



# ECHO LAKE

## ENTERTAINMENT

**ONE NIGHT  
ONLY**

Travis Braun

In the near future, premarital sex has been outlawed  
in the United States.

Except for one night a year.

A DO NOT DISTURB sign.

**INT. STEAKHOUSE (NEW YORK CITY) - EVENING**

OWEN (27, boyish, sweater vest) sits across the table from CLARISSA (25, sharp bob) as she opens the sign, which is actually a GREETING CARD.

We glimpse the text inside: *"Tonight's all about us, no interruptions."*

OWEN

The cards were really dumb this year. There was one with a chicken that said 'Bow Chicken Wow Wow'.

Clarissa stares at the card, lost in thought.

This might be the moment we notice both Owen and Clarissa have red lily tattoos on their wrists.

OWEN

(shakes head)

The whole thing's gotten out of hand. It's like everyone's forgotten the romance.

CLARISSA

I'm gonna sleep with someone else tonight.

Devastating silence.

A long beat.

CLARISSA

Say something.

He doesn't.

CLARISSA

Please, just say something.

OWEN

I love you.

CLARISSA

Something else.

Owen tries. He can't. All he can think of is how much he loves her.

**EXT. 8TH AVENUE - SAME TIME**

A yellow cab Prius creeps through midtown in sweltering holiday traffic. An LED bank sign tells us it's 6:28 p.m. on Aug 1st and still 93 degrees.

**INT. YELLOW CAB - SAME TIME**

HANNAH (29, freckles, floral dress, retro) talks on the phone in the back seat. One of those red lily tattoos on her wrist, too.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
Top drawer, left side... The top.  
(to the DRIVER)  
Is there a faster route? I'm trying  
to get to a date.

DRIVER  
You and everyone else.

Hannah checks her watch. *Shit*.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
Derek...I promise I left them  
there.  
(to driver)  
Sir--please. I can't be late.

DRIVER  
Whatta ya want me to do, huh?

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
What? No, no, no. Derek-- you do  
not pay me enough to come back to  
the office to look for your penis  
pills.  
(to driver)  
Can we go around? Sir? There's a  
turn right here.

DRIVER  
It's one-way!

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
The pharmacy's sold out, Derek!  
Every pharmacy's sold out. Get your  
teenage boy toy over there to help  
you look.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't care when he turned twenty!

(to driver)

Please, sir...

DRIVER

I'll get a ticket!

HANNAH

I'll give you a five hundred dollar tip!!

The driver eyes her in the rearview mirror to see if she's serious. She is.

He pulls out, accelerating down the one-way.

**INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - EVENING**

Owen and Clarissa wait in the hot and heavy air for the Q train. Owen stares at the tracks, numb.

CLARISSA

We've been together so long, I think we've just--stalled, ya know? You're a nice guy, Owen. That's part of the problem. And you've got that weird obsession with Winnie the Pooh. I said I was okay with the framed quotes, but I'm not...they kill the decor. Please say something.

He doesn't.

CLARISSA

You want the truth? I met someone. Zane Schweitzman. From the pool? We've been talking for a few weeks...maybe months. I wasn't looking for anything, we just started hanging out after practice and I tried to put it out of my head, but the thought of being with him... it's too much. I can't go another year wondering, Owen. I have to do this tonight. You understand?

He doesn't. A train pulls in.

CLARISSA  
I need the apartment, so you'll  
have to stay with your mom.

She pulls a plastic Walgreens bag out of her tote with his  
toiletries. Hands it to him.

CLARISSA  
I'm sorry, I never meant to hurt  
you.

She boards the train.

Owen watches it carry her off. Alone in a sea of bodies.

**EXT. BRYANT PARK CAFE - EVENING**

The yellow cab pulls to the curb. Hannah rushes out.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
You're not listening to me. No one  
goes in your desk except you.

She reaches an

**OUTDOOR CAFE**

French, stylish. Overlooking the park.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
Derek-- Derek-- I don't want the  
details of your ED.

Hannah scans the tables -- all occupied by couples.

Except one.

In the back, under an elm, a MAN waits with a bouquet,  
studying the menu. She smiles. Moves towards him.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
We agreed to one night. One night  
where I am unavailable to you. This  
night.

She reaches the table. The man looks up. And there he is.



SEBASTIAN (34, Spanish, tailored suit, intense eyes that say I will seduce you if you look at me for too long, so best look away).

Hannah doesn't look away. Her boss rattles away in her ear, but she's not listening.

She hangs up, eyes glued to Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN  
(smiles)  
Right on time.

HANNAH  
I was worried I was gonna miss you.

SEBASTIAN  
I would've waited all night.

**INT. TRAIN CAR - SAME TIME**

The train to Washington Heights is filled with COUPLES. Laughing. Stealing kisses. Dancing. An electricity in the air.

Owen sits with the Walgreens bag on his lap.

Alone.

**EXT. BRYANT PARK CAFE - SAME TIME**

Hannah and Sebastian sip their drinks as the sun sets.

HANNAH  
When'd you fly in?

SEBASTIAN  
A few days ago to be safe. The airports...they're a mess.

HANNAH  
I read sex tourism is up like 20% this year.

SEBASTIAN  
Yeah. I don't like that term.

HANNAH  
Why?

SEBASTIAN  
It sounds so... casual.

HANNAH

Isn't that why you're here? Twelve hours. Your only chance to be with an American.

SEBASTIAN

My only chance to be with you.

His eyes hold hers, unwavering. Hannah has to take a drink.

HANNAH

So...how've you been?

SEBASTIAN

(no time for boring questions)  
I've thought about you every day  
for the past year.

A beat.

SEBASTIAN

I tried to find you.

HANNAH

You did?

He nods.

HANNAH

Sebastian, we agreed... no last names, no phone numbers.

SEBASTIAN

I know.

Hannah processes this.

HANNAH

To be honest, I was nervous you wouldn't show.

SEBASTIAN

We made a deal. Same time, same place.

HANNAH

I thought maybe you would've forgotten...

SEBASTIAN

I can't forget that night. And I don't think you can either or you wouldn't be wearing the same perfume: sandalwood and rose.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(off her surprise)

I had to look it up because I  
couldn't get it out of my head.  
Tell me I'm wrong.

HANNAH

(nods)

It's sandalwood and rose.

SEBASTIAN

I meant about the night.

He's right about that, too.

SEBASTIAN

Now, the only question is...do you  
need this chair?

She blinks. Wait.

The voice--Sebastian's voice--is off.

That's because it's not Sebastian.

#### **BACK TO REALITY**

It's a FINANCE BRO, looking up from his menu next to a bouquet. Hannah hovers awkwardly at his table, her boss still rattling away in her ear.

Sebastian isn't here.

IT WAS ALL IN HER HEAD.

FINANCE BRO

The chair? You need it?

HANNAH

Oh, no. Sorry, I--

FINANCE BRO

Erica!

A WOMAN pushes past Hannah to join the finance bro. He greets her with a kiss and the flowers.

Hannah sinks into a nearby chair with her phone. But she's not listening to her boss... She's searching faces.

No Sebastian anywhere.

A crowd has formed in the bar, eyes glued to a TV we can't see.

CROWD  
 Five...! Four...! Three...! TWO...!  
 ONE...!

Champagne pops! Horns blow! Couples kiss!

A clock at the bar tells us it's 7:00 p.m.

Suddenly...Hannah's wrist tattoo starts to shift colors...changing from RED TO GREEN. This is no ordinary tattoo. It's a biosensor.

We notice this is happening to EVERYONE AROUND HER.

#### **INT. TRAIN - SAME TIME**

And here, too. Everyone kisses and cheers as their biosensors change to green.

Owen pays no attention to his.

#### **CAFE**

Neither does Hannah.

#### **IN THE TRAIN:**

Owen sits alone.

#### **AT THE CAFE:**

Hannah sits alone.

Off Owen and Hannah, a city apart, we CUT TO:

#### **TITLES**

OVER BLACK:

Car horns HONKING. Pots and pans CLANGING.

#### **EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - NIGHT**

Owen surfaces from the subway station into pandemonium.

Drivers lean on their horns. Residents bang pots and pans from open windows. Couples practically skip down the street, hand-in-hand, as FIREWORKS boom in the distance.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 11:56:43... 11:56:42... 11:56:41...

A taxi passes with its windows down--a HORNY COUPLE already fucking in the backseat.

DRIVER  
Hey, cut it out back there!

They ignore him.

Owen moves through the celebration, carrying that Walgreens bag.

**EXT. 184TH STREET - NIGHT**

Owen rings the doorbell outside a skinny, brick row house. Waits.

Nothing.

He rings again. Still nothing.

Finally, the porch light flicks on. Deadbolt unlocks.

LINDA (58) appears in a housecoat and slippers. She spots Owen looking like shit.

LINDA  
Owen...? Jesus, you look like shit.

**INT. LINDA'S HOME - NIGHT**

Owen and Linda sit at the kitchen table surrounded by dusty plants. Owen gulps from a half-empty bottle of Seagram's.

LINDA  
The guy from the pool?

Owen coughs.

OWEN  
I think this is expired. Does alcohol expire?

LINDA  
The guy from the pool?!

He keeps drinking.

LINDA  
Is he rich? Is this about the pizza shop? I told you she's always had a problem with you working there. Did you show her the designs for your shop?

OWEN  
Mom, it's just a logo.

LINDA  
You can't open a shop without a logo. Look, hon'...these things happen. There's a lotta other girls out there. Good girls. Ones with money.

OWEN  
I was gonna marry her.

He drinks more.

LINDA  
You know what you need? You need to see your friends.

OWEN  
I think I'm gonna take a shower.

LINDA  
You don't want to be stuck here with your mom. What about Devin? Luis?

OWEN  
They're with their girlfriends.

LINDA  
Kaitlyn what's-her-face from your dance class! I always thought you two would be cute together.

OWEN  
She moved to Berlin.

LINDA  
You can't stay here, Owen.

A beat.

LINDA  
I'm gonna be having sex with Rick tonight.

This lands on Owen. He turns towards the staircase.

OWEN  
Rick...?

A long beat. Then a voice comes from upstairs--

RICK (O.S.)  
Hey-ya, Owen. Sorry to hear about  
Claire.

OWEN  
Thanks.

LINDA  
Owen's leaving. To go hang out with  
his friends.

RICK (O.S.)  
Oh. Alright. Good deal. That's  
uh...good idea. Have fun out there,  
Owen. Try not to think about her,  
'kay?

Owen gets up.

LINDA  
Sorry, sweetie. It's just...your  
father's been gone a long time, and  
tonight is tonight. You understand?

He nods.

LINDA  
Call me in the morning?

She hands him the Walgreens bag.

# **EXT. OWEN'S FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Owen stands on the porch, holding the shopping bag and the  
bottle of Seagram's. Nowhere to go.

Fireworks burst overhead.

He takes a drink. Stumbles forward into the night.

# **UPPER WEST SIDE**

He passes an Equinox, a picture stretched across the gym's  
window of a fit couple tangled in each other. Words printed  
underneath:

*"8/1 is coming. Make sure you are, too."*

**MIDTOWN**

He walks by a budget motel, a neon sign bluntly glowing in his face: NO VACANCY.

**CHELSEA**

He passes a bodega, closing early for the night. The store owner drags in a Gatorade display, three words on the top:

*"All Night Long"*

Owen turns a corner.

WHAM.

He crashes into someone. Looks up:

Hannah.

Standing right in front of him, glowing under the streetlight in a bold, red dress. Not the dress we last saw her in.

Maybe it's the dress. Maybe it's her warm, effortless smile that reaches out and makes him feel, just for a moment, like he's not completely alone tonight. But something about her causes the night to slow until

Time itself freezes.

AND WE CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. CAFE - SAME TIME**

Hannah waiting at the table where we last left her.

The place has cleared out.

She's two martinis in, watching CNN on the TV behind the bar:

ANCHOR (ON TV)  
We're back with Senator Hal  
Holloway who, three years ago,  
authored the controversial Marriage  
First Mandate.

ON TV: SENATOR HOLLOWAY (41, beard, botox) gives a practiced smile. He definitely does not look exactly like JD Vance.



ANCHOR (ON TV)

*How do you respond to your critics who say it was a step backwards for the country?*

SENATOR HOLLOWAY (ON TV)

*David, the American people wanted to go back...to a time when sex was reserved for the sanctity of marriage. Abbott Labs and their breakthrough biosensors have helped us reestablish our values around intimacy, by unlocking only for wedded couples.*

ANCHOR (ON TV)

*And for everyone tonight.*

SENATOR HOLLOWAY (ON TV)

*Yes, well...as you know, these bills require compromise to--*

CLANG. A SERVER slaps Hannah's bill onto the table.

SERVER

We're closing.

HANNAH

Five more minutes? I'm supposed to be meeting someone.

SERVER

So am I.

The server doesn't move. She watches as Hannah fishes out her credit card.

#### **EXT. MIDTOWN - NIGHT**

Hannah passes a busker playing a sultry version of Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On" on saxophone. The music continues over Hannah's lonely walk home:

Everyone seems to be having a better time than her, and we know this BECAUSE...

She walks past two YOUNG WOMEN making out against the graffiti'd roll-up gate of a closed deli. It's sweaty and carnal. "FUCK THE MANDATE" in jagged spray paint above their heads.

AND THEN:

She passes an apartment building. We catch a glimpse through each window...

--Two COLLEGE KIDS tearing off each other's clothes.

--A CHUBBY MAN on his knees, head under a WOMAN's dress. She shuts the shades.

--A group of FREE SPIRITS all having sex on a bed, tangled in each other.

AND THEN:

Hannah waits at a crosswalk. Across the street, a BEAUTIFUL, NAKED WOMAN faces out a floor-to-ceiling window as a GORGEOUS SPANISH MAN takes her from behind. The guy looks kind of like Sebastian.

Hannah and the woman lock eyes. The woman is in utter ecstasy. It's the best night of her life.

Hannah wants to die.

The light changes.

She walks on.

Her phone rings, killing the music. She answers as she heads into her building.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
Derek-- Derek-- slow down.

#### INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah keys into a cramped Chelsea apartment that looks like it was zoned to house elevator machinery.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
I'm not texting you your routing number. They're trying to scam you, Derek.

ARYA (31, undercut fade, the chilliest) sits on the floor, watching *Game of Thrones* and drinking an IPA.

ARYA  
Hang up.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
Because no one sells Viagra on  
Craigslist.

Arya gets up.

HANNAH  
(into phone)  
Because no one uses Craigslist.

Arya grabs the phone. Ends the call. Tosses the phone back.

HANNAH  
You're gonna get me fired.

ARYA  
God, let's hope.

Arya sits back in front of the TV next to a TEENAGE BOY.

HANNAH  
Arya, there's a 13-year-old boy in  
our apartment.

BOY  
Fourteen. In September.

HANNAH  
You realize that's the same thing.

BOY  
You realize you're a smoke show?

HANNAH  
(to Arya)  
Who is this?

ARYA  
Some kid from across the street.  
His mom lost his sitter and offered  
me two grand to watch him tonight.  
People are weird when they're  
horny.

TROY  
(to Hannah)  
I'm Troy. Wanna show me your room?

HANNAH  
Come anywhere near my stuff, and  
I'll kill you.

TROY  
You can't tell Troy where to come.  
Troy comes wherever he wants.

HANNAH  
Jesus, you're 13.

TROY  
Inches.

HANNAH  
I hate this kid.

ARYA  
Yeah, he kinda sucks.

Hannah heads into her

### **BEDROOM**

Just enough room for her bed and a KEYBOARD covered in  
SCRIBBLED NOTES and SHEET MUSIC. The wall above it plastered  
with PLAYBILLS.

She starts pulling dresses off the water pipe that doubles as  
her clothes rack. Arya enters.

ARYA  
He didn't show?

Hannah doesn't say anything.

ARYA  
I'm sorry.

HANNAH  
It's fine. We're fine. Fuck him.  
And fuck last year. This is this  
year.

Arya eyes the growing pile of dresses on the bed.

ARYA  
I don't like whatever's happening  
here.

HANNAH  
What's happening is I'm changing  
into some hot girl shit and I'm  
gonna go find someone.

A long beat.

ARYA

Tonight?

HANNAH

Tonight.

ARYA

Hannah... It's almost 10 o'clock.  
Everyone's with somebody.

HANNAH

You're not.

ARYA

I like money more than sex.

HANNAH

I just have to find someone who's  
still available and hot and ideally  
creative who treats me like a lady.  
(adds)  
Until I give him permission not to.

Hannah holds up two dresses for Arya to choose.

ARYA

You need a miracle, not a dress.

Hannah starts changing into that short, red dress.

ARYA

This is a terrible idea. No one  
finds someone the night of.

HANNAH

I found Sebastian.

ARYA

You hit the lottery. You could've  
also been Ed Geined into a  
lampshade.

HANNAH

Life's full of risks.

ARYA

Just try again next year.

HANNAH

I'm not going another year without  
sex, Arya!

Hannah smooths her dress.

HANNAH  
How do I look?

TROY  
Like a fat snack.

Troy leans against the doorway.

HANNAH  
Get out!

TROY  
We're undeniable, babe.

HANNAH  
Your biosensor doesn't even unlock  
until you're 18!

TROY  
You're worth going to jail for.

Arya slams the door on Troy.

ARYA  
I'm worried about you.

HANNAH  
You did molly with strangers from  
Taiwan last weekend.

ARYA  
I'm from Queens, you're from  
Indiana.  
(then)  
Promise me you'll be safe?

Hannah holds up an off-brand CONDOM.

HANNAH  
Bought one last month before they  
sold out.

ARYA  
You know what I mean. God only  
knows who the hell is still out  
there.

**EXT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Hannah's heels click as she descends the steps of her building.

She pauses at the sidewalk. The night stretching out before her... Both exhilarating and daunting.

She breathes in the heavy air. Steeling herself. Turns.

WHAM.

Owen.

And we're back to the moment they collided. Time itself freezing.

But now, it's from her POV...

Owen standing there in his sweater vest, clutching the Walgreens bag and cheap whiskey. There's something deeply sad about him. And yet also earnest.

The kind of guy who sits through credits at the end of the movie because they probably all worked really hard on it. The kind of guy you don't expect to be out on a night like this.

And then:

He THROWS UP, splashing her shoes.

Hannah gasps in disbelief.

HANNAH  
(under her breath)  
Fucking drunk.

She stomps back up the stairs.

Owen tries to form an apology, but he can't, because he's throwing up again.

#### **INT. HANNAH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Hannah scrubs the vomit off her shoes. She checks her watch.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 10:03:07... 10:03:06... 10:03:05...

Scrubs faster.

#### **INT. THE BLIND PIG - NIGHT**

We PAN THROUGH a sweaty, basement bar. The type that's open on Christmas.

A BIKER shoots pool. A drunk, ELDERLY MAN plays darts. A squat WOMAN with too much makeup and too little dress drinks moscato at the bar.

Owen slumps against the wall at a corner table. A beer and his phone in front of him.

Owen taps his phone to check his messages. We see that he's sent the same text 25 times:

*"Free tonight?"*

No responses.

The screen goes dark.

A beat.

He taps it again. Checks. Still no messages.

He looks up, meets eyes with the squat woman as she fidgets with her moscato.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Owen talks to the woman at the bar as he drinks. He looks like he might never experience happiness again.

OWEN

I might never experience happiness again. She took my happiness, Sandra.

NOT SANDRA

Sarah.

OWEN

One day you're just going along, living an okay life, making pizzas, and out of nowhere WHAM. Cancer. Literal cancer.

SARAH

You have cancer?

OWEN

Of the heart, Sandra. Keep up.

STILL NOT SANDRA

Sarah.



**ROUND TWO**

Another beer. Owen's spiraling.

OWEN

One night a year. Twelve hours.  
Would you waste them on some random  
guy from the pool, or spend them  
with someone who actually means  
something to you?

SARAH

I don't swim.

OWEN

I think we're getting hung up on  
the wrong details here.

**ROUND THREE**

Talking way too loudly...

OWEN

Nice guy...? Nice guy?! Look at me!  
Do I look like a nice guy?!

SARAH

A little bit...

OWEN

Well, not anymore! I'm done being  
the nice guy. I'm asshole Owen.  
That's who I am now!

SARAH

Maybe we should talk about  
something else?

OWEN

(lightbulb)  
I need to have sex.

SARAH

Okay...

OWEN

If she's gonna be with someone new,  
then so am I. Have you ever had a  
one night stand? I haven't. I've  
never had a one night stand. That's  
some nice guy shit for sure, right?

SARAH

I guess so.

OWEN

Yes... Oh my god, yes. This is how  
I get over her. Sex!

SARAH

We should have sex.

OWEN

Exactly. That's what I'm saying. We  
should have sex! We should go out  
there and find people to have sex  
with!

(off her look)

Ohhh, you mean each other.

This lands on Owen...

OWEN

(surprised)

You want to have sex with me?

Sarah grabs Owen's face. Pulls it into hers. They make out.  
Owen can't believe this is happening. He suddenly pulls away--

OWEN

I'm an emotional train wreck.

SARAH

I don't care.

They go back to making out. Owen pulls away again--

OWEN

My heart is a black hole right now.  
There's zero chance of this going  
anywhere.

SARAH

Good.

Back to making out. Owen stops again--

OWEN

How do you feel about Winnie the  
Pooh?

SARAH

(studies his face)

You are so hot.

Good enough for Owen. They go back to making out. As they do--

SARAH  
You have condoms?

OWEN  
Condoms?

SARAH  
I'm ovulating.

OWEN  
My ex has mine. You?

SARAH  
No.

They break away. *Oh shit.*

A long beat.

OWEN  
I'll find one.

SARAH  
Tonight?

OWEN  
I'll find one!  
(then)  
Do not leave this seat!

Owen races past the bartender.

OWEN  
(announces)  
I'm having sex tonight!

Owen hurdles the stairs out of the bar.

**EXT. MEATPACKING DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS**

Owen rushes down the sidewalk. Legs churning as he races into a bodega, but the CAMERA STAYS OUTSIDE. We hold on that wide, voyeuristic shot of the shop entrance for AN UNCOMFORTABLY LONG TIME:

A hand-written sign on the door flaps in the window: *no condoms.*

Owen pleads his case to the owner inside.

A cab passes in the foreground.

A pigeon lands on a trash can.

Above, on a TV in an apartment window, news footage loops: celebrations of the night from around the country.

Hannah walks past in that red dress.

Now with clean shoes.

Camera leaves Owen and tracks with her down the sidewalk. She heads towards a velvet rope set up outside a boutique hotel.

There's no line.

#### **EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - LATER**

Hannah drinks a watered-down martini at the bar. Scans the prospects--the leftovers of a party no one wanted to end up at.

She downs her drink. Motions to the bartender for another.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

A HEDGE FUND BRO talks at her.

HEDGE FUND

I was one of the first angels in on Abbott Labs. Every sensor on someone's wrist? Five bucks in my pocket. I see people now as five dollar bills. It's addictive.

AND THEN:

A BALD GUY stands next to her as she waits for the bathroom.

BALD GUY

My wife and I got married so we could have sex whenever we wanted.  
(then)  
We haven't had sex in two years.

AND THEN:

A PONYTAIL DUDE sits way too close to her.

PONYTAIL

I was with three chicks last year. One of them was missing an arm. I'm goin' for four tonight, baby!  
(MORE)

PONYTAIL (CONT'D)

Set a record. Extremities or not.  
You in??

AND THEN:

Back to the hedge fund bro.

HEDGE FUND

(re: her biosensor)

It tracks prolactin levels. Shit spikes during any sexual activity and then bam, you're reported. I've got a buddy developing a pill to block your prolactin. If it works, everyone'll be worth a lot more to me than five bucks.

(thinks)

Maybe eight.

AND THEN:

The bald guy.

BALD GUY

We applied for a divorce, but didn't get approved, so here I am. Back to one night a year. My wife doesn't think I'll find anyone.

(beat)

I'm beginning to think she's right.

AND THEN:

The ponytail dude, somehow even closer.

PONYTAIL

Let's do it, dude! Let's fuckin' go! Let's set a record, two arms. Can I call you two arms?

**INT. BOUTIQUE HOTEL/LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Hannah escapes into the lounge next to the rooftop bar. She gazes out the windows.

The city sprawls beneath her: empty streets, darkened buildings. Strangely calm.

A 12-hour pause in its relentless rhythm.

Her eyes catch on a BABY GRAND PIANO in the corner.

She moves toward it. Sets her purse and drink on a table. Her fingers hover over the keys.

Then, she plays.

Slow and melancholic, but studied. Like someone who was the best in her music class in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and once believed in a future on Broadway.

A Satie-esque sadness fills the space... maybe it's about the Broadway thing. Maybe it's a deeper longing.

Then a note.

Not hers.

She turns. LEVI (31, tousled curls, bomber jacket, quiet confidence) is beside her. His hands rest casually on the keys, adding a few soft notes to her melody. Subtle but deliberate, like his smile.

She plays another bar.

He responds.

Where Hannah is talented, Levi is effortless. His touch spins her tune into something more complex.

Her sadness slowly weaving into a warmer melody. A conversation without words, but full of meaning.

They finish. The last note lingers in the air.

Eyes locked.

They sit in the stillness.

#### **INT. COAT CHECK - NIGHT**

SLAM! Their bodies hit the wall, tangled in each other.

Levi's lips find hers before she can say a word.

Nothing but the sounds of their breath and empty hangers rattling in the darkness.

Levi's hand slides up her thigh. Urgent. Like they're racing time.

HANNAH

Here?

LEVI  
Is that okay?

Hannah studies him. A recklessness in his eyes that sends electricity running through her. She nods. *Very okay.*

He reaches to unzip her dress. Hannah stops him.

HANNAH  
Wait. I have a condom.

Levi nods.

#### **INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Hannah's purse is overturned, its contents sprawled across the table--someone's rifled through it.

She rushes over, panicked. Digs around, finding her wallet, keys--everything is still there. Everything except--

HANNAH  
Mother fuck--

PRELAP: A door chime.

#### **INT. CVS - NIGHT**

Owen rushes in, sweaty, like he's been across half of Manhattan.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 8:36:22... 8:36:21... 8:36:20...

He heads to a TROJAN display near the checkout, where the Easter candy was a few months earlier. A sign on top:

*"Limit One Per Customer"*

It's empty.

He heads to the counter. No one's there. He cranes his neck, trying to see into the back office.

OWEN  
Hello?

The buzz of the overhead lights is the only answer.

OWEN  
Anyone here?

A CLERK finally emerges from the office, adjusting her red polo.

CLERK  
Yeah...?

OWEN  
Condoms. Someone said you still  
have condoms.

Before she can respond, a second CLERK appears from the back. Half her age. Buttoning his shirt. He tosses a CONDOM WRAPPER into the trash.

SECOND CLERK  
Fresh out, bro.

He taps the first clerk on the ass as he heads back into the office. She bites her lip, stifling a grin.

Owen deflates. Checks his watch. *Shit...*

#### **INT. URGENT CARE - NIGHT**

Owen storms up to the front desk where a NURSE plays solitaire behind the glass.

OWEN  
You guys have condoms?

She doesn't look up.

NURSE  
Size?

OWEN  
Regular...?

NURSE  
Nope.

OWEN  
Small. Large. I don't care.  
Whatever.

NURSE  
We only have the big ones.

She holds up a MAGNUM 3XL CONDOM with a picture of an elephant on the wrapper.

OWEN  
I'll take it.



NURSE  
It won't fit you.

OWEN  
I don't care.

NURSE  
Can't give it to you if it won't fit.

OWEN  
It'll fit.

NURSE  
You just said you're regular.

OWEN  
I lied.

NURSE  
Prove it.

A tense beat.

Owen lunges for the condom, gripping it beneath the glass.

The nurse won't let go. Starts beating his hand with a stapler.

NURSE  
Security! SECURITY!!!

# **EXT. HUDSON LIQUOR - NIGHT**

Bars on the windows. Fluorescent tubes flicker weakly behind a cracked yellow sign.

Owen stumbles

# **INSIDE**

And up to the counter. Breathless and somehow sweatier. Hand wrapped in gauze. A woman in her 60s wearing a skull amulet eyes him.

OWEN  
Condoms...? You have condoms...?

SKULL LADY  
Only got one.

She nods to a GLASS CASE next to the register. Inside is a solitary, bona fide

BLUE TROJAN.

The OG.

Jackpot.

OWEN

One is fine. One is...great. I'll  
take it!

SKULL LADY

Two hundred. Cash.

OWEN

You're joking.

She's not.

OWEN

Fine. Okay, yeah.

SKULL LADY

ATM's over there. Better hurry,  
though, someone beat you to it...

Owen looks over. His eyes go wide. His view before ours.

And we SLOWLY PULL OUT and out... and out... to include

Hannah in frame.

Entering her information into an ATM machine.

She spots Owen. A moment of recognition. His body language  
tells her all she needs to know: he's here for the same  
reason she is.

HANNAH

Hell no.

Owen races to the adjacent machine, is already putting in his  
card.

HANNAH

What are you doing? I'm already  
here... I beat you.

OWEN

Not how this works.

Hannah taps the keys faster. The machine sad beeps. She tries  
again. Another sad beep.

HANNAH  
(to the machine)  
That is my pin!

Hannah kicks the machine. Owen grins.

HANNAH  
You think this is funny? I need  
this.

OWEN  
And you assume I don't?

HANNAH  
It usually takes two people to have  
sex.

OWEN  
Not that it's any of your business,  
but there is another person.

HANNAH  
Did you barf on her, too?

OWEN  
That was an accident. And her name  
is Sarah and she thinks I'm hot and  
we made out at the bar.

Owen waits for his ATM to load.

HANNAH  
Sounds romantic.

OWEN  
You're in a liquor store trying to  
buy a condom.

HANNAH  
For someone I have a real  
connection with.

OWEN  
Someone who you just met tonight?

HANNAH  
So?

OWEN  
So, what's his favorite movie?  
Favorite team? Does he like cats?  
(no answer)  
What's his name?  
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

(no answer)

Wow.

HANNAH

Don't 'wow'.

OWEN

It's involuntary. I'm in awe at how  
real this connection seems.

Hannah fumes. Turns back to the machine. Tries another pin.  
Another sad beep. Owen smirks.

OWEN

1-2-3-4.

HANNAH

What?

Owen punches in the numbers in his machine, never breaking  
eye contact with Hannah.

OWEN

One.

(left-handed)

Two.

(behind the back)

Three.

(spin, big finish)

Four.

HANNAH

That's the stupidest pin I've ever  
heard.

His ATM happy beeps. Owen grins. Hannah wants to kill him.

Owen enters in \$200. The ATM sad beeps. We get a glimpse of  
the screen:

"INSUFFICIENT FUNDS"

OWEN

No. What? That's not right. There  
should be like four hundred bucks  
in there.

On Hannah, a moment of realization.

HANNAH

(to herself)

Four. Four zero zero two.

Hannah enters in the numbers. Her machine happy beeps and starts spitting out cash.

HANNAH

Ha!

She gathers up the cash as Owen watches, bitter.

OWEN

Technically I'm entitled to that. I helped you with your pin.

Hannah ignores him, carries the cash over to the Skull Lady.

OWEN

(to Skull Lady)

I'll give you three hundred. I just need to call my bank.

Skull Lady unlocks the glass case.

OWEN

Four hundred! Final offer.

She pulls out the blue Trojan. Gives it to Hannah.

Hannah holds it like a golden ticket. Because, tonight, it is.

She passes Owen on her way out, smug as a bug.

OWEN

You know what, I don't even need a condom. I'm that guy tonight. The guy who doesn't wear condoms. Maybe Sarah and I will have a kid. How's that for romance?!

(calls)

Enjoy your fairytale!

The door slams shut.

OWEN

Jerk.

**EXT. HUDSON LIQUOR - SAME TIME**

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

Asshole.

Hannah hurries across the street to Levi, waiting on a motorcycle.

He fires the bike as she gets on, and thunders off. Not wasting a second.

We linger on the street.

A BLACK CAR starts and follows them.

**INT. THE BLIND PIG - NIGHT**

Owen races down the steps. His empty beer glasses are still at the bar, but Sarah is not.

No one is in here anymore.

He turns to the bartender.

OWEN  
The woman...that was here?

BARTENDER  
She left.

Owen sinks.

BARTENDER  
With another guy.

OWEN  
You didn't need to say that last part. You could've just said she left.

BARTENDER  
He was hot.

**EXT. THE BLIND PIG - NIGHT**

Owen surfaces, scanning the empty street. Hears movement in the alley next to him. Turns to see:

Two STRAY DOGS having sex. Both staring at him as they do. As if mocking him.

Owen checks his watch.

OWEN  
Goddamn it.

PRELAP: A clock ticking.

**INT. LEVI'S LOFT - NIGHT**

A VINTAGE CLOCK with exposed gears ticks deeply on a wall. Rhythmic. Like a heartbeat.

We're in a studio loft. Unfinished paintings scattered on the ground. An old upright piano. The place hums with coolness.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

Hannah and Levi stumble in, lips tangled, breathless. His hands everywhere. Undressing her in the rush of it all.

HANNAH

Wait, hold on...

Levi freezes, eyes wide, confused. Breath heavy against hers. Something clearly on her mind.

LEVI

Everything okay?

HANNAH

Yeah...

LEVI

Yeah?

HANNAH

I just think--what's the hurry, you know? We have all night.

LEVI

Right. Yeah... Okay.

She takes in his loft. He watches her.

LEVI

Wanna go somewhere? There's this party I was supposed to play at tonight at Labyrinth.

He nods to his liquor cabinet.

LEVI

Or I can make us a drink.

A beat. She turns back to him--

HANNAH

Do you like cats?

LEVI

Do I like cats?

She studies him. He's distractingly hot.

HANNAH  
Never mind.

Hannah lunges for him. They're back at it.

An aching inside her as much as it's in him.

He pulls off her dress. She tugs at his clothes, but he grabs her hands. Shakes his head with a playful grin: *no*.

Her grin mirrors his.

He pushes her against the window. His hands fumble for his belt, eyes locked with hers--intense, charged.

But then his gaze drifts behind her.

Out the window.

HANNAH  
What's wrong?

She twists around to look.

OUTSIDE: POLICE CRUISERS flood the street below, reds and blues cutting through the night.

*What the fuck?*

Levi doesn't hesitate:

He throws open the window and bolts. Vanishing out the window onto the fire escape.

Leaving Hannah there in her underwear.

A beat.

Levi reverses into the room. Two OFFICERS, sidearms drawn, push their way in from the fire escape.

CRASH!

The front door bursts open and four more OFFICERS enter.

OFFICERS  
NYPD! On your knees.

Levi lowers to the floor and puts his hands on his head.

As they cuff him, his eyes stay locked on Hannah. She looks back at him, bewildered.



And then, she sees it:

The biosensor on his wrist.

She couldn't have seen it before. Purposely covered by his bomber jacket.

Exposed now thanks to the handcuffs...

It's not green like hers. It's PULSING RED.

Like a heartbeat.

Hannah stares at him in shock, as handcuffs snap around her wrists, too.

**INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Hannah sits at a metal table, listening to the buzz of harsh fluorescent light. She eyes a small clock on the wall, watching the seconds slip away.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

The door opens. An OFFICER (44) enters with a tablet and takes a seat. She's all business.

OFFICER

How would you categorize your relationship with Mr. Kershaw?

HANNAH

Categorize? We just met tonight. I don't know him.

The officer makes a note on her tablet.

HANNAH

How long are you gonna keep me here?

OFFICER

Did he mention he was serving a ten-year ban for violating the Mandate on February 3rd?

HANNAH

No. We didn't really talk.

OFFICER

Were you aware that he defied his ban earlier tonight with two other women?

HANNAH  
No... 'course not.

The officer makes another note.

HANNAH  
I wasn't one of them, so why am I  
still here?

OFFICER  
We need to confirm the integrity of  
your biosensor.

HANNAH  
I can assure you, I haven't had sex  
in a year! And if you keep me  
locked up in this concrete room,  
it'll be two!

OFFICER  
Wrist.

Hannah puts her arm on the table. The officer holds the  
tablet above her green biosensor. A soft BEEP as the tablet's  
NFC reader scans it.

OFFICER  
This'll take a minute. You can wait  
in the bullpen.

She opens the door.

**INT. POLICE STATION/WAITING AREA - NIGHT**

Hannah sinks into a chair next to the vending machine.  
Glances over at a man in an NYPD windbreaker and basketball  
shorts. A bandage wrapped around his hand.

It takes a moment before we realize it's Owen.

It takes Hannah a longer moment.

HANNAH  
Jesus Christ...

Owen spots her. Stifles an amused grin.

HANNAH  
Are you following me?

OWEN  
Am I-- Am I following you?

HANNAH  
Really seems like it.

OWEN  
You sat down next to me. I should  
be the one asking that question.  
First you steal my condom--

HANNAH  
Your condom? Wow, nice.

He spots that BLUE TROJAN peeking out of her purse's side pocket.

OWEN  
Didn't use it, huh? What happened?

HANNAH  
We're done here.

OWEN  
Was it so romantic? That 'real'  
connection of yours?

She says nothing.

OWEN  
Must've been. I mean... you're  
here.

She eyes his clothes.

HANNAH  
Yeah, well, what the hell happened  
to you?

Off Owen's look, we SMASH TO WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO HIM:

**EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT**

*Owen sits at a bus stop, swiping through Tinder. He's that  
guy now. The guy who sits at a bus stop, swiping through  
Tinder. Desperate times...*

*Right... Right... Right... Right... Right...*

*No matches.*

*Gets a cramp. Switches hands.*

*Right... Right... Right... Right... Right...*

*DING.*

A match.

DANICA (35, purple highlights, big eyes, smoking a blunt).

Owen goes to message her, but she beats him to it:

**U in the city?**

Owen grins.

AND THEN:

**EXT. THE RAMBLE - NIGHT**

Owen trudges through the dense, dark woods of Central Park.  
He comes to a lookout.

OWEN

Okay, I'm at the end of the trail.

VOICE ON PHONE

Keep going.

OWEN

Where are you?

VOICE ON PHONE

See the waterfall?

Owen peers into the darkness. A faint WATERFALL shimmers in the moonlight, surrounded by a thousand shadows.

VOICE ON PHONE

Go to it.

OWEN

How do I know you're not a murderer?

VOICE ON PHONE

I am.

OWEN

I feel so much better.

Owen takes a breath. Steels himself. Steps off the trail.  
Keeps walking. Acutely aware of how alone he is out here.

OWEN

(quietly)

You're braver than you believe.

VOICE ON PHONE  
(wtf)  
*Is that Winnie the Pooh?*

OWEN  
*You sure you're up here?*

VOICE ON PHONE  
*Hurry up.*

*Owen picks up his pace, reaches the waterfall.*

OWEN  
*Alright...I'm here.*

VOICE ON PHONE  
*Turn around.*

*Owen spins, squints into the shadows of the trees. Spots the glowing end of a cigarette.*

*DANICA sits cross-legged on a boulder. Sonic Youth t-shirt under a worn leather jacket.*

*She hops down. Approaches Owen.*

OWEN  
*Danica?*

DANICA  
*No, the Parks Department.*

*She flicks her cigarette to the ground. Owen instinctively stomps it out. She studies him.*

DANICA  
*You're nervous.*

OWEN  
*I'm not nervous.*

*She grabs his chin.*

DANICA  
*Don't be nervous.*

*She smirks. Slaps his cheek playfully.*

DANICA  
*Take your shirt off.*

OWEN  
*What?*

*She pulls her pants down. She's not wearing any underwear.  
Her butt reflects the moonlight.*

*Owen's eyes widen.*

*He rips his shirt off.*

AND THEN:

**MOMENTS LATER**

*Owen is pushed backwards onto a park bench in his boxers.*

*Danica climbs on top, straddling him in nothing but her bra.  
Puts a hand around his neck. A wicked grin.*

DANICA

*You've never done this before huh?*

OWEN

*Am I--am I doing something wrong?*

DANICA

*There's only one thing you need to  
do...*

*She leans in, her lips grazing his ear.*

DANICA

*...whatever I say.*

*On Owen, realizing this might be the greatest moment of his  
life, besides that one time Mandy Powers showed him her boobs  
in the tenth grade after soccer.*

*She starts to run her fingernails up his arms. Deep.  
Scratching the skin. Sending shivers down Owen's body.*

*He tilts his head back. Looks up at the moon. His head  
swimming with ecstasy.*

OWEN

*God, this is exactly what I needed  
tonight. You are exactly what I  
needed tonight.*

ZIP.

*Owen glances up and sees something odd...his wrist is now ZIP  
TIED to the bench.*

*Danica unclasps Owen's watch and climbs off him.*

OWEN

What are you doing?

She pockets his watch. Starts grabbing his things without a word: His phone. His wallet. A RING BOX.

She flicks it opens. A DIAMOND RING sparkles inside. Her eyes light up, whoa.

OWEN

Are you robbing me?!

He tugs at the zip tie as Danica's phone buzzes. She flips the ring box closed, answers.

DANICA

(on the phone)

I'm on my way right now.

(then)

Are you nervous? Don't be nervous.

She hangs up. Grabs Owen's clothes.

OWEN

Hey!!! HEY!!!

Danica lights a cigarette and disappears into the shadows as quickly as she appeared.

AND THEN:

**LATER**

Owen stands on the bench in his underwear. Thrusting his weight upwards, trying to break the zip tie.

OWEN

Come. The. Fuck. ON.

A BLINDING LIGHT hits him.

He squints, shielding his eyes. A POLICE OFFICER shines a flashlight in his face.

OWEN

I-- It's not what-- She took--

(then)

Do you have wire cutters?

BACK TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT**

As before.

OWEN

Jaywalking. They got me for  
jaywalking.

HANNAH

Which makes a lot of sense cuz they  
usually take all your clothes when  
that happens.

OWEN

I thought it seemed unorthodox as  
well.

An OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

You're cleared to go Ms. Hayes.

He sets a bin of Owen's things down at his feet.

OFFICER

(to Owen)

Your lucky night. We found her  
trying to pawn your stuff.

OWEN

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

(to Hannah)

I don't know what he's talking  
about.

OFFICER

A lot of guys get scammed tonight.  
Nothing to be ashamed of man.

The officer leaves. Owen sighs. Hannah smirks.

HANNAH

Sarah?

OWEN

(comes clean)

Danica.

HANNAH

It's hard for me to keep them all  
straight.



OWEN

We were gonna have sex on a bench  
in the park.

HANNAH

Remind me to never sit anywhere,  
ever again.

OWEN

I saw her butt.

HANNAH

I'm proud of you.

Owen reaches for his stuff. Grabs the RING BOX first. Checks that the ring is still there, then quickly stuffs it in his pants pocket.

A moment, on Hannah, clocking this.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER**

Hannah hustles outside, eyes on her phone, opening Google maps.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 5:23:41... 5:23:40... 5:23:39...

A beat later, Owen emerges, racing after her, pulling on his sweater vest.

OWEN

Where are you going?

HANNAH

Out.

OWEN

Out? Whatever fairytale you're  
chasing is not out there.

She keeps walking.

OWEN

More than half the night's over!  
People have had sex so many times  
by now, they're watching Netflix.  
They're tired of having sex. Do you  
remember that feeling?

HANNAH

No, I don't! And I was supposed to be reminded of it by a beautiful Spanish artist named Sebastian, but instead I'm here with you!

OWEN

So let's have sex!

Hannah stops. Laughs, stunned.

Tries to say something. Can't. Just laughs again, incredulous.

OWEN

What? We keep meeting up, maybe it means something.

HANNAH

It definitely doesn't.

OWEN

Maybe it does. Maybe it means we should have sex. You have a condom.

HANNAH

That's your reason?

He shrugs.

HANNAH

I can't possibly imagine why you're alone tonight.

OWEN

I was dumped.

HANNAH

Shocker.

The words hit Owen harder than she intended. Hannah feels a twinge of guilt. She starts to say something but stops, walks off instead.

OWEN

Where are you going...?

HANNAH

There's a party at Labyrinth.

OWEN

That's across town. And it's gonna suck.

HANNAH  
You don't know that.

OWEN  
(calls)  
Yes I do! Cuz everything about this  
night sucks!

**EXT. SOHO - NIGHT**

Hannah strides up Bowery, irritated. Widen to reveal Owen walking beside her.

HANNAH  
Where are you going?

OWEN  
There's a party at Labyrinth.

HANNAH  
You said it's gonna suck.

OWEN  
It will. And when you see that,  
you'll realize I'm your best  
option.

HANNAH  
You're just a walking sonnet,  
aren't you?

OWEN  
We're both running out of time.

HANNAH  
We don't even know each other's  
names!

OWEN  
Didn't stop you before.

Off her sharp look--

OWEN  
Look...I'm Owen. You are...?

HANNAH  
Done talking about this.

**INT. TRAIN - NIGHT**

They sit next to each other on the six train, rumbling north.

OWEN

I find it helpful when facing these decisions to make a pros and cons list.

HANNAH

The decision's been made.

OWEN

I'll start. Pro: you have a condom.

HANNAH

Already established. Con: I find you very annoying.

OWEN

I also find you very annoying. Common interest. That's technically a pro. Two pros.

HANNAH

You're not my type.

OWEN

Which is...?

Hannah nods to a poster for a revival of *Sweeney Todd*, featuring a ruggedly HANDSOME MAN (50s, salt-and-pepper beard).

OWEN

Old dudes?

HANNAH

Douglas Pierce.

OWEN

He's old.

HANNAH

He's a singular talent!

OWEN

Maybe your type is wrong. Maybe that's why it hasn't been working out.

HANNAH

Who says it hasn't been working out.

OWEN

Has it?

The train's wheels clang down the tracks, filling the silence.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

OWEN

Pro: we're attractive people.

**INT. 86TH STREET STATION - NIGHT**

Owen and Hannah walk through a tunnel tagged with peace and free love emblems. A giant mural of SENATOR HOLLOWAY being fucked from behind by LADY LIBERTY is painted across the wall.

HANNAH

You're attracted to me?

OWEN

That's not what I said.

HANNAH

Yeah, you did.

OWEN

I like your face.

HANNAH

Okay...

OWEN

You have a nice face. I like looking at it.

An actual compliment. It takes Hannah by surprise. She studies him for a long beat, feeling herself drawn in. About to say something. Then quickly--

HANNAH

You're tall.

OWEN

You were gonna say something else.

HANNAH

Nope.

OWEN

What was it?

HANNAH  
I'm not going there!

OWEN  
Why?

HANNAH  
Because you can't give me what I'm  
looking for.

Hannah hustles up the stairs.

OWEN  
(calls)  
Which is...what?!

Owen follows.

**EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS**

Hannah and Owen walk along 86th.

OWEN  
Douglas Pierce?

She considers this. Then, thoughtful --

HANNAH  
To be swept off my feet.

Owen laughs.

HANNAH  
Fuck you.

OWEN  
You have issues.

HANNAH  
I have standards.

OWEN  
Sorry to tell you, but what you're  
looking for--it doesn't exist. Not  
anymore. The Mandate was supposed  
to fix this mess, but it didn't.  
Everyone's still just out for their  
own shit. Love, romance--it's all  
dead.

HANNAH  
You don't really believe that.

OWEN

I do.

HANNAH

You don't.

OWEN

I really do.

HANNAH

You don't.

OWEN

I truly do. 100%.

HANNAH

Then why is there a ring in your pocket?

Hannah stops mid-step, Owen halting beside her.

A heavy beat.

Owen doesn't have an answer.

HANNAH

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me...

Reveal: they're out front of the Labyrinth. Dark, deserted. Completely closed.

Hannah SCREAMS.

At the night. Raw, guttural. Frustration and exhaustion pouring out of her.

She collapses on the curb. Owen sits next to her.

A long beat.

Her PHONE RINGS, piercing the silence. Owen catches a glimpse of the home screen: "Derek."

OWEN

Oooh Derek.

HANNAH

No--yuck Derek. He's my boss.

Hannah lets it ring.

OWEN

What do you do?

HANNAH  
Personal assistant slash shit-eater  
extraordinaire.

OWEN  
That your dream?

HANNAH  
Yep, that's why I moved here. To  
book sound baths at The Well for my  
boss' freshly-legal boyfriends.

OWEN  
Why did you move here?

HANNAH  
To write a musical.

OWEN  
That's cool.

A beat.

OWEN  
What?

HANNAH  
'That's cool?' Not: 'that's a  
stupid idea, you'll never make it.  
Oooh, the next Lin-Manuel. Musicals  
are dead. Move home and give up on  
your dreams?'

OWEN  
Do you love it?

HANNAH  
Yeah.

OWEN  
Then you gotta do it. I'm trying to  
open a pizza shop.

HANNAH  
Well that is a stupid idea.

They share a smile. It goes for a beat too long. Hannah looks  
away.

HANNAH  
God, I'd kill for a pizza right  
now. I'm starving.



OWEN

Let's go.

HANNAH

Everything's closed, no one's making us pizza.

OWEN

I can.

Hannah glances over at him.

OWEN

People say I make some of the best pizza in town.

HANNAH

Gianni's makes the best pizza in town.

OWEN

That's where I work. Those are my recipes.

HANNAH

Shut up.

Owen holds up his GIANNI'S KEYCHAIN.

HANNAH

You're Gianni?

OWEN

Basically.

A moment on Hannah, surprised--maybe even a little impressed.

As she considers Owen, a LIMOUSINE pulls to the curb. Doors open, and a GROUP OF WOMEN steps out. Chic cocktail dresses and sparkling gowns.

They glide past, laughing.

From the group, NIA (38, fur coat, stunning with an edge) notices Hannah and Owen.

NIA

Lookin' for the party?

Before Hannah can answer, Nia takes her hand and pulls her along with them.

Hannah shoots a look back at Owen.

On Owen, watching her be led away. *Shit*. He hurries forward, joining the group. They turn down an

**ALLEY**

and stop in front of an unmarked steel door.

HANNAH  
(to Nia)  
Where are we going?

Nia just grins. Knocks--a secret rhythm.

The door creaks open, revealing a WOMAN in a black dress.

BLACK DRESS  
Welcome, Nia.

Nia strides in along with her friends. But as Hannah and Owen approach, Black Dress stops them. Her eyes flicker between the two.

BLACK DRESS  
(to Hannah)  
You. Not him.

OWEN  
What?

Laughter comes from the disappearing group inside. Nia calls back--

NIA (O.S.)  
You comin'?

Hannah looks to Owen, then to the group. Before she can make a decision, Nia reappears. She takes her arm, gently pulling her inside.

NIA  
C'mon!

Hannah turns back to Owen.

HANNAH  
I'm sorry. Good luck, Owen.

OWEN  
What about pizza?

The door begins to close, heavy and deliberate. Owen moves with it, calling through the narrowing crack.

OWEN  
You gonna at least tell me your  
name?!

CLANG.

The door shuts with finality.

Hannah's gone.

Owen stands in the alley.

Silence.

Lonely and crushing.

#### **INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER**

Nia leads Hannah onto a deserted platform. An empty train  
waits with its doors open like an invitation.

They follow the other women onto

#### **THE TRAIN**

The windows are blacked out. Hannah and Nia stand, gripping a  
pole.

HANNAH  
Where does this take us?

NIA  
(eyes sparkling)  
The fun.

The doors SLIDE CLOSED with a soft hiss, and the train  
LURCHES forward.

Nia's gaze lingers on Hannah. A charged beat between them.  
Hannah can't help but feel the pull.

NIA  
Relax. You're cute, but not my  
type.

The train rolls to a stop.

The opposite doors slide open, revealing two MEN IN TUXEDOS,  
standing like sentinels.

The women file out. Nia and Hannah follow into a

**TRAIN DEPOT**

A long-forgotten terminal transformed into an exclusive lounge: Men in tailored suits, models draped in couture. A burlesque artist spins on a gilded ring, while a celebrity DJ fills the space with deep, melodic beats.

Private play rooms line the wall upstairs.

A mix of old-world elegance and modern decadence.

Hannah feels like she's in a dream.

HANNAH

How did I not know this place  
existed.

NIA

(grinning)  
It doesn't.

Nia nods toward a billionaire dude in a five-thousand-dollar Brioni.

NIA

Now that...that is my type.

Nia grabs two smoking absinthe cocktails from a passing tray.  
Hands one to Hannah.

Hannah drinks deeply, feeling it burn all the way down.

And that's when she spots him.

A familiar face upstairs by the balcony. Dressed up as *Sweeney Todd* last we saw him. Now in a velvet blazer, holding court with a group of women.

DOUGLAS PIERCE.

HANNAH

Holy shit.

Nia clocks her gaze.

NIA

Oh, Doug? He's a sweetheart.

A man in a TUXEDO approaches, formal and stoic.

TUXEDO

Good evening, Nia.

NIA  
Calvin.

TUXEDO  
Will we be participating in the  
showcase tonight?

NIA  
Calvin, darling, you know the  
answer, but I love that you always  
ask.

Tuxedo hands her a single EMERALD EARRING. Nia puts it on,  
the jewel catching the light.

TUXEDO  
Your friend is, of course, invited  
to participate as well.

Tuxedo heads off.

HANNAH  
Showcase?

NIA  
More of a silent auction.

HANNAH  
Auctioning what?

Nia runs her finger down Hannah's arm to her biosensor.

Hannah glances around: half of the women are wearing an  
emerald earring.

NIA  
Minimum bid's 50k. Worth  
considering.

Before Hannah can fully absorb this, Nia is pulling her  
toward the dance floor.

NIA  
But first, we dance.

Hannah lets herself get swept into the rhythm: the pulsing  
music, the swirl of bodies. Not where she expected to be  
tonight...and it's exciting.

She feels a gaze. Looks up.

Meets eyes with Douglas.

A fleeting glance before he's pulled back into conversation.

**I/E. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT**

The limousine is still parked at the curb.

Owen sits in the passenger seat, drinking champagne and ranting to the DRIVER (40s, hairy).

OWEN

Who does she think she is? Swept off her feet? Please... She's one of those people who just thinks she's above everyone else. You know the type.

DRIVER

Oh yeah.

OWEN

She never said it, but you could tell. And to think I was gonna make her pizza.

(then)

Whatever. I don't even want to have sex with her anymore.

DRIVER

You can make me pizza.

(adds)

Then we have the sex.

OWEN

Like the enthusiasm. Not into guys.

DRIVER

Neither am I.

The driver grins, puts his hand on Owen's knee.

A beat, on Owen. Deciding how to tell him that he's not interested.

He isn't interested.

...right?

As Owen considers this, his attention is pulled out the window to

HER.

Waiting at the crosswalk, bathed in the amber glow of a streetlight.

It would be an understatement to say that she is

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.

We'll call her VIVIAN (23).

She meets eyes with Owen through the windshield. Smiles, gentle and warm. Owen can't help but smile back. A brief moment--a flicker of connection.

The light changes.

Vivian crosses the street and heads into the alley. Knocks on that steel door. It opens.

She slips inside, but not before looking back at Owen.

A glance.

Meant to convey something:

*Follow me?*

*See you inside?*

*You're the man I've been looking for, I'm in love with you, and want to have sex with you until the heat death of the universe sets in and dark energy tears the cosmos apart?*

A beat, on Owen...*holy shit.*

OWEN

Thanks for the champagne.

Owen bolts out of the limo.

**ALLEY**

He races up to the metal door. Knocks.

It cracks open. Just enough to see Black Dress' eyes.

BLACK DRESS

Go away.

OWEN

I need to get in there.

BLACK DRESS

No.

OWEN

What's the cover? I can pay.  
Twenty? Twenty-five?

Owen pulls out his wallet. Black Dress starts to close the door.

OWEN

Wait! Wait! I have this.

Owen digs out the RING BOX. Opens it, the diamond catching the low light.

OWEN

I spent seven thousand two hundred  
and eighty four dollars on this.  
All the money I have. On a feeling.  
And now I have another  
feeling...that the person I'm  
supposed to spend tonight with is  
in there. And I'm just asking for a  
chance to find out.

Black Dress says nothing, impossible to read.

OWEN

Please...

She takes the ring box. Pockets it. Then, nudges the door open.

OWEN

Thank you. You're very scary.

Owen slips inside.

#### **INT. TRAIN DEPOT - NIGHT**

Back to Hannah on the dance floor, surrounded by beautiful strangers. Everywhere she looks: A handsome smile. A sculpted body. An alluring glance.

A buffet of options.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 3:26:07... 3:26:06... 3:26:05...

A hand grabs her. It's Nia, flanked by the man in the Brioni.

NIA

I'm leaving!

HANNAH

Okay!

NIA

On a helicopter!



HANNAH  
You're gonna be okay?!

Nia grins. She's never been more okay.

Hannah glances around, noticing other women with emerald earrings also starting to disappear with their suitors. Some exit the party, others join the action in the rooms upstairs.

And then she spots Douglas Pierce, descending the staircase.

Heading her way.

They meet eyes again.

Hannah forgets to breathe.

He's coming right towards her. Directly for her. He's making a beeline to

Vivian.

Just arriving, behind Hannah. He gives Vivian a kiss on the cheek. She gives him a flirtatious smile.

He takes her hand, leading her to his table upstairs.

Hannah sighs, *of course*. She walks over to

## THE BAR

Slides into an open spot.

Owen is downing absinthe next to her.

OWEN  
This place is nuts!

HANNAH  
How the hell'd you get in here?

OWEN  
Gave the lady at the door Claire's engagement ring.

HANNAH  
I'm sure you won't regret that.

OWEN  
I already do. That money was for my shop.  
(then)  
Way to ditch me, by the way.

HANNAH

You can't ditch someone you're not with. And you would've done the same thing.

OWEN

Whatever. I've moved on. Just don't get in my way.

HANNAH

Get in your way? Of what?

Owen nods towards Vivian sitting upstairs with Douglas.  
Hannah stifles a laugh.

OWEN

She gave me a look.

HANNAH

(incredulous)

A look?

OWEN

It was a damn good look.

Owen slurps more absinthe. He sees Hannah's eyes lingering on Douglas.

OWEN

Wait...is that your guy?

HANNAH

He's not my guy.

OWEN

Holy shit. You gonna talk to him?

HANNAH

What? No. He's busy.

OWEN

Fuck that!

HANNAH

Shhh.

OWEN

Go.

HANNAH

I'm not gonna go talk to Douglas  
Pierce.

OWEN  
I'll help.

HANNAH  
What do you mean, 'help'.

OWEN  
I can help. I can get you in there.

HANNAH  
Why do you care?

OWEN  
Because I'm awesome.  
(adds)  
And it'll clear the way for me.

HANNAH  
I don't need your help.

OWEN  
Oh my god, they're kissing.

Hannah rubbernecks upstairs--they're not kissing. Owen grins.

HANNAH  
Fine.

Owen shifts his gaze to the stage. A JAZZ BAND getting ready to play a set.

OWEN  
Just so you know, I'm not gonna  
enjoy any of this.

On Hannah, *any of what?*

Owen grabs her hand, sweeping her onto the

# **DANCE FLOOR**

As a BURST OF MUSIC hits.

The band playing a soulful reimagining of Eurythmics' "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)". Brassy horns and sultry vocals. Like if Amy Winehouse had gotten ahold of it.

Owen and Hannah start to dance.

And it's immediately clear Owen is good. Years-of-dance-lessons good. Another side to him...

Slowly, the interior of the train depot

SHIFTS.

The tailored suits and couture disappear. The band and the burlesque dancer and the waitresses fade...

And it's a night 50 years ago. Warm lights. Wood benches. Ticket booths where the bar used to be. Dreamlike.

And it's just them.

Owen daring her to keep up. Each step a challenge. Hannah responds, throwing her own rhythm back at him.

They start to match each other's steps. This is no Fred and Ginger. It's not perfect.

And yet, it's weirdly effortless. Pure chemistry.

An unexpected moment, the kind that you'd want to believe you could still have with a stranger in New York.

And, for a second, for both of them, the night doesn't feel quite so lonely.

Losing themselves in each other... Walls coming down, getting CLOSER and CLOSER, until...

The song ends.

The room snaps back: the suits and the couture and the band and the waitresses.

Owen and Hannah's hands intertwined. Breathless. An audience surrounding them, unseen until now.

Applause.

For the band? For them? Either way, the vulnerability of the moment hits.

They break apart.

Hannah surprised by it all.

Douglas looks down from the balcony, his attention on her.

Owen's attention on Hannah.

**INT. TRAIN DEPOT - LATER**

Owen sits at the bar, stirring his drink, eyes fixed on Hannah and Douglas. They've been talking for a while now based on the thinning crowd.

We don't hear their conversation, but we don't need to.

It's going well.

Really well.

Vivian passes by, holding hands with a WHITE-HAIRED MAN. We see she's now wearing an emerald earring.

They head upstairs and into a private room.

Owen barely notices.

His attention still on Hannah and Douglas. They stand, head towards him.

Owen quickly looks away.

HANNAH  
We're leaving.

OWEN  
Leaving? That's great.

A flash of disappointment on Owen's face that he quickly buries.

HANNAH  
Thanks for the help.

OWEN  
I'm happy for you.

A moment. Neither quite sure what to say.

Hannah starts to leave, then turns back.

HANNAH  
Hey...

Owen looks up. She pulls that BLUE TROJAN out of her purse.

HANNAH  
Just in case.

OWEN  
What about...

HANNAH  
He has one.

Owen's caught off-guard by her gesture. He takes the condom, their fingers brushing for a split second.

HANNAH  
I'm Hannah by the way.

And with that, Hannah heads over to Douglas. They board the train and the doors slide shut.

He watches the train carry her off.

A familiar feeling.

#### **INT. DOUGLAS' BUILDING - NIGHT**

Douglas walks Hannah past a doorman and through a grand lobby.

HANNAH  
*Guys and Dolls.*

DOUGLAS  
No...

HANNAH  
You were the best Sky Masterson,  
Brando included. Seriously.

They enter the

#### **ELEVATOR**

Douglas inserts a key and turns it. The elevator ascends.

DOUGLAS  
That was a lifetime ago. You  
must've been...

HANNAH  
Very into theater at a young age.

He laughs. She smiles, a little too big.

DOUGLAS  
What?

HANNAH  
Nothing. Just...you ever have a  
night you think is gonna suck, and  
then it turns out way better than  
you expected?  
(beat)  
I think I might be having one of  
those.

The elevator stops. Doors slide open. Douglas leads her into his

# **PENTHOUSE**

Vaulted ceilings. A white Steinway in front of a Gerhard Richter. A panoramic view of Central Park unfolding below them.

It takes Hannah's breath away.

WHOOSH.

The fireplace ignites. Douglas pours champagne.

HANNAH  
What am I doing here?

DOUGLAS  
Existentially, or...?

HANNAH  
You could've had anyone.

DOUGLAS  
I believe you mean 'bought'.

He hands her a glass. They toast. She sips--it's good.

DOUGLAS  
You know, I went to all the anti-Mandate rallies. I thought it was going to ruin sex. And, it kinda did. But it also gave it meaning again: Who do you spend your one night with? The choice itself is...romantic.

His words settle on Hannah, who is strangely distracted. Not by the view of the city, but by a PIZZA BOX poking out of his trash can.

Bold, red letters staring back at her:

Gianni's Pizza.

A long beat.

Douglas' hand brushes her hair behind her ear.

Bringing her attention back to him.

DOUGLAS

We don't have to do anything.

Hannah's face inches from his.

Inches from Douglas Pierce.

*Yes they do.*

She kisses him.

They tumble onto the sofa.

Hannah is making out with Douglas Pierce, and it's nothing like she imagined in junior high.

It's better.

The world dissolves... Lost in his embrace--at once both tender and commanding. She's finally going to have sex tonight. Nothing in her way. Nothing stopping--

HANNAH

I have to pee.

DOUGLAS

Okay.

HANNAH

Like for the last three hours.

DOUGLAS

Down the hall.

Hannah runs faster than anyone's ever run in heels before.

HANNAH

DO NOT MOVE.

#### **INT. TRAIN DEPOT - NIGHT**

Owen still at the bar as the party shuts down: bartenders clean up, the band packs their instruments, staff close the private rooms upstairs.

An NBA-sized DUDE appears next to him.

NBA DUDE

Best night of the year, right?

OWEN

Right.



A beat.

OWEN

Actually, no. I don't think it's  
the best night of the year. I like  
the other nights more.

But NBA is already gone, joining his date coming out of the  
restroom.

VOICE

Who is she...?

Vivian has finished with her suitor and taken the seat next  
to him. Even more striking up close.

VIVIAN

The woman.

OWEN

There's no woman.

VIVIAN

And yet you're thinking of her.

Vivian takes a measured pull from her vape, releasing a  
delicate stream of vapor.

VIVIAN

We all have someone. Who's stolen  
your thoughts?

Owen considers this. Had an answer at the beginning of the  
night. Now, he's not quite sure.

OWEN

Doesn't matter.

VIVIAN

Eric Coleman. That's mine. I see  
his face sometimes in others. Even  
people who look nothing like him.

Another pull on her vape.

VIVIAN

You look just like him.

An interesting piece of information.

Very. Interesting.

THUD!

Owen's head hits

**INT. TRAIN DEPOT/BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER**

The bathroom door as it slams closed. Vivian on him, hands tangled in his hair, pulling his mouth onto hers.

Owen breaks away, breathless, wanting to take in Vivian fully. As if to make sure she's real.

OWEN  
I can't pay you.

VIVIAN  
I don't care.

She pulls him back in.

VIVIAN  
I want you.

OWEN  
(a little too eager)  
Okay!

VIVIAN  
Not here.

A beat.

VIVIAN  
I have roommates. You have a place,  
right?

OWEN  
A place? Yeah... Definitely. I have  
a place.

Off Owen's concern in the bathroom mirror, we match cut to --

**INT. DOUGLAS' PENTHOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Another bathroom mirror. Hannah watches herself pee.

And pee. And pee. It just keeps coming.

*C'mon.*

The stream finally dies. She flushes, washes her hands. A moment at the sink.

HANNAH  
(into mirror)  
Douglas. Pierce.

She silent screams.

Quickly pulls it together.

Heads out to --

### **THE PENTHOUSE**

Where Douglas lies on the sofa, exactly as she left him.  
Except for the fact that

He's not breathing.

Motionless. Face ghost white.

The only sign of life, in fact, is his erection. Straining  
against his suit pants. A bottle of Viagra next to him on the  
end table.

Hannah screams.

### **EXT. LINDA'S HOME - NIGHT**

The limo pulls up outside that skinny, brick row house. Owen  
and Vivian hustle out.

DRIVER  
(calls)  
Don't forget our deal!

OWEN  
Tomorrow. Extra large pepperoni.

DRIVER  
Then the sex. Next year.

OWEN  
Maybe, Sal! Maybe!

Sal beams as Owen leads Vivian up to the porch. Owen grabs a  
ceramic pot. Starts to unscrew the base. It gets stuck. He  
struggles with it.

Vivian trails her hand across Owen's crotch.

VIVIAN  
What's taking so long?

On Owen, eyes locked on her hand, losing all cognitive ability. He SMASHES the pot. Pulls a KEY out of the debris.

**INT. OWEN'S FAMILY HOME/BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Owen and Vivian practically tumble down the stairs into darkness. Past an elliptical machine, onto an old couch.

Vivian doesn't give any of it a second look.

Both of them desperately clawing at each other. Clothes coming off.

Desire at its most primal.

Owen catches a glimpse of Vivian in the light in her bra and panties.

OWEN

It's like making out with the  
Victoria's Secret catalogue.

She unclasps her bra. Lets it slide off.

Owen's heart stops.

She grins.

He pushes her onto her back. Lips trailing down... across her chest... lower...

And then --

SHE SCREAMS.

OWEN

What?!

VIVIAN

Who the fuck is that?!

OWEN

Who the fuck is who?!

MOVEMENT.

Right next to them in the dark.

A SHUFFLING sound, like a raccoon.

Owen scrambles off the couch, hits the lights--

Only it's not a raccoon. It's a middle-aged, NAKED GUY locked in a cage with a ball gag in his mouth and a lion's mane around his neck.

OWEN

Rick?!

Footsteps thud down the stairs. Owen's mom appears dressed like a LION TAMER.

OWEN

Mom...?!

LINDA

Uh, shit.

Vivian scans the basement, seeing it in the light now: filled with collars and whips and paddles and a swing chained to the ceiling. Like an S&M amusement park.

VIVIAN

Oh my god. Oh my god...

She scrambles to grab her clothes, pulling them on.

OWEN

Hang on. Just wait a second --

But she's already bolting upstairs.

Rick BANGS against the cage. Linda rushes over, yanking off his ball gag.

RICK

Jesus Christ, Owen! What the fuck?!

OWEN

I thought you'd be done by now!

LINDA

Does it look like we're done?

A beat.

OWEN

Do you know when you will be?

RICK/LINDA

Get out!

**EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Owen stands on the porch, back where he began his evening.

He looks around--no sign of Vivian.

No anyone.

Just him and the night. And we CUT TO BLACK.

Blackness.

For a long time.

Then, the sound of a DOOR BEING UNLOCKED.

OVERHEAD LIGHTS buzz and flicker on.

**INT. GIANNI'S PIZZA - NIGHT**

We're in a cramped pizza shop. Red-checkered tablecloths. A "B" health rating in the window.

The kind of place where you find the best pizza in NYC.

Owen locks the backdoor behind him. He passes the storage room and heads into the

**BACK OFFICE**

Just big enough for a small desk and a ripped office chair.

Owen's accommodations for the night.

He drops into the chair.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 1:12:42... 1:12:41... 1:12:40...

Owen reaches out and flips on a desktop fan for some air, but it's broken.

**EXT. WHO THE HELL KNOWS - SAME TIME**

Hannah exits a hospital.

She walks along the sidewalk, exhausted and in shock. Not quite sure where she is or where she's going.

Just moving.

Forward.

Until she isn't.

Her feet slowing to a stop. Fatigue finally winning.

She just stands there on the sidewalk for a long beat, giving in to the night.

The sound of fabric fluttering in the wind catches her ear.

She turns and looks up --

She's outside a storefront with a red, dusty awning flapping in the breeze. Two words printed on it:

"GIANNI'S PIZZA"

The lights are on inside.

On Hannah, *you gotta be fucking kidding me.*

**INT. GIANNI'S PIZZA/BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME**

The chair squeaks as Owen fidgets, trying to get comfortable.

Squeak. Fidget. Squeak. Fidget.

He finally gives up. Closes his eyes.

We watch Owen sit there for an uncomfortably long time.

And then--

Thud.

Owen opens his eyes. Looks around--

Stillness.

A long beat.

Thud.

Thud.

Thud.

Owen drags himself out of the chair and heads out to

**THE FRONT**

Thud.

Thud.

Thud.

The noise is coming from outside the shop. He reaches for the shades, pulling them open.

Hannah stands on the other side of the glass, pounding on the window. On Owen, *you gotta be fucking kidding me.*

And we INTERCUT WITH:

### THE OUTSIDE

As they talk through the glass--

OWEN  
What?

HANNAH  
I'm hungry.

OWEN  
(didn't hear her)  
What...?

HANNAH  
I'm hungry!

Owen studies her for a long beat.

OWEN  
We're closed.

He drops the shade back down.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Dick.

Hannah turns, heads off.

She's halfway across the street when the door behind her opens. Owen standing in the frame.

OWEN  
You're paying full price. Plus tip.

### INT. GIANNI'S PIZZA - NIGHT

Hannah sits at the counter, watching Owen shape the dough. His movements deliberate, precise.

OWEN  
So...



HANNAH

So?

OWEN

What happened? With the old guy?

Off Hannah's look we get

QUICK FLASHES:

*--Hannah stuffed in an ambulance racing across town as MEDICS give Douglas CPR. His erection still prominent.*

MEDIC

*We've got a pulse!*

*--Hannah racing after his gurney as medics push it down a hallway at the hospital. Concerned FAMILY MEMBERS waiting outside a private room.*

*--The door of the private room slamming in Hannah's face.*

BACK TO:

Hannah.

HANNAH

(shrugs)

Didn't really click.

OWEN

Couldn't get it up, huh?

HANNAH

Definitely not the issue.

OWEN

I don't like the way you said  
'definitely'.

Owen spreads the sauce. Adds the mozzarella. An artist in his element.

HANNAH

What happened to you?

OWEN

Left the party, came straight here.

HANNAH

Really?

And we get a

QUICK FLASH:

*Naked Rick in the cage in his lion mane. Staring right at us.  
Disturbing.*

BACK TO:

Owen.

OWEN

Yep. Nothing to report.

Owen slides the pizza into the oven.

**MOMENTS LATER**

They eat at a table. No candlelight. Just a half-empty  
parmesan shaker between them.

Too hungry for words.

An oddly normal moment on an unusual night.

Finally--

HANNAH

This is the best pizza I've ever  
had.

OWEN

72-hour fermentation. I keep all  
the dough on a schedule.

HANNAH

I think it might be better than  
sex.

OWEN

Really?

HANNAH

I don't know. It's hard to remember  
sometimes. The feeling.

OWEN

What's your favorite part?

HANNAH

The cheese.

OWEN  
I meant of sex.

HANNAH  
Oh. The build-up.

OWEN  
Predictable.

HANNAH  
What's yours, boobs?

OWEN  
Ears.

HANNAH  
Ears?

OWEN  
I like my ears kissed.

HANNAH  
This night wasn't made for you,  
huh?

OWEN  
I wasn't exactly planning on  
spending it single.

HANNAH  
I've spent all of them single.

OWEN  
How is that possible?

Hannah shrugs.

HANNAH  
Never found anyone I wanted to  
spend the other 364 days with.

A sad thought.

Owen doesn't know what to say, except --

OWEN  
365.

HANNAH  
What?

OWEN  
Next year's a leap year. It's gonna  
be 365.

HANNAH

No...

OWEN

Yeah.

HANNAH

Seriously? Fuck you, February!

OWEN

Go to hell you 29-day-having  
asshole!

Owen grins. Hannah smiles. A charged beat. Maybe a little too charged.

HANNAH

Look--

Owen holds up his hand, stopping her.

OWEN

It's cool. I'm not bringing it up  
again. We're two friends, having  
pizza. That's it. It's just been  
nice to have some company tonight.

HANNAH

Yeah...it has.

A moment, vulnerable.

HANNAH

You know, you were right about this  
whole thing... it's the same  
bullshit, just crammed into 12  
hours. Love, sex, romance--it's all  
such a fucking mess. I don't know  
why we do it sometimes.

OWEN

I guess we're just hoping to find  
someone who makes going through it  
all worth it.

Hannah studies him, something washing over her.

Could be their dance or the pizza or the fact that he's been  
the one bright spot on the loneliest night of her life but,  
in that moment, she can't stop looking at him and--

VRRT.

VRRT.

VRRT.

Owen's vibrating phone pulls Hannah out of her thoughts.

Owen's face tightens. His breathing stops. Eyes locked on who's calling--

Clarissa.

OWEN

It's her...

Hannah needs no more context. Knows immediately who 'her' is.

OWEN

What do I do?

A rhetorical question. Or maybe an actual question?

On Owen, contemplating his vibrating phone.

VRRT.

VRRT.

VRRT.

VRRT.

VR--

The vibrating stops.

Owen looks down.

Hannah's finger pressing DECLINE.

Owen turns to her. Their eyes lock.

Hannah just as surprised as him.

They stay that way for a long beat. ALL SOUND DISAPPEARING.

Total silence. And then --

THEY KISS.

A kiss to end all other kisses. The culmination of an entire night spent orbiting each other.

The pizza tray goes crashing to the floor without a sound.

And as MUSIC SWELLS around them

They have sex.

Right there in the dining room.

We don't hear a sound except for the ethereal guitars and hypnotic vocals of "Apocalypse" by Cigarettes After Sex.

Time seems to slow. Clothes fall away. Fingers trace skin, grasping... pulling... a desperate yearning.

Each kiss drawing them deeper.

#### **KITCHEN**

They have sex on the counter, silhouetted by the glow of the brick oven. Flames flickering like a fireplace.

#### **STORE ROOM**

They have sex against the shelves, containers crashing down around them. It doesn't matter. None of it matters. Just them.

#### **BACK OFFICE**

They have sex on the ripped chair. The chair gives way and they fall to the floor, her kissing his ears. Him pulling her closer.

#### **DINING ROOM**

They collapse onto their backs on a table. Breathless. Totally spent.

A moment passes.

Their eyes meet, a faint smile shared between them.

Then, without a word, they're back at it.

No hesitation, no restraint.

Right there on the dining table.

#### **KITCHEN**

And next to the brick oven.

**STORE ROOM**

And against the shelves.

**BACK OFFICE**

And on the desk next to the broken chair.

And as the SONG ENDS we find them back in the

**DINING ROOM**

They sit on the floor, leaning against the wall. Owen holds Hannah.

HANNAH

Wow. You're actually kind of good at that.

OWEN

And you're actually kind of a jerk.

She grins.

HANNAH

I'm gonna sleep for three days.

OWEN

Yeah. This was the longest night of my life.

A beat.

OWEN

I'd do it all again.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH

I would, too.

A shared smile.

OWEN

Who knew you could be so VRRT.

HANNAH

What?

OWEN

I said VRRT.



On Hannah, *WTF?*

Owen opens his mouth, but all that comes out is

OWEN  
VRRT. VRRT. VRRT.

A PHONE VIBRATING.

Snapping us BACK TO --

### DINING ROOM

Owen sits across from Hannah, holding his phone as it vibrates.

VRRT.

VRRT.

Clarissa calling.

OWEN  
What do I do?

AND IT LANDS ON US...

WE'RE BACK TO THAT MOMENT.

Hannah didn't reach over and end the call. They didn't have sex.

At least, not yet.

IT WAS ALL IN HER HEAD.

VRRT.

VRRT.

VRRT.

Owen searches Hannah's face for something... Advice? A signal?

HANNAH  
I don't know... answer?

OWEN  
Yeah?

Owen considers this. Answers--

OWEN

Claire?

Owen puts the phone to his ear. Listens to the other end.

We stay with Hannah, not hearing a word of the conversation, but watching it all. Thinking she should've done something. Starting to wonder if she still can. If she should go over and rip the phone out of his hands and pounce on--

Owen hangs up. Silent. Then--

OWEN

She wants to see me.

HANNAH

Like...when?

OWEN

Now. She wants to see me right now.

Hannah forces a smile.

HANNAH

That's great.

OWEN

I--I gotta go.

Owen rushes around, grabbing his things. Puts the keys on the counter.

OWEN

Can you...would you lock up? Slide the keys under the door? I have another set.

HANNAH

Okay.

Owen heads for the door. Grabs the handle. Stops.

He turns. Looks back at Hannah. A moment.

We linger on her face, a flicker of hope.

Owen strides back, his eyes locked on hers. Reaches into his pocket. Pulls out that blue Trojan.

OWEN

This is yours.

HANNAH

No, you need it.

OWEN  
(shakes his head)  
She has one.

Hannah takes it. Gives him a faint smile as he turns and leaves.

We stay with Hannah. Her expression shifts. The quiet ache of something lost.

**EXT. GIANNI'S PIZZA - SAME TIME**

Owen heads off. A flicker of disappointment.

**EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Owen approaches the steps of an apartment. Sees her as he gets close:

Clarissa sitting there in tears.

She stands. They lock eyes. A long, heavy beat.

CLARISSA  
I was wrong.

Owen doesn't move.

CLARISSA  
About everything.

She rushes to him. Wraps her arms around his waist. Sobs.

Owen stands, frozen. A million feelings colliding in him.

Then, slowly, his hand rises.

He rubs her back.

**EXT. MIDTOWN - NIGHT**

Hannah starts walking home, watching a rat scamper in front of her. The only movement for miles.

Just her and the rat.

**EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT**

Hannah cuts through the park. Passes that outdoor cafe where her night began.

Feels like a lifetime ago.

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 0:27:32... 0:27:31... 0:27:30...

She walks by a bench. A man sitting there, curiously still out. Curiously attractive. Curiously Spanish.

SEBASTIAN looks up at her.

Wearing a tailored suit. Different from her fantasy, but just as perfect.

Hannah freezes.

SEBASTIAN

Hannah...

He stands. Looks at her like he's been waiting a year for this view. Because he has.

HANNAH

Sebastian. What--what are you doing here?

SEBASTIAN

My flight was delayed. I'm so sorry.

HANNAH

So you've just been sitting here?

SEBASTIAN

The cafe was closed. I figured I'd wait and see if you might come back.

A beat.

HANNAH

Am I dreaming?

SEBASTIAN

I don't know. Kind of feels like I'm the one in the dream.

He beams at her, but can tell something's off.

SEBASTIAN

You okay?

HANNAH

Yeah, sorry, I just... didn't expect this.

SEBASTIAN  
You wanted to see me tonight,  
right?

HANNAH  
Yes, I did.  
(quickly)  
I do.

*Does she?* Hannah's mind racing, trying to catch up.

HANNAH  
You waited here for me for twelve  
hours?

SEBASTIAN  
Not quite twelve.

Hannah glances at her watch, then back at Sebastian.

Off their shared looked, charged.

#### **INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Sebastian and Hannah make out in the elevator on the way up to Sebastian's room.

#### **INT. CLARISSA AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Clarissa and Owen kiss in their kitchen. Not heated or urgent. Tender and slow. Apologetic.

#### **INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Sebastian gently lays Hannah on a candlelit bed, covered in rose petals. Champagne on ice. A room staged for romance.

He grabs a purple Durex condom from the nightstand. Tears it open.

#### **INT. CLARISSA AND OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Owen and Clarissa lay on their bed, wrapped in each other's arms. It's quiet, almost fragile.

Clarissa reaches out. Fingers find the lamp switch. The light clicks off.

Black.

Stillness.

A long moment.

Then a SOFT BLUE GLOW.

**INT. CLARISSA AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

Washing over the room now. The quiet moment before dawn breaks.

Owen lies in bed, Clarissa's head on his chest. The aftermath.

She's glowing.

CLARISSA

Remember, we have Jaxson and  
Farah's baby shower on Thursday. We  
still need to get them a gift.

Owen, however, is lost in thought. He's staring at a PICTURE  
FRAME that's been removed from the wall and is lying face  
down on the dresser.

OWEN

What happened? With the guy from  
the pool.

CLARISSA

What do you mean 'what happened'? I  
told you, I couldn't go through  
with it.

OWEN

What actually happened?

Clarissa looks up at Owen. A long beat.

CLARISSA

It didn't mean anything, Owen.

Owen takes this in.

CLARISSA

It was a mistake. I should've  
never--

OWEN

I had a ring.

CLARISSA

What?

OWEN

I had a ring in my pocket tonight.  
I was gonna propose to you.  
Instead, I gave it to this woman to  
get into a club to try to have sex  
with this other woman.

CLARISSA

What are you doing? Why are you  
telling me this?

OWEN

It was so easy to give away. Like,  
so easy. I think because a part of  
me knew, if I still had it, I  
wouldn't be able to stop myself  
from giving it to you.

Owen gets up. Pulls his clothes back on.

CLARISSA

Owen, please. Let's talk about  
this.

OWEN

I'll come back for my stuff.

Owen passes the downed picture frame. Hangs it back up. A  
Pooh quote:

*"A hug is always the right size."*

#### **INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN**

The morning glow fills the room here, too. Hannah and  
Sebastian in bed. The clock on the nightstand tells us it's  
7:03 a.m.

Sebastian studies Hannah's biosensor. Now red.

SEBASTIAN

Do you feel anything? When it  
changes?

HANNAH

No.

SEBASTIAN

The technology's remarkable.

Hannah leans in. Starts kissing Sebastian's neck. Works her  
way up to his ear. Kisses it playfully.

SEBASTIAN  
What are you doing?

Sebastian squirms.

SEBASTIAN  
Stop it. Stop.

HANNAH  
Sorry, I just thought--

SEBASTIAN  
It tickles.

A beat, awkward.

Sebastian spots the room service menu on the desk.

SEBASTIAN  
We need food.

He gets up and thumbs through it.

SEBASTIAN  
Eggs? Pancakes? Toast?

HANNAH  
I'm okay. I had pizza.

SEBASTIAN  
Pizza? Where'd you find pizza?

HANNAH  
A friend made me some.

SEBASTIAN  
A good friend to have on a night  
like this.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH  
Yeah.

A beautiful, naked, charming man in front of her, and her  
mind is a million miles away.

Sebastian continues to flip through the menu.

SEBASTIAN  
I know it's early to bring this up,  
but we should start thinking about  
next year. We could go somewhere.  
Miami? LA?



Sebastian turns, sees Hannah putting on her clothes. Knows that look.

SEBASTIAN  
So that's it. This is it.

HANNAH  
Sebastian--

He smiles.

SEBASTIAN  
You don't have to say anything.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAWN**

The sun rises over Manhattan.

**EXT. NYC STREETS - SAME TIME**

Shots of the city slowly waking:

An OLD MAN taking his dog out. A GARBAGE TRUCK picking up trash.

And a HUNDRED PEOPLE doing the walk of shame:

Women carrying heels. Guys lugging sport coats.

We PUSH into the window of a

**COFFEE SHOP**

And spot Owen sitting at a table in the back. Heavy eyes. Completely drained.

A cup of coffee in front of him. He takes a sip. Grimaces. Way too hot.

Doesn't matter. He needs this. Drinks more.

The bell dings as the front door opens.

A COUPLE enters. Holding hands. Tired but happy. A long night, in a good way.

More people start to file in.

Owen's phone vibrates. He checks it. Friends starting to wake up and respond:

*what's up?*

*Just saw this*

*U okay?*

Owen looks back up.

Hannah.

Stands at the counter. Ordering a coffee. Just as tired.

They spot each other at the same moment. A soft smirk from both of them. *Of course.*

Hannah grabs her coffee. Takes the seat across from Owen.

HANNAH

You're still following me.

OWEN

Yep. I show up somewhere and then a little later, you show up.  
'Following'.

A beat, smiles.

HANNAH

How'd everything turn out?

OWEN

Good. Yeah. It was good. And you?

HANNAH

Yeah. Same, actually.

OWEN

Really?

HANNAH

Yeah.

OWEN

Wow. Good. I'm glad.

Another beat. The quiet hum of the coffee shop fills the space between them. Hannah checks her watch.

HANNAH

Shit, I've got work in an hour.

OWEN

Yeah, I gotta switch out the dough at nine. Today's gonna suck.

HANNAH

Could be worse. Not sure how, but  
it could be.

She gets up. Owen stares at her.

OWEN

Did you just quote Eeyore?

HANNAH

Eeyore's my guy.

And with that, she heads off with her coffee. The door chimes  
as she disappears.

Owen's eyes flicker down. Something on the table.

The blue Trojan.

He picks it up.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Hannah heads down the sidewalk.

OWEN (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns. Owen stands there, holding the Trojan.

HANNAH

Yeah?

OWEN

What are you doing next year?

Hannah pauses. Considers this.

HANNAH

What are you doing tomorrow?

Black.

A long beat.

Over black --

CHYRON COUNTDOWN: 365 days, 23:18:11, 23:18:10, 23:18:09

END.