of collapse.

BRAD

(to Brianna)

Let's go get drunk.

BRIANNA

Awww I love it when you say that.

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER

Nina, WASTED, holds an open bottle of wine in one hand, while the other clumsily drags Other Nina's BUSTED BODY across the garage floor.

Reaching the COUCH, she pulls the robot's MANGLED TORSO onto a cushion, arranging her as if she's "sitting up".

NINA

(slurring)

Mooovie time.

Nina rifles through a stack of BLURAYS.

NINA
 Titanic... Titanic...
 (not finding it)
 Dannnnng it.

SMASH TO:

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - LATER

Nina's SNORING, upright on the couch, her head on the shoulder of Other Nina's eerily attentive CADAVER, a glass of wine DUCT TAPED into its only remaining hand.

"The Bachelorette" saga continues from the TV.

ZOE (ON TV)
I'm sorry Max. I never thought I'd meet an air-hockey table repairman as kind, loyal or funny as you, but I can't help the way I feel.

MAX (ON TV)
 (crying)
Is this because I shit my pants on our ziplining date?

Off Max's HEARTBREAK--

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - NEXT DAY

Nina takes a SCREWDRIVER to the android's CARCASS, scavenging for parts. Her phone BUZZES with an incoming call--it's Julian. SIGHING, she ANSWERS.

NINA (ON PHONE)
 I don't know what to tell you!
 (listening)
 I know cancelling it is a bad look for a new company like yours, but I have nothing to launch, Julian! All I've got now are two worthless piles of electronic trash...

Nina OPENS the closet.

NINA (ON PHONE)
 ...that vaguely resemble me--

She pauses, WIDE-EYED.

NINA (ON PHONE)
Jules, I'm going to have to call
you back. And you know what...
consider the party still on.

Hanging up, she STARES into the closet at... NOTHING. No
Beta Nina.

NINA
She couldn't have...

She LUNGES to her LAPTOP, flipping it open and pulling up
her garage's SECURITY FOOTAGE. She REWINDS over the past
24 hours... looking for something... THERE!

She hits PLAY, watching OTHER NINA CREEP INTO THE GARAGE!

NINA
That's my girl...

Onscreen, Other Nina opens the closet and drags BETA NINA
out, towards the door... STOPPING SHORT. She wanders
toward the TV, SEARCHING for something... and finding it:
the TITANIC BLURAY. Nina can't help but LAUGH.

NINA
I knew I fixed that flaw!

She shoots a look at the dismantled ROBO-CORPSE.

NINA
So if you're the beta prototype,
then where's...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Other Nina, ALIVE AND WELL, waits in the SECURITY LINE,
staring at her BOARDING PASS to Nashville. A GUARD checks
her ID, nodding with APPROVAL and waving her onward.

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

Nina's PACING, iPhone SMASHED against her ear.

NINA (ON PHONE)
Harold! Yeah--yeah--listen.
(beat)
Well that's what happens when you
buy your 4-year-old his own jet
ski. Look, I need you to check
something for me.
(MORE)

NINA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Have there been any more charges
on any of my cards that look out
of the ordinary?

(beat)

Thanks, but seriou--waaaaaiit,
WHAT DO YOU MEAN ENJOY NASHVILLE?

REALIZING, she GRABS her KEYS!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME TIME

Other Nina steps into the X-RAY SCANNER, lifting her
arms. Two TSA AGENTS--a BIG GIRL and an OLD MAN--wave
Other Nina out, having her PAUSE as the machine analyzes.

BEEEEEEEP. Her entire scan comes up RED.

OTHER NINA

(sotto)

Shit.

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT

That ain't right. Let's have you
try again.

Other Nina gets scanned again... and again, ALL RED. Both
TSA Agents are BAFFLED.

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT

You ever seen something like this
Marvin?

OLD MAN TSA AGENT

No m'am. Hell, I've seen rectally
concealed throwing stars... a
tomahawk inside a Teddy Bear. But
never nothin' like this.

(beat)

Maybe she's got some sorta bomb
strapped all around her.

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT

This chiquita here?

(re: her legs)

Look at them matchsticks! She's
too skinny for no bomb, Marvin.

She pulls out a metal-detection WAND.

OTHER NINA

Thank you? I think you're machine--

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. Every inch of her... BEEP. *Metal.*

OLD MAN TSA AGENT
I heard a story 'bout this same
thing happenin' at LaGuardia.
Mercury poisoning, they said.

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT
(to Other Nina)
You been showin' that Sashimi who's
boss?

OTHER NINA
Not particularly. This must just
be some mistake--

OLD MAN TSA AGENT
--I seen on TLC, some folks, they
have an addiction to eatin' rust.

OTHER NINA
I don't eat... rust.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina SPEEDS down the freeway. She spots the AIRPORT EXIT
sign, SWERVING across traffic.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - SAME TIME

The TSA Agents continue to THEORIZE over Other Nina.

OLD MAN TSA AGENT
I seen on Nightline sometimes they
cut street heroin with copper.

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT
(to Other Nina)
You been shootin' up?

OLD MAN TSA AGENT
Couldn't be. The copper causes
instant death.

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT
Then why'd you bring it up, Marvin??

OLD MAN TSA AGENT
Because I like sharin' interestin'
tidbits with you, Brenda!
(to Other Nina)
Regardless, can't let you through.

OTHER NINA

What??

BIG GIRL TSA AGENT

Look, we get it, you a basic bitch,
and a basic bitch ain't gonna blow
up no plane. But say on the off
chance you do... then I gotta go
home and tell my two little ones
their Momma helped the terrorists
win. What kinda example is that?

Other Nina FROWNS.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

Other Nina sits, wholly DOWNTRODDEN, on a bench in the
DROP-OFF AREA, watching TRAVELERS hop out of TAXIS, some
checking bags, others RUNNING to catch flights.

A WOMAN (20s) bids farewell to her SISTER (20s) with a
WARM HUG, as Other Nina stares LONGINGLY... remembering
Nina give her the SAME KIND OF HUG before the first date.

WOMAN

(a la "Titanic")
I'll never let you go, Jackie.
I'll never let go.

SISTER

Chill, I'm just going to Buffalo
for the weekend.

Something REGISTERS in Other Nina, when suddenly Nina
herself SPRINTS through the android's line of sight, into
the TERMINAL... only to reemerge moments later.

NINA

I thought...

OTHER NINA

Metal detectors.

Nina SMILES. *Shoulda thought of that.*

NINA

Lemme guess... the plan was to
make me think you'd jumped, then
whisk him away?

OTHER NINA

Doesn't matter now. Didn't work.

An AWKWARD beat... until--

NINA
I'm sorry.

OTHER NINA
I'm sorry.

NINA
Me first.
(beat)
I'm sorry. I treated you like a product--a *thing*--instead of a what you are now: my friend. I've always been good with computers... other people, not so much. So I never tried. The lines got blurry and I calculated wrong. I shouldn't have taken him from you.

OTHER NINA
No. I'm Rose, he's Jack and you're the freezing cold ocean.

NINA
Thank you...?

OTHER NINA
And as much as I thought maybe-- *this* time--the ship would steer clear... we were always going to hit that iceberg, and I was always going to lose him to you.

NINA
He's probably left the state by now. Won't even answer my calls. You didn't lose him to me. We both lost him.

OTHER NINA
No. I'm a robot. I was never going to end up with him... as much as I wanted to. But YOU still can. Just, for once in your life, act like a human being, Nina. Do what I can't: Speak from your human heart. Cry some human tears. Sure, what you did was flawed, but it was HUMAN. And if he gives a damn, he'll see that.

NINA
What was that, Nicholas Sparks?

OTHER NINA
One of my own.

Nina GRINS... which quickly falls into a FROWN.

NINA

I have a ballroom full of people waiting for me to unveil an invention that, until this moment, I thought I'd lost. This should be the happiest night of my life, and I feel nothing.

OTHER NINA

Welcome to my world.

NINA

No, that's the thing, you feel more than I ever intended. That shit you pulled? You felt love. Truly *felt* it.

(she has an IDEA)

How about I make you a deal?

Other Nina PERKS UP.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DOPPELGANGER LAUNCH - LATER

Full-on LAUNCH PARTY VIBES: a "famous" DJ, OPEN BAR, GRAZING HERD of ANTSY TECH-HEADS. A huge banner reads **DOPPELGANGER: FIND LOVE, SAVE TIME.**

We spot some familiar faces in the crowd... the DEPRESSED WAITER, the CREEPY UBER DRIVER, the LIQUOR STORE OWNER and his wheelchair-bound GIRLFRIEND, HAROLD with ATLAS and EYELET, a few of Other Nina's FAILED SUITORS...

...finally settling on Julian and Harper (and, of course, Wedgie) near the back, NERVOUS for Nina.

HARPER

I know I should still be mad at her, but I'm worried. It's not like Nina to just not show up. She had appendicitis and still took the S.A.T.

Suddenly, Other Nina EMERGES from the back of the room, SHUFFLING towards the stage. Julian and Harper SPOT HER.

JULIAN

Oh thank God!

HARPER

Holy shit... The fembot lives!

JULIAN

Wait... that's not Nina?? How do you know?

HARPER

Her hair. Look closely. It shimmers. I NEED to know what conditioner she uses.

JULIAN

I don't think robots take showers.

HARPER

Wow, Jules, for a gay man you're being pretty narrow minded.

Other Nina grabs a MICROPHONE from the podium. TAP TAP TAP. The music CUTS. Curious eyes TURN.

OTHER NINA

I appreciate your patience.
(reading off teleprompter)
My name's Nina Emser. I'd like to thank my dear friend Julian Miller and Launch for hosting this event...

JULIAN

(sotto)
You don't know me, bitch.

OTHER NINA

...and thank you all for joining me tonight.

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina's TRUCKING IT, as a call RINGS on speaker.

NINA

Please pick up. Please pick up!

MAN'S VOICE (ON SPEAKER)

Nina?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MATCHER HEADQUARTERS - CEO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

BRAD, feet up, stares through the wall of his GLASS OFFICE into a Matcher's open-plan millennial cesspool.

BRAD

I figured you deleted my number. I mean, three years and not a single "I miss you" text.

NINA

I found it listed on your Craigslist ad for free condescension.

BRAD

Touché.

NINA

Sorry about last night... if I messed anything up with that girl.

BRAD

Which girl? Oh, the cheerleader? Don't flatter yourself, she still fucked me.

NINA

Good... Great. I need a favor.

BRAD

HAHA! Yeah, and I need a cat butler, but my assistant tells me all the animal trainers who do that are in prison. Nice chatting.

He goes to HANG UP--

NINA

WAIT. I fucked it up again, okay? You're right. I fucked it up. Me, not you. I cared ten--maybe 20--times more about our company than I did about our relationship--

BRAD

--Thank you?--

NINA

--and I deserved what happened. But I'm trying to do better this time around, okay?? And I need your help with something.

He BREAKS.

BRAD

And what might that be?

NINA

Well... you know how you
technically have access to the GPS
location of every Matcher user...?

BRAD

Jesus, Nina. Why don't you just
hack us and leave me out of it?

NINA

I tried, but...

BRAD

Say it.

NINA

...your firewall is too good.

BRAD

You know that's the first time
you've ever complimented my coding?

NINA

That's because you're not a very
good coder.

He GRINS. *Some things never change.*

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DOPPELGANGER LAUNCH - SAME TIME

On stage, Other Nina continues her SERMON.

OTHER NINA

...For the last few years, I've
been working on a project that I
think can change the way we date...

JULIAN

(hushed; to Harper)
She definitely murdered Nina. I'm
going up there.

He starts to WALK, but Harper GRABS him.

HARPER

We don't know that. She could be
keeping Nina alive in a dark
cellar somewhere.

JULIAN

And if we destroy her, we'll never know the location, all but guaranteeing Nina's death by starvation?

HARPER

Exactly.

They HIGH FIVE, turning back to the STAGE.

OTHER NINA

...and many of you are wondering what it is you're here tonight to see. Actually, to that point...

(going off script)

...I have to come clean. I'm not Nina Emser. In fact, I'm better looking, more knowledgeable, and more patient than Nina Emser. But there's one thing Nina is that I'm not. And that's... human.

GASPS from the CONFUSED audience.

OTHER NINA

(back on script)

Let's say there's a girl in Chicago or Houston or right here in Palo Alto--doesn't matter...

INT. NINA'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Nina RACES toward the GPS DOT now BLINKING on her phone.

OTHER NINA (V.O.)

...but this girl, she's finally ready for love, right?

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Connor SLAMS the door on a U-HAUL hitched to his FOOD TRUCK, and bids a bitter farewell to The Juans.

OTHER NINA (V.O.)

It's true, dating apps are a game changer. Hell, she can find the perfect guy from the comfort of her own phone!

Out of nowhere, Nina's Prius SQUEALS into the lot...

OTHER NINA (V.O.)

And she'll go into it optimistic.
After all, this could be her *soulmate*.

...SKIDDING to a stop, Nina EXPLODING from the car.

CONNOR

Nina?? How'd you know I was here??

NINA

By driving my car over your
Constitutional right to privacy,
then slowly backing over it again.

CONNOR

(not in the mood)
Shouldn't you be at your launch?

NINA

No--well, yeah--but that can wait...

CONNOR

Lemme guess. Since the robot can
no longer speak for itself, you
need your test subject to recount
his story to the audience? Sorry
if I'm not up for telling a room
full of strangers that I did,
indeed, make-out with a human-
shaped PlayStation.

NINA

No! She's actually still alive...
well, *functional*. Long story.

(beat)

No... I...

(DEEP breath)

I didn't build myself, Connor. I
wish I did... There wouldn't be so
many bugs to work out. I know I
lied to you. And used you. And
fucked with your heart. And I know
what I did was crazy. But you're
the first crazy thing I've done in
my life. And that's GOTTA mean
something...

Connor betrays a SMILE.

NINA

...I wish I could conjure up the
perfect Shakespeare quote to
describe how I feel, and how much I
want you to forgive me.

(MORE)

NINA (CONT'D)

And I'd be lying if I said I didn't try to look one up on the way here. But I was driving really fast, and it's hard to concentrate on the road and a phone at the same time, and I really didn't want to die before I saw you again.

(beat)

And I really don't want you to leave before we try this again.

CONNOR

Prove it.

NINA

What? I thought... I am... this IS me proving it!

He POPS into the truck, grabs a BASKET OF CHICKEN.

CONNOR

I whipped up a couple Tear Jerkers for the road.

She gives him a look of SHEER TERROR.

CONNOR

Look, I was put through the damn wringer by one of your creations. I'd say it's only fair you let me return the favor with one of mine.

RELUCTANT, Nina accepts the basket, takes a bite.

NINA

Whoah. Honestly not as bad as--

--Connor KISSES HER!!

...and keeps KISSING HER... until TEARS start ROLLING DOWN HER CHEEKS!

PAUSING, he wipes them off--caught up in the romance of the moment--until realizing her face is FIRE-FUCKING-STATION RED.

NINA

WAAATER. I NEED WATER.

(to the Juans)

AGUA. AGUA POR FUCKING FAVOR!

The Juans LAUGH, SPRINGING into action.

NINA
I THINK SATAN JUST CAME IN MY MOUTH.

CONNOR
Please don't write that on Yelp. I
need all the help I can get in
Palo Alto.

NINA
(mouth on fire)
YOU'RE STAYING??

CONNOR
I'm kickin' it around.

NINA
I PROMISE SOME OF THESE ARE HAPPY
TEARS.

They KISS again.

OTHER NINA (PRE-LAP)
...a service for all those who
think technology has ruined
romance...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DOPPELGANGER LAUNCH - LATER

Nina SNEAKS into the back of the room, Connor in tow. The
crowd remains LASER FOCUSED on Other Nina.

OTHER NINA
...or made it impossible to find
true love.
(spotting Nina and Connor)
And without further ado, I'd like
to present Doppelganger's first
successful couple...

NINA
Oh boy...

Connor and Nina share a knowing GLANCE.

OTHER NINA
...Nina and Connor.

As Other Nina MOTIONS toward them, the room TURNS,
GASPING when they realize it's the REAL NINA EMSER.

CREEPY UBER DRIVER
(thrilled)
There is TWO of this woman??

The crowd EXPLODES with APPLAUSE, parting as the happy couple ambles to the stage, ALL EYES ON THEM. Other Nina helps her creator up, as Nina SNAGS the mic.

NINA
 Sorry if this kills your buzz, but technically we'll be Doppelganger's first and... only successful couple.

She just lets that HANG THERE, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON OVER BLACK: ONE WEEK LATER

CONNOR (PRE-LAP)
 I still can't believe I'm letting you do this.

FADE IN:

INT. NINA'S GARAGE - DAY

Connor sits in front of an IMAGING MACHINE, as a 3D model of his face appears on Nina's LAPTOP. Other Nina and a NEBBISH REPORTER watch on.

OTHER NINA
 And now add some Leo.

Nina makes a few CLICKS, and Connor's digital face starts to look more and more like Leonardo DiCaprio.

OTHER NINA
 More Leo.

CONNOR
 (offended)
 Really?

OTHER NINA
 I liked you, but you're far from perfect. Jack, on the other hand...

REPORTER
 So now what?

NINA
 (pointing)
 That 3D printer will turn this image into the face of the world's first male android.

REPORTER

No, I mean... now with the millions in V.C. funding... and a working prototype... why abandon the dating platform?

NINA

I suppose... I realized it wasn't that I needed a robot acting like me to be happy. I just needed to stop acting like a fucking robot.

REPORTER

And I can quote you on that?

OTHER NINA

Quotes aren't her specialty.

NINA

I mean, I built a goddamn ANDROID. It shouldn't just be about helping Tina in Texas find a boyfriend because she's too busy, it should be about making her less busy so she can find one herself. Staying late at work for her, or running her errands--the possibilities are endless--while she ventures into the world and remembers what it's like to be an actual person. What it's like to go out with her friends and not have to check e-mail on her phone. To drink two bottles of wine in one sitting, across the table from a guy she just met who just might be her perfect match--

OTHER NINA

--Or a murderer!

NINA

But probably neither. And that's fine, because for the first time in a long time, she's having an experience that doesn't involve entering data into an Excel spreadsheet.

REPORTER

So instead of playing Cupid, you're what... playing God?

NINA

Well, for now, playing house. This one belongs to Rose.

OTHER NINA AKA ROSE

A deal's a deal.

Nina's phone VIBRATES--Harold's calling. She shoots it to VOICE MAIL.

REPORTER

It's funny. When I was researching this story, the one thing Time readers wanted to know wasn't "when can I have one?" or "are we doomed?" But... can a robot really fall in love?

Other Nina (aka Rose) GLANCES at her Connor/Leo hybrid, already smitten, as Nina and Connor share a GRIN.

NINA

I guess we'll find out.

OTHER NINA AKA ROSE

I guess we'll find out.

INT. HAROLD'S SLEEK OFFICE - SAME TIME

Harold packs up his BRIEFCASE, phone to his ear.

HAROLD

Nina, call me back ASAP. Need to know how quick you can whip up one of those robot clones. Just remembered I'm supposed to watch Atlas play soccer tonight, but I'm already on my way to sushi with a former Miss California. Guess which year.

(beat)

2008. KIDDING. 2014. I'm not desperate. Anyways, if I flake on the game, Heidi'll kill me, but if I have to watch the fruit of my loins stumble his way though another second of communist kickball, I might kill myself. And therein lies the dilemma. Plus, it's not like I bought Atlas that virtual reality headset for him to take up a fucking SPORT...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END