



rain

THE 7 GUYS YOU DATE BEFORE MARRIAGE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

AVERY, 29, adorably high strung, and **NOAH**, 29, offbeat and unbothered, raise a toast at their primo table overlooking the Hudson. The New York skyline looms in the BG.

Noah raises a glass.

NOAH
Happy anniversary, Avery. I love
you.

AVERY
I love you, too.

CLINK!

Avery takes in the beautiful cityscape.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Noah, the champagne. This view. You
really went all out.

NOAH
Thought I should step my game up
for lucky number eleven.

AVERY
Eleven years. I can't believe it's
been that long.

NOAH
Together since we were eighteen.
That's almost half our lives.

Avery beams, practically buzzing for what's to come.

AVERY
Pretty soon, we'll have been
together longer than we've been
apart.

NOAH
I don't ever want to be apart from
you.

A sweet moment. Until Noah gets to his feet.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Except for right now. Because I
gotta take a whiz.

Avery cringes. Then, she whips out her phone and starts TEXTING excitedly. The texts appear ONSCREEN.

ELLIS (TEXT)
So???

MEGHAN (TEXT)
are you engorged?!
(THEN)
*engaged?!

AVERY (TEXT)
You guys... I think it's
happening!!!

ELLIS
YES!!

MEGHAN (TEXT)
marriage is a scam by big wedding
(THEN)
*so so happy 4 youuuuu

Avery rolls her eyes. Until --

BANG! BANG! BANG! FIREWORKS erupt over the water.

But they're not regular fireworks. They're ultra romantic, heart-shaped fireworks! And when they explode, the big heart bursts into lots of smaller hearts!

Suddenly, those tiny hearts begin to spell out words.

"WILL--YOU--MARRY--ME?"

Avery watches the display in awe. Her eyes brim with happy tears. *This is it*. The moment eleven years in the making.

The MUSIC SWELLS...

NEWLY ENGAGED WOMAN (O.S.)
OH MY GOD, YES!

Avery turns to see:

The GUY at the next table over is down on one knee, proposing to his NEWLY ENGAGED LADY LOVE.

The woman shrieks, overjoyed.

NEWLY ENGAGED WOMAN (CONT'D)
A THOUSAND TIMES YES!

She kisses him as the entire restaurant applauds... except Avery, who's shell-shocked.

In the BG, DINERS congratulate the happy couple.

NEWLY ENGAGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you! Thank you!

(THEN)

We've been together for three
years! I thought he'd never ask!

"Three years?" Avery goes pale. Just then, Noah strolls back to his seat, taking in the fireworks.

NOAH

Whoa! Cool! Fireworks!

Off Avery.

SLAM TO TITLES.

OVER, we see a series of CUTE PHOTOS of Avery and Noah throughout the years.

--Noah and Avery the moment they met, on the very first day of freshman orientation at college.

--A selfie of our pair, cheesing in front of the Eiffel Tower while studying abroad in Paris.

--Various holidays--Christmas, the 4th, Easter--spent with Avery's family. Noah is embraced by her dad, MARTY; mom, JANET; little brother COLE; and grandmother, NANA.

But as the years progress, we see Janet's health fade. She grows thinner. Dons a headscarf. And the last photo is of our family, celebrating NYE at her hospital bedside.

--SUPER QUICK CUTS of many adorable Noah and Avery photos. Smiling. Happy. Seemingly in love.

INT. AVERY AND NOAH'S APARTMENT - LATER

WIDEN to see that this trip down memory lane is brought to us by actual photos, hanging on the couple's fridge in their tiny apartment.

O.S., the door SLAMS. PAN OVER to see Avery and Noah storm in, mid-fight. Seemingly less in love.

AVERY

Are you ever going to propose?

NOAH
Of course I am! I just haven't
found the right time.

AVERY
IN ELEVEN YEARS???
(THEN)
Do you even have a ring?
(Off his silence)
NOAH!!

Avery sinks onto the sofa, head in her hands. Noah joins her.

NOAH
Hey, come on, Ave. What's the rush?

AVERY
There is no rush! That's the
problem!
(THEN)
You know what my mom always said?
She said the happiest day of her
life wasn't her wedding day or the
days my brother and I were born.
She said the happiest day of her
life was the day my dad proposed.
Not because it was big or flashy--
they were just in their living
room, surrounded by candles. But
because that moment made all of the
other best moments possible.

Noah puts his arm around her.

NOAH
I know. And I know how much your
parents' love story means to you.
High school sweethearts. Each
other's one and only. But we're not
your parents. We have our own love
story. And our own timeline.

Avery shrugs Noah off and stands, determined.

AVERY
No, we have *your* timeline.

Avery reaches into a stocked CANDY JAR on the KITCHEN COUNTER
and pulls out a wrapped RING POP.

She opens it. Holds it out to Noah.

AVERY (CONT'D)

If it were up to me, I'd marry you,
right here, right now.

(THEN)

Can you say that?

Noah hesitates. Wrong answer.

Avery stands, grabs her bag.

NOAH

Come on, Ave! Wait. Where are you
going?

AVERY

To my dad's.

(THEN)

Happy anniversary, Noah.

Avery storms out. Off Noah, frustrated.

SMASH TO:

INT. CLOSET - AVERY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Avery hugs herself tightly, wedged between hanging clothes
and old shoes. Between SOBS, she takes licks of the half-
eaten Ring Pop that Noah failed to put on her finger.

She pulls out her PHONE.

ON THE SCREEN -- the background PHOTO is of she and Noah.

Avery stares at the photo, lets out a big SOB, then throws
her phone across the closet.

Frustrated, she leans her head back against the wall, and
begins to bang it repeatedly, with growing intensity.

AVERY

Fucking Noah! Fucking Ring Pops!
Fucking! Eleven! Fucking! Years! Of
My! Fucking! LIFE!

Until --BANG! Her head breaks through the drywall, covering
her hair with white pieces of wall.

AVERY (CONT'D)

OW! FUCK!

Avery turns to see: a SKULL-SIZED HOLE in the wall.

She GROANS. Starts to climb to her feet. Grabs onto one of the CLOSET RODS to help pull herself up. But instead...

AVERY (CONT'D)
(YELP!)

She accidentally pulls the rod out of the wall. She falls with a THUD... and all the clothes fall on top of her.

Avery emerges from the pile of clothing... and notices an old SHOEBOX among the wreckage.

She opens the lid... and REACTS to what's inside.

INT. KITCHEN - AVERY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER

MARTY, 60s and kind, and **COLE**, 20s and angsty, sit at the table, when Avery runs in, holding the SHOEBOX.

AVERY
What the hell is this?

NANA, still saucy in her 80s, SLAPS Avery on the back of the head as she passes, carrying a plate of homemade desserts.

NANA
Language!

AVERY
OW!

Nana looks down at her hand, seeing white residue.

NANA
Do you have big dandruff?

AVERY
What? No, it's wall.

MARTY
Wall? As in, wall, wall?

AVERY
That's not important! Look what I just found in Mom's closet.

Avery dumps the contents of the shoebox onto the table --

A beaded friendship bracelet. A pair of concert ticket stubs. A funny-looking cigarette.

Avery motions to the objects on the table, impassioned.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 (Accusatory)
 Dad, can you explain this?

MARTY
 (Jokingly solemn)
 Avery, your mother and I... did
 recreational drugs.

COLE
 Nice.

Cole grabs for the joint, but Nana SLAPS him on the head.

COLE (CONT'D)
 Ow!

Nana takes the joint from Cole... and subtly slips it into
 her own apron pocket.

AVERY
 No, not that. *This*.

Avery holds up a BLACK NOTEBOOK.

The pages crackle with age and stuck to the first one is a
 clipped, yellowed MAGAZINE ARTICLE from an 80s Cosmo.

The TITLE reads: "THE 7 GUYS YOU DATE BEFORE MARRIAGE"

AVERY (CONT'D)
 It's got this checklist--The 7 Guys
 You Date Before Marriage--and all
 these pages of Mom with different
 guys.

Mark frowns, flipping through the book, as Nana peeks over
 his shoulder.

Each section has a POLAROID of YOUNG JANET with a different
 DUDES and a PRO/CON LIST handwritten underneath.

NANA
 Is that from that time you two
 split to slut it up?

AVERY
 WHAT?!

MARTY
 MA!

COLE
 Gross.

Avery turns to her dad, shocked.

AVERY
You and Mom broke up?

MARTY
We didn't "break up." We... took a break.

AVERY
What is this? Season three of "Friends?" When? Why? How?!

MARTY
(Trying to explain)
Avery, your mother and I were each other's first everything. First love. First kiss. First time...
(THEN, clarifying)
At sex.

AVERY
("Please stop.")
Yep. Got that.

COLE
(OVERLAPPING)
EW!

MARTY
We'd been dating since we were 14.
We'd been together more than--

AVERY
(Understanding)
Half of your lives.

MARTY
If we were going to be half of each other forever, we had to learn to be whole first alone. So, we decided to take a break. I did my thing...
(Flips through the book)
And clearly, your mom did hers. We always said if we were happier apart, we'd stay apart. But, if we found our way back to one another, it was meant to be. And it was.

Nana butts in, shaking her head.

NANA

Pfft! Young people today don't understand the meaning of a *relationship*. It's not supposed to be all "I need" this and "I feel" that. Your Pop-Pops and I were together since we were 12. That's fifty-nine years! And you know how we did it? Because we chose to!

(THEN)

That, and the fact that your grandfather was an excellent lover. Hung like a horse, that man--

AVERY

Nana!

MARTY

(OVERLAPPING)

Come on, Ma!

COLE

(OVERLAPPING)

JESUS CHRIST!

Nana whacks Cole on the back of the head.

NANA

You leave Jesus out of it!

Off Avery, considering.

EXT. NYC - DAY

QUICK SHOTS of some favorite spots in the best damn city in the world. The Freedom Tower. The Brooklyn Bridge. Broadway.

Everything's bustling. Everyone's hustling.

It's New York, baby.

INT. SALESWISE OFFICES - DAY

QUICK CLOSE UPS from a bland, office cubicle.

--A PLAQUE, commemorating Avery's long-term service at SalesWise, a Sales Force-esque company.

--A MUG that reads: "*Welcome to the accounting department... where everybody counts.*"

--On the DESKTOP, an excel sheet is populated by numbers.

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- Avery stifles as YAWN as she works at her generic office in a FiDi high rise.

Suddenly, **JOAQUIN**, 30s, her cutie coworker, appears with **SLOANE**, early 20s, in tow.

JOAQUIN
Avery, hey.

AVERY
Hey, Joaquin.

JOAQUIN
Wanted to intro you to Sloane, our newest SWT. SalesWise Trainee.

SLOANE
Hi.

AVERY
Nice to meet you.

JOAQUIN
(To Sloane)
Avery's on the accounting team, but if you have any questions about anything SalesWise, she's your girl. She's been working here forever.

AVERY
Well, not *forever*.

JOAQUIN
Six years, right?

AVERY
(Quietly)
Eight.

SLOANE
Wow. Eight years ago, I was in high school.

AVERY
How about that?

RING! RING! Joaquin pulls multiple PHONES out of his pocket.

JOAQUIN
Oooh, gotta take this. Avery, could you take TD? Trainee duty.

AVERY
Uh, yeah. Sure.

Joaquin leaves. Avery and Sloane share an awkward smile.

AVERY (CONT'D)
So, Sloane... where did you work previously?

SLOANE
A startup in LA. But I moved to New York for business school for my boyfriend.
(THEN)
Or, I should say, *fiancé*.

Sloane holds up her left hand. There's a RING. It's huge.

AVERY
Oh. Wow.

SLOANE
I know, right?
(THEN)
You're like, thirty, right? Are you married?

Off Avery, trying to hold it together.

SMASH TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SALESWISE OFFICE - DAY

SOBS waft out from over the bathroom stall.

Finally, Avery exits the stall. Moves to the mirror. Stares at her reflection.

She INHALES deeply... then EXHALES.

AVERY
(Sotto)
Fuck it.

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - UNION SQUARE - DAY

Avery shops the produce stands with **MEGHAN**, 28, her sex positive but otherwise negative BFF, and **ELLIS**, 28, a ray of rainbow light.

AVERY
I need to find seven guys to date.

Ellis looks at his grocery list and frowns.

ELLIS

I think we might be in the wrong market for that.

(THEN)

Oh wait, never mind.

Ellis holds up an exceptionally large eggplant. Avery swats him away.

AVERY

I'm serious.

Avery hands over her mom's BLACK BOOK; Meghan and Ellis thumb through it, intrigued.

MEGHAN

An actual little black book? That's so retro.

ELLIS

(Reading)

The Seven Guys You Should Date Before Marriage. The Jock. The Nerd. The Burnout? These archetypes have gone the way of Meghan Markle's podcast. Although, I do know a lot of guys on "The Prep."

AVERY

It turns out, my mom and dad took time apart, dated different people, and it made them realize how much they loved each other.

MEGHAN

Relationship breaks are basically polyamory for straight people. Strong dig.

ELLIS

People are too messy. This is why I'm taking a break from dating and saving myself for Anderson Cooper.

AVERY

The point is, relationship breaks work. My parents are living proof.

(THEN)

Well, not *living* proof. Because, my mom died.

(THEN)

(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

Noah and I are taking a break to date other people to save our relationship.

Meghan and Ellis exchange a knowing look.

ELLIS

(THEN, gently)

But Ave, you and Noah aren't your parents.

MEGHAN

Your break might not have the same results.

AVERY

I know... but maybe I was too hasty pushing a proposal.

ELLIS

Eleven years too hasty?

AVERY

Noah and I... we're two halves of a whole. Maybe we need to each be whole first.

Meghan waves a girthy cucumber at Avery, smiling.

MEGHAN

By getting your holes filled?

(THEN)

Maybe we can work through our lists together. I'm doing "The 30 Sex Positions to Try Before You Turn 30."

AVERY

There are thirty different positions? For sex?

Meghan pulls out her phone.

ON THE SCREEN -- a LIST of creatively-named sex positions and accompanying illustrations.

MEGHAN

We've got "The Yodel-e-hee-ho," "The Dirty Down Dog," and, of course, "The Flying Camel."

CLOSE on the image of the FLYING CAMEL.

Avery looks at it, horrified.

AVERY
On second thought, maybe I should
call Noah...

She goes to pull out her phone, but Ellis snatches it away.

ELLIS
Oh, No-ah you don't!

MEGHAN
Look, we support you in whatever--
or *whoever*--you want to do.

ELLIS
And if you want to do seven guys,
then we will find you seven guys!

MEGHAN
Just watch out for those baby
carrots!

Meghan and Ellis waggle phallic veggies at her, playfully.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Over cocktails, Meghan and Ellis point out examples of each
GUY TYPE to Avery in turn.

MEGHAN
Since your mom's man list expired,
in 1988, we cross-referenced it
with the most common heterosexual
male archetypes of today to create
a whole new model.

ELLIS
We give you "The 7 Guys You Date
Before Marriage. (Avery's
version.)"
(THEN)
There's *The Guy from Work*--

CLOSE ON: a group of COWORKERS in business attire, getting
after-work drinks.

A CORPORATE GUY and GIRL huddle together. He touches her leg.
She smiles. Then, they spring apart, nervous to be seen by
their colleagues.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
The Guy Who's a Total Asshole--

CLOSE ON: a DOUCHEY GUY, arguing with the WAITRESS.

DOUCHEY GUY

Right, but this is definitely
sweetened with simple syrup. And I
asked for agave. I mean, they're
totally different!

MEGHAN

The Guy for Sex--

CLOSE ON: a SEXY DUDE, squeezing a GIRL's ass suggestively.

SEXY DUDE

What do you say we get outta here?

MEGHAN

The Guy Who's Not a Guy--

CLOSE ON: a HOT LESBIAN, squeezing a GIRL's ass suggestively.

HOT LESBIAN

What do you say we get outta here?

ELLIS

The Older Guy--

CLOSE ON: a SILVER FOX, handing his black Amex over the bar.

SILVER FOX

Don Julio Anejo. On the rocks.

MEGHAN

The Younger Guy--

CLOSE ON: a COLLEGE CUTIE, standing next to the Silver Fox.

COLLEGE CUTIE

Shots! Whatever's cheapest!

MEGHAN

And, of course... *The Guy You
Thought Was 'The One.'*

CLOSE on: the empty seat next to Avery.

Avery sighs, and stares out across the bar.

AVERY

Okay... is it me, or do all of
these people basically look the
same? How do I know which guy's
which?

Meghan and Ellis exchange a knowing look.

INT. 24 HOUR DINER - LATER

Meghan and Ellis continue Avery's education over fried carbs. They pass around a weed pen, super high.

ELLIS

There's a time-honored method to calculating how old is too old when it comes to The Older Guy. You're 30--

AVERY

(GASP!) I am 29!

ELLIS

The point is, you quadruple that number, divide by three, then add it back to your age to get the max age you should date.

Avery tries to do the math in her head to no avail. She looks down at her plate and has an idea.

Using a ketchup-dipped fry, she writes on the window in the condiment, BEAUTIFUL MIND style. Sweeping MUSIC plays over as she computes.

AVERY

(Calculating)

29... four times... carry the two...

Suddenly, we snap back to reality as Avery gets her number.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Sixty seven?! That's older than my dad!

ELLIS

(Into it)

We love a silver fox.

Ellis holds up his phone and kisses the screen.

ON THE SCREEN - his background is a photo of ANDERSON COOPER.

Suddenly, a MANAGER storms over, furious.

MANAGER

What did you do to my window?!

Avery looks up to see that she really did write in ketchup all over the window.

AVERY

Oh my God. Did I do that? I'm really fucking high.

(THEN)

Here, let me-- Sorry. So sorry.

Avery begins cleaning off the window as the manager looks on.

MEGHAN

I think you're actually making it worse.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - DAY

Meghan, Ellis, and Avery party at a rooftop club.

ELLIS

The Younger Guy is most likely still in college and can pretty much always be identified by his telltale, white-rimmed nose.

Ellis motions to the BATHROOM LINE, where a YOUNG BUCK exits the bathroom, wiping his coke-rimmed nose.

Avery nods, taking notes.

AVERY

So, The Younger Guy is still young enough to do casual bathroom coke.

MEGHAN

Ahem, we're all still young enough to do casual bathroom coke.

Avery and Ellis shake their heads.

AVERY/ELLIS

No.../We're not.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Avery, Meghan, and Ellis walk and talk.

AVERY

All of these man-types make sense to me except for "The Guy Who's the Total Asshole." Why would I want to date a total asshole?

They pass a DOUCHEY HOT GUY. He locks eyes with Avery and nods in her direction.

For a moment, the world seems to SLOW. She's lost in his orbit. It's like a cosmic connection. Until...

A HOT GIRL walks past in the other direction. The Douchebag Hot Guy immediately pivots from Avery, his full attention now on the Hot Girl's thicc (read: two "c's") ass.

Off Avery.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Huh. I get it.

MEGHAN/ELLIS

Right?/They suck you in and then spit you back out.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

Meghan and Ellis hover over Avery's phone, helping her create a dating profile.

ELLIS

Baby's first dating profile! We figured we'd start you off on Hinge. They have a feature that automatically sends any unsolicited dick pics straight to the offender's mom.

Avery nods, impressed.

MEGHAN

All of your photos are with Noah, so we had to make do.

CLOSE on Avery's HINGE PROFILE.

The PHOTO is zoomed super close on her. We can see Noah's hand on her shoulder, poorly cropped out of the shot.

ELLIS

Now, go forth and swipe!

They hand the phone to Avery. It BEEPS with a match!

AVERY

Oh! A match! My first match!

Avery's phone BEEPS again with a message!

AVERY (CONT'D)

Oh! A message! My first message!

Avery opens her phone to see-- A DICK PIC.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Ah! A dick! My message is a dick!

Avery throws her phone away in surprise.

ELLIS

Baby's first unsolicited dick pic!

MEGHAN

That's going straight to his mother.

AVERY

Ugh! How do you do this? Dating is terrible and I've only been doing it for two minutes. Did I make a terrible mistake? Should I call Noah?!

ELLIS

No, ma'am! You have got seven guys to date first!

MEGHAN

Well, actually six.

(Off their looks)

You already crossed one guy off your list. "The Guy You Thought Was The One."

Off Avery, hit by that solemn realization.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery lays on her makeshift couch-bed, ready to tuck in for the night. Her overflowing SUITCASE sits nearby.

As Meghan passes through to her bedroom --

AVERY

Thanks again for letting me crash here for a while.

MEGHAN

Don't mention it.

(THEN)

But seriously. Don't. You know I get weird about excessive gratitude.

AVERY

Which is why I canceled the "Thank You" balloon arch.

Meghan plops down beside Avery.

MEGHAN

I know you're heartbroken and all, but I'm glad we're getting to spend so much time together.

(THEN)

For a while, it was like every time I saw you, Noah was there.

AVERY

(Glumly)

Well, you're in luck, because he's currently not speaking to me.

MEGHAN

You know what I mean. I missed you, that's all.

AVERY

I guess the one plus side of your entire life falling apart is that it really shows you who your friends are.

MEGHAN

Ride or die, baby. Always.

Avery and Meghan hug. As Meghan turns in for the night--

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Love you.

AVERY

You more. Night.

Alone, Avery's phone BEEPS. She checks it to see:

ON THE SCREEN - She's matched with a bunch of guys on Hinge!

She smiles and clicks on a photo of GREG, a super cute guy, who messaged her: "Hey cutie. What's your story?"

Avery thinks, before typing:

AVERY (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Newly out of an eleven year relationship with my college sweetheart. It's definitely been hard.

(MORE)

AVERY (TEXT) (CONT'D)

I had to move out of the apartment we shared and am currently crashing on my friend's couch. But excited about the prospect of dating again. You?

And SEND. A BEAT.

Until--PING! Her phone beeps with a Hinge notification:

"GREG HAS UNMATCHED WITH YOU"

INT. ELLEN'S STARDUST DINER - DAY

WIDEN TO SEE: Ellis, clad in a waiter's apron, stands at Avery's table. He reads her Hinge message, jaw on the floor.

ELLIS

Avery, no!

AVERY

I've never been single before and now I'm going to be single for the rest of my life!

Avery puts her head in her hands. But Ellis begins to text, responding to some of her dating DMs.

ELLIS

You just need to learn to play the game. And lucky for you, I've got all the cheat codes.

Avery's phone *PINGS* with a multiple messages.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Voila! You have four potential dates tonight.

AVERY

Seriously? You're a magician.

ELLIS

No, baby. I'm a star.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS dim. A SPOTLIGHT swirls around the room... and lands on Ellis!

He hops up on the BOOTH, grabs a waiting MIC, and begins to belt out "Let Me Be Your Star" from SMASH.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
(Singing)
Let me be your STAR!!

The Ellen's Stardust crowd goes wild! Ellis flings off his apron, throwing it at Avery. It lands on her head.

She laughs before realizing --

AVERY
Shit. What am I going to wear?

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - QUICK CUTS

Meghan and Ellis pop a bottle of bubbly as Avery prances out in her idea of a date night fit: a linen midi dress with a square neckline. She twirls, expectantly.

AVERY
This is cute, right?

MEGHAN
If you were going to the Renaissance faire.

ELLIS
That dress looks like you made it out of an old French woman's drapes. And no one will be asking if the carpet matches.

AVERY
UGH! All of my clothes were bought for cuteness and general ease! I've had the same style since college! I don't have anything datey!

Meghan smiles.

MEGHAN
But we do.

Meghan and Ellis to the rescue! Cue the obligatory fashion show sequence!

--Avery comes out in various 'fits that practically ooze sex. Think cropped corset tops and skin-tight leather pants. But she looks incredibly uncomfortable in all of them.

--Avery wobbles in too-tall heels before she face-plants.

--Avery tries on a dress that she likes... until she realizes it's totally see-through. She covers her bits and sidesteps out of frame.

--Avery grabs the champagne from Ellis and chugs straight from the bottle. Finally...

AVERY (O.S.)

Uh, guys?

Avery enters in a cute, yet sexy number with low heels. She looks amazing.

ELLIS/MEGHAN

YAAAAS!!/T's out for the B's!

Avery shimmies, strutting her stuff for her friends.

TIME CUT:

Our trio passes the champagne bottle around as they hover over Avery's phone.

AVERY

Let me see this guy again.

Ellis holds out his phone.

ON THE SCREEN -- a photo of a NICE-LOOKING GUY's profile.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Huh. He looks nice.

Meghan rips the phone away, frowning.

MEGHAN

Him? For her first fuck out of the gate?

AVERY

Who said anything about--

(Quietly)

An "F"--?

MEGHAN

The best way to get over someone is to cum under someone.

(THEN)

Speaking of which, I've got a hot date.

Meghan holds up her own photo, of SKYLAR, a lesbian cutie.

ELLIS
Oooh. They/their?

MEGHAN
She/them. And if all goes well
tonight, we'll be checking Number
14 off my sexual bucket list: The
Butter Churner.

Meghan mimes churning butter, then sticks two fingers into
her imaginary vat and licks her fingers, suggestively.

ELLIS
Okay, Pennsylvania Dutch!

MEGHAN
Don't wait up!

Ellis and Avery CATCALL until Meghan's out the door.

ELLIS
She's right, you know.

AVERY
About butter?

ELLIS
No, about the rebound. Maybe you
should just rip off the bandaid and
check off "The Guy For Sex."

AVERY
But, how do I know which guy is for
sex?

Ellis holds up a profile of a sexy, yet sleazy dude,
MITCHELL, whose bio reads: "*ONLY FOR SEX.*"

AVERY (CONT'D)
Huh.

ELLIS
Go out with the sex guys and cancel
on the nice guy.

AVERY
They really do finish last.

ELLIS
(Talk-typing)
"Mitchell. Meet me at the Penrose
tonight at 7." Bam!

Avery fidgets, uncomfortable.

AVERY

Ellis, I don't know if I can do this.

ELLIS

Just do what I do before dates and pour yourself a bottle of wine.

AVERY

You mean a glass?

ELLIS

No, I don't.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

A nervous-looking Avery is perched on a bar stool next to **MITCHELL**, a self-absorbed slime ball. He nurses a margarita, salt around the rim.

MITCHELL

So, you're looking for me to break your sexual seal post-breakup? I'm honored. And you came to the right place. I'm a very generous lover.

Mitchel pointedly licks some of the salt from his cocktail... revealing his ABNORMALLY LONG TONGUE.

He keeps his eyes glued on Avery as he licks the glass. Then, he winks.

Avery's eyes widen, horrified.

EXT. NYC STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Avery hurries out of the bar.

AVERY

We are NOT starting with The Guy For Sex! --OOF!

In her rush, she slams headfirst into something UNSEEN. She falls backwards onto the sidewalk.

BROOKS (O.S.)

No "Guy For Sex." Got it.

Avery looks up to see:

BROOKS, 30, a cute bro-y type. He stares down at her, concerned. Avery is taken aback by how attractive he is.

AVERY

I--oh...

BROOKS

Here.

Brooks holds out his hand. Helps a dazed Avery to her feet. They smile at one another.

AVERY

Thanks. Sorry.

Brooks points to a nearby RESTAURANT. The sign above the door reads: "PAPILLON."

BROOKS

I work right there. If you're ever looking for a guy.

(THEN)

For sex or not.

Brooks gives her a smile before walking away. Avery watches him go, blushing.

Maybe she'll like the single life after all.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery sits at the kitchen table, armed with art supplies. Colored pens. Stickers. A polaroid CAMERA.

She pulls out a BLACK NOTEBOOK of her own, and opens it to the first page.

It's a handwritten LIST of her own, entitled, "*The 7 Guys You Date Before Marriage (Avery's Version.)*"

INT. AVERY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Avery and her family sit around the dinner table. Marty nearly chokes mid-meatball.

MARTY

You're going to date seven
different guys?

AVERY

Mom did it!

MARTY

That was in the 80s! It was a safer time!

AVERY

The 80s saw some of the highest numbers of active serial killers in history.

MARTY

Yeah, but they all wore those goofy glasses, so they were easier to spot. I'm ordering you a pepper spray.

Marty grabs his phone to place an online order.

COLE

(COUGH) Slut! (COUGH!)

Nana smacks Cole on the back of the head.

COLE (CONT'D)

Ow!

NANA

There's nothing wrong with a woman experimenting with her sexuality.

(THEN, to Avery)

As long as you don't have sex before marriage!

(THEN, seductively)

But... after marriage... that's a different story. Since your grandpa passed, I've been with...

(Counting, trailing off)

One, two, three, two again, three, four, five and six... Now, that was a fun night...

Thankfully, Avery's phone *PINGS* with an alert from HINGE. She has a new message --

"WANNA HANG 2NITE?" from baby-faced cutie named **DYLAN**, 23.

Marty puts down his phone, satisfied.

MARTY

I ordered you seven pepper sprays. One for each guy. Just in case!

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

On a fresh page, Avery scribbles, "THE YOUNGER GUY"

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING

CLOSE ON DYLAN, in the flesh. He's enthusiastic and boyish.

AVERY

I can't believe you got me out on a Sunday night. Typically, I'd be meal-prepping in a face mask while doing the NYT Sudoku!

DYLAN

I don't know what most of those words mean. But Sunday Funday is the best day of the week!

AVERY

It's so exhilarating! What does a twenty-three year old do on a Sunday night? Are we hitting up an NFT gallery? Engaging in a protest? Piercing something?

DYLAN

Nope! We're playing Bingo!

Avery stops, confused.

AVERY

I'm sorry, what?

DYLAN

Uh-oh. Vibe shift. Is something wrong?

AVERY

No, no. It's just... my Nana plays Bingo.

Dylan laughs as they approach the STANDARD HOTEL.

DYLAN

Trust me, this isn't your Nana's bingo...

INT. STANDARD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

REVERSE TO REVEAL: It's the Standard NYC Sunday Night Bingo, bitches! (Google it!)

It's basically Vegas. Think drunk girls dancing on tables! Drag Queens performing burlesque! So! Much! Alcohol!

Avery looks at Dylan in awe.

DYLAN
Let's Bin-fucking-go!!

QUICK CUTS as Avery and Dylan boogie down!

--A waiter pours vodka into Avery's mouth.

--Avery hops onstage with the Drag Queen host and even gets to call out a winning number as the crowd goes wild.

AVERY
B 14!

--Dylan comes out of the bathroom, sniffing. The tell-tale sign of "The Younger Guy," white-rimmed around his nose.

--Dylan and Avery play the same Bingo card, canoodling and laughing. Suddenly, Avery jumps up, excitedly.

AVERY (CONT'D)
BINGO! BINGO!!

She and Dylan jump around, cheering happily.

--Avery dances on the table, but slips and falls off... right into Dylan's arms.

The image FREEZE FRAMES and goes into --

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"PROS: SO! MUCH! FUN!"

BACK TO SCENE --

Dylan smiles down at Avery.

DYLAN
What do you say we get out of here?

She nods, delighted.

EXT. NYC STREET - EARLY MORNING

Dylan and Avery teeter drunkenly down the street, shoving pizza into their face holes.

AVERY
I haven't partied like that since I was... twenty three, I guess!

DYLAN
You're going to love our next stop!

AVERY
Next stop? It's like 1 AM in the morning!

DYLAN
Perfect! The rave starts at 2!
(THEN)
Molly?

AVERY
(Laughing)
No! *Av-er-y!*

Dylan holds out a little blue pill.

DYLAN
No. *Molly.*

AVERY
(Realizing)
Ooooooooooh.

SLAM TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

It's all THUMPING BEATS and pulsing STROBE LIGHTS as Dylan and Avery rave their friggin' faces off.

She laughs, pointing at Dylan's eyes.

AVERY
You're pupils are GINORMOUS!

DYLAN
So are yours!

Dylan pulls her close and rubs her head.

AVERY
That feels soooo good for some reason!

DYLAN
(Laughing)
For some reason!

Avery looks down at her watch, realizing with glee.

AVERY
I have to be at work in two hours!

DYLAN

Me too!

Avery laughs, grinding her teeth like a maniac.

SLAM TO:

INT. SALESWISE OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON AVERY -- absolutely wrecked. She holds her pounding head, eyes closed.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"THE YOUNGER GUY -- CONS: THE HANGOVERS."

BACK TO SCENE --

Suddenly, Joaquin appears out of nowhere beside her cubicle.

JOAQUIN

Hey, Avery!

Spooked, Avery reflexively gags. Then, tries to cover it up.

AVERY

Joaquin. Hi.

She tries to force a smile. Her eye twitches aggressively.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"THE COWORKER. PROS: EASY TO MEET."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Avery and Joaquin stroll through the park on their lunch break. Joaquin juggles multiple phones and his lunch.

JOAQUIN

I try to spend every lunch break I can in CP. Central Park.

AVERY

Me too!

JOAQUIN

Fun fact, I'm originally from Nebraska, so nature is kind of my thing. The G.O.D... "Great Outdoors."

AVERY

The park was always my mom's favorite place in New York. I actually always thought I would work here someday.

JOAQUIN

Parks need accountants too.

AVERY

(Considering)

I guess they do...

They pass a row of BENCHES. Each has a silver PLAQUE attached to the backrest.

Avery lovingly runs her finger over one that reads: *"Whoever sits on this bench... Enjoy the scene as much as we did during our 45 years together. - David & Jack."*

AVERY (CONT'D)

These are my favorite.

Suddenly, a BIRD CALL sounds O.S.

JOAQUIN

Oh, shit. Did you hear that?

AVERY

Hear what?

Joaquin grabs Avery's hand and pulls her down a --

WOODED PATH

He whips out a tiny PAIR OF BINOCULARS. Scans the trees.

JOAQUIN

That sounds like-- yep! It's a Cerulean Warbler!

AVERY

Huh?

Joaquin hands Avery the binoculars, guiding her sight.

JOAQUIN

There. You see?

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- we see an adorable blue bird, perching in a nearby tree.

Avery smiles, endeared.

AVERY

Wow. You're a birdwatcher.

JOAQUIN

SASS sales and avifauna are kind of my things. Nerdy, huh?

AVERY

No! I mean... yes. But... unexpected in a good way. It's kind of crazy how you can see a person every day and not know who they really are.

JOAQUIN

And who are you, really?

AVERY

That's... a very good question.

The BIRD CALL sounds again. Joaquin pulls Avery towards him. Holds the binoculars over her eyes.

They look up at the trees. Her body leans back on his. Close.

It's a sexually-charged moment. An expectant BEAT.

Then, Avery pulls away. Grabs the binoculars, playfully.

AVERY (CONT'D)

What else can you see with these things?

Avery holds the specs up to her face and scans the premises.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS WE SEE --

A LARGE BIRD... textured, GREEN LEAVES... a SQUIRREL... a HUMAN FOOT... WAIT WHAT?!

AVERY (CONT'D)

(YELP!)

Spooked, Avery trips and topples into Joaquin. She takes them both to the ground. She lands on top of him with a THUD.

Next to them, half covered by leaves, is --

A DEAD BODY.

Off their SCREAMS.

SLAM TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER

Blue and red lights FLASH. COPS swarm the scene. CLOSE ON a BODY BAG, getting zipped up.

MARISKA HARGITAY and **ICE-T** pow-wow next to the body, in their LAW & ORDER: SVU personas.

MARISKA HARGITAY
Unidentified male, late 50s, with
multiple stab wounds to the
abdomen. He was found in the
Bramble by a couple on a first
date.

ICE-T
I guess this wasn't really the body
count they had in mind.

DUN DUN!

Avery and Joaquin stand off to the side, shell-shocked.

JOAQUIN
(Finally)
I think our L.B. is over.
(THEN, sadly)
Lunch break.

Joaquin hurries off, traumatized, leaving Avery alone.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

Under "CONS," Avery scrawls a SKULL AND CROSSBONES.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

An open house at a swanky NYC apartment filled with upscale PROSPECTIVE BUYERS.

Meghan, working the event, refills the champagne that Avery has just downed. Ellis looks on, shaking his head.

ELLIS
And to think, most dates in New
York only result in the death of
your self-esteem.

AVERY
You guys, I don't know if I can do
this. Dating is emotionally
draining.

ELLIS
In the wise words of Ari, "Yes...
And?"

An uptight suit passes, glaring at our trio, suspiciously.

MEGHAN
(Aside)
Shit, that's my boss. Act like you
belong.

ELLIS
The role I was born to have to
play.

Avery and Ellis stand up straighter, pretending to be rich.

AVERY
Are 7.5 bathrooms really enough for
all of our bathroom needs?

ELLIS
Why, yes, I DO have a 401K.

The suit walks away as they continue their convo.

MEGHAN
Well, in more lively news, I
crossed another position off my 30
before 30 sex list. Number
seventeen: "The Hyman Trophy."

ELLIS
God, I love sports.

AVERY
Was that the "Butter Churner?" So
she got a second date?

MEGHAN
Third. Turns out, Skylar's sexual
bucket list is even more deranged
than mine.

Suddenly, a WHITE-HAIRED MAN passes in front of them. Ellis
freezes, jaw on the floor.

ELLIS
Is that my husband, Anderson
Cooper??

The Man turns to REVEAL: he is not Anderson Cooper...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
 (Disappointed)
 Damn.

But, he is **HENRY** (50s), a Clooney-esque looker who totally rocks the gray and white hair.

MEGHAN
 ("He's hot")
 "Damn" is right.

Henry looks over at our group, locks eyes with Avery, and winks. Holy hell, that mature man is sexy!

Off Avery, blushing.

SMASH TO:

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS as Henry fills Avery's glass to the brim. They cheers, as she looks around in awe.

AVERY
 I'm sorry, I'm really trying to
 play it cool, but... how the hell
 did you manage this?!

WIDEN TO SEE they're actually alone in --

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Countless works of art are spread out before them... and they're the only people in the entire space.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"THE OLDER GUY. PROS: \$\$\$\$"

BACK TO SCENE --

Henry shrugs, amused.

HENRY
 One of the perks of housing your
 art collection at the Met is that
 you can come and see your pieces
 whenever you'd like.

AVERY
 You own all these?

HENRY

Only the ones in this room... and
in the adjoining.

AVERY

You're like a real adult person.

HENRY

(Laughing)

And you, kid, are about as bubbly
as the Dom.

AVERY

I ramble when I'm nervous.

HENRY

You're young and beautiful. What do
you possibly have to be nervous
about?

AVERY

I'm new to this.

HENRY

Modigliani?

AVERY

Him too. But I meant dating. I just
got out of a pretty long
relationship.

HENRY

Congratulations.

AVERY

(Unsure)

Uh... thank you?

HENRY

It takes courage to leave anything
you've been acquainted with for a
some time. Be that a job, a place,
a habit, or a person.

AVERY

You think so?

HENRY

I know so. In my life, I've had two
dozen jobs, lived in twelve
countries, and been married--and
divorced--three times.

AVERY
That's a lot of change.

Henry shrugs, taking a sip of his champagne.

HENRY
There's a saying: "If we don't change, we don't grow." But, I don't agree. I think it's our growth that pushes us to make changes.

(THEN)
People are like plants. When a plant gets too big, you have to put it in a bigger pot. The plant's growth requires a change, or else, it won't survive.

He motions to Cezanne's "Terracotta Pots and Flowers." They stare at the painting for a long moment.

AVERY
Huh. Maybe that's why all of my plants die.

Henry laughs, raising his glass to her.

HENRY
To outgrowing the pot.

Avery smiles, and clinks his glass with hers.

SLAM TO:

I/E. HELICOPTER - DAY

A private helicopter soars over New York.

Inside Avery and Henry take in the city sights from fifteen hundred feet up.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

Avery clinks champagne flutes with Henry.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Henry twirls Avery around as a big band plays!

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery adds to her little black book. She tapes tickets and photos to the pages and smiles.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Meghan leads **SKYLAR**, a non-binary cutie, to Avery and Ellis.

MEGHAN

Ave, Ellis... meet Skylar.

Skylar waves, adorably. As she embraces Ellis, Avery leans into Meghan, who shrugs, beaming.

AVERY

She's cute!

MEGHAN

She's incredible.

Avery hugs Meghan, happy for her friend.

EXT. YANKEES STADIUM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Yankee fans flood the stadium entrance on game day.

I/E. BOX - YANKEES STADIUM - DAY

Avery looks over the stadium from a luxury box. Below her, in the CHEAP SEATS, she spots --

DYLAN, with his BUDDIES.

They throw Cracker Jacks in each other's mouths... irritating the FAN in front of them, who keeps getting hit by strays.

IN THE BOX, Henry approaches. Hands Avery a glass of bubbly.

HENRY

What do you think of the view?

Avery watches as BELOW, Dylan and his friends do "the Wave." Dylan drunkenly sloshes his full beer all over the angry FAN.

As the fan REACTS, Avery grimaces.

AVERY

Things look more... mature from up here.

Henry looks confused, but brushes it off.

HENRY

I'm going to my house in the
Hamptons next weekend.

(THEN)

I'd like you to come with me.

AVERY

Me?

HENRY

(Laughing)

Who else?

Off Avery. Excited, but unsure.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery paces as Meghan and Ellis look on.

AVERY

Okay, but just because I go to the
Hamptons with Henry doesn't mean...

MEGHAN/ELLIS

You have to sleep with him, yes.

Avery plops down next to them, overwhelmed.

ELLIS

Hey, I would have slept with him in
the helicopter. Or at the Met!

MEGHAN

To be honest, I probably would have
slept with him at the open house.
The shower in that primary has
three heads.

AVERY

I don't even know if I'm ready for
one head!

ELLIS

Do you like spending time with
Henry?

AVERY

I do, yeah.

MEGHAN

Are you attracted to him?

AVERY
I really am.

ELLIS
See? You're two for two!

AVERY
Those feel like not very high bars
to clear.

MEGHAN
You'd be surprised.

ELLIS
What's the hesitation?

Off Avery's anxious face.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE on a PHOTO of Avery and Noah.

In her couch-bed, Avery scrolls through old pictures. Clearly the hesitation is that she's not over Noah.

Her phone PINGS with a new Hinge notification.

ON THE SCREEN -- *"Have you swiped right today?"*

She clicks to open the app...

And NOAH'S FACE smiles back at her.

Avery freezes. Noah's on Hinge.

Her heart sinks.

LATER

Meghan sits with Avery on the couch, eating ice cream from the gallon.

MEGHAN
(Gently)
This *is* what happens when you break
up with someone.

AVERY
It's not a break up. It's a break.
One that's supposed to bring us
back to each other.

(THEN)
(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

But what if it doesn't? What if Noah finds someone else?

MEGHAN

What if he does? And the whole time, you're not really being open to the possibility of finding someone else.

AVERY

So, what you're saying is...

MEGHAN

... Maybe it's finally time to spread your legs and fly.

Off Avery, considering.

Finally, she gets up. Digs through her suitcase... and pulls out some sexy lingerie, determined.

AVERY

I'm going to the Hamptons.

MEGHAN

'Atta girl!

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Avery, lugging a weekender, walks down her stoop to find:

A WAITING LIMO, Mr. Big style. The window rolls down to reveal: Henry, grinning.

HENRY

Hey, kid. Need a ride?

Avery beams.

EXT. THE HAMPTONS - ESTABLISHING

QUICK CUTS of all the best places in the Hamptons, from vineyards to waterside restaurants to bougie shops.

EXT. HENRY'S HOUSE - DAY

The limo pulls up to a sprawling, shingle-style mansion, complete with pool and tennis court.

INT. HENRY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Avery watches the gorgeous pink sunset over the water. Henry appears behind her, handing her an expensive glass of red.

AVERY
(Re: the sunset)
Beautiful, isn't it?

HENRY
(Re: Avery)
It sure is.

Avery blushes as Henry cheers his glass on hers. Then, he moves to the sofa. Pats the seat next to him.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Come here.

Avery swallows, nervously. *She knows where this is heading.*

She moves to the sofa. Sits beside him. He scoots closer. Puts his arm around her.

She starts to nervously down her wine, but Henry stops her.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Slow down, slow down. This is a
2012 Chateau Lafite Rothschild.
Meant to be sipped. To be savored.
Here, may I?

Avery nods as Henry puts his hand over his, so that they're holding her wine glass together.

HENRY (CONT'D)
The first thing you want to do with
a fine wine is taste it with your
eyes. Then, you want to smell it.
It should smell woody, with a hint
of fruit. Then, we swirl it gently,
to release the tannins. And
finally... now we drink.

Henry lifts the glass to Avery's lips, gently tipping the nectar into her open mouth.

She melts, totally turned on by his wine lesson.

Then, he pulls the glass away, leans in and kisses her. Avery kisses back. Deeply. Passionately.

AVERY
You're a really good kisser.

HENRY

I've had a lot of time to practice.

Their make-out session grows more intense.

Henry unbuttons her blouse. Slides his hand up her skirt.
Avery moans, closing her eyes. *Years of practice is right.*

Henry gently pushes Avery down onto the couch, and climbs on top of her.

Avery unbuttons his pants. Slips her hand inside. Henry
MOANS, aroused.

But suddenly, his face contorts. His eyes go wide.

He GASPS. We think he might be coming. Until--

His hands go to his chest and he flops onto Avery like a dead weight.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE AS WE --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A PHOTO of Henry looms over a closed coffin.

MOURNERS look on from the pews below, dabbing their eyes, as the PRIEST gives his eulogy.

Avery, Meghan, and Ellis stand awkwardly in the back.

AVERY

Is dating usually this... lethal?

Meghan and Ellis shake their heads.

ELLIS

You are one death away from a
Dateline special.

PRIEST

We're gathered here today to
celebrate the exemplary life of
Henry St. Cloud. Born in 1964 --

AVERY

(Aside)
1964?? Jesus Christ!

NANA (O.S.)
Shh! You leave Jesus out of it!

Avery turns to see: Nana, dressed to kill.

AVERY
(Whispered)
NANA?? What are you doing here?

NANA
After your grandfather died, Henry
and I... connected.
(THEN)
Played me like a piano, that man.
Rest in peace, prince.

Nana does the sign of the cross. Off Avery's stunned face.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"CONS -- GENERATIONAL OVERLAP"

INT. ELLEN'S STARDUST DINER - DAY

CLOSE ON Ellis, center-stage.

ELLIS
This next song goes out to Henry,
who died doing what he loved.

Ellis breaks into the chorus of "Touch-a, Touch-a, Touch Me"
from Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Nearby, Avery, Meghan, and Skylar sit, watching.

AVERY
Okay, but is it weird that now, all
I can think about it breaking the
sex seal?

MEGHAN
Grief comes in many different ways.
Emphasis on the "comes."
(THEN)
I think it's time.

Meghan holds out Avery's PHONE.

ON THE SCREEN -- is the Hinge profile of MAX. He's good
looking. Just the right amount of sleazy. And his profile
reads: "Just for sex :)"

Avery takes a deep breath and swipes right.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"THE GUY FOR SEX."

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MAX, looking just like his profile, sits across from Avery.

MAX

Casual sex gets a bad rap. But I think there's nothing more attractive than a sexually liberated woman.

AVERY

(Cringing)

I think I'm going to need another drink.

(To the Waitress)

Excuse me?

Avery starts to flag down a passing WAITRESS, but Max gently grabs her arm.

MAX

How many have you already had?

AVERY

Not enough. Two?

MAX

Oh... I mean, you can consume whatever you'd like. Your body, your choice. But I have a two drink maximum rule with my intimate partners. We're looking for intercourse, not intoxication, you know what I mean?

Avery turns to the Waitress, grimacing.

AVERY

On second thought... we'll just get the check.

The Waitress drops the check on the table. Avery waits for Max to pull out his card.

MAX

You cool to go splitsies? I'd rather not literally buy into the patriarchy.

AVERY
Oh. Yeah. Right.

Avery pulls out her card and plops it next to his.

MAX
("Nice")
Chase Sapphire. Financial literacy
is such a turn on.
(THEN)
My place is just around the corner.
You down?

Avery swallows hard, and nods.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Max leads Avery into his bedroom. Her eyes go wide.

REVERSE TO SEE -- it's basically Christian Grey's red room.
Riding crops and sex swings and handcuffs, oh my!

AVERY
It's like Fifty Shades in here.

MAX
That shit was tame. (PURRS)

Avery raises an eyebrow. Max pulls out an iPad, open to a
legal-looking form.

MAX (CONT'D)
Before we get started, I'm going to
need your Jane Hancock on this
baby. It's a sexual consent form,
just saying that you and I are
engaging in fornication as willing
participants.

AVERY
You're really thorough about this
consent stuff.

MAX
(Serious)
Hashtag respect women.

AVERY
Where do I sign?

MAX
Here, here, and initial here.

Avery signs the form. She sighs, nervously.

AVERY
Consider us consented.

Max moves towards Avery, slowly.

MAX
Speaking of which... can I kiss
you?

AVERY
Oh, wow. Just jumping right in,
huh? Yeah. Yes. Let's.

Max leans in and kisses her.

MAX
Can I touch your breasts over your
shirt?

AVERY
What? Uh, yeah.

Max fondles her boobs while they kiss for a BEAT before--

MAX
Can I take off your shirt?

AVERY
...Sure.

Avery lifts up her arms and Max peels off her shirt.

MAX
Can I put your breasts in my mouth?

Avery pushes him off, gently.

AVERY
How about if I don't like something
you're doing, I'll just let you
know?

MAX
Assertive. I like it.

Suddenly, Max pushes Avery against the wall, pinning her
hands above her head. Holy shit. That's hot.

The pair go at it, Max dominating. He runs his hands down her
body. She bites his lip. He flips her around so she's
grinding against him. He leans in and whispers into her ear.

MAX (CONT'D)
Get on the bed.

Avery turns around, daring him.

AVERY
No.

MAX
(Snapping out of it)
No? As in you don't consent?

AVERY
No as in... I wanna have sex there.

Avery points to the SEX SWING, hanging from the ceiling. Max smiles, totally turned on.

MAX
You're the girl boss!

Avery skips sexily over to the swing, and hops on. But she swings a little too hard and flies out of FRAME.

AVERY
ARGH!

FREEZE FRAME on Avery's panicked face.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"PROS: GETTING ADVENTUROUS IN BED. CONS: INJURY"

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Avery, arm in a sling, uses the gallon of ice cream to ice her aching shoulder.

Meghan and Skylar can't stop laughing as they make their way towards the door, dressed up for a date.

MEGHAN
You guys really didn't get into the
swing of things, huh?

SKYLAR
Meghan, don't be mean! They say
love hurts.

AVERY
It's not funny!
(THEN)
Okay, it's a little funny.
(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

But Noah is out there probably
having all the sex and I'm never
going to have sex again.

SKYLAR

Okay, so maybe I'm biased but, it
sounds like now might be the
perfect time to check "The Guy
That's Not a Guy" off your list.

AVERY

Really? I mean... I've never dipped
my toe into the lady pool before.

MEGHAN

It's not that much different than
the dick deep end. Except, we
actually know what we're doing.

Meghan and Skylar kiss, sexily.

AVERY

I mean, lesbian *is* my favorite kind
of porn.

SKYLAR

No dick-stractions.

MEGHAN

Besides, everyone these days is
exploring their sexuality. We're a
fuck-fluid generation.

AVERY

Yeah! I could be fuck-fluid. I'm
young. I'm cool. I'm hip and with
it.

Meghan escorts Skylar out the door.

MEGHAN

Clearly. Alright, we've gotta run.

AVERY

(Pleading)

You don't want to bail on your res
and hang out with meeee?

Skylar looks to Meghan, unsure.

SKYLAR

(Aside)

Should we? She looks so... sad.

REVERSE TO SEE -- Avery is pathetic with her makeshift arm sling and ice cream ice pack.

But Meghan shakes her head.

MEGHAN
Not a chance.
(THEN, to Avery)
Love ya. Byeeee.

Meghan pulls Skylar out the door, leaving Avery alone.

She frowns, pulls out her phone, and flips the preference on her Hinge account to women. Then, she starts SWIPING.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"THE GUY WHO'S NOT A GUY"

INT. COMEDY SHOW - EVENING

Avery and **HANNAH**, cute with a pixie cut, sit in the audience as on stage, a FAMOUS COMEDIAN does their tight five.

Avery and Hannah cackle. So much so that Hannah literally slaps her own knee... before resting her hand on Avery's leg.

Her touch is electric. Avery looks up at Hannah, considering. Hannah looks back and winks.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - LATER

Hannah and Avery walk through Alphabet City, holding hands.

AVERY
The joke about the subway was my favorite part.

HANNAH
I could tell! You snorted!

AVERY
(GASP) I did not!

HANNAH
You totally did. It was adorable.
(THEN)
Well, this is me.

They stop in front of an artistically graffitied building. Avery shyly meets Hannah's gaze.

AVERY
I had a really great time tonight.

HANNAH
Me too. It's like... I don't want
the night to end.

Then, Hannah looks up to her apartment. Looks back at Avery.
And smiles seductively.

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Avery and Hannah make out on the couch. Avery pulls away,
positively buzzing.

AVERY
Your lips are so soft! Are my lips
that soft? Is this what it's like
to kiss me?

HANNAH
I take it this is your first time
with a girl?

AVERY
(Nodding)
I kissed a girl and I liked it!

Avery goes in for more, but Hannah pulls away.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

HANNAH
No, no. I just-- I have this rule
with straight girls. I've met
enough tourists, you know?

AVERY
(Confused)
I live on Delancey.

HANNAH
Sexual tourists. Straight girls who
just wanna go for a spin on the
double-decker dyke bus to get the
lesbian porn fantasy out of their
system.

Avery winces. Whoops. Hannah leans in, tucking a strand of
Avery's hair behind her ears.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm not saying there's anything wrong with that. I'm just looking for something more. Something meaningful. Something that could lead to a real relationship.

Avery takes Hannah in, totally connected to her.

AVERY

To be honest, that's what I'm looking for too. I've been dating out of my comfort zone to see what feels wrong so that I know what feels right.

(THEN)

That probably sounds stupid.

HANNAH

That doesn't sound stupid at all.

Hannah kisses Avery passionately, then pulls away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So, does this feel wrong? Or right?

AVERY

(Swooning)

It feels very, very right.

Avery grabs Hannah, kissing her again. Things get friskier. Hannah unbuckles Avery's jeans, reaching inside. Avery's eyes rolls back,

AVERY (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Holy shit. Ari was right. God is a woman--

But suddenly, Hannah pulls her hand out.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Wait, why'd you stop?

HANNAH

My rule, remember? When hooking up with a formerly straight girl... she can do the honors first.

Hannah licks her lips, then motions down to her own crotch. Avery's eyes go wide.

AVERY

Ooooh. So, in order to have *my* cake... I've got to eat it too.

HANNAH

Uh huh.

Avery smiles, nervously, starting to ramble.

AVERY

Yes. Got it. Well. They do say it's better to give than to receive, right? Ha. Haha. Hahaha.

(THEN, nervously)

I've never done *that* before.

HANNAH

Do what you'd want me to do to you... and then think about how I will do it to you after.

Avery nods, trying to pump herself up. She cracks her neck and knuckles, preparing, as Hannah slides off her jeans.

AVERY

I can do this. I can do this. It's a vagina. Vaginas aren't scary. I have a vagina.

Hannah lies back, legs open.

HANNAH'S POV: through spread legs, we see Avery, looking down at Hannah's crotch terrified.

A BEAT.

Then, Avery leaps to her feet, totally freaking out.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Who am I kidding?! Vaginas are terrifying!

(THEN)

I can't! I'm sorry! I'm embarrassed by my heteronormativity!!

Hannah rolls her eyes as Avery hightails it out of there.

HANNAH

Every fucking time!

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"PROS: SOFT LIPS. CONS: ...OTHER LIPS."

EXT. NYC STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Avery flees Hannah's apartment. She rushes onto the sidewalk and straight into SOMETHING UNSEEN. OOF!

She falls backwards on impact, and looks up to see:

BROOKS, staring down at her.

BROOKS

(Smiling)

We've got to stop running into each other like this.

AVERY

It's you.

Brooks extends a hand and pulls Avery up.

BROOKS

Should I be worried? You always seem to be fleeing the scene.

AVERY

I just go on a lot of bad dates.

Brooks looks up at the apartment Avery just ran out of.

BROOKS

Ah. Who was the lucky guy?

AVERY

...Not actually a guy.

BROOKS

Wow, okay. I'm suddenly less offended that you never came by the restaurant.

AVERY

It's not-- I'm not-- Let's just say, when it comes to dating, I'm trying to be more open.

BROOKS

And?

AVERY

Pretty closed on vaginas.

They LAUGH. Brooks looks down at his watch.

BROOKS
I've got a thing... But what do you
say we run into each other on
purpose? Maybe this weekend?

AVERY
I'd like that.

Brooks pulls out his phone. Avery inputs her number.

BROOKS
I'm Brooks, by the way.

AVERY
Avery.

BROOKS
Well, Avery, how does Saturday
sound?

AVERY
It sounds great.

BROOKS
I'll text you.

AVERY
Great.

BROOKS
Great.

AVERY
Great.

They laugh. Neither seems to want to leave.

BROOKS
Okay.

AVERY
Okay. Saturday.

BROOKS
Saturday. Bye.

AVERY
Bye.

He starts to walk away. Turns back. Gives her one last look.

Avery smiles. Totally smitten.

When Brooks TURNS THE CORNER, Avery SQUEALS with excitement and begins, jumping up and down.

HANNAH (O.S.)

UGH!

Avery looks up to see --

Hannah, staring out her window, having just seen it all.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Fucking straight girls!

Hannah slams her window shut.

Off Avery; *"Whoops!"*

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

A PHOTO of Brooks. Underneath, Avery scrawls, "?????"

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG STREET - DAY

Avery and Brooks go in for the hug as they meet up on a street corner.

AVERY

Hey.

BROOKS

Hi.

They smile at each other. Giddy.

AVERY

So, what are we doing?

BROOKS

You tell me...

Brooks pulls his closed fists from behind his back, holds them out to her. Off her look.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I made a little choose your own
adventure thing.

(THEN)

Is that lame? Fuck, it's lame.

Avery bites her lip, flattered.

AVERY

It's... very not lame.

BROOKS
You sure?

AVERY
Mmm hmm.

BROOKS
Okay. Good.
(THEN)
So, pick a hand, any hand. This
round will determine how we're
getting where we're going.

Avery thinks before touching Brooks' RIGHT HAND.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
An excellent choice. I think. I
don't remember which one's which.
Let's see what lost...

Brooks opens his LEFT HAND to reveal a SLIP OF PAPER that has
"SUBWAY" scrawled on it.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Subway. Which means... we're taking
the scenic route.

Brooks opens his RIGHT HAND and a BOAT HORN brings us to --

EXT. NYC FERRY - LATER

Avery and Brooks ride the ferry, hair blowing in the wind, as
they take in New York from the water.

EXT. CHELSEA PIERS - DAY

Avery and Brooks stand outside of the famed waterfront
recreation center.

Brooks holds out his fists again. Avery smiles as she makes
another selection.

SLAM TO:

INT. DRIVING RANGE - CHELSEA PIERS - DAY

THWACK! A nine iron sweeps a golfball off the tee as Avery
and Brooks hit from side-by-side greens.

BROOKS

So, let me get this straight,
you're dating a bunch of different
types of guys--and girl--to figure
out what you like in a partner?

AVERY

Exactly. Except, so far, it's
mostly shown me what I *don't* like
in a partner.

(THEN, re: Brooks)

...But I don't know. I think we
might be getting closer.

BROOKS

Oh, you mean with me? Is that what
you mean? Wow. Really coming on
strong right out of the gate.

Avery blushes, rolling her eyes.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Okay, but the million dollar
question is: what type am I?

AVERY

You know, I haven't figured that
out yet.

BROOKS

Interesting. Very interesting.

AVERY

Why is it interesting?

BROOKS

Because I know exactly what type
you are.

AVERY

You do?

BROOKS

Uh huh.

AVERY

What am I?

BROOKS

You are one hundred percent without
a doubt the type of girl... who
doesn't watch where they're going
on the sidewalk.

Avery laughs, blushing.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
And there are a lot of you. It's an epidemic. Ladies, put down the phones! *"We're walkin' here!"*

Brooks tops his ball. It flips into the net, pathetically.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I am actually terrible at this.

AVERY
You're not great.

Brooks puts down his club.

BROOKS
Okay, we're done.

AVERY
Where to next?

Brooks pulls his fists out from behind his back.

BROOKS
Talk to the hands.

Avery smiles, touching his RIGHT HAND.

SLAM TO:

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Avery and Brooks share a fishbowl marg with two giant straws.

BROOKS
Was really hoping you were going to pick the fist that said "Classy Wine Bar."

AVERY
I'm actually quite satisfied with my selection. There's a certain ambiance that can only be found at the Times Square Margaritaville.

At a NEARBY TABLE, a group of DRUNK TOURISTS in Hawaiian shirts sing, "Margaritaville." They are terribly off-key.

DRUNK TOURISTS

(Singing)

*Wastin' away again in
Margaritaville!/Yes, I am! Yes, I
am!!*

DINER (O.S.)

Shut the fuck up!

Avery laughs. Brooks stares at her, smitten. She blushes.

AVERY

What?

BROOKS

What are you doing Tuesday?

INT. ART INSTALLATION - NIGHT

Avery and Brooks navigate a super cool, digital art installation. (Google Artechouse NYC.)

INT. SALESWISE OFFICE - DAY

Avery smiles as she texts Brooks from her desk.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Brooks steers a CitiBike as Avery rides in the basket, squealing as he navigates shakily.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

In a packed car, Avery smiles, then starts doing a happy dance, squealing excitedly.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - DAY

Avery and Brooks chat over cocktails at a hip, rooftop bar. Flirty and giggly; it looks like they belong together.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Avery and Brooks walk slowly, hovering close to each other.

AVERY

Do you really have to go to work?

BROOKS
Stupid job that makes me work
stupid nights.

They stop on the street corner. Knowing they have to part
ways. Not at all wanting to.

A LONG BEAT.

Then, Brooks reaches out his hand...

Brushes a piece of hair off Avery's face...

It looks like he's going to kiss her.

Avery swoons.

She closes her eyes.

Her pulse races. Her breath quickens.

Brooks leans in close....

And whispers in her ear.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I'll call you later.

Then, he turns and walks away without looking back.

Off Avery. Fully putty.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Meghan holds a drink aloft, beaming.

MEGHAN
Let me be the first to say,
congratulations... to me!

WIDEN TO SEE -- Skylar and Ellis sit beside her, laughing.

ELLIS
Douglas Elliman has created a
monster.

SKYLAR
A very sexy monster.

Skylar kisses Meghan on the cheek.

MEGHAN

A very sexy monster who just got
her very first solo apartment
listing!

They cheers again, excitedly... but Meghan looks past Ellis
to SOMEONE UNSEEN, annoyed.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Earth to Avery?

PAN TO REVEAL -- Avery is there too, glued to her phone.

AVERY

Huh?

(THEN)

Oh, yes! So, so exciting.

PING! A TEXT from Brooks pops ON THE SCREEN.

BROOKS (TEXT)

Slow night. Whatcha up to?

ELLIS

Are you texting Mr. Man? Bay?

AVERY

Brooks.

ELLIS

Our girl is thirsty no more!

Meghan clears her throat.

MEGHAN

(Irritated)

ANYWAY...

(THEN)

Getting my first solo listing is a
huge deal and I absolutely cannot
fuck it up. Which is where you all
come in.

As Avery texts, distracted.

AVERY (TEXT)

Just out with some friends.

ELLIS

Task me, mama.

SKYLAR

Anything you need, baby.

AVERY
(To Meghan)
Right. Yeah. Totally

Meghan frowns at Avery before continuing.

MEGHAN
I'm throwing a broker's open. And
my client is... not thrilled. He's
very precious about his
furnishings. I have promised up and
down that his stuff will be safe.
So, I need you all to be there and
on high alert to prevent any
potential stain situations.

ELLIS
Aye, aye.

SKYLAR
Of course.

PING!

BROOKS (TEXT)
Getting cut early... nightcap?

Avery's face lights up.

AVERY
I have to go.

MEGHAN
Seriously?

Avery scoots from the booth and hurries towards the door.

AVERY
Sorry! Love you! Congrats again!

SKYLAR
Have fun!

ELLIS
Use protection!

Off Meghan, hurt.

INT. PAPILLON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Brooks and Avery sit at the bar, stools pulled close.

BROOKS

You honestly amaze me. I can't fathom how you stay with someone through college, let alone for eleven years.

AVERY

I know it sounds crazy, but it didn't feel crazy at the time.

(THEN)

Noah and I grew up together. We know each other's families...

(THEN)

He knew my mom. She died a couple of years ago. And... I think that was hard to give up, you know?

BROOKS

What do you mean?

AVERY

Like, if I didn't end up with Noah, my mom would have never met my partner. They could know everything about me--

BROOKS

--But they wouldn't know her.

AVERY

Exactly.

(Realizing)

I wonder if that's part of the reason why our relationship lasted so long. Because I knew I'd never have that with anybody else.

BROOKS

What was she like? Your mom?

AVERY

She was my person. Whenever I got amazing news or terrible news or I was just bored, I could always talk to her. She knew exactly what to do in every situation.

(THEN)

I feel like, after she died, I started questioning myself. Without her voice in my ear, I've just felt... lost.

(THEN)

But, I think I'm starting to hear my own voice. If that makes sense.

BROOKS

Totally.

(THEN)

You hear voices. That is one
hundred percent normal behavior.

Avery laughs, swatting him on the arm playfully.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Are the voices in the room with us
right now? What are they saying?

AVERY

They are saying... I'm very glad I
ran into you. Literally and
figuratively.

BROOKS

Me, too.

A LONG BEAT.

Then, Brooks gently takes Avery's face...

Pulls her in close...

And kisses her. Deeply.

Behind them, the restaurant's BUTTERFLY LOGO hangs over the
bar, the embodiment of everything Avery is feeling.

Pure butterflies.

Finally, Brooks pulls away.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Wanna get out of here?

Avery nods.

Brooks takes her hand. Leads her out of the restaurant and
into--

INT. BROOKS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS SHOT

His bedroom. He closes the door behind them and gently pushes
Avery up against it for a steamy make out.

They move to the bed, lips still locked. They yank off each
other's clothes. Brooks lays Avery down. His eyes move over
her body, taking in every inch of it.

BROOKS

You okay?

Avery smiles. Meaning it.

AVERY

Yeah. I really am.

Brooks kisses her deeply, and as our pair get intimate, we PAN OVER to the WINDOW, where FIREWORKS erupt in the sky!

It's a perfect moment. Until--

A NEIGHBORHOOD CURMUDGEON'S voice echoes from outside.

ANGRY NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

If you little assholes light off
any more fireworks, I'm calling the
fucking cops!

As Brooks and Avery LAUGH O.S. we--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BROOKS' BEDROOM - DAY

Out the same WINDOW. Only now, the sun is now shining. The birds are now chirping. The city is bustling with energy.

Avery, clad in one of Brooks' T-shirts, rolls over in bed. She wakes up slowly. Takes in her surroundings...

And realizes she's alone.

INT. BROOKS' KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Avery moves into the kitchen.

AVERY

Hello? Brooks?

The place is empty. But she smiles when she sees --

On the TABLE is a bagel, takeaway coffee, and a handwritten NOTE. It reads: *"Had to run, didn't want to wake you. - B"*

Avery clutches the note to her chest. She starts dancing around the room, giddy.

EXT. VARIOUS NEW YORK LOCATIONS - DAY

It's a beautiful day in the greatest city in the world!

Couples stroll in the picturesque WEST VILLAGE. Friends picnic in CENTRAL PARK. Tourists ride a double-decker sightseeing bus through TIMES SQUARE.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Meghan and Skylar sweetly feed each other breakfast when Avery bursts in, over the moon!

AVERY
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

MEGHAN
(Dry)
You had sex?

AVERY
I HAD--aw, you said it already.
(THEN)
But I don't care! Because I! HAD!
SEX!

Skylar cheers, enthusiastically. Meghan claps, less so.

SKYLAR
Our little girl has become a woman!

MEGHAN
Woo hoo.

Avery flops down on the couch, happily.

AVERY
Sorry, Meghan, you're going to have to find someone else to be list buddies with, because my days of checking boxes are over.

MEGHAN
Come again?

AVERY
Oh, I'm going to! Because I know Brooks' type and it's "The One." I didn't even need to date "The Guy Who's a Total Asshole" to recognize it.

MEGHAN

Okay, slow your roll. You've known him for two weeks.

AVERY

Turns out, Noah was "The Guy I Thought Was The One." But Brooks? He gives me "*papillons*."

SKYLAR

Dogs?

AVERY

Butterflies!

Avery SIGHS happily. Meghan frowns.

MEGHAN

I hate that. The butterfly thing. It's such a rom-com idea that wriggled its way into the dating lexicon. It's false advertising. A jittery feeling in your stomach? That's anxiety, babe. Or IBS.

AVERY

Sounds appropriate because you're shitting all over my excitement.

MEGHAN

True love doesn't make you nervous. It's a relief.

AVERY

You make love sound like Pepto Bismol.

MEGHAN

You're vulnerable and you barely know this guy. I just don't want to see you get hurt.

AVERY

But, you barely knew Skylar when you knew she was "The One."

SKYLAR

(To Meghan)

Aw, babe. You did?

MEGHAN

(To Skylar, straight-faced)

I have no idea what she's talking about.

(THEN, To Avery)

Look I'm happy you got laid. But, guys can be dicks. I don't want to see you get hurt.

AVERY

Thank you for your concern. But Brooks isn't like that.

On cue, her phone PINGS with a text.

AVERY (CONT'D)

See?

She holds her PHONE out for Meghan to see --

BROOKS (TEXT)

Last night was amazing. When can I see you again?

Avery SQUEALS and jumps with glee.

Skylar leans her head on Meghan's shoulder.

SKYLAR

Aw. Young love.

Off Meghan, not so sure.

INT. CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY OFFICES - DAY

Avery texts with Brooks at her desk, smiling.

AVERY (TEXT)

Drinks Wednesday?

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Avery waits for her order when -- *PING!*

BROOKS (TEXT)

Can't :(Friday?

Avery "hearts" the message.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

PING! Avery gets a TEXT from Brooks as she walks.

BROOKS (TEXT)
Shit, can we reschedule? Sunday?

AVERY (TEXT)
Of course! See you then :)

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Out with her friends, Avery's glued to her phone.

AVERY (TEXT)
Hey! What's the plan for tomorrow?

The THREE LITTLE DOTS appear... and the vanish.

Off Avery, confused.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Avery paces, texting furiously.

AVERY
Good morning! Still down to hang
today?
(THEN)
Would love to see you again!
(THEN)
We had so much fun together!
(THEN)
...Right??

INT. ELLEN'S STARLIGHT DINER - DAY

As Ellis PERFORMS on stage, Avery's glued to her phone.

ON THE SCREEN -- Brooks hasn't responded.

AVERY
Maybe he lost his phone!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Avery, Meghan, and Skylar walk down the street. She hears an AMBULANCE O.S. and panics.

AVERY
Maybe he's in the hospital!

INT. BODEGA - DAY

CLOSE on Avery, staring at her phone.

AVERY
(GASP!) Maybe he died!

WIDEN to reveal Avery's holding up a LINE at the register.

BODEGA WORKER
Take a hint, lady! He's not
interested! MOVE IT ALONG!

Off Avery, who frowns.

EXT. SHEEP'S MEADOW - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The grass is packed with picnickers and sunbathers, enjoying the beautiful weather. Everyone is happy and carefree...

Except Avery, who is still frantically texting Brooks.

AVERY (TEXT)
You alive????

Avery's TEXT BUBBLE sends... but when it does, it appears GREEN, not blue. She GASPS.

She turns to Meghan, Skylar, and Ellis, panicked.

AVERY (CONT'D)
I'm green. I'm GREEN!

ELLIS
We all are, baby. We're in our
twenties.

Avery shoves her phone in Ellis' face.

AVERY
No! I'M GREEN! Brooks blocked me!

SKYLAR
Sorry, Ave.

ELLIS
Guess you'll have to stick to those
lakes and rivers you're used to.

Avery puts her head in her hands, distraught.

MEGHAN

Getting ghosted is a rite of dating passage. I know you slept with him, but you've just gotta take the F and move on.

AVERY

But I don't understand. Why would he do that to me?

ELLIS

If I wanted to get into the head of a straight man, I'd listen to country music.

(THEN)

Come on, it's a beautiful day!
Let's have some bubbly and get our tan on and watch all the hot gays play frisbee.

PAN OVER TO SEE -- a ton of buff, oiled up men in speedos through around a frisbee.

AVERY

You know what? I think I'm just going to go.

MEGHAN/ELLIS/SKYLAR

What?/Ave!/Stay!

AVERY

I just want to be alone for a while.

MEGHAN

Don't forget about my broker's open tonight. I'm counting on you, okay?

AVERY

Yeah. I'll see you guys later.

Avery grabs her stuff. Her friends watch her go.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Avery walks, stopping in front of something UNSEEN.

REVERSE TO:

EXT. PAPILLON

It's Brooks' restaurant! She INHALES... then marches inside.

INT. PAPILLON - MOMENTS LATER

Avery hurries to the bar. Flags down the BARTENDER.

AVERY
Is Brooks here?

BARTENDER
He should be in soon. Want a drink
while you wait?

AVERY
Could I get a bottle of wine?

BARTENDER
You mean a glass?

AVERY
No, I don't.

TIME CUT:

Avery's polished off a half the bottle. She's glued to her phone, already tipsy.

ON THE SCREEN - She scrolls through SNAPSHOTS of she and Noah from happier times. They look so content. So comfortable.

She finally looks up from the images of her past, and glances around the room.

In every cozy booth is a CUTE COUPLE, sharing food or looking cozy or sneaking sweet kisses between sips of wine.

Avery takes it all in, realizing her crazy is showing.

AVERY (CONT'D)
(To the Bartender)
Actually, can I just get the check,
please?

TIME CUT:

Avery makes her way to the EXIT, but freezes when she sees:

BROOKS, chatting up a table of PRETTY GIRLS. He's directly between her and the way out.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 (Sotto)
 Shit.

She watches as he chats up the patrons.

Brooks winks at the girls. Flashes his megawatt smile...

BROOKS
 I can't see a table of beautiful
 girls and not give them a free
 round of drinks on the house.

...AND HOLDS OUT BOTH OF HIS FISTS!

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 A little choose your own adventure.

Avery GASPS. In total disbelief.

The girls GIGGLE, and one of them touches Brook's RIGHT FIST.
 He opens it to reveal a slip of paper. He winks.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 I hope you ladies like lemon drops!

AVERY
 (Loudly)
 UGH!

Brooks turns at the sound.

Avery panics. Ducks behind a BUSBOY. Uses his body as a
 visual shield.

Brooks shrugs, not seeing anyone.

Avery maneuvers behind a wooden COLUMN and peers out from it
 to see --

Brooks, heading towards the Maître d' station, where he makes
 eyes at the CUTE HOSTESS.

Avery rolls her eyes.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 (Sotto)
 Stop flirting! You're on the clock!

Brooks nudges the Hostess, playfully, before turning away
 from the entrance.

Avery looks around, thinking fast. She grabs a MENU right out
 of the hands of a DINER.

DINER

Hey!

AVERY

Wrong menu! Be right back!

Using the menu to obscure her face, Avery walks quickly through the restaurant.

She's going to make it! Until--

AVERY (CONT'D)

OOF!

With the menu blocking her vision, Avery runs into SOMEONE UNSEEN and falls to the ground on impact.

When she looks up, she sees --

Brooks, staring down at her, confused.

AVERY (CONT'D)

SERIOUSLY? AGAIN?!

Brooks helps her up.

BROOKS

Avery? Hi...

AVERY

(Feigning surprise)

Brooks! Hi! Crazy seeing you here!

BROOKS

You mean... at the place where I work? What are you doing here?

Avery SIGHS. Then:

AVERY

I thought we were having a good time. Particularly the other night when we had a *really* good time. Three really good times, actually.

BROOKS

We did, yeah.

AVERY

So, then how come you literally disappeared off the face of the planet?

BROOKS

Look, Avery, you're a great girl.
But, it seemed like you were
getting the wrong idea, and I don't
really... date.

AVERY

(Not understanding)
But, you do date. Because we went
on a date. Multiple dates.

BROOKS

We "hung out."

AVERY

Hung out... on dates that we went
on.

BROOKS

(Shrugs)
Tomato, tomah-to.

AVERY

This is not a BLT! We had--
(Whispered)
Sexual intercourse!

BROOKS

I'm a single guy. I'm not looking
for anything serious.

AVERY

But, you acted like you were
serious about me! You-- (GASP!)
(Realizing)
You made me think you liked me so
that you could have sex with me.

BROOKS

Come on. Don't give me that. After
eleven years with the same guy, you
were practically begging for it.

AVERY

(Raising her voice)
I was "begging for it?"

BROOKS

Shh. Chill out, okay? That's not
what I meant--

AVERY

I thought you were "The One!" But
you're not "The One!" You're "The
GUY You Thought Was The One!" And
also "The Total Asshole," maybe?
I'm starting to realize people can
be more than one thing!

BROOKS

Call me what you want, but at least
I'm not showing up to where you
work like a complete psycho.

Brooks turns and walks away. Avery calls after him.

AVERY

WELL... YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS SEX
AS YOU THINK YOU ARE!!!

WIDEN TO SEE: Everyone in the restaurant stares at her.

A BEAT before--

AVERY (CONT'D)

That's not even true! He was great
at sex! GODDAMN IT!

Avery grabs her half-finished bottle of wine off the bar
before racing out the door.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"THE ONE." Hold for a BEAT, until words get scribbled in
around to form "THE GUY YOU THOUGHT WAS THE ONE."

EXT. VARIOUS NYC STREETS - TIME LAPSE

OVER MUSIC, Avery walks around the city, totally dejected.

As the day turns to early evening, Avery is surprised to find
that she's walked back to--

EXT. AVERY AND NOAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery looks up at the building.

A BEAT.

She digs around in her purse and pulls out her OLD KEY. She
unlocks the door and goes inside.

INT. AVERY AND NOAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Avery walks into her old apartment. Everything looks the same. It looks like home. Avery breathes it all in. Until...

O.S. SEX MOANS. *Huh?*

Avery walks into the

BEDROOM

To find: Noah with a **COUGAR!** Sexually!

And they're doing "The Flying Camel!"

Mid-act, the Cougar looks up and sees Avery.

She SCREAMS! Avery screams! Noah screams!

As everyone's screaming, Avery runs out into the

LIVING ROOM

Avery rushes to the door. Noah, in boxers, follows her out.

NOAH

Avery? What are you doing here?

AVERY

I--I--forgot that I urgently needed to come and get... this.

Avery looks around the room and grabs the closest thing to her reach: a lamp in the shape of an owl.

NOAH

You urgently needed that owl lamp?

AVERY

It gets very dark. At night.

(THEN)

I'm going to go.

Avery starts to turn away, but then she turns back.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Was that The Flying Camel?

NOAH

Yeah! Did you know there are thirty different positions? For sex?

AVERY
You're doing thirty sex positions
with some... cougar?!

The Cougar peeks her head out of the other room.

COUGAR
Actually, my name's Elyse--

AVERY
NO!

NOAH
(To The Cougar)
Would you mind giving us a minute?

The Cougar ducks back into the BEDROOM. Noah shrugs.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Maybe you were right. We were in a
rut. We were stagnant.

AVERY
I never said that.

NOAH
Taking this time apart... I
realized how much I needed to get
out of my comfort zone. How much
I'd been missing.

Ouch. Avery's eyes start to well.

AVERY
Well, that sucks. Because the only
thing I've been missing is you.

Avery turns to leave, but Noah grabs her arm.

NOAH
Ave?

She turns around, hopeful. A BEAT.

NOAH (CONT'D)
You should probably leave your key.

Double ouch.

AVERY
Right. Yeah.

Avery reaches into her pocket and hands the key to Noah
before trying to flee.

But, the owl lamp is still plugged into the wall and she's violently pulled backwards.

Avery yanks the cord a few times before it comes loose from the socket...

Knocking over FRAMED PHOTOS and various NIK NAKS in the process. Some fall to the ground. One even SHATTERS.

A BEAT.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

Then, Avery turns and leaves with her owl lamp, the cord trailing behind her.

Noah watches her go, conflicted. Then, he turns to the mess on the floor. He picks up a FRAMED PHOTO. The glass now has a crack down the middle.

The IMAGE is of Noah and Avery. Hugging. Smiling. Happy.

Off Noah's face.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A glum Avery and her owl lamp enter to find --

Meghan and Skylar, eating a candlelit dinner.

They sit close, giggling and in love and too invested in one another to realize that Avery's home.

A BEAT, before Avery decides to not go inside the apartment after all. She closes the door behind her.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Avery sits on a bench with her owl lamp.

She pulls out her mom's BLACK BOOK. Flips through the pages. On the verge of tears.

AVERY
(Sotto)
Come on, Mom. Tell me what to do.

Aside from the "7 Guy" profiles, the other pages are blank.

Avery SIGHS.

Suddenly, her phone PINGS with a HINGE MESSAGE:

"Free for drinks now?"

ON THE SCREEN -- It's from TYLER, he's hot... and donning a fedora in his profile pic.

AVERY (CONT'D)
What do you say, Little Owl Lamp?
Should I do the Flying Camel with
this guy?

Avery shows her phone to the lamp.

CLOSE ON its cute little owl face.

Avery shrugs.

AVERY (CONT'D)
Fuck it. Why not?

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"The Guy Who's a Total Asshole"

INT. SOHO HOUSE - NIGHT

We PAN THROUGH the exclusive club, with its red velvet booths and dim lighting.

Avery walks past the crowds of trendy COOL KIDS, drinking fancy cocktails, and makes her way to the

BAR

Where a dude in a fedora stands, back to her.

AVERY
Uh... Tyler?

Avery taps him on the shoulder, and he turns to reveal:
TYLER, the douchey-looking hot guy.

TYLER
Alexa?

AVERY
Avery.

TYLER
Right! I'm terrible with names. I
just meet so many people, you know?

AVERY
Yeah. Totally.

TYLER
You want a drink? Their picante
here is to die.

Avery reaches for the menu.

AVERY
I might take a look at the menu--
But Tyler cuts her off, turning to the BARTENDER.

TYLER
Two picantes. And keep 'em coming.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"PROS: GET TO GO TO SOHO HOUSE"

Avery puts the menu down. *Okay, then.*

LATER

Avery is at the bar with Tyler, who is the absolute worst.

TYLER (CONT'D)
People think that anyone can get on
TikTok and do a little dance and
boom! 30K likes. But content
creation? It's a fucking art. And
that makes me Michaelangelo.

Avery nods, overly enthusiastic.

When Tyler looks away, she motions to the Bartender for
another. He brings it immediately. She nods, gratefully.

AVERY
(To the bartender)
Bless you.

TYLER
The thing about socials is that
it's all about community.

Avery downs her next drink. Feigning interest.

AVERY
Hmmm.

TYLER
 Speaking of-- Shit, is that--?
 Whoa! I see some mutuals. Gotta go
 say what's up. BRB.

Avery gives Tyler a thumbs up and watches as he heads over to greet a booth full of TIKTOK WANNABES. They welcome him.

Avery turns back to the bar, and slurps up the last sips of her drink. Before she can say anything, the Bartender has another beverage in front of her.

She shrugs, and starts sipping her fresh one.

TIME CUT:

The remnants of seven picantes sit in front of Avery, who is clearly hammered.

The Bartender comes over and hands Avery the bill.

AVERY
 Oh. My date will get it.

BARTENDER
 Your date? Just left.

The Bartender motions over to the ELEVATOR, where Tyler gets in with a MODEL.

AVERY
 What? No! I'm sure he's just--

Tyler and the Model aggressively make out as the elevator doors close.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 --Leaving with her. Yep.

Avery opens the bill, eyes wide.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 Holy shit, these drinks are not
 cheap.

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

"CONS: \$\$\$\$"

Avery SIGHS and hands over her credit card. Then, she pulls out her phone to see:

MULTIPLE MISSED TEXTS from Ellis!

ELLIS (TEXT)
 Are you coming?
 (THEN)
 Where are you???
 (THEN)
 MEGHAN'S GOING TO KILL YOU!

Avery pales.

AVERY
 SHIT! Meghan's brokers open!

Avery stands quickly. Too quickly. The picantes hit. Hard.
 She topples to the ground, drunkenly.

As people stare --

AVERY (CONT'D)
 Whoops! I'm fine! I'm fucked! But
 I'm fine!

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Avery rushes over to the Citi Bike Station, where the stall is empty...

Save one ELECTRIC BIKE. It GLISTENS under the street lamp.

AVERY
 (Sotto)
 I'm gonna make it.

Avery races towards the bike--

But some RANDOM DRUNK GUY steps in front of her, grabbing the bike before Avery can.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 NO! MINE! SHIT!

The guy DINGS his bike bell as he pedals off!

AVERY (CONT'D)
 Asshole!

Avery turns to see:

A SUBWAY ENTRANCE nearby.

O.S. we hear a subway CAR, pulling into the station.

Avery races into the--

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

She runs down the stairs. Barrels past other pedestrians.

AVERY

Excuse me! Pardon me! MOVE!

Avery makes it onto the platform, out of breath, to see the waiting train. The doors are open. YES!

She runs towards the train... and the doors close just as she reaches them. She bangs on the window in frustration.

AVERY (CONT'D)

DOUBLE SHIT!

Avery stumbles out of the subway and back up to the --

EXT. NYC STREET - MOMENTS LATER

She hurries toward the street. Sticks out her hand.

AVERY

TAXI!

A cab swerves to a stop in front of her, cars HONKING behind.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Thank you!

Avery hops into the cab.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

She slams the door behind her, barking to the DRIVER.

AVERY

57th and Lex! And step on it!

The cab SPEEDS forward and Avery is flung backwards.

AVERY (CONT'D)

--Whoa! Oof!

Avery recovers, then smiles.

AVERY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make it! I'm gonna make
it! I'm gonna--

But suddenly, the cab comes to a hard stop, flinging Avery forward into the glass partition.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 --Whoa! Oof!

Avery regains her senses and sticks her head out the WINDOW to see:

EXT. NYC STREET - SAME TIME

A huge TRAFFIC JAM. A sea of brake lights and HONKING HORNS.
 Off Avery.

AVERY
 Triple shit!

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The gorgeous apartment, filled with priceless heirlooms and pristine, white furniture is dangerously packed with BROKERS, who have been drinking for hours, plural.

As Meghan schmoozes with the guests, including a TIPSY BROKER, nursing a stiff red pour.

MEGHAN
 It's got the best layout of
 anything on the market right now
 under three. It's going to go fast,
 so bring your buyers A-SAP!

We follow the Tippy Broker as she teeters towards the immaculate white sofa...

Her drink sloshes. We think she might spill! But, in the nick of time, she gets intercepted by --

Ellis, who grabs the drink from her hand, gentleman-like.

ELLIS
 What is this? A red blend? Girl,
 please. I've got a bottle of Moet
 with your name on it. Classy. And
 better yet, *clear*.

As Ellis leads the Tippy Broker towards the bar...

We CROSS PAST a group of SUITED AGENTS, leaning near a CRYSTAL VASE, displayed on a wobbly pedestal.

One of the agents accidentally hits the pedestal with his foot and the entire thing begins to sway. It looks like the vase might fall...

Until Skylar appears out of nowhere to steady it.

SKYLAR

Careful! This vase is worth your
entire potential commission!

The Agents LAUGH, but Skylar scoots them away from the area.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You think I'm kidding. How about we
all just back away from the vase,
shall we?

PAN OVER TO the FRONT DOOR, where Avery finally arrives. She
looks sweaty and disheveled.

Ellis rushes over to Avery, perturbed.

ELLIS

Where have you been?!

AVERY

(Slurring)

I went to Soho House with a
douchebag, my old house with a
Cougar, and the Butterfly
restaurant, where Brooks fisted a
table of girls.

Ellis cocks his head, confused, before realizing --

ELLIS

Oh my days. You're hammered.

AVERY

It's not my fault! It was the
picantes!

(Suddenly woozy)

Is it hot in here? It feels hot in
here.

ELLIS

Oh, shit. You're Hulking.

REVERSE TO SEE -- Avery is fully green. She sways, unsteady
on her feet, and suddenly covers her mouth.

AVERY

I'm going to be sick.

Avery rushes towards the bar. Grabs an empty ICE BUCKET. And
manages to subtly puke inside without anybody seeing.

She puts the bucket back on the counter. Ellis grabs her shoulders. Steers her towards the exit.

ELLIS

You have got to go before Meghan
sees you and flips her pancake.

But we follow a SERVER who passes Avery and Ellis. She grabs the ice bucket. Starts to walk to refill when --

YELP! She realizes it's filled with puke. Drops it onto the ground. It splatters...

And the TIPSY BROKER slips in it! She falls! Slides across the floor! Knocking over other BROKERS left and right!

It's like a pukey Rube Goldberg situation that ends with --

An Agent, sliding right into the pedestal.

IN SLOW MOTION...

He makes impact.

The pedestal wobbles, side to side.

The VASE teeters, precariously.

Meghan runs towards it, panicked.

MEGHAN (SLOW MOTION)

NOOOOO!!!!

But the vase topples to the ground...

And SHATTERS.

The entire room goes silent.

A LONG, TENSE BEAT...

Then, Avery PUKES onto the floor.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Meghan storms out of the building. Avery stumbles after her.

AVERY

Meghan! Wait! I'm sorry!

MEGHAN

Save it for someone who cares.

AVERY

Meghan, please! I can fix it!

Fuming, Meghan stops. Squares off to Avery.

MEGHAN

You can't fix it! Because you're a bad friend!

(THEN)

Whenever you need me, I am always there for you. I drop everything. You and Noah get in a fight? I'm your shoulder to cry on. You need a place to stay? By all means, disrupt my life and come live on my couch rent free!

AVERY

How am I disrupting your life? You're literally with Skylar all the time--

MEGHAN

Don't you dare bring Skylar into this.

AVERY

Skylar's great! I FUCKING LOVE SKYLAR!

MEGHAN

I FUCKING LOVE SKYLAR TOO!

AVERY

GREAT! BUT THAT'S BESIDES THE POINT!

MEGHAN

THEN, WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

AVERY

My point is that I broke up with my boyfriend of *eleven years*. And honestly, it's in part because of you!

MEGHAN

You can't be serious.

AVERY

You're constantly spouting all this negative bullshit about relationships and monogamy and there being thirty different positions for sex--

MEGHAN

(OVER)

There are way more than thirty!

AVERY

And then, when I actually break up with Noah, you wife up and abandon me!

MEGHAN

GOOD! Now, I can finally give you a taste of what it feels like to be ditched for a relationship!

(THEN)

You lost yourself in Noah, just like you lost yourself in Brooks, and Joaquin, and Henry, and all the other fucking dudes you've dated! This whole 7 Guy list thing? It isn't even original! You're just following in your mom's footsteps!

AVERY

(Crying)

Shut the fuck up about my mom!

Meghan knows she's crossed a line, but she can't stop now.

MEGHAN

You know what your problem is, Avery? You have no idea who the hell you are.

(THEN)

And speaking of relationships? Skylar and I want to live together. So, you should find another best friend to mooch off of.

Meghan hails an approaching cab. Hops in. Drives off.

Avery wipes her tears. Then, she pulls out her phone and sends a TEXT.

AVERY (TEXT)

R u out? I need to rage.

SLAM TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - LATER

QUICK CUTS of pounding shots. Doing bumps. Lighting cigs.

WIDEN to see: DYLAN and his party crew of club kids, dancing in a circle in SLOW MOTION. They're all having a blast. Raging their faces off. Living their best early 20s lives.

But in the center of them all stands Avery. She's wasted. Swaying limply to the music. She looks so unbelievably sad.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Avery drunkenly hails a TAXI.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

AVERY

Somewhere else.

I/E. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

The taxi navigates through the city. Avery looks out the window at the lights that pass her by.

CLOSE as she closes her eyes. But when she opens them --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AVERY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

She looks around, confused. She's not in the taxi anymore.

She tries to move, but her bare legs are sticking to... something. In fact, every time she moves, there's a weird plasticky sound.

WIDEN to reveal: Avery's on a plastic-covered couch. Avery sits up, confused.

AVERY

(Sotto)

What the fuck?

NANA (O.S.)

That's what we were asking
ourselves last night!

Avery looks up to see her Nana, Marty, and Cole, staring at her from the opposite couch.

Avery puts her head in her hands.

AVERY
Oh my God.

NANA
OUR LORD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

TIME CUT:

Marty hands Avery some much needed coffee.

AVERY
I'm not even sure how I got here.

Nana makes the sign of the cross.

NANA
Jesus was with you.

MARTY
It's pronounced *Heh-Sus*, Mom.
(THEN)
He was your taxi driver.

NANA
Figures. He was not very charitable
about that puke-cleaning fee.

Avery GROANS, head in her hands.

MARTY
What's going on, kiddo? You seem
really unhappy.

AVERY
What do you mean?

Suddenly, Avery BURSTS into tears.

MARTY
Aw, honey.

Marty moves next to Avery, holding her as she cries.

AVERY
I didn't want love to be Pepto
Bismol. But now... I just feel like
a slice of old pizza.

NANA
That's because you slept on a slice
of old pizza.

Nana motions to the couch, where Avery was using a slice of pizza as a pillow. Avery wipes her face, disgusted.

AVERY

Gah. So oily.

(THEN)

I don't think my relationship break
is going to lead me back to Noah
like it led Mom back to you.

MARTY

That's okay.

AVERY

It doesn't feel okay. It doesn't
feel like anything is okay.

(THEN)

I thought dating seven different
guys would make me feel closer to
Mom. But I feel further away from
her than ever. I messed everything
up.

Marty hugs his daughter close.

MARTY

Sweetheart, you didn't mess
anything up.

AVERY

I wish she was here to tell me what
to do.

MARTY

Even if she was, she couldn't tell
you that. This is life. Your life.
Not Mom's or Noah's anyone else's.

AVERY

I just really miss her.

MARTY

I know, Ave. I do, too.

It's a sweet moment, until--

COLE (O.S.)

Ahem?

Marty and Avery pull away to see Cole, hovering over them. He
points to the old slice of pizza.

COLE (CONT'D)

You gonna to eat that?

They both shrug. Cole grabs it, takes a bite. Avery and Marty grimace.

EXT. AVERY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Avery sits on the swing on her parents' front porch and flips through her mom's little black NOTEBOOK.

As she does, she realizes two of the back pages are stuck together. She gently pries them apart and sees --

A POLAROID of her parents, in their younger years.

Like with the other seven guys, Avery's mom made a page for Marty too.

The heading reads: *"My Marty"* with a hand-drawn heart.

Underneath, she lists out his pros and cons.

"PROS: KIND. HILARIOUS. SEXY. MAKES ME FEEL SAFE. THE LOVE OF MY LIFE.

CONS: I LET HIM GET AWAY..."

Avery smiles down at the page, running her finger over the image of their happy faces.

This is her parents' story... but what is hers?

INSERT -- AVERY'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

CLOSE on the handwritten cover page.

"THE 7 GUYS YOU DATE BEFORE MARRIAGE (AVERY'S VERSION.)"

Then, Avery scribbles out the "7."

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

INT. AVERY'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Avery smiles down at her handiwork.

Over her shoulder, Nana, Dad, and Cole look on.

DAD

Does this mean you're done with the
dating list?

AVERY

Not quite. It took Mom seven guys to find "The One." But we both have different stories.

(THEN)

Maybe it'll take me eight guys. Or ten. Or thirty-four.

Marty pales.

MARTY

Thirty-four?

NANA

Honey, I'm at over a hundred.

Cole rolls his eyes, grossed out.

COLE

(Aside)

Jesus Christ.

Nana smacks him on the back of the head.

NANA

Jesus had nothing to do with it!

INT. ABOVE GROUND SUBWAY - DAY

Avery takes in the sights from the above-ground car as she heads back into Manhattan.

PING! Her phone buzzes with a TEXT...

And she's stunned to see it's from --

NOAH (TEXT)

Can you swing by the apartment?

Off Avery, not sure what to think.

INT. AVERY AND NOAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is dark as Avery trudges inside.

AVERY

Hello? Noah? The door was unlocked, so I just came in.

(THEN)

Noah?

She enters the--

LIVING ROOM

And GASPS when she sees:

The entire room is decorated with pillar candles. Just like her parents' proposal.

And there, in the middle of it all, stands Noah.

AVERY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

NOAH

Avery--

He gets down on one knee.

AVERY

Oh my God.

NOAH

Will you marry me?

Noah pulls out a ring box...

AVERY

Oh my God.

And opens it to REVEAL -- A RING POP, inside.

NOAH

I thought it was a fun callback.
And also, this was kind of an
impulse decision.

(THEN)

But, we'll get a real one. This is
just a placeholder. As long as you
don't, you know, eat it.

(THEN)

So, what do you say? Should we do
this?

A LONG BEAT as Avery looks around at the apartment.

The PHOTOS of she and Noah, still on the fridge.

The glowing candles, soft and romantic.

The man she's loved for eleven years, finally giving her
everything she's been waiting for.

AVERY

(After a BEAT)

What are my Pros?

NOAH

What?

AVERY

If you had to make a Pro/Con list about me, what would be my Pros?

NOAH

Uh... I don't know.

(Off Avery's silence)

We've been together forever. We know each other, inside and out. You're... my family.

(THEN)

So, will you marry me?

Avery smiles, sadly and shakes her head.

AVERY

I think... this isn't our love story.

EXT. AVERY AND NOAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Noah walks Avery out of the apartment building they once both called home.

At the door, they embrace for a long moment. Then, she heads off down the NYC street.

Noah watches her go, sucking on the Ring Pop.

We follow Avery as she walks. She inhales deeply, then EXHALES, smiling to herself.

INT. MEGHAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Avery and Meghan hug it out.

AVERY

I'm so, so sorry, Meghan.

MEGHAN

Don't mention it.

(THEN)

But seriously. Don't. You know I get weird about excessive apologies.

AVERY

Which is why I canceled the "I'm Sorry" flower delivery.

They smile. All is forgiven.

Avery hands her key back to Meghan, who shakes her head.

MEGHAN

Are you sure? You know you can stay
here as long as you need while you
look for your own place.

But Avery reaches into her pocket and pulls out ANOTHER KEY.

AVERY

Actually, I already found one.

INT. AVERY'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Ellis, Meghan, and Skylar help Avery carry boxes into her new apartment. It's a teeny tiny studio. Her friends REACT.

ELLIS

She's petite!

SKYLAR

There's a ton of light!

MEGHAN

Good bones.

ELLIS

In a great location!

Avery puts down her box, smiling happily.

AVERY

It's *mine*.

TIME CUT:

Avery places a POTTED PLANT on the windowsill. She smiles, looking around her new, now put-together space.

INT. SALESWISE OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON Avery's work PLAQUE... as it gets taken down and put into a cardboard box.

Avery walks through the office, carrying her things. Head held high.

From her CUBICLE, Sloane watches Avery go. She turns to her COWORKER, snidely.

SLOANE
Finally. If I'm still here in eight
years, kill me.

INT. AVERY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Avery stands over the stove with Nana, helping her cook.

LATER

The whole family sits down to dinner, laughing and talking.

INT. AVERY'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery relaxes couch when she gets a TEXT.

ELLIS (TEXT)
Out 2nite????

Avery thinks for a minute, but responding.

AVERY (TEXT)
Gonna stay in <3

Avery snuggles under a blanket, enjoying her alone time.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Avery sits on a bench, reading a book titled, "EXCUSE ME, YOUR LIFE IS WAITING."

She closes the book, stands, but as she walks away --

WE HOLD ON THE BENCH, where a shiny new plaque has just been installed. It reads:

"FOR JANET -- WHO LOVED AND WAS LOVED."

INT. AVERY'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Avery applies her lipgloss in the mirror. She smiles at her reflection, happily.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Avery's out with Ellis, Meghan, and Skylar. They all clink their drinks.

Suddenly, Ellis GASPS, and points across the room.

ELLIS

Oh my God! Is that who I think it is??

MEGHAN

(GROANING)

NOOO!!! It's not Anderson Cooper!

(THEN)

Holy shit!

They all turn to see:

ANDERSON COOPER, in the flesh, across the bar!

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

It actually is Anderson Cooper!

AVERY

Ellis! What are you going to do?

Ellis stands, and adjusts his jacket.

ELLIS

I'm going to get my man.

Ellis struts over to the celebrity journalist, on a mission.

Our girls watch as they chat for a moment, before Anderson calls over the Bartender to order them both drinks.

Ellis turns back to his friends and winks.

MEGHAN

Looks like everyone's meeting their match.

AVERY

Not everyone...

SKYLAR

I actually may know a guy--

AVERY

I'm going to stop you right there because I'm taking a dating break. Or rather, I'm exclusively dating... myself.

Meghan and Skylar grimace.

AVERY (CONT'D)

That sounds pathetic when I say it out loud, but I'm actually really excited about it!

(MORE)

AVERY (CONT'D)

Because now I know that when "The One" does come along, I'll know what to look for.

MEGHAN

A penis?

AVERY

(Laughing)

Most definitely.

Skylar raises her glass.

SKYLAR

To a penis!!

MEGHAN

(To Skyler, jokingly)

Excuse you.

They cheers, laughing.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A large SIGN attached to a park gate reads, "*VOLUNTEER TO BEAUTIFY CENTRAL PARK!*"

Avery, donning Central Park branded merch, Ellis, and Skylar carry litter picker-uppers and stab at errant trash.

AVERY

Thanks again for coming out today.

ELLIS

Honey, I came out a long time ago.

SKYLAR

Should we expect Anderson to join us?

ELLIS

I think I've actually expected more than enough from Anderson already.

(THEN)

I've wasted too much time on imaginary relationships. Im getting back on the apps, ya'll!

Skylar and Avery CHEER, happy for their friend.

SKYLAR

And you must like the new gig,
Avery! Already rocking the job
merch.

Avery looks down at her sweatshirt and shrugs, happily.

AVERY

Even parks need accountants. Who
knew? It's not the most career
stable move, but I get to be a part
of maintaining something that
really means something to me.

Skylar looks around, anxiously.

SKYLAR

Where is Meghan? She said she'd be
here by now.

AVERY

Oh, she told me she was going to
meet us by the bridge. Actually,
it's right up here.

They turn past a grove of trees to see --

THE GASPOW BRIDGE OVERLOOK

A clearing that looks out on the picturesque Gaspow Bridge.

It's set up with a gorgeous, luxury picnic spread, complete
with a fancy tablescape, floor pillows, and block letters
that spell out, "MARRY ME."

SKYLAR

Wow! Is this a proposal? Who's
getting engaged?

Avery doesn't answer. Skylar turns around... and FREEZES.

REVERSE TO SEE -- MEGHAN, dressed to the nines and holding a
SMALL BOX. She smiles, unable to contain her excitement.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

MEGHAN

Skylar, I can't imagine my life
without you in it.

SKYLAR

Oh my God.

Meghan opens the box to reveal a BEAUTIFUL RING and gets down on one knee. Skylar cries, happily.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

From the SIDELINES, Avery and Ellis watch, wiping away each others' tears.

MEGHAN

Will you marry me?

SKYLAR

Yes! Absolutely yes!

Meghan and Skylar kiss, hugging each other tight.

All around them, ONLOOKERS clap. Avery cheers the loudest, so happy for her friends.

A SWEET BEAT before the couple looks to Avery and Ellis and waves them over. They bound towards the new fiancés, happily.

AVERY

EEEE! WE'RE GETTING MARRIED!!

Our friends group-hug, over the moon.

PRE-LAP the clinking of a knife on a champagne glass.

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant terrace from our opening, overlooking the gorgeous NYC skyline.

Meghan and Skylar stand before their FAMILY and FRIENDS, including Avery and Ellis, at an intimate engagement party.

MEGHAN

I just wanted to thank everyone who made this proposal possible. To Skylar's family for flying in from Denver and my family for helping me coordinate the surprise. And to my best friends for being beside me on the best day of my life so far.

In the crowd, Avery blows Meghan a kiss.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I love all of you... but I love this woman even more.

(MORE)

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I can't wait to marry her and, if you know me at all, you know that is saying a lot.

(Raises a glass)

So, I guess, as corny as it sounds... to love.

EVERYONE

To love!

Ellis and Avery clink their glasses, as Skylar and Meghan approach. Skylar puts her arm around Avery.

SKYLAR

Okay, I know you said you were swearing off dating, but my cousin is here and I have to introduce you.

AVERY

Sky--

Skylar motions to SOMEONE UNSEEN behind Avery.

SKYLAR

Carter, this is Avery. And Avery, this... is Carter.

The MUSIC SWELLS as Avery turns in SLOW MOTION to see:

A **SHLUBBY NERD**, 30s. He is NOT Avery's type. At all.

Her face falls.

AVERY

Oh. Hey, Carter.

A BEAT...

Then, Skylar shakes her head.

SKYLAR

No, that's not Carter!

(THEN)

That's Carter.

Skylar points again, and we WHIP PAN over to:

CARTER (30s). Tall. Gorgeous. Genuine. He's like, the perfect man. His smile twinkles like the NYC lights behind him.

He approaches and smiles, extending a hand.

CARTER
Hey, Avery. Skylar's told me so
much about you.

Suddenly, FIREWORKS erupt behind Carter, lighting up the
night sky.

Meghan leans towards Avery, smiling.

MEGHAN
Who needs butterflies when you've
got fireworks?

Off Avery's smile, we PAN UP over the city in all its glory.

UNTIL --

ANGRY NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
UGH, that's it! I'm calling the
cops!

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END... BUT ALSO THE BEGINNING!