

IT'S IN HIS KISS

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN

EXT. SEASIDE BOARDWALK - EVENING

A happy young COUPLE in their mid-20s walk along a boardwalk in the early 1950s. They smile at each other tenderly, very much in love. She looks up at him; he moves closer to her. They KISS.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The COUPLE wave as they jump into their shiny new '52 Chevy Bel Air with a "Just Married" sign on the back.

EMMA (V.O.)
People totally used to stay together
forever.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The 1952 Chevy is parked outside a pretty little house on a quiet street with a "sold" sign outside. The COUPLE bring out two chairs to the porch and smile at one another.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The COUPLE on a hospital bed with a newborn baby. The man is smoking a cigar and toasts the doctor with a flask.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

The COUPLE work in the front yard as their DAUGHTER (10) rides a bike. A new 1962 Volkswagen bus sits on the street. A few strange pieces of art are in the yard. Straight-edge neighbors wave to the COUPLE. He wears a leather vest with tassels, tiny cut-off jean shorts. She works in the garden wearing a long sun dress. He comes over to her, plucks a flower and puts it in her hair.

EMMA (V.O.)
You fell in love with someone, got
married, and that was it.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - PORCH - EVENING

An increasing number of brightly colored pieces of art fill the yard. The COUPLE both work on a 1973 Dodge Charger, as their Daughter (23) is picked up by a MAN IN A SUIT (28). The daughter kisses the man. The COUPLE exchange a look.

EMMA (V.O.)
But then somewhere along the way...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The COUPLE beams, he is mustached in a powdered blue tux and she is in full moon goddess dress, as their pregnant DAUGHTER marries the MAN IN A SUIT. The MAN is distracted and nervously sweating.

EMMA (V.O.)
...Something shifted.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

The front yard is out of control with weird art. The COUPLE hold their baby GRANDDAUGHTER in the air. The MAN leaves the house in a huff. The DAUGHTER yells at him. He gets into his 1983 Porsche and peels off.

EMMA (V.O.)
It's like people just kind of gave
up on happily ever after. Love got
cheaper, more disposable.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Late-30s DAUGHTER and MAN fight in the background, yelling, slightly out of focus. A 14 year old blond girl, EMMA, is watching. The MAN storms out. The now late-50s COUPLE take Emma outside to play in the new 1994 Mazda Miata.

EMMA (V.O.)
Maybe forever is outdated.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

In a 1998 Honda Civic two teenagers, 18 year old EMMA and her HIGH SCHOOL BOYFRIEND are making out. In the front yard sits a statue of brightly colored hippo.

EMMA (V.O.)
I mean, finding your confidant, lover,
roommate, nurse, buddy, all wrapped
into one?

Then the next minute they are screaming at each other. Emma storms off up the stairs of the porch.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Emma runs up to the porch where the COUPLE, NANA (75) and GRAMPY (76), sit. She's crying. Nana offers her a joint.

EMMA (V.O.)
It's impossible to find.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Emma is 22, standing in the rain with her COLLEGE BOYFRIEND. She then takes off his college sweatshirt and hands it to him. She gets into her 2000 Toyota Prius.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Come on. It exists.

EMMA (V.O.)

No way. You've got to have realistic expectations. And those expectations are that we will die alone.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma runs into the house. Finds Nana reading a book about tantra and Grampy painting in an apron without pants on. Nana and Grampy do a weird dance around her. Emma shakes her head and starts to cry and laugh.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EMMA (33), short hair, sits on the bed in jeans and a t-shirt. Down the hall she looks at a few boxes that sit by the door. She looks up, exhausted from arguing. A man's hands reach down, grab the boxes. The door closes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Emma, brushes her now long hair out of her face, pours herself a glass of wine, spilling some on the shirt. She looks at the shirt frustrated. WILLIAM (34), understated and good-looking, is packing his suitcase. He steps over to Emma with a cloth and attempts to dab the wine from Emma's chest. Emma shoos him away. She looks out over the city. William looks at her.

WILLIAM

Maybe. Or maybe you find someone forever. Maybe you get lucky

EMMA

Yeah. Luck. Joel and I felt lucky for the first few years, but then it all went to shit. It took us almost two full years of "trying" before we pulled the trigger. Two years. Gone. But do you know what the real tragedy is? It'll take me years to test-out the next one.

WILLIAM

Maybe when it's right you just know.

EMMA

So you just "know" about Susan.

William steps towards Emma, she stands looking up at him.

WILLIAM

I don't know. Maybe.

EMMA

Maybe isn't good enough, William.
It's either yes, or you're settling.
I will not settle again. Which is
why I'm getting a cat. I'd rather
be on my own.

WILLIAM

You hate cats. Get a marmot. There
aren't enough crazy marmot ladies
out there.

Emma smiles.

EMMA

What time do you leave?

WILLIAM

In a few hours. But they've got us
back in a few weeks to finish up
this project. I'll see you soon.

EMMA

I don't get to see you enough.

WILLIAM

I wish I'd been here a few months
ago.

EMMA

It was gross. Nothing but drinking
and blubbering and throwing shit
everywhere.

WILLIAM

Sounds awesome. Can we do that now?
(beat)
So you must be dating?

EMMA

Ugh. Let's talk about anything else.
Where to next?

WILLIAM

Phoenix. Then Orlando. Then Topeka.

EMMA

Must be tough on Susan when you're gone all the time, huh? I'd never be able to do the long-distance thing.

William looks down to the ground.

WILLIAM

Of course you wouldn't. Dating's that bad? Dating's fun. It's exciting.

EMMA

Relationship people think dating's great because relationships get boring. I can't believe I'm dating again. It's the worst. I'll tell you this: I'm not wasting my time with some dead-end dick.

WILLIAM

Aren't all dicks kind of dead ended? Am I a dead-end dick?

EMMA

You're an infinite dick. Come here and hug me goodbye.

Emma grabs her bag and heads for the door. William gives her a hug. They're face to face. She kisses him like a brother on his cheek. William smiles thinly through his disappointment. Emma missteps and trips, catching herself on the coffee table.

WILLIAM

What's wrong?

EMMA

Just a roller derby injury. I'm fine.

WILLIAM

You're always okay. I wish you luck in seeing the forest despite the dicks.

INT. SLICK BEDROOM - MORNING

Dark sheets pulled back reveal the shoulder of a BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE (24). Behind the shoulder is SCOTT (33), a stylish, trim, sexy, good-hair-in-the-morning-type guy. He sleepily gets up, kisses her shoulder with a smile.

SCOTT

Good morning...[muffled name].

Behind Scott is a SECOND woman. A BEAUTIFUL BLOND (22) lifts her head over Scott's shoulder and kisses him.

BEAUTIFUL BLOND

Good morning to you too.

Scott smiles and kisses her. Reaches over and gargles with champagne.

SCOTT

Oh my god. I'm late as fuck.

Scott jumps up and puts on his suit.

INT. MESSY APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Tip-toeing with shoes in his hands, a guy quietly closes a door behind himself. Still sleeping is RYANNE (28), pretty with an asymmetrical haircut and tattoos. She is awoken by a message on her laptop. Disheveled, mascara smeared, she pulls on thick rimmed glasses.

RYANNE

Mark? Um, Mike? Are you here.

She breathes out relief and opens the laptop.

ON COMPUTER a message from NEPTUNE9 on LOVEONLINE.COM: Hey - drinks this week?

Ryanne clicks on his profile.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Who are you again, Neptune9?

A few very hot pics: skiing, on a boat. Nice smile.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Ah yes. Very nice...lawyer, lives in a townhouse, "I like dogs and kids," yadda, yadda. I remember you. Good grammar.

Ryanne pauses for a second. Then mutters:

RYANNE (CONT'D)

It's a numbers game. It's a numbers game.

Ryanne starts to click away as she says:

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Sounds great. Let me check my schedule.

She pulls out her paper agenda. Men's names are written on different nights. Some names are scratched out with notes saying, "asshole or loser." Ryanne dates a lot. She sees an opening on Sunday.

FUNNISTA: Sunday? Lunch? 1pm?

NEPTUNE9: Perfect.

She writes NEPTUNE9 in the agenda, then thinks better of it. Ryanne types and says:

RYANNE (CONT'D)
What's your name again?

NEPTUNE9: Eric.

She scratches out NEPTUNE9 and write ERIC in the agenda.

Ryanne closes the laptop and rolls over to go back to sleep.

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Emma gulps back a green smoothie at the kitchen table. Sweaty in workout clothes, she stretches a little then sits in front of her laptop.

ON TV: a morning talk show. A pretty TALK SHOW HOST (35) sits beside Scott. They flirt like a couple of horny camp councilors.

TALK SHOW HOST
We're here with the very charming author of "Algorithm of Attraction" a new book about the science behind finding love. You say you can predict love?

SCOTT
We've let poets and psychologists have a stab at explaining adoration and desire. It's time for mathematicians to have a go.

TALK SHOW HOST
You don't seem like a mathematician.

SCOTT
Oh god, I'm not. But my partner is. I'm the in-person researcher. I put this all to the test.

ON LAPTOP Emma scrolls through pictures of weddings and babies on Facebook. She types: "Congratulations! I'm so happy for you!"

And absentmindedly cuts and pastes below people's photos.

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)

So how can you predict attraction mathematically?

SCOTT (O.S.)

All love is predictable. Based on a series of questions, equations, and preferences, we can tell who works together and who won't. We've been working closely with online dating websites with great success.

Emma tunes in to the TV.

EMMA

Yeah. Since when did math solve any problems?

SCOTT

Knowing if someone is for now or forever is a huge problem today. Divorce rates are through the roof. Finding the right one is the problem. We have more choice, more options to meet people, more competition. The the questions: does he fit with my family? Is she kinky enough? Will he gain weight? Be a good father, make enough money? And ultimately, will we love each other in a few decades, or will he trade me in for a younger model? Mostly it's women in their thirties who have the hardest time dealing with being single, the dating, the gym, the job--

Emma scrambles for the remote and shuts off the TV, then throws the remote.

ON LAPTOP: she just cut and paste a congratulations to a friend who's cat died. Delete, delete, delete.

EMMA

Oh shit.

EXT. DAVIS STREET NEXT TO WALTON PARK - MORNING

Heavy machinery tears up the street. Emma slightly hobbles down the street, working to maintain her poise. A YOUNG COP directs construction traffic. Cop smiles to Emma. She awkwardly gives him the FINGER GUN and crosses towards a street vendor, RAHID (60). Emma fumbles with the roller skates slung over her shoulder to get to her purse.

RAHID

Two double non-fat mocha-uh-chiatos,
with a triple lutz and some meth
sprinkles, hey?

Rahid hands her two plain black coffees. And grabs the dirty
dollar bills out of Emma's mouth.

EMMA

Thanks.

RAHID

If that cop smiles any more at you
I'm going to start getting jealous.

EMMA

I'd never leave you, Rahid. And it
wouldn't work out with a cop. Too
aggressive for me. And he might get
shot.

RAHID

But think of the handcuffs...

EMMA

Hmm...forgot about that.

RAHID

You're back on the skates, huh?

EMMA

Roller derby is a lifestyle, not a
sport.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Scott and a REDHEAD (23) laugh in the elevator. Emma slips
in before the doors close. CLOSE UP on buttons. Emma pushes
"7" for TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS, Scott pushes "21" for
LOVEONLINE.COM. Scott reaches out to the REDHEAD'S shoulder
when he talks to her.

REDHEAD

Oh my god. I saw you on TV this
morning. I loved your book! It's
so intellectual and mathematical.

SCOTT

You read my book?

REDHEAD

Well, not all of it.

SCOTT

The middle part is kind of boring anyway. The alchemy of love is a delicate formula though. You look like you have no trouble finding love, mathematically speaking. Come by my office later and I'll show you how it works.

Emma rolls her eyes, stares up at numbers. Scott sees this. The REDHEAD giggles. Emma gets off the elevator shaking her head.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

Emma walks past a wall of SOFTWARE COMPANY LOGOS and a large sign that reads: HUMAN RESOURCES SOLUTIONS, TECHNOLOGY FAST. Through the desks of the modern office STEPHANIE (40), tall, cropped blond hair, tough, pantsuit, strides toward Emma.

STEPHANIE

Morning Emma. I just went over your hires from last week.

Emma gives her the second cup of coffee.

EMMA

Morning Stephanie. Not good?

Just then Stephanie gets a phone call, puts up a finger, and walks away from Emma.

STEPHANIE

(on phone)

Hi. It's me. Listen, just sign those...you said you would...the lawyer isn't the problem--

She turns towards Emma.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(to Emma)

Come get me after you're done interviewing this morning. We might have to fire you.

(on phone)

I'm putting you on video. Ah. There you are.

Stephanie punches her phone.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I just punched you in the face, asshole.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(to Emma)

Come by my office later.

Emma tries to say something, then walks the other way.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - INTERVIEWING ROOM - MORNING

Emma concentrates on a file. CANDIDATE #1 (42) smooths a ridiculously wrinkled shirt nervously across from her.

EMMA

Okay, I see here you know Javascript, Oracle, good, good. Oh. Wait a second. You don't mention any mobile apps. Have you ever built one?

CANDIDATE #1

...Yeah. Lots. Absolutely.

Emma examines him.

EMMA

Are you sure? In terms of our checklist, this is kind of a deal-breaker.

CANDIDATE #1

Absolutely. I have tons of experience doing apps. I, uh, just finished one this morning. It's a game to find your keys. I'm the app master. I can do an app for you right now.

Candidate #1 squirms. He pulls out his tablet. There is a picture of his family on the background. The little girl is in a wheelchair. Emma breathes in and out deeply. She looks at his file. He gives her a pleading look.

EMMA

Well, maybe you'll fit with one of our other clients. I'll be in touch soon with a position.

Candidate #1, relieved, shakes her hand and walks out. An ASSISTANT pokes his head in.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Can you send in the next applicant?

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - STEPHANIE'S OFFICE - LATER MORNING

The office bustles with geeky tech guys. Emma knocks at Stephanie's door tentatively. Stephanie is texting; she motions Emma to come in and give her the files.

EMMA

These are the candidates I interviewed.

Stephanie puts down the phone and starts to go through files on the table.

STEPHANIE

Let me see. These two guys won't take the salary cut, too senior. Drop them. This guy probably has other options, lose him. Ah, this one's good...he's been out of work for almost a year. Cheap...mmm.

EMMA

But he's not the best applicant.

STEPHANIE

He's not getting a gold watch. Just temporary. Emma, you need to learn this. You can look at someone and just tell if they're going to work out. Your numbers are low and next month head office is going to start cutting back. This is a head's up that I can't keep you if you don't get those numbers up.

Stephanie watches Ryanne sneak in late.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Ryanne's numbers are great. She can read people. I also think that she gets better hires from the shirts she wears.

Ryanne is wearing a very low-cut shirt. Nerds check her out.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - EMMA & RYANNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Emma's desk is carefully decorated with roller derby memorabilia and old Bay City Rollers fliers. Ryanne's desk is covered with files, trinkets, pictures. Ryanne stands texting.

RYANNE

Come out with me tonight. This guy has a brother who just moved back to town--

EMMA

I can't. I've got a derby bout.

Ryanne subtly rolls her eyes. Emma looks back pleadingly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Coach said I'm starting tonight.

RYANNE

You never go out with me. Always with the roller derby. You're not going to meet any guys in a sea of angry, violent women. What about the ankle?

EMMA

My ankle will hold up. And derby is the only place I can go and NOT think about men for a while. It's refreshing.

Emma walks around to Ryanne's desk with files. Ryanne is already on her computer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Come on, I've got to get started. Stephanie has been on my ass and I don't have--oh my god, are these professionally done?

RYANNE

Love isn't going to just find its way into my inbox. I've got to go get it.

ON SCREEN the photos for her online dating profile are beautiful, magazine quality. Emma shakes her head in disbelief.

EMMA

What about last night's bachelor?

RYANNE

I don't think he was a bachelor. I'm pretty sure he was married.

EMMA

So, quick date, huh.

Ryanne looks guilty.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ryanne! Then why are you online again?

RYANNE

He won't call. I'm being proactive about finding another contender.

Emma's cell phone rings. A picture of William. Emma answers the phone.

EMMA
William, I'm just about to...

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Check your email.

Emma goes to her computer, clicks a few things and then says:

EMMA
No way. Cypress Hill? They still
tour?

RYANNE
Hi William!

EXT. A BUSY STREET - WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON

William walks down the street in a suit talking into headphones. We hear Emma laugh on the phone.

WILLIAM
I thought you could use some cheering
up.

EMMA (O.S.)
Thanks, Will.
(beat)
But you won't be here to go with me.
Who am I supposed to go with?

WILLIAM
Don't take a shitty date. Go with
someone fun, for crying out loud.
Go with Ryanne. I've gotta run.
Call me when you're not at work. I
need to ask you something.

INT. EMMA & RYANNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Knock at the door. An ASSISTANT pokes his head in.

ASSISTANT
They're ready for you, Emma.

EMMA
Okay. Tomorrow. I've gotta run.

Hangs up. Ryanne gives Emma a look.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Stop looking at me like that.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

You always look at me like that
anytime I even mention William, or
anyone mentions anyone named William.

RYANNE

You're single...

EMMA

He lives on the other side of the
country. And he's got a girlfriend.
And it's...William. In my mind, he
doesn't even have genitals.

RYANNE

Shop for men online at work, like
me.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN a list of men's bios, pics, and comments.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

I've had to create a spreadsheet
just to keep track of these guys.
One of these guys will work. They
have to work. It's a numbers game,
it's a numbers game.

DECKER (31), an incredibly gorgeous man comes into the office.

DECKER

They need this desk in the conference
room. Hi Ryanne.

Ryanne and Emma stare, not saying a word. Decker leaves
with the desk.

RYANNE

God, I want to cut his clothes off
with hedge trimmers, duct tape him
to my kitchen floor, and...why don't
you date someone like him?

EMMA

Because you already did. Never date
someone at work. And he'd never go
for me. He's never said a word to
me.

Through the office window we see two hot young interns
flirting with Decker.

RYANNE

Who said anything about dating? Or
talking? And he always smells
so...clean.

EMMA

I know. I've walked by a few times
just to smell him.

They both look out at Decker as he leans on the desk.

RYANNE

That's a little creepy. But,
suddenly, I do believe I need
something from the kitchen.

They walk towards the kitchen and inhale as they pass DECKER.

INT. ROLLER DERBY ARENA - THE BENCH - EVENING

Ryanne sits behind the bench of derby girls. NACHO BIATCH (25), a tough and tattooed pretty little thing, and MUDERELLA (39), a big, angry woman, sit in front of Ryanne. Emma, black paint under her eyes, skates gracefully. She's full of energy, power, grace. She belongs here.

MUDERELLA

STRONG ARMS OUT THERE!! RAKE HER
EYES OUT, QUARTER POUND-HER!

Emma sneaks through a group of skaters and scores.

ANNOUNCER

Quarter Pound-her, lead jammer, scores
again! She's getting close to the
club record tonight and the fans are
losing their minds.

The crowd starts to chant "Quarter Pound-her."

NACHO BIATCH

They broke-up? He was so cute.

MURDERELLA

Don't worry. The first wave of
divorces will hit soon and there'll
be lots of single guys then. HEY,
JUNE BEAVER, WATCH THE ELBOW!

Another huge hit. Emma scores again effortlessly. She rolls over to the bench. The CAPTAIN (40), pats Emma as she comes in.

NACHO BIATCH

You broke-up with Joel months ago!?

EMMA

Ryanne! Come on. This is one of
the only places I can go to not talk
about men.

CAPTAIN

(to Emma)
Get back out there.

EMMA

You too? I thought you'd be more supportive of me takin some time for myself, away from the horror that is finding a lifelong mate. Jesus, is there no break from this stuff?

The Captain pauses.

CAPTAIN

No, Apocalipstick is hurt. Get back on the track. Now!

Emma snaps to it.

RYANNE

Hey, someone's got to go see Cypress Hill with her. I've got a date that night. She can't go alone, it'll make her miserable.

NACHO BIATCH

Where's Cypress Hill?

MUDERELLA

I'm too old for concerts. Look at her, she's tough as balls. She can go on her own. Who needs a boyfriend? Lots of us are single and happy.

Emma tries to push a very large DERBY GIRL, but can't move her.

RYANNE

Everyone says they don't need a man, but deep down...

The bench of derby girls yell disapproval up to Ryanne.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Okay, fine! ...And I don't know if balls are the toughest part of a dude.

Emma gets knocked over the boards. She pops up, her team goes nuts for her. Emma's PHONE RINGS from her bag on the stands. Ryanne takes the phone over to Emma, who is breathing heavy and holding her forehead. Ryanne mouths, "your mom."

EMMA

Hi Mom. I'm at derby...what? What do you mean? I'm coming now.
 (to the bench)
 Oh my god, I've got to go...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma rushes in limping wearing her derby gear to find her MOM (50), sister ISLA (23), and Isla's French fiancé BENOIT (25). Emma hugs Isla and Mom. Benoit kisses her three times; Emma fumbles with the kissing.

EMMA

Where's Grampy?

ISLA

He's in the other room. He doesn't understand what's going on.

MOM

Were you out with the lesbians again tonight? You won't meet anyone there, Emma. Why don't you get back out there and date someone? Your sister is ten years younger and she's getting married this summer--

EMMA

Mom, can you just...is Nana okay?

Mom sighs.

MOM

She refused to go to "medical fascists." Finally she went. The epidemiologist says it's advanced. What's wrong with your leg? Shouldn't you go to a doctor?

EMMA

I'm fine. Advanced? How advanced? Chemo? What?

MOM

Stage IV. She stays home and stays as comfortable as possible.

Emma hurriedly hobbles into the room.

INT. NANA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

It's calm inside. Peaceful. Nana (75) is spry and arranging flowers in her room.

NANA

Now before you go all mushy 'n shit,
just stop. I'm fine.

EMMA

Nana...you're not fine.

NANA

I am. They say when it happens it'll
happen quick and I'll go quick. I
should be so lucky.

Nana paints her lips with an antique lipstick. Emma limps
over and sits on the bed. Nana swings her legs over towards
Emma.

EMMA

Nana, why didn't you tell me? How
long...um, what did the doctors say?

NANA

Sometime between tomorrow and fifty
years from now. You breathe until
you breathe no more. But probably a
month or so. I don't want to talk
about it. I want to talk about you.
Sit down.

Emma watches Nana slap her hands together, look up to the
heavens, and then start to manipulate Emma's ankle.

NANA (CONT'D)

I'm happier thinking about you than
doctors and medications. Your Grampy
and I were talking about you the
other night...well, I talked and he
said incomprehensible things.

EMMA

Forget about my ankle. I'm fine.
Ow!

Emma stands up. Her ankle is cured.

NANA

There, good as new. Now tell me
what happened on this date last week.
I can tell it didn't work out.

Emma sits down on the bed. The bed is covered with books.
Emma picks up an antique children's book and starts to leaf
through it.

EMMA

How do you always know things before
I tell you?

Nana sits beside Emma on the bed.

NANA

Emma, do you even want to find the
love of your life?

EMMA

There's no such thing. Nana, you
married Grandpa at nineteen and you
still giggle when he pinches your
butt. That doesn't exist anymore.
And even if it did, everything
eventually changes. I'm just sick
of wasting my time on guys who won't
work out.

NANA

Well your Grampy can't remember my
name most of the time, so don't go
overselling it. Would you want to
know, if you could?

Nana takes the book from Emma and rubs her hand along the
leather cover.

EMMA

It would save me so much time and
heartache and energy. I'm sick of
being wrong about someone, Nana.
Yes, I'd want to know.

Nana sits on the bed. Emma puts her head on Nana's lap.
Nana strokes Emma's hair and opens the book.

NANA

Well, if you're sure then come here.
Lie down. Listen closely.

(reading)

This story is old, much older than
you. It's full of magic and danger
and love too. So nestle in darling,
and snuggle in tight, this is your
bedtime story tonight.

Emma looks around the room as Nana reads. Nana then finishes
the story:

NANA (CONT'D)

A kiss is the start and it is the
end.

(MORE)

NANA (CONT'D)

From your great love to your best friend. Not from a hug or a wave or hello. From that first kiss on the lips you'll know. From this moon to the next, you can put any love to the test.

Nana looks warmly on Emma. She KISSES Emma on her forehead and leaves a kiss mark from the lipstick.

EMMA

I really wanted you to meet the man I marry, Nana.

NANA

Well then, you'd better hurry up.

A MYSTERIOUS CHIME. HARVEY, the cat, plays with a bell on the floor.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma pops out of bed. Nana's kiss mark is still on her forehead.

INT. EMMA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Emma is trying to scrub the kiss mark off her forehead.

EMMA

Jesus, Nana. What is this? Lead-based lipstick?

EXT. WALTON PARK - MORNING

Emma crosses in front of the construction and a YOUNG COP. She slips and the YOUNG COP catches her. They are face to face. She backs away, bumping into CONSTRUCTION WORKER. They stand inches from each other, a gravitational force pressing her closer. She pulls backs.

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Emma stands by the buttons. A BUSINESS MAN comes in and reaches over to push his button, face nearly touching Emma. She stumbles back into the wall.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - MAIN OFFICE - MORNING

Emma escapes off the elevator. She breathes relief. Turning around, she is face to face with Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

Get down to the hardware store and get some incandescent light bulbs. They just changed to those stupid energy savers and now our interviewees don't sweat enough. Get hundred watt ones. Or higher.

EMMA

Sure. Let me drop off my stuff.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - EMMA & RYANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ryanne is engrossed with her computer when Emma walks in.

EMMA

Ryanne, something weird is happening.

RYANNE

What is it?

EMMA

When you're really close to someone's face, do you ever just want to kiss them? Like even an old man or anyone?

RYANNE

Mmm-hmm.

Ryanne is distracted on her computer. Emma is looking out into space. She comes over to Ryanne's computer and bends close to Ryanne.

EMMA

Well, it keeps happening.

Ryanne turns to Emma, again super close.

RYANNE

Um...

(beat)

I can't do lunch today. There's a researcher from LOVEONLINE.COM who wants to study me or something. Some mathematic author. Apparently I've had an abnormally high number of hits on my profile.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN profile of Ryanne in a bikini.

EMMA

Of course there is. I wish you'd be more careful with this online stuff. You don't know these men.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm worried you're going to go meet
some guy who'll, I don't know...
kidnap you, steal your identity, eat
your face off.

RYANNE

There's love on the internet and
weirdos in the streets.

EMMA

But seriously. This is really
strange, I need you to listen to me.

Stephanie barges in startling both Ryanne and Emma.

STEPHANIE

Emma, what the hell? Three of your
hires have no idea how to program an
app. And we're paying them twenty-
two percent over our target salary.

EMMA

Yes. I'm sorry. Okay. I'll do
better.

Stephanie leaves in huff.

RYANNE

I've got to go. We'll talk about
your compulsion to make-out after
lunch. I know lots about that.

Emma tries to talk more, but Ryanne has already left.

EXT. WALTON PARK - MORNING

Emma rubs her temples with one hand as she walks with BIG
BOX OF LIGHT BULBS. Rahid waves. She tries to wave back.

She walks past the cop and the construction. She wobbles
and stumbles a few times. She walks by A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE
and notices a very handsome man, ROMAN (32), reading on the
park bench. While she's looking at Roman, he smiles. She
absentmindedly walks into the bike path.

A massive BIKE COURIER dings his bell and yells, but before
Emma can get out of the way she is smashed to the ground.
She hits her head.

EMMA

Ow.

She passes out.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. WALTON PARK - DAY

CLOSE ON unconscious Emma. There is a scrape on her forehead. The MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE stands over her. Roman rushes over.

MIDDLE-AGED HUSBAND

Jesus, what do we do? Is she moving?

MIDDLE-AGED WIFE

I don't know. There's blood. I'm not getting hemophilia.

MIDDLE-AGED HUSBAND

Is she alive?

MIDDLE-AGED WIFE

Don't touch her neck. She looks like a sue-er.

MIDDLE-AGED HUSBAND

(calls out into Roman's face)

Is there a chiropodist around?! Do something!

ROMAN

Um, I don't know what...jesus...

He gets close to her. He searches around for what he's supposed to do. The Middle-aged Woman makes a CPR face. He starts to give Emma mouth-to-mouth just as her eyes open.

FLASH-FORWARD

INT. EMMA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roman smiles at door with flowers in his paramedic uniform. Emma smiles. They kiss.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Emma and Roman watch a movie together. He throws popcorn into her mouth and misses. They giggle.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Roman instructs a CPR course to a group of TEENAGERS. He holds up the instruction doll, Resusci Anne. A TEENAGER starts to make out with the doll. Emma looks at Roman and smiles. He comes over to her after and kisses her.

INT. FRIEND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GROUP OF FRIENDS at dinner. Roman and Emma sit on opposite ends of the table. Roman tries to get Emma's attention; Emma ignores him.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Emma embarrassed at Roman doing karaoke. Roman tries to get her up on stage for a duet. Emma refuses. Roman insists. Emma gets mad. They argue.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - WINTER

Roman is about to check through security at the airport. They look at each other and by their faces we know it is over. Roman turns to go through security. He walks away.

END FLASH-FORWARD

EXT. WALTON PARK - DAY - SUMMER

PRESENT DAY. Roman is giving Emma mouth-to-mouth. Not a moment has passed. The same MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE stands over Emma as before.

EMMA

What are you doing?! Get off of me.

ROMAN

Woah, take it easy, ma'am.

EMMA

Roman, stop it. Come on, help me up. You know you're not supposed to give CPR to someone who's still breathing. Shit, my head is killing me. What's happening...something's off.

ROMAN

Um, I'm sorry, but I was just trying to help...how do you know my name?

He smiles, attracted to her. She struggles to get up.

EMMA

Har har...hey, wait a minute. What's going on? You should be in Boston by now. But...wait a second. Roman, what's happening? What are we doing here? What the?

Emma, starting to recognize where she is, begins to give a worried groan and fumble.

She steps on the box of light bulbs and takes out the Middle-aged Husband. Emma swears indiscriminately. Roman backs off.

ROMAN

Um, I'm late for work.

Roman leaves, bewildered. Emma looks around and rubs her eyes like she just woke-up.

She looks around and sees the PARK BENCH and the MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE. She starts to walk and crosses the BUSY BIKE PATH, nearly getting hit again. She touches her forehead. A sigh of exasperation, she walks towards a Latino sports bar nearby.

INT. EL BOLSON FUTBOL BAR - DAY

Emma looks around for the bathroom. The bar is jammed full of men in blue and white jerseys.

ON TV Argentina vs. Brazil with only a few minutes left.

Emma pushes past the fans towards the back of the bar.

INT. EL BOLSON FUTBOL BAR - BATHROOM - DAY

Emma looks at herself in the mirror, examines her injury.

EMMA

Roman...no. I must've known him from somewhere else...but he acted like he didn't even know me...but maybe. I don't...

Emma squints at herself.

INT. EL BOLSON FUTBOL BAR - DAY

Emma goes to the bar and motions for water. Just then Argentina wins! Fans lose their minds. A tall, athletic man in an expensive suit, RICK (37) cheers loudly beside Emma.

RICK

¡Gañamos! Ten grand, man!

Caught up in the win Rick kisses his BUDDY on the lips, kisses the BARTENDER, then he turns to Emma and kisses her.

FLASH-FORWARD

EXT. MANSION GARDEN - DAY

Emma and Rick are at a lavish party together. He is dashing in a tux, kisses her hand.

She sees him yell at the staff and doesn't like it.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Emma and Rick talk and sip champagne on the private jet.

EXT. MAR DEL PLATA, ARGENTINA - BEACH - DAY

Emma lies on a beach with Rick.

INT. LUXURIOUS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma she sees lipstick on a shirt collar. Rick and Emma fight in his grand apartment.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma and Rick fight in the street. She throws a shoe at him. She storms off. It's over.

END FLASH-FORWARD

INT. EL BOLSON FUTBOL BAR - DAY

PRESENT DAY. Rick is kissing Emma. She shakes him off. She gives him a scathing look and points in his face.

EMMA

Oye, Ricardo, I told you, we're done.
So lay off the...

RICK

Woah, cariña, what's up with you?
You crazy? I just got caught up in
the moment...hey, wait a minute...did
you call me Ricardo?

EMMA

Rick...

Emma looks around. She is confused.

RICK

Would you like a drink? I'll stay
on this side of my glass, for now.

EMMA

Stop with your bullshit. I'll miss
Cordoba, but I'm never going to be
the little wife you want so let's
just leave it.

RICK

I am from Cordoba.
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
 Did we, did you...hey, Carlo, you
 guys screwing with me?

Bartender shrugs.

EMMA
 Ha ha. Hilarious. ¡Rajá, guacho,
 sos un boludo, garca!

Rick: speechless. Emma turns around with her mouth open as other fans stare at her. She starts calculating, then gives up, turns on her heel and walks out.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EL BOLSON FUTBOL BAR - DAY

Emma walks out into the sunshine. She shields her eyes from the sun. She shakes her head and blinks hard. Emma walks over to Rahid.

EMMA
 Rahid, how long was I in there?

RAHID
 I just watch you go in. You okay?

EMMA
 ...Nana.

INT. EXECUTIVE BOARD ROOM AT LOVEONLINE.COM - DAY

Scott stands in front of panel of EXECUTIVES of LOVEONLINE.COM. He is confident, smiling, presenting his research. MIKEY (37), British, black, balding and overweight is Scott's assistant. Mikey helps with the presentation behind the computer.

SCOTT
 In short, the your research grant
 will help perfect an algorithm that
 will match clients with exactly what
 they're looking for. We can get
 LOVEONLINE.COM the two major types
 of successful relationship:

The presentation shows an infographic about online dating.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Hooking up and knocking up. Casual
 sex and marriage. Like I say in my
 book, we'll make other sites look
 like the craigslist personals.

EXECUTIVE #1

Your firm received a large amount of money for this research. So far all we see is words on a page.

SCOTT

Our theory and our projections show--

EXECUTIVE #2

Scott, your projections are unfounded. We're not going to waste more time on it. We're talking about tens of millions of clients, hundreds of millions of hours online, and you haven't provided one thing that can compete with the free sites. We've discussed it and the bottom line is: if this formula doesn't work then not only will we pull our funding, but we will be seeking to recover that investment.

SCOTT

Return the investment?

EXECUTIVE #1

Read your contract. If necessary, our legal team will be in touch. Gentlemen, we have another meeting. Good luck.

The EXECUTIVES leave.

SCOTT

If we don't make this work, Mikey, we're...what do you Brits call it? Wankered? Buggered?

MIKEY

If we don't make this work, Scott, I'd say we're fucked. Fucked. That's the word you're looking for.

Mikey and Scott stare at the infographic.

SCOTT

Shit, I've got a lunch date.

MIKEY

More research?

Scott winks at him.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - DAY

A NURSE changes an IV bag, smiles at Emma as she comes in.

NURSE

This is morphine. She'll be out of
it for a while.

The nurse leaves. Emma watches her as she goes. As soon as she's out of the room, Emma whisper/yells.

EMMA

Nana, what did you do to me!?

NANA

(doped up)
Mmm? What?

EMMA

Nana, since you read me that story,
I've been having these really, really
real daydreams about these guys I
keep kissing.

NANA

Those aren't daydreams, my little
puffin. You're seeing the future.

EMMA

That's not possible.

NANA

Have it your way.
(trailing off)
But you can only do it while I'm
around.
(loud and clear)
So don't waste it.

EMMA

What? What was that? The middle
thing?

Nana starts snoring. The nurse comes back in. The nurse bends down to adjust Nana, her face very close to Emma. Emma considers kissing her, then thinks better of it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Emma stumbles out into the street. William is calling ON PHONE. She's about to answer but stops herself. She sees a regular looking guy, ED (35), standing outside the building texting. She walks over to him.

EMMA

Um, excuse me. Will you do me a favor? Will you just kiss me for a second?

ED

Uh...what do you mean?

EMMA

Just a quick kiss. Simple. On the ol' smacker. Won't take but a second, I promise.

Ed looks around suspicious. Emma looks at his watch. After a second, he shrugs and kisses her. Emma's EYES FLUTTER. She opens her eyes and looks at Ed. She shakes her head, looks around, looks at his watch, and then with her eyes closed:

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ed, now tell me if any of this is right...you are from Reseda, you are allergic to shellfish, uh...you still love your ex, Jenny (you talk about her ALL the time, probably because you lost your virginity to her at 21, right after you stopped wetting the bed). And you play chess with your uncle on Sundays (which is quite sweet).

Ed is in suspended pause.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ed. Wake up! Is it true?!

Ed nods and blinks, seriously confused. Emma pats him on the shoulder and rushes off.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - DAY

Emma stands against the wall and stares out pondering with files in her hands.

STEPHANIE

Are you okay?

Emma snaps out of it, startled.

EMMA

I'm fine. Do you ever have really, really lifelike daydreams?

STEPHANIE

All the time. But my lawyer told me never to discuss them. Don't ever get married, Emma. Ex-husbands find a way to keep fucking you long after it's over.

Stephanie's PHONE RINGS. Stephanie gives a look of "speak of the devil." Stephanie motions Emma to hand her the files.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Larry, make him suffer. Lots of excruciating pain - ball clamps and screwdrivers. I'm talking Fifty Shades of Grey and no safe words.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - MAIN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Staff members pack up bags and jackets to leave at the end of the day. Scott and Rynanne enter from the elevator, bumping into the closing doors a little tipsy. Scott bumps into Decker.

DECKER

What the hell!?

SCOTT

Sorry buddy.

Scott and Rynanne walk away a little before Rynanne says:

RYANNE

I dated him a little. He's only got one ball. I could only imagine what he could do with two.

SCOTT

That guy? Not bad, but a little bit of a pretty pony for me.

Through the window we can see Emma at her computer pulling at her hair. Scott pats Decker on the shoulder.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - EMMA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Emma clicks madly on the computer. She scans the screen and mutters to herself. Rynanne walks into the office without noticing Emma.

RYANNE

Men are like razor blades: they start off sharp and do a good job of keeping you smooth, but after a few weeks they just get dull and start to cut you.

SCOTT

The first time you marry for love,
the second for money, and the third
for companionship, and the last for
looks. That's the only way to have
someone for the rest of your life.

Emma looks up and tsks disgust at Scott. They both see Emma at her computer, when all of a sudden she starts to lay into Scott.

EMMA

That's what you men think, isn't it?
Short-term. You age better, get
richer, more confident, and we're
left to be alone for the rest of our
lives. I saw you on TV and can't
believe someone would buy your
mathematical explanations for
something so incomprehensible.

SCOTT

Ryanne, I'm going to scramble. Please
come by the office and we'll set you
up with some free consulting on your
profile.

Scott leaves.

EMMA

All I'm getting are psychics and
song lyrics. You should be able to
ask a question to the internet and
it should tell you. But when I type
in, "future prediction love kiss"
all I get are horoscopes.

RYANNE

What in the hell, Emma? What is
wrong with you?

Emma grabs her with a wild look in her eye.

EMMA

I can see the future relationship
with anyone I kiss. Nana cursed me.

She continues to search online. Ryanne tries to calm Emma.
Using a soothing voice like when talking to a child:

RYANNE

Now darling, tell me what the fuck
you're talking about.

EMMA

Ryanne, simply put, I'm having some kind of schizophrenic episode...I keep having full length relationships. Full ones. They're not daydreams.

RYANNE

...Riiight.

EMMA

I'm not messing around, Ryanne. One minute I'm doing my own thing and the next minute I'm in a full relationship with a random stranger.

RYANNE

Are you having a relationship right now?

EMMA

Of course not. Don't be an ass. These aren't hallucinations.

Emma stands, exasperated.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'll show you. Pick a guy. I'll have a relationship right here, right now.

RYANNE

Emma, come on. Just sit down for a second.

ON DECKER who is with a group of other guys.

EMMA

Ah. Decker. I'll go have a relationship with him.

RYANNE

Emma, this is ridiculous. Just slow down for a second.

EMMA

I'll be right back.

Emma smiles. She walks over to Decker, who is talking to a CO-WORKER. Ryanne watches.

Emma stands next to DECKER. She tries to interrupt, but they're gripped in conversation. Finally she leans in to get something passed Decker and steals a kiss. Awkwardly. Almost falls. The co-worker looks at Emma stunned. Decker stares, mouth agape. They both watch as Emma walks away.

RYANNE

Emma, oh my god, you've lost your shit. What's happened to you?

EMMA

Okay. So we dated. Maybe a few months.

RYANNE

No, you just walked over there and molested Decker. I don't blame you for sneaking in some action, but fuck...

EMMA

I ended it. Let's see - he hates roller derby. Totally inaccessible emotionally. He's such a little boy.

RYANNE

Why do you say that?

EMMA

He's got all these things from his childhood. He's got this Spiderman blanket on his bed...

Ryanne's eyes widen.

RYANNE

He's had that since he was a kid. How did you know that?

EMMA

He said he keeps it because his parents were always dragging him around to different Mormon communities.

Ryanne's jaw drops. Then she realizes...

RYANNE

Ha. But they're not Mormon. They're Mennonite.

EMMA

He's Mormon.

RYANNE

Mennonite.

EMMA

The guys in the white shirts and the black name tags?

RYANNE

Yes. Mennonite.

EMMA

Mormon...and he works-out all the time because he doesn't feel like enough of a man.

RYANNE

Why wouldn't he feel like a man?

EMMA

...Uh...he's only got one ball?

Ryanne is dumbstruck.

RYANNE

He does only have one ball. Emma, how do you know all that? I didn't tell you that.

EMMA

I don't know. I saw it. I lived it, kind of. But here I am. Nana did this to me. It's real, Ryanne. Really real.

Ryanne ponders, struggling to believe it.

RYANNE

So it stops when you break-up?

EMMA

Decker is a teenage girl's fantasy, not the man of my dreams. It's still kind of sad though.

RYANNE

This doesn't make sense, Em. How do you know that? He doesn't tell anyone he's only got one nut. He guards that little tidbit pretty closely. How did Nana do this to you? What's his favorite movie? Do you know where he keeps his spare key? What about his bank card PIN?

EMMA

I don't know. The details fade pretty quickly. I just kind of remember how it all felt and how they end.

Ryanne starts to pace.

RYANNE

Well, let's say, just for a minute, that you can do this. Let's say this is real. Emma, this is really fucked up.

EMMA

This is so fucked up.

RYANNE

Wait a second...if I had the chance to explore any relationship I wanted, consequence free, what would I do? I'd go out. I'd start finding frogs to kiss...

Emma looks up from her computer.

INT. DT'S BAR - NIGHT - BOOTH

The after-work drinking crowd bustles in an upscale bar called DT'S. Emma and Ryanne sit at a booth with drinks.

EMMA

Ryanne, I don't know what I'm doing here. I don't know how to pick up guys.

RYANNE

I do. Don't let your head get in the way. If I had this power, I'd open a kissing booth. I'd line-up men on a giant wheel of fortune with their lips out and just keep spinning until I hit jackpot. I'd kiss everyone!

EMMA

Ryanne, I'm not going to meet anyone good in a bar.

RYANNE

Why not? Nice guys drink drinks. Time to get out of that little comfort zone of yours. Drink up and let's finally have some fun. Now, let me see...

Scanning the bar, we see a number of different attractive men.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Okay, he should at least be single, right?

(MORE)

RYANNE (CONT'D)

That guy totally has a girlfriend. Married, married, married and cheating...hmm...you need someone interesting, someone good-looking, someone fun...what about that guy?

A group of hipsters. One HIPSTER has thick glasses, a mustache, tattoos on his neck.

EMMA

And argue about a band no one's ever heard of all night drinking hoppy beer he doesn't actually like? Come on.

RYANNE

Okay, what about him?

A very sweet looking, smaller chubby guy with a beard.

EMMA

Too Zach Galifianakis. Let's find someone more, I don't know. Someone more interesting.

RYANNE

Emma. Think for a second. You're not marrying anyone. Temporary!

A group of Air Force pilots in full dress uniform. CHARLES (33), a clean-cut pilot with a great smile, looks over and smiles at them.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Okay. What about that guy? He seems frog-prince-like. Happily ever after and whatnot.

EMMA

Military? I know how you like to support the troops, but...

RYANNE

He's a pilot. So hot. Go on.

EMMA

I have always had a thing for pilots. But the first sign of the Righteous Brothers, though, and I'll start dating Al-Queda.

AT TABLE #2

She walks over to the group of pilots and stands beside Charles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do you guys always wear your uniforms out to bars?

CHARLES

Yes. I actually don't own clothes that aren't government issued.

EMMA

You watched Top Gun as a kid and that was it for you, huh.

CHARLES

It was the slow motion volleyball scene that really got me, but I wasn't tall enough to play professionally, so I had to settle for fighter pilot.

She smiles at him. He smiles back. She looks over to see Ryanne motioning her to just kiss him. She slips and falls when trying to kiss him.

FLASH-FORWARD

JUMP SHOTS: She's at the base with him, impressed by the planes; laughing at dinner in a small house on the lake; she's in the office watching the news about another wartime casualty; they are silent before he leaves again; she's alone watching a movie; she's alone again for dinner; she drops plates in the sink in frustration; they argue; they sit in silence at night, Emma's eyes puffy from crying; it's over.

END OF FLASH-FORWARD

INT. DT'S BAR - NIGHT - TABLE #2

PRESENT DAY. Emma breaks the kiss from Charles. Her shoulders slump.

EMMA

I'm sorry Charlie. Guess I'm not made for the military life.

CHARLES

This is how the terrorists win, you know.

AT THE BOOTH

Ryanne is excited, but she can tell by Emma's face that this one did not work either.

EMMA

Crash and burn. Went down in flames.

RYANNE

How long did it last? What happened?

EMMA

About a year? It was good. But I was either on edge or alone all the time.

RYANNE

We're just getting warmed up. We can find you love. Just you wait and see.

Emma breathes in deep, exhales. Shakes it off. Nods in determination.

MONTAGE - FOUR BACHELORS

JUMP SHOTS: Sitting across from Emma, we meet ALVAREZ (34), Spanish intellectual; JAMAL (36), black man, black turtleneck; FRANK (38), manly man with a manly beard; and Isaac (40), the swinging rabbi.

ALVAREZ

No, not for kids books...I do anatomical illustrations for medical textbooks. I'll show you. I'll draw your heart on a napkin.

CUT TO

JAMAL

I kinda had to start out in hip-hop and R&B with my friends, but eventually grew into my true love. Do you like Italian opera?

CUT TO

FRANK

She got the house, but I still have my boat. I lived around the Mediterranean all last winter. Then back with the kids in the spring.

CUT TO

ISAAC

Of course Rabbis can marry, we just can't have sex out of wedlock...just kidding...we can do that too.

MONTAGE - FOUR HONEYMOONS

JUMP SHOTS: Alvarez seducing her; Jamal introduces her to his friends; Frank takes her sailing with his kids; Isaac at Shabbat dinner.

MONTAGE - FOUR RELATIONSHIPS FAILING

JUMP SHOTS: Isaac's frustrated when she plays with his Kippah; Frank's kids throw food at Emma on the boat; Emma and Alvarez doing sketch scene from Titanic, Alvarez giving her a detailed illustration of her vagina; Jamal is singing in the shower...and on the toilet...and in the car...

MONTAGE - FOUR BREAK-UPS

ISAAC

Emma, this isn't working. Like Moses said to the Red Sea, it's time to part.

CUT TO

FRANK

It's because you're controlling and pushy. I think our ship has sunk.

CUT TO

JAMAL

Beth and I just make more sense together. The fat lady has, well, sung.

CUT TO

ALVAREZ

I'm not sure more couple's therapy is helping. I started seeing our therapist.

END MONTAGE

INT. DT'S BAR - NIGHT - BOOTH

Emma sits at the table with her hands on her head.

EMMA

Ryanne...they all ended. All of them. What's wrong with me?

RYANNE

Nothing's wrong with you. Maybe you're right. Maybe you won't meet your husband in a bar. Let's quit for the night. I'm going to go meet this guy. And yes, I do realize the irony in what I'm saying.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The nurse sits beside Nana who is resting on a divan. Emma looks down at Nana.

NURSE

She'll be out for the night. She's in a lot of pain.

Nurse leaves. Emma looks to her Nana and then at the antique children's book. She puts it under her arm and walks out.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER NIGHT

Ryanne searches through the bar, stealing glances down at the photo on her phone until she sees a guy who looks like the picture.

RYANNE

Marcel?

The RANDOM GUY shakes his head. Ryanne sees a very good-looking guy look over to her and smiles. She's about to sit down with him when she hears:

MARCEL

Ryanne? It's Marcel.

MARCEL (33) is not nearly as attractive as his pictures. Begrudgingly Ryanne sits down with him.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma wears pajamas in bed. She video calls William on her laptop.

WILLIAM

Hey. I thought we had a phone date yesterday?

EMMA

It's been a strange day, Willy.

WILLIAM

I hate when you call me Willy. I am not a cute penis...

Emma looks down at the book.

EMMA

Do you remember Alan?

WILLIAM

I was the designated driver for you two at prom. Until Alan flushed my contacts down the toilet at prom. He thought it was funny.

EMMA

But it wouldn't have ever worked out with him, would it? Or Derek in college?

WILLIAM

They were both tools. No, it wouldn't have worked out. Is this because of the whole Joel thing? Emma, you just haven't been with the right guy. He's out there. When you know it's right, then you just go for it. Which is what I wanted to talk to you about...

EMMA

I hope you're right. Will, I know you wanted to catch up, but I'm really, really tired. Can we talk another time?

William starts to talk, but hesitates.

WILLIAM

Sure. I'm flying in next week. We can talk then.

Emma's PHONE RINGS.

EMMA

That's Ryanne. See you next week.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Ryanne waits on the street agitated. Emma drives up, rolls down the window and says:

EMMA

Ry, come on. Get in. Are you okay?

Ryanne gets right into the car. She's visibly shaken.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

RYANNE

He seemed so nice on the phone.

EMMA

What happened?

RYANNE

He got kind of weird back at his apartment and I wanted to get out of there quick. I was going to take a cab, but...

EMMA

That's okay. I'll be your cab anytime. Are you all right?

RYANNE

I'm fine.

Ryanne gets a text. She instantly cools, smiles and starts to click away.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Now I should have gone out with this guy tonight instead.

EMMA

Ryanne, you've really got to--

RYANNE

I know, I know. I'll be fine.

EMMA

Obviously.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - DAY

Emma can't concentrate. She keeps seeing mouths. They talk, we hear nothing. Just lips. Kissing everywhere. Finally Stephanie and her ASSISTANT come into view.

STEPHANIE

You're going to do better today, right?

EMMA

Absolutely.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Emma sits across from CANDIDATE #2 (26), an awkward tech guy.

EMMA

Have any of your mobile apps won awards, for instance?

Candidate #2 stares at her blankly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Can you work with Android and iOS platforms?

CANDIDATE #2

Um...I can absolutely do those things.

Emma pauses. She hesitates, then:

EMMA

Most people lie in an interview. I need to get to know you. I'll tell you what...come here and I'll tell you if you're a good match for us.

Candidate #1 is uncomfortable. He moves over to her. She grabs him and kisses him. Her eyes flutter. He starts to get into the kiss.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Huh. You have absolutely no idea how to make an app, but you are a hard worker. And you fix stuff around the house. Hired.

CANDIDATE #2

Thanks!

He's about to leave.

CANDIDATE #2 (CONT'D)

Are you on Facebook?

EMMA

No. Move along. This stays between us.

Emma presses the intercom button.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Send in the next one.

INT. EMMA & RYANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma is staring off into space. Ryanne is looking at the book.

RYANNE

I've read this goddamn thing five times and I still don't have any magical powers.

Ryanne starts to rub the book on herself. A tech guy walks by and she kisses him. Nothing happens.

EMMA

Not even one of those tech guys worked with me either. I'm not that good at this, Ryanne. I don't know how long before this thing is over. I suck at finding guys.

RYANNE

I guess I'm not that good at it either.

They both stare out. Ryanne snaps up.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

We need help. I've got an idea.

EMMA

Like a self-help books? Or are you talking about binge drinking and just accepting a life of mediocre shitty relationships and divorces?

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is stylish and manly. Lots of dark woods and leather. Mikey's side of the office is full of computer towers, equations on the whiteboard. Scott stands beside Ryanne and Emma.

SCOTT

So you DID you or DIDN'T you go to the Jewish Camp in Des Moines?

UPS GUY

Yes, I did! Can we please go?

A JANITOR, A BIKE COURIER, and A SANDWICH DELIVERY GUY stand waiting behind the UPS Guy.

SCOTT

I'm still not satisfied. I don't believe it. We need another guy. She could've known all of these people.

The guys leave the office.

RYANNE

How many more tests do you need?
Kiss her yourself.

Scott walks around in disbelief. He starts to talk to himself.

SCOTT

No, I don't want her getting into my head. But if she can see it, then she knows how long everything'll last. But what if it's not...this is a lot to take in. You should contact the government or the Vatican or something. How did this happen?

Scott breathes in and out, calms himself.

EMMA

It doesn't matter how it happened. If you can't help, then fine. Let's go, Ryanne.

Scott then gets an idea.

SCOTT

Do you know EXACTLY how long these relationships last?

EMMA

Yes. Well, not to the hour or anything.

SCOTT

I think we can help. Holy shit, for sure we can do it! We've got all the data, we've got Mikey the wonder geek.

Mikey slurps his Big Gulp and toasts them.

RYANNE

So you'll help Emma find the love of her life?

EMMA

I've already had almost a dozen break-ups. They're really starting to hurt. The longer the relationship, the more they hurt. I feel like...

Emma starts to get teary, but controls herself. Scott looks up at his algorithm on the whiteboard. Then looks at Mikey.

SCOTT

Okay, okay. We can do this. But we need access to you. Serious access. Honest answers on everything, no holding back. We'll need to analyze everything: spending habits, music, movies, everything. No holding back.

EMMA

I'm not giving you bank records. This is starting to feel like a scam. Come on, Ryanne. I knew this guy was bullshit.

RYANNE

Emma, you're turning your nose up at a dedicated matchmaking team? What if these guys find you The Guy? Open up.

Emma looks at the algorithm, then to Scott and Mikey.

EMMA

How does that work?

MIKEY

Well, each person can be represented as an element of an abelian group which additive operation would represent a marriage. The neutral element of the group can be seen as the least successful guy so that adding to the neutral element results in no relationships. Each element is an array of 20 attributes, which first value is a boolean number, symbolizing the sex of the individual, and the other 19 encompass the different traits of personality of the individual and are represented by 32-bit floating-point numbers...

SCOTT

What if we can find you forever? True love? Isn't that worth it?

Emma thinks a moment.

EMMA

Fine. We'll try. I'll give you one week.

SCOTT

Okay! We'll get started right away.
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Get yourself some lip balm and
Mikey'll contact you with a shitload
of questions. Let's meet tomorrow.

Emma and Ryanne leave.

MIKEY

Are we really going to do this?
We're going to spend our last few
weeks alive playing with magic?

SCOTT

Mikey, if she can do this imagine
what we can sell it for. This is
bigger than anything. And I think
you know that we don't have a lot of
alternatives. We're doing this.

INT. ROLLER DERBY ARENA - NIGHT

CAPTAIN

You missed practice this week and
you didn't get any fliers to hand
out.

EMMA

I'm sorry. I have this thing going
on right now.

CAPTAIN

You know the rules: no practice, no
playing. Sit this one out, make it
to practice and you can play in the
next bout.

Emma stands up.

EMMA

I have to go. Sorry guys.

The team looks up at her in disbelief.

NACHO BIATCH

But we're playing the Derby Dolls
next week. We need you.

EMMA

What can I say? I've got a bunch of
dates.

INT. MIKEY'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

MIKEY

Okay then. She's done most of the questions. If she can tell exactly how LONG a relationship is, then we can measure everyone against her and we can extrapolate to see how OTHER people would match together. Let's see some preliminary guys.

They look at men's profiles.

SCOTT

Wow. Surgeons, musicians, diplomats.

MIKEY

And she's not going to meet any of these guys just yet. We need to keep her under seventy percent matches.

SCOTT

Why? We've got to match her according to the algorithm. The algorithm is about finding The Match, remember?

MIKEY

Think about it! If she finds someone that she ends up staying together with, there won't be any more experiment, genius.

Scott pauses in thought.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Scott sits on the bench working like crazy. Emma walks into the lobby. Despite herself she smiles when he looks up at her.

EMMA

I'm not sure about your skills as a matchmaker, Scott. Never trust a skinny cook. A good matchmaker should be happily married.

Scott opens the door for Emma.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Emma and Scott walk together on a beautiful, busy street. Scott has his tablet out looking at Emma's profile.

SCOTT

So you don't remember anything from those other guys?

EMMA

Not really. Things here and there. Snippets. There was something about the air force and something else about the practice doll for CPR and why she's named Annie, but I don't remem-

SCOTT

Rescusi Anne.

EMMA

Yeah. There was a whole story about her.

SCOTT

She was a French country girl who fell in love with a man in Paris a hundred years ago.

EMMA

You know this?

SCOTT

Everyone knows this. He married someone else and heartbroken she drowned herself in the Seine. She was so beautiful, people came to see her in the mortuary, artists made a mask. She was called L'Inconnue de la Seine, The Unknown Woman of the Seine. She's the model for the doll we all practice on. And now we breathe into her, trying to bring her back to life forever. Pretty romantic, huh?

Emma smiles at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So let's get to work. Your answers to our questionnaire were interesting: values, check. Interests, yup. Dating history. Okay. You spend lots of time with roller derby women and geeky tech guys. I think I've figured out why you're still single.

EMMA

You think you know what I want after knowing me for a day? I haven't found my great love after years of searching and you're going to do it in an afternoon?

SCOTT

No. That'd be crazy. Kind of like having a magical power to see the future when you kiss someone. You also gave us your music files and your internet search history, banking info, and Ryanne helped with a personal history. And sometimes people don't know what they want. They make horrible choices based on a whole series of psychological issues, social pressures. Hey, how do you know if you still have the power?

They walk by a FIRE STATION. Firefighters wash the truck.

EMMA

I'll check it out.

She grabs a HOT FIREFIGHTER and kisses him. Scott watches with eyebrows raised.

FLASH-FORWARD

JUMP SHOTS: Emma is at the STATION with the HOT FIREFIGHTER playing Xbox; she and the HOT FIREFIGHTER are at his place playing Xbox; again at the station playing Xbox; no talking; boredom.

END FLASH-FORWARD

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FIRE DEPARTMENT - DAY

PRESENT DAY. The other firefighters are hooting like little boys. Scott grabs Emma's hand and pulls her away.

EMMA

There really wasn't much of a flame. Maybe I should try another one.

SCOTT

Come on, hot lips. Let's concoct some kind of plan, shall we?

EXT. CAFE PATIO - DAY

Scott and Emma sit together. Scott reviews the profile.

SCOTT

You speak English. And Latin?

EMMA

Quantum materiae materietur marmota monax si marmota monax materiam possit materiari? I also recently learned Spanish, but now I forget.

SCOTT

Well, based on this you'll be an easy match. You've got lots of highly desirable qualities: you're pretty, active, intelligent, roller derby is kind of hot too. Our algorithm takes a number of preferences, trends, and consumer ethnography into account, and then also assigns numerical values to other people's answers. Imagine you're amazing waterfront property. We want to find the best house for the view. A guy you're going to grow with and last with. There should be around three hundred or so guys in the city who could potentially work for you. But we won't know until we calibrate you. It's really, really exciting.

EMMA

I have to kiss three hundred guys?

SCOTT

I'm betting we don't make it that far. And you have more nineties rap on your computer than I did in 1997. That's pretty badass.

EMMA

So how are we doing this?

SCOTT

Our goal here is to get the trifecta: Head, Heart, and Heat.

EMMA

That sounds like a soap product. Or a condom line.

SCOTT

No, no. Intellectual connection, emotional potential, and a physical, sexual attraction. That's basically all there is to any relationship.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Three out of three only. There's a huge amount of complexity that Mikey will handle too. Jesus, we'll have answers on all of them instantly - this is unreal.

EMMA

What about that guy?

They look at a really nice looking guy. MARKUS (33) sits alone at a table reading a book.

SCOTT

Yeah, I don't know. We should really stick to the guys we've got selected.

Emma walks over to him and sits down. They talk for a minute, he laughs. Scott glares at him, then rolls his eyes. She kisses Markus. Nothing happens. No flashes. She tries to kiss him again. He lightheartedly says:

MARKUS

Hey...what the hell are you doing?

Emma is surprised. No flash-forward. Markus stands and smiles as a pretty girl walks towards him with a familiar smile. Emma looks at her.

SCOTT

Sorry. My sister here gets away from me sometimes. We tried one of those leashes for kids, but she chews right through those.

BACK AT THE TABLE

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Be cool, Emma. So what happened?

EMMA

Nothing happened. At all.

SCOTT

What do you mean nothing happened? You didn't see anything?

EMMA

I didn't see anything because there was nothing to see. He's in love with her.

Markus and his girlfriend kiss. They leave holding hands.

SCOTT

Ah, so you can only see a future when there is a future to see. Well look, I've got some guys with potential. What's important is to remember how LONG everything lasted.

EXT. DOLORES PARK - BENCH - DAY

Emma and Scott are sitting on a park bench.

SCOTT

Okay, here comes Jake. These guys are perfect for you. Good luck!

Scott leaves. Over walks JAKE (36) wearing a NASCAR hat. Attractive...but wearing a NASCAR hat. Emma is skeptical.

JAKE

You must be Emma. Great to meet you.

EMMA

You too. So, NASCAR, huh? Rad.

With a shrug of resignation, she pounces for the kiss.

EXT. DOLORES PARK - DAY

Emma is waiting for her next date. Over walks a PAUL (35), a very heavy fellow.

PAUL

Emma, I'm Paul. I brought these for you.

Presents her with a box of cupcakes. She fake smiles.

EMMA

Thanks. You're a foodie, huh?

Paul has cupcake in his mouth. Emma climbs up and kisses him.

INT. LITTLE QUAIN T RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MATT (38) sits at the table and sees Emma walk in. She smiles broadly when she sees how attractive he is.

EMMA

Sorry I'm late.

MATT

That's okay.

EMMA

How long have you been a photographer?

Matt rolls his wheelchair from behind the table. Emma tries to lean on the wheelchair to kiss him on the cheek, but he rolls back. She falls into his lap. Matt yells out:

MATT

I still FEEL everything down there!

Emma pulls herself up and since she's so close to him, she kisses him.

FLASH-FORWARD

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Matt rolls around in his wheelchair taking photos at an artistic shoot with nude male models. Emma watches him. He winks at her. She swoons. Emma stands over by him, he takes pictures of her. Everyone else leaves.

EXT. DOLORES PARK - BENCH - DAY

Paul has an extravagant picnic set out when Emma walks towards him. He gives her a very warm, gentle hug. She smiles into him. A group of people walk past him. One stops, recognizing him.

GRACE

Paul Thompson?

PAUL

Hi Grace. How're you?

GRACE

Amazing, since the show. He comes into our little place with his crew, we cook together, have a few laughs, and then all of a sudden our restaurant is on national television! We've never been busier. Thanks again so much.

(To Emma)

You are one lucky woman - he's incredible. Paul, thanks again.

EXT. INFINION RACEWAY - DAY

Incredibly loud, incredibly intense. Emma and Jake are in The Pit with headphones on. Jake has to go to work. JERRY (55), the car owner, wears a cowboy hat and smiles at Emma.

JERRY

How do you know Jake?!

EMMA

We're dating! And you?

JERRY

That's my car. And that's my son driving it.

A crash on the track. Jake and the emergency crew rush over and pull the driver from the flaming wreck. The driver is fine, waves to the crowd.

INT. INFINION RACEWAY - DAY - UNDER THE STADIUM

Emma waits for Jake under the stands by the medical room. Jake comes out. Jerry runs over to him.

JERRY

Jake...I don't know how to...he's my only...

Grabs him, choked-up, and holds Jake for a moment.

JAKE

That's what we do. He'll be fine, Jerry.

Emma reaches and holds Jake's hand.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE UP of Emma in a wedding dress and Jake, tuxedoed, smiling.

OFFICIAL

Do you, JAKE, take Emma to be your lawfully wedded wife?

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

CLOSE UP of Matt in a suit and Emma in a dress smiling.

OFFICIAL

Do you, MATT, take Emma, to be your lawfully wedded wife?

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of Emma in white and Paul in a dark suit gazing at each other.

OFFICIAL

Do you, PAUL, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?

MONTAGE - ROLLER DERBY

Emma is in the middle of a roller derby bout. At different moments we see PAUL, MATT, and JAKE in the stands. Jake is bored. Matt is on his phone. Paul, disgusted by the violence.

MONTAGE - CHILDREN

Emma is holding children in different houses at different times of the day in three different circumstances.

INT. MATT & EMMA'S HOUSE

In their 40s, Emma and Matt fight. Their children watch them.

INT. SET OF PAUL'S COOKING SHOW

Paul is just finishing his show. There are some mid-30s groupies that are fawning over him. Emma is 50 and left to the wayside.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma and Jake in mid-50s. They are frustrated. The therapist talks and their body language shows that there's no way these two are going to make it.

MONTAGE - DIVORCE

Divorce court; moving out; kids crying; frustration; anger; lawyer bills.

END FLASH-FORWARD

INT. MIKEY'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

PRESENT DAY. There is a chaotic chart on the wall, profiles of men everywhere, mathematics on a whiteboard, multiple screens, code written down on papers, soda bottles, fast food. Mikey is nearly finished the algorithm. Scott stumbles in with a HOT BLOND (26).

MIKEY

I'm getting close. This is going to change everything. We can sell this to everyone. We're going to be so goddamn rich. Oh, god, you're smashed.

SCOTT

I just met the most incredible woman.

HOT BLOND

He's been talking about her all the way here.

MIKEY

You're seeing her later tonight, I imagine?

SCOTT

She's wild. She's Ukrainian. Or Czech. I can't remember. Svetla. Mmm. Svleticious.

The Hot Blond walks over to Mikey and kisses him. Scott walks over to Mikey and kisses him too.

MIKEY

Come on buddy. What are you doing?

SCOTT

Living the dream. Being the dream. Be the dream. Ghandi said that.

The Hot Blond and Mikey shake their heads with pity at Scott. Scott stares at pictures of Emma.

MIKEY

So are you going to see her tonight?

SCOTT

Emma? Oh. Svetlicious. Maybe.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma is at home watching *Pretty Woman*: Julia Roberts is sitting in the tub singing *KISS* by Prince with the headphones on. Emma's eating a tub of ice cream. She looks at the ice cream stains on her shirt. Her apartment is a sty.

EMMA

What's happening to me?

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Emma searches through the house for Nana.

EMMA

Nana! Are you here!? Grampy? You must be here...

NANA (O.S.)

I'm outside, dear!

EXT. NANA'S HOUSE - GARDEN - MORNING

Nana is gardening outside while Grampy snoozes in a garden chair. Emma bursts into the garden, finger pointing, about to interrogate. Nana disarms her with a smile.

EMMA

You're still gardening? You're going to fall over of fatigue...I thought the nurse said to take it easy.

NANA

As long as I'm alive my gardenias shall live too.

EMMA

Nana, that book, this kissing thing, I need it to stop...everyone ends. I still haven't found it.

NANA

Emma, come help me with your Grampy.

Nana hobbles over to Grampy. She sits on the side of the garden chair and strokes his hair.

NANA (CONT'D)

Emma you're so concerned. Why are you so concerned?

EMMA

Because I'm thirty-three and single.

NANA

And if you weren't single, then you could do all those things you wanted to do? Is this mythical husband of yours holding you back from living the life you want? Maybe you should just...

Just then she collapses. Emma helps her up. Grampy gets up and helps Nana.

GRAMPY

Let's get you a medic, Helen.

NANA

I'm not Helen, dear. Just get me to the couch, Emma. Call the nurse. Can you please take Harvey for me. Your Grampy tends to forget about him.

Nana passes out.

EMMA

Nurse! Nana, what do I do? Nana?

INT. EMMA & RYANNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma enters with Harvey in a cage. Ryanne is texting and giggling.

RYANNE

This guy. This is the guy!

Emma rolls her eyes.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

What? I can't be excited?

EMMA

I can't keep track.

RYANNE

I can't keep track of yours either, honey.

Ryanne gets another text and guffaws.

EMMA

I've had a week of break-ups and divorces. This course sucks.

Ryanne looks up from her phone.

RYANNE

Emma, don't be an idiot. Do you realize that you could find the love of your life any day now? Today, for instance?

EMMA

What if I don't find someone?

RYANNE

Do you know why I'm in a good mood? Because I've been chatting with a stranger online. A stranger. And I have no idea if anything's going to work out between us. Buck up. Fuck.

EMMA

Uggg. You're right. Okay. Who's this one now?

Ryanne shows Emma a pic on her phone, flips past a cock shot.

RYANNE

This guy is fucking awesome. I can't wait to meet him. Dead sexy, right? I kinda wish I had your power about now, but I'm happy to do it the organic way too.

Scott comes into the office with a tray of coffee.

EMMA

Scott, how much more of this do I have to do?

SCOTT

It's going to get better. I've put together a more sophisticated plan for us. Here, check it out.

Emma looks at him as he opens up the dating strategy presentation on his laptop. They look at a very complicated infographic. Emma nods her head in approval. She appreciates the science here.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Everyone goes through what you're going through right now, trying to find The One, but most people don't get the accelerated version that you've got. Have you ever heard of the Secretary Problem?

RYANNE

Like when you sleep with your secretary and she comes in at ten?

SCOTT

Kind of. Not at all. In the fifties a mathematician tried to figure out an equation to best choose a secretary for his office. The equation was based on a rule that you can interview one secretary at a time, but then have to decide if you hire her or not.

RYANNE

...What's the problem?

SCOTT

Well, say your first secretary is a sixty-nine percent. Pretty good, right? But you could probably do better, so you go to secretary number two.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This one is a fifty-five percent. Now you're wishing you'd kept number one. But you go instead to your third option and find a seventy-six percent!

RYANNE

So you stop there.

EMMA

Unless you think that another candidate is going to be better than seventy-six percent. Ryanne, we do this everyday. It's called Optimal Stopping Theory.

RYANNE

Oh. It's "Deal or No Deal."

SCOTT

Right. Well, you have to figure out if you've got the optimal choice. For most mortals, we are kinda screwed when it comes to choosing love. It takes months or years. You, dear Emma, can do it in one kiss. So far you've had some good possibilities, but we can find you better.

They examine images of past and potential matches for Emma. It is an eclectic group of men.

Emma breathes in and out deeply.

EMMA

Okay. I'm in.

Scott leaves, giddy.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Stephanie comes out of her office.

STEPHANIE

Everyone...can we get everyone out here for a quick meeting?

People start to gather in front of her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Okay. So we just got some new numbers from the head office.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Basically we're now offering eight percent less in salary, plus we're increasing the retentions.

RYANNE

They work longer for less?

STEPHANIE

More geek for less, yes. I'd like to turn your attention to Emma now. Emma has been kicking some serious ass and everyone can take a lesson from her hard work. She's hired a record of 43 new temps at bargain basement prices AND they all keep giving her glowing reports.

Everyone starts to disperse. Stephanie pulls Emma aside.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I don't know how you've done it, but you're way over what I was hoping to get out of your portfolio. I think you're going to get us both promotions.

MONTAGE - KISSING GUYS

In quick succession, images of very diverse men kissing Emma. We see Emma's expression turn from optimistic to pure disappointment.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott and Ryanne sit at the island in Emma's kitchen.

SCOTT

Come on, Emma. I'll buy you a car. I'll get you a case of ice cream. I'll rub your feet. Let's just get you out there.

EMMA

No. I'm taking the night off. No more boys. I'm done. I've had so many relationships and still I don't even have anyone to go to see Cypress Hill with me tonight. I'm going to beg the coach to let me play tonight. No kissing. I need to smash something.

SCOTT

Okay, okay. I've never been to see roller derby. Sounds fun. Let me come.

RYANNE

I'm seeing Nick later tonight. He's getting some money from some deal, so we're going somewhere fancy.

Emma gives Ryanne a worried look.

INT. ROLLER DERBY ARENA - NIGHT

A woman screeches on the ground with her face. Emma suits-up.

SCOTT

Jesus, this is brutal. You're going to get a fat lip out there.

Another player smashes to the ground.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Or fractured ovaries or something.

ANNOUNCER

And now one of our hometown veteran jammers returning after a few weeks hiatus! Quarter Pound-Her!

Crowd cheers. Emma rolls out. Scott is standing at the gateway where the opposing players are coming out. A rough looking skater, AGGRO ALICE (30), knocks Scott to the ground.

AGGRO ALICE

Sorry about that little man.

Emma sees this and rolls over.

EMMA

Everything okay?

SCOTT

Yes, fine.

AGGRO ALICE

Did I bruise your peach?

Emma rolls out. The bout begins. Women start skating. Emma hustles over and smashes Aggro Alice to the ground. She winks at Scott. Aggro gets up and trips Emma as she's passing to score. She crashes hard. Crowd hushes. Scott runs out.

SCOTT

Oh my god. Are you okay?

Emma is up on her elbow.

EMMA

Scott, I'm fine. Goddamn it. Get off the damn track.

Scott goes back to the stands, concerned. Emma comes around again hoping to score but is laid out on her ass. And then dropped again. Aggro Alice smiles as she skates by. Scott starts to cheer. He gets the crowd going. He's laughing with a group of very butch women, getting along great.

ON BENCH

NACHO BIATCH

Who's the guy?

EMMA

Oh, that's just Scott. No big deal.

NACHO BIATCH

Well, he's the only guy I've ever seen cheer you on, honey. And he's cute.

Emma looks over at Scott, screaming from the stands.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott runs into the dressing room. Women are in sports bras - it is not a sexy scene.

SCOTT

Holy shit, that was incredible!

EMMA

You shouldn't be in here.

She's got a bruise on her chest by her shoulder.

SCOTT

Emma. Wow. Totally my hero. I played lacrosse, which most people don't realize is a very violent sport, and have to say roller derby makes those guys look like a bunch of pussies. I mean wusses.

He looks to two of Emma's teammates.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ambergeddon, Murdella...you ladies
are unreal. I'm totally star struck.

Emma smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You know, there is a niche market of
dating here.

NACHO BIATCH
What makes you think we're single?

SCOTT
No, Muderella, it's not...I mean,
anyone could fall in love with you.

Nacho Biatch and Muderella exchange looks. Nacho Biatch
stands up in Scott's face. She climbs on top of him.

MUDERELLA
And do you think anyone could fall
in love with me?

Scott squirms under her weight.

SCOTT
Um, yes. Of course.

MUDERELLA
Well maybe I want to have a little
play thing to crunch under my thighs.

Scott winces in pain.

EMMA
Take it easy now, Murder.

The team starts to laugh.

MUDERELLA
Just fuckin' with you, Scotty.

Scott smiles.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT

Scott is charged up. Emma is content.

EMMA
You don't know a lot of women like
Ambergeddon or Muderella, huh?

SCOTT

I admit, no. Come on...let's go out. Forget research and kissing tonight - that was the point, right? What do you want to do? I want to do something!

EMMA

I've got two tickets to Cypress Hill.

SCOTT

Who you tryin' to get crazy with ese?

EMMA & SCOTT

Don't you know I'm loco?

They walk away reciting lyrics to "Insane in the Brain."

INT. WARFIELD THEATRE - NIGHT

Emma and Scott are sit close to the stage. Emma pulls out a perfectly rolled doobie. Scott raises an eyebrow and then accepts. Emma passes him the joint. CYPRESS HILL comes out and starts to play I WANNA GET HIGH. Emma looks over at Scott and sees him singing along. Scott looks over at Emma.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma and Scott sit close on the couch in her apartment.

SCOTT

I had an incredible time tonight. You are unexpected, Ms.Emma.

EMMA

I had a great time too. I didn't emasculate you protecting you from Aggro Alice?

SCOTT

Are you fucking kidding? That was awesome. I can't wait to tell Mikey later.

Emma moves closer to Scott on the couch. She holds eye contact for a long time. Scott smiles broadly.

EMMA

Scott, why are you such a douche?

SCOTT

Uh, holy romance.

EMMA

No, I mean that you're obviously a nicer guy than you lead on. Yet you're a womanizing bastard.

SCOTT

I just haven't found the right girl, that's all.

EMMA

Of course you haven't found the right girl. They're women who'd never throw you around.

SCOTT

What makes you think I want to be thrown around?

EMMA

I bet you'd love someone who got a little rough with you in bed.

Emma climbs up on him, about to kiss him.

SCOTT

(whispering)

Don't kiss me.

Serpentine, Emma dips over to Scott's ear and bits and sucks his earlobe. Scott's face contorts, then tickles, then a sharp breath. Scott grabs Emma, nearly kissing her lips, but resisting. Emma pulls Scott's shirt up over his head.

EMMA

(whispering)

Pick me up. Bring me to the bed.

Scott grabs her, lifts her up, pulls her top off.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma lies on her back, reaches up and grabs Scott's neck as he reaches down to pull off her jeans.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma sleeps gently on Scott's shoulder. She wakes up slowly. She kisses Scott's neck and he starts to wake.

EMMA

Good morning.

SCOTT
Wow. Um. Wow.

Emma glows.

EMMA
Want some breakfast?

SCOTT
I should get going. I've got a few
more guys for you to try kissing
tomorrow. Almost done the algorithm.

All light goes out of Emma's eyes. He gets up slowly, back
to her. Emma disappears into the bathroom. Scott stands
there deep in thought. His phone DINGS with a text.

MIKEY (TEXT)
We need about fourteen more guys and
this is done. Good job.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - DAY

Emma sits at her desk, deep in thought. Ryanne comes in.

RYANNE
So? Did you kiss him?

EMMA
Scott?

RYANNE
No, William.

EMMA
William?

RYANNE
He got into town last night. He was
looking for you.

EMMA
I had my phone off. Oh my god...

Scott walks in.

SCOTT
Emma, I've got to talk to you.

Just then her PHONE DINGS with a text.

WILLIAM (text)
Dinner tonight?

Emma smiles. Shows the phone to Ryanne.

EMMA

William.

A big smile comes onto RYANNE's face.

RYANNE

William! Prince William!

EMMA

William. He's here. Ry, this could be it, couldn't it?

SCOTT

Wait, the friend? He's here?

RYANNE

You could've saved so much kissing. William. Finally!

EMMA

Wait a minute...do I really want to know?

SCOTT

I wouldn't do it, Emma. This could ruin your friendship. You'll know things about him. You can never take it back.

RYANNE

But it might be the love of her life. What's wrong with you?

SCOTT

Only that maybe Emma should just take some time and think about it.

Emma paces around. Scott paces in the opposite direction. RYANNE watches, realizing there's something between them.

EMMA

Don't you see? I don't have to do this any more. I can stop. My forever. He might be my always.

Scott stops pacing.

SCOTT

I don't think you should go.

Emma stops pacing.

EMMA

But, but it's William...

SCOTT

I know. Don't do it. He might actually be it.

EMMA

I have to. I know you won't finish your research...but this is my life we're talking about here.

Ryanne looks back and forth between them. Emma leaves.

RYANNE

What's all that about?

SCOTT

What do you mean?

Ryanne dramatically motions to where Emma was.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No. Nothing. Just research...

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma paces around frantically while Ryanne sits on the bed.

EMMA

He's in the taxi.

RYANNE

Are you wearing that?

Emma looks down at her outfit.

EMMA

What does that matter at this point? I'm going to kiss him once and then I'm going to know everything...

RYANNE

Yeah, but what if this one moment changes everything.

Emma ignores a call from Scott.

EMMA

It will change everything! What I wear is immaterial.

Buzzer from downstairs. Emma freezes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What if it's not immaterial. I have to change.

RYANNE

Let him up!

EMMA

(into intercom)

Come on up! I'll leave the door open - just come in.

Emma buzzes him up and begins to hyperventilate.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma is tearing clothes off and pulling them on frantically. Her room is a complete mess. Ryanne tries to help with clothes.

RYANNE

Not that. No! That's awful. Oh, it's fine. Bra! Don't forget your bra.

WILLIAM

(from the living room)

Hello?

EMMA

Just coming!

Ryanne goes into the living room. We hear her jump on him.

RYANNE (O.S.)

William!

Emma opens the door and William smiles easily at her, putting Ryanne down.

WILLIAM

Emma. Oh my god, you've got this crazy wild look in your eye. You okay?

Emma goes over to him and almost kisses him. William naturally swings in and hugs her. She wanted that kiss, damn it.

EMMA

You look good. God, it feels like years since I've seen you.

WILLIAM

It was a few weeks ago.

EMMA

You look taller. New glasses? Haircut?

RYANNE

I'm outta here. Later, Will.

Ryanne leaves, winking at Emma. Emma shooshes her out. William and Emma go into the kitchen. Gross pots of food sit on the stove. William takes a spoon and takes a taste, coughing.

WILLIAM

Did you order in from a soup kitchen?

Emma randomly grabs spices, struggling with the meal. She looks awkwardly over at William a few times.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Let me...

They are intimate immediately, hands pushing the other easily out of the way - almost musically. He reaches up to grab something out of the cupboard and she is standing there, inches away from his face. The moment to kiss is palpable. But William hands her the bowl and they continue.

AT THE DINNER TABLE

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I've been trying to call you.

EMMA

I know. I've been having the strangest few weeks. I did want to talk to you about something though.

WILLIAM

Sure. What is it?

William looks at her. He brushes some crumbs from her cheek.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's like you can't even feel this on your face.

She hesitates. She searches around for answers.

EMMA

I've had these really weird few weeks...

Her phone buzzes. She looks down at it. William is annoyed.

SCOTT (TEXT)

Have you kissed him yet?

Emma looks up to William and texts back quickly.

EMMA

Sorry...like I was saying, things have been weird the last few weeks.

WILLIAM

I can tell. Something's up...you've met someone.

EMMA

I've met lots of people recently. But they didn't work out.

WILLIAM

God, Em, you always say that. You have to take a chance. But wait a minute - you're dating? You don't date-date. You girlfriend.

EMMA

Well, I have been dating. Kind of. That's just the thing...I could see how those relationships would turn out.

WILLIAM

You always think you can tell. But you don't ever really know, do you? ...You never know.

EMMA

Well, sometimes you just know.

WILLIAM

I agree. You can just know. But it takes both people to just know.

Emma gazes at him. Doe like.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

That's what I wanted to tell you. I feel a little nervous, but I shouldn't. It feels important to tell you. I'll just say it.

William opens his mouth to speak. Emma leans across the little table and grabs him and kisses him.

FLASH-FORWARD

INT. DINING ROOM MARTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and William at a warm dinner table laughing with Sandra, Martha, Ryanne. Emma and William hold hands under the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM AT ANOTHER FRIEND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and William are a few years older. William looks at her at a party from across the room. She catches him looking. He smiles adoringly at her and winks.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emma is having a baby, hair matted wet on her brow, William holding her hands and yelling support.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The door opens in the bedroom, two small children walk in with a tray and breakfast with a flower for their mom, Emma, in the bedroom. William is behind them smiling as they give Emma a birthday breakfast in bed.

INT. CAR DRIVING - DAY

They are silently driving in the countryside together, kids asleep in the back. His hand is on her thigh as they drive.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOME - DAY

Emma and William are much older, one of their children carries boxes, moving out to college in their old car. They are smiling with pride, Emma has tears in her eyes.

INT. DINING ROOM FRIEND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dinner with a group of friends, everyone in their 50s. William still looks at Emma lovingly and winks.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma sitting with William at the doctors. The doctors reports that William doesn't have cancer. They celebrate.

INT. WILLIAM & EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma's 84th birthday. William is across the room and still gives her that look. She smiles back at him.

EXT. WILLIAM & EMMA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Emma is watching William playing with his grandchildren. His knees hurt and he has arthritis, but he's still laughing.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Grandkids are older now at the hospital. Emma is very old and surrounded by people in her hospital room. There are flowers and family and friends talking with her.

She's not connected to machines, but it's obvious it's hospice care and that Emma is quite close to death.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -DAY

Emma and William holding hands and looking at each other. They are smiling together. He winks. She dies looking at him.

END FLASH-FORWARD

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PRESENT DAY. Emma pulls away. William is stunned. He looks at Emma, who is smiling, tears in her eyes. He blinks, shakes his head. His expression changes from shock to warmth...and then to anger.

WILLIAM

Emma, why did you do that?

EMMA

Because I've always wanted to.

WILLIAM

The thing I wanted to tell you, when I came over here, is that...

EMMA

You can tell me - you can tell me anything.

He pulls out a ring. Emma tightens, eyes wide.

WILLIAM

Fuck, Em, I'm getting engaged!

Emma's heart stops. She freezes in extended pause.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Susan and I have been together for years. She's the--we get along great. And you...you're never there...I'm proposing this week. That's what I was calling you about.

EMMA

Yeah...but...well, you always complain about her. You said the sex wasn't that good. She never makes you laugh. You said she doesn't even go to the movies with you anymore. Remember!? William, you can't marry her. True love...you want true love...it's with me!

WILLIAM

I did want that...I do want that.
She wants a life with me.

EMMA

But she's so...

Emma winces.

WILLIAM

This is bullshit, Emma. You wait
until NOW to tell me you want me?
Wait until I'm getting engaged!?

EMMA

You, you don't understand. You and
me...

WILLIAM

Yeah, what? You and me? All I've
ever thought about was you and me.
All my friends in DC, when I told
them about Susan they said, "what
about Emma?" It's just a fantasy.
We'd never work. You said that.
You always say that.

EMMA

It's different now. You don't
understand, William. It's different.
We're...you and me...it's us. We're
right for each other. We're The
Ones for each other. I love you.

William shakes his head, turns and walks towards the door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

William, please. Please listen to
me. I know you're mad. I understand.
But I can see it. I can see our
future. I know that we're going to
be good together. I know you. I
know you so well.

WILLIAM

So you know me. So what? Emma,
you're never going to love me like I
love you.

William looks at the ring. He doesn't look at Emma.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It is Susan. I do love her. She's
the real woman who's been there for
me. Not you.

EMMA

William, please. You have to break up with her. You have to be with me. You're the only one that works with me. You're there when I die. You're with me my whole life. I could see it.

WILLIAM

What do you mean, "you can see it?"

EMMA

William, that's what I wanted to tell you. I have this... power... this weird magic thing when I kiss someone I can see the whole relationship, like a dream...but it's real.

William softens. After a deep breath:

WILLIAM

Emma. I don't know what things would have been like with you and I, but I know, I know deep down, that Susan is perfect for me. I'll be happy with her forever.

EMMA

You were happy with me. I'm telling the truth...I'm not trying to manipu...

WILLIAM

I've got to go. I'm sorry Emma. I'm going to fly back tonight. Be happy for me?

Emma looks at his ring. She looks at him. She bites her bottom lip and reaches around to hug him.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Emma is walking along the street by herself. She sees lonely people in the street. She sees the couples, the families. She sees older people. Finally, she passes a funeral home that says, "Don't Die Alone - come to Baldwin Funeral Homes." She goes across the street in a DIVE BAR.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER NIGHT

Emma is drinking, hard. A BARFLY (50) is buzzing beside her.

EMMA

I loss him. I had him, but loss him. I have to get'im back--you'll help me get him back, right?

BARFLY

Sometimes these things happen. I tell you what, let's get a few beers to go to my place and talk about it.

Ryanne comes in. Collects Emma and drags her to a booth. Scott rushes in.

SCOTT

Well?

He notices empty glasses and the cry-marks on her face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Ah.

They all sit and drink. Scott breathes out relief.

CUT TO:

MORE EMPTY GLASSES ON THE TABLE.

EMMA

Through my fingers.

She pours sugar packets through her fingers.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I had him. I had the man of my dreams.

SCOTT

He wasn't the only one.

RYANNE

He was there when she died. Forever. Isn't that the whole point?

SCOTT

There are hundreds of matches for each person. Emma, how many men have you been out with? Hmm? How many since you had this power of yours?

EMMA

I lost count. Fifty?

SCOTT

And how many men are there out there?

EMMA

Like, globally?

SCOTT

Yes.

RYANNE

Three and a half billion.

SCOTT

That's right. That's a lot of possibilities. You think there's only ONE for you? And you happened to have known him for years and years?

EMMA

Yes. He was the one. He is my forever! But he loves stupid Susan. He doesn't want me.

SCOTT

He was this incredible guy, a great dad and a stellar grand-father...what about you? Did you love him?

EMMA

Of course I did.

SCOTT

Not the way you describe it. When he was happy, he was happy because he loves you. You were happy because he loved you...it happens all the time. We love being loved. We stay with people who adore us, because, well, why would we look for someone else?

EMMA

You've never been in true love before.

SCOTT

Lots of girls have been in love with me and I've stayed with them because they were great to be around. I'd break up with them because I want someone I'm in love with. And so do you.

Emma looks down and thinks about it.

EMMA

I'm going home.

EXT. WALTON PARK - DAY

Ryanne and Emma sit in the park eating sandwiches. Emma is feigning enthusiasm as they look at Ryanne's PHONE.

EMMA

Yeah. Totally.

RYANNE

See? He's sweet, and sexy.

The guy on the dating app looks like a complete asshole.

EMMA

I don't know about this guy. He's kind of rough looking, isn't he?

RYANNE

It's not like any of the nice looking guys are working out for you.

Emma looks at her with edge.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Look, I don't want to show you what he's written to me, but he's sweet. He's an artist.

EMMA

Where are you going for dinner?

RYANNE

Plymouth's Rock.

EMMA

A metal bar?

RYANNE

Yeah. They have dinner until nine and then the music starts at ten. It should be fun.

CLOSE ON his picture.

INT. PLYMOUTH'S ROCK - NIGHT

Emma is sitting at the bar when NICK (38) comes in. He is identical to his picture, tattoos, piercings, leather.

EMMA

Hi there, handsome. How're you?

Nick doesn't look up.

NICK

Fine.

EMMA

Do you know anyone who could introduce us?

NICK

No.

EMMA

Look, just come here for a minute. I have something I need to tell you, but it's so loud in here.

It's not loud at all.

NICK

Hey, I'm flattered, but I'm about to meet someone here.

EMMA

It'll only take a second.

He's not interested, but wants to get rid of her. So he goes in for her to whisper something to him. Emma kisses him.

Emma opens her eyes during the kiss.

Ryanne is standing there.

RYANNE

What the fuck, Em!?

Ryanne rushes out.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PLYMOUTH'S ROCK - NIGHT

Ryanne grips her bag and power walks away, furious. Emma runs out after her. They both burst into a full run. Emma catches Ryanne.

EMMA

Ryanne. Come on. Just listen.

RYANNE

What's there to listen to? You just fucked him. And you just fucked me over.

EMMA

That's not true. I just kissed him. Come on.

RYANNE

No, Emma. You didn't just kiss him.
What happened?

EMMA

Nothing, it was just a little kiss.

RYANNE

You tell me right now what happened.

EMMA

Okay, fine. It wasn't just a little
kiss.

RYANNE

I knew it! You just had a whole
relationship with him, you dick.
You probably met his parents, you've
gone away together, you probably
even had kids with him.

EMMA

Well yes, but Ry, that's not it. I
was looking out for you.

RYANNE

I don't need you to look out for me.

EMMA

Yes I do! You go out with these
random guys and one day you're going
to get into shit. They know you're
desperate and they want to use you.

RYANNE

Desperate? You've got me beat in
the numbers game, princess. You're
scared and you're a child. A stubborn
controlling child. You think you're
protecting me? I'm fine! Leave me
alone.

Ryanne storms off.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Emma is drinking a glass of scotch with Scott on his balcony.

EMMA

She wouldn't listen to me. She said
that I was the one who was the
child...

SCOTT

Don't sweat it. She'll come around.

EMMA

I'm not sure about it this time.
She was really into that guy.

SCOTT

A guy she hadn't met yet...a guy she
found on the internet? Come on.

They stare out over the city.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Do you know the big difference between
Ryanne and you and I when it comes
to love?

EMMA

Because, I don't know...I don't think
she's different.

SCOTT

She puts it out there each and every
time. She doesn't hold back. She
hopes, with her whole heart, that
this next guy is THE GUY. That's
why I wanted to interview her. She's
not desperate - she's fearless. She
stares her fear of rejection, of
failure, in the face every time she
gets out there again. We are the
ones who are scared shitless.

EMMA

It's true.

Scott goes to the drawer and comes back with a photo.

SCOTT

This was me five years ago.

CUTE PHOTO of him and his ex. In the picture he's goofy and
real.

EMMA

This is The Ex??

SCOTT

Thing is Emma, I don't want to go to
the Grand Canyon by myself. I'm
waiting to do things in my life
because I don't want to do them alone.

EMMA

Someone to share it with. Yeah.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

But I'd still rather be alone than be with someone annoying. Do you really want that?

SCOTT

I think so. I can't keep going the way I've been going.

EMMA

You should be able to find that no problem. You're the matching guru. Come here.

Emma moves over to Scott.

SCOTT

What are you doing?

EMMA

I'm going to kiss you.

She's inches away from Scott's face.

SCOTT

No, don't.

EMMA

I'll show you you're not a complete asshole.

Scott stumbles back.

SCOTT

I thought you knew we weren't right for each other.

She moves closer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No. Stop. I don't want you to know. It's not fair. You'll know that we won't work out and I'll just have to deal with it. I can't...I need another drink.

Scott gets up and rushes over to the kitchen. At the kitchen door Scott calls Mikey. He looks back at Emma.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm pulling Emma off the testing. She's done.

MIKEY (O.S.)
You're being an idiot. We're almost finished.

SCOTT
We can do it without her.

MIKEY (O.S.)
I'm the geeky algorithm tech guy,
and I'm telling you we can't.

SCOTT
It's over, Mikey.

Scott TURNS OFF HIS PHONE and goes the into the kitchen.
The door closes. Emma sits on her own. Scott's computer rings with a Skype call.

EMMA
You have a call from Mikey!

No answer from Scott.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'll just tell him to call back.

She hits accept. She drops the cordless mouse. We hear Mikey as Emma looks for the mouse.

MIKEY
Hey Scotty, I've got the algorithm almost done. Don't fuck this up.

Emma's about to hang-up, but then hears:

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Just get Emma to get together with someone from columns 3F and 4D and I think we'll have it taken care of. Make ABSOLUTE sure she gets there - if she falls for someone, then it's over. Keep the top guys out of it. Scott? Turn the video on. Jesus...

Scott comes in. Emma looks at him, venomous. She gets up to leave. Mikey is on the laptop.

SCOTT
Emma, what's wrong?

EMMA
You never cared if I found love.
You...

Scott sees Mikey ON LAPTOP shrugging.

SCOTT
Hold on...things got a little off
track, but...

EMMA
I hope it was worth it. You are an
asshole.

She leaves.

MIKEY
Go stop her.

SCOTT
No. She's right. I am an asshole.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCOTT'S BUILDING

Emma bursts out of the apartment building.

EMMA'S POV: scans potential targets like the Terminator's
digital analysis. A couple (negative); three teenagers
(negative); an older woman (negative); finally, The DOORMAN
(47) looks at her (target locked).

DOORMAN
Do you need a cab, ma'am?

Emma looks at him and kisses him.

EMMA
Damn it. No good.

DOORMAN
Or I can drive you myself...

EMMA
No thanks.

She whistles for a cab. One pulls up.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

EMMA
Take me somewhere wild.

CABBIE
...Okay then.

They drive down through the city. She gets a text from Scott.

SCOTT (text)
I'm sorry! Let me explain.

The cab pulls up to the outside a run down industrial building in a very sketchy part of town.

EMMA

What's this?

CABBIE

Cock fighting.

EMMA

Too wild. Less wild. More people, less killing. Club. I want a club.

INT. LOUD DARK CLUB - NIGHT

Massive warehouse club, heavy beats pounding. Emma charges in, throws her jacket on a table and starts to hunt. She walks around, looking at the weird and the wild people of the night. A call from Scott. She ignores it.

AT THE BAR Emma orders tequila. The bartender, MICHELLE (24), is sexy, rough, no smile, tattoos, bottle-opener in cleavage. Emma downs the shot. A second appears.

MICHELLE

This one's from that guy!

A DOUCHEBAG down the bar looks at her and toasts her. Emma walks over to him and kisses him. She rolls her eyes and walks away.

Emma searches around. She sees TWO MEN DANCING. They flirt with her. She dances with them. They get hot together. She kisses one.

EMMA

Really!? Nothing!?

She kisses the other.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You neither!?

DANCER #1 & DANCER #2

We're gay, honey!

Exasperated, she goes back to the bar, orders another three shots.

MICHELLE

Slow down, destructo!

EMMA

I can't hear you! Can you come closer?!

Michelle leans in and Emma kisses her.

FLASH-FORWARD

JUMP SHOTS: They are at a show together, watching music; they read the newspaper in bed; Michelle comes home with a cool dress for Emma; they go out together; they are arguing for a very long time; Emma checks out a guy and Michelle gets jealous; Michelle is giving Emma a massage; they are at roller derby together; Emma meets a guy; Emma and Michelle arguing again; they break it off.

END FLASH-FORWARD

INT. LOUD DARK CLUB - NIGHT

PRESENT DAY. Michelle smiles as Emma slips away, stumbles, after the kiss is over. She grabs her coat and leaves.

EXT. STREET - LATE

Emma is smoking a cigarette, badly. TWO MORMONS come up to her. SIMON (30) wears a white shirt, name tag, backpack.

SIMON

Good evening, ma'am. Do you have a minute to talk about the rest of your life? And everything after that?

EMMA

Huh? Yes, I'd love to talk about my future. Come a little closer...

She kisses Simon.

FLASH-FORWARD

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma has three children. Cute dresses on each.

SIMON

I'm going to stay at Debbie's house tonight.

EMMA

It's Thursday, dear. Tonight is my night.

SIMON

Debbie missed last Wednesday because your mom visited.

Simon leaves.

END FLASH-FORWARD

EXT. STREET - LATE

PRESENT DAY. Emma stumbles back from Simon.

SIMON

You taste like the floor of a bar.

EMMA

I wasn't even your favorite wife!

Scott calls again. Emma throws her phone into the sewer.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATE NIGHT

Emma is staring at the KID (17) working behind the counter. She's about to reach across and kiss him, but snaps herself sober.

KID

You can have the kid's surprise if you want. The manager's out right now...

EMMA

Thanks.

Emma puts on the plastic ring and walks out.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nana rests peacefully on the bed. The whole family stands over her.

MOM

No, her head should be propped up higher.

ISLA

Any higher and her chin will be in her rib cage. She should be lower to let her breathe easier.

MOM

If she's not raised higher--

ISLA

She would be more comfortable...

NANA

(with eyes still closed)
Why don't you just ask her?

Nana's eyes open slowly. Mom and Isla sheepishly back away.

NURSE

We should let your Nana rest for a bit.

They start to slowly walk out, ushering Grampy with them.

NANA

Emma, will you stay a minute?

Emma moves closer to Nana, grabs her hand.

EMMA

Your hands are so soft. You work like a dog and your hands are soft. I don't know how you do any of it. Nana, all these people, the kissing, the future, it hasn't helped. I'm still in the same spot.

NANA

You are far from the same spot, dear. You look like hell.

Emma starts to speak, but instead holds Nana's hand and plays with her ring.

EMMA

Can you please make it stop?

Just then Nana starts to cough.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Nana? Nana! Hey! Get the nurse in here!

COMMOTION in SILENCE.

Nana is dead. Grampy sits with her.

Emma comes over and hugs her Grampy. She then kisses Nana on the forehead. We hear another MYSTICAL BELL RING. Emma's power is gone.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Emma, Mom, Ryanne, Benoit, and Isla stand in a group after the funeral. Ryanne hugs Emma. Mom hands Emma the cat. Many strange elderly hippy-types are talking to Grampy. An eccentric ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (80) kisses one of Nana's friends on the lips, then Isla, then kisses Grampy. He stops in front of Emma.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

I'm so sorry about your Nana. She was a special woman.

EMMA

She was.

To Emma's relief, the Eccentric Gentleman hugs her. He then moves along to kiss Mom. And Benoit. Grampy goes over to Emma.

GRAMPY

You okay, honey?

EMMA

Oh, Grampy. I really wanted you both to be...it's stupid...

GRAMPY

What is it?

EMMA

You two were the only ones who've made it. Everyone else breaks up. I wanted you both to know the man I was going to be together with forever. I don't even know who that is.

GRAMPY

That's not success, little duck. It's not a race to the end. Besides, I think Nana would approve of anyone you chose. I like the last one. I don't remember his name.

EMMA

Will?

GRAMPY

No, no. God. The new one. Him.

Scott is there, about to leave in a car. Emma takes Grampy by the arm over to a nurse. Before she can get to Scott, he's gone. Emma kisses Grampy on the forehead.

INT. TEMPORARY SOLUTIONS - DAY

Emma sits against the wall on the floor behind her desk. Ryanne peers over the desk to see her friend in agony. She sits down beside Emma.

RYANNE

I'm so sorry about your Nana. I know you're going to miss her. I'm going to miss her.

EMMA

Thanks.

RYANNE

And just so we're clear, you're still a horrible asshole who should rot in the darkest circle of hell.

EMMA

I know. I'm so sorry, Ryanne. You're the only person who still has any romance left in their heart and I slapped it. I slapped your heart in the face. You're probably the only one who'll be with me forever.

Ryanne smiles at Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What do I do now?

We can hear Stephanie yelling into the phone to her ex-husband. Ryanne smiles at Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's what I have to look forward to.

RYANNE

Emma...why do you think you're so fixated on finding a guy so much? And this is coming from ME. Wouldn't it be better to spend your time, I don't know, just doing other things you enjoy with friends you love?

EMMA

Probably. Maybe I should get myself a mouth chastity belt so I don't kiss anyone else.

INT. CHRISTMAS PARTY - NIGHT

Old sweet couple kissing under the MISTLETOE. Emma rolls her eyes. She then passes under the mistletoe Mission Impossible style to avoid any and all possible kissing. A MAN IN AN XMAS SWEATER attempts to trap her - she makes a break for it.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

MIKEY

It's done. We did it. It's incredible, Scott.

SCOTT
So what do we do now?

MIKEY
We sell the fuck out of it is what
we do.

Scott looks over to the wall with photos of Emma.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
What are you going to do about that?

SCOTT
I think that's over. There's always
the Svetlas of the world.

Mikey pats him on the back.

MIKEY
Yeah. There will always be Svetlas.

INT. NEW YEAR'S - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

Ryanne is dancing with a MAN WITH GLASSES. Emma dips garlic
chips into baba ghanoush.

EMMA
Mmm. I forgot how much I love garlic
and onions and everything flavorful.

A CUTE GUY smiles at Emma at the food table. She has food
in her mouth. She smiles a gross smile. As the count to
midnight starts, Emma has her coat and walks out.

INT. LOVEONLINE.COM - MEETING ROOM - EVENING

Mikey and Scott stand in front of the Executives with their
research. Matches are popping up on the screen.

EXECUTIVE #1
This is incredible. We weren't
expecting this.

Scott is staring out.

EXECUTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
Scott? I was saying to your partner
here that we're happy to have the
one-year license for this, but in
truth we'd like to buy the algorithm
outright. We're talking a significant
amount of money here.

SCOTT

Unfortunately we're planning to license this to other sites as well.

EXECUTIVE #2

Unfortunately you should read contracts more closely. There's a pesky little non-compete clause in there. You try and sell this to anyone else and you'll be inspiring legions of future lawyers -- law schools around the world will use this as a case study for most amazing contract breaches.

Executive #2 hands Scott a check. Scott squints at the check and shows it to Mikey. Mikey uses his fingers to count zeros.

MIKEY

Well at least it will improve your site and online dating in general.

The EXECUTIVES stand up to shake Scott and Mikey's hands.

EXECUTIVE #2

Oh, we don't want to use it. We'll be keeping it safe and unused indefinitely. Happily married people don't use online dating websites.

Scott and Mikey look at each other. The Executives leave.

INT. ROLLER DERBY ARENA - EVENING

Emma rolls out just ahead of the group and is about to score. Her OPPONENT is catching up to her. She races ahead, leans into Nacho Biatch, smiles, and lets Nacho pummel the OPPONENT to the ground.

INT. ROLLER DERBY ARENA - CHANGE ROOM

Emma holds an ice pack on her head. They laugh and play in the change room. The opposing team comes in, including Aggro Alice. NACHO BIATCH and KISS 'N VINEGAR stand up territorially.

AGGRO ALICE

The other change room is broken. We're changing in here. No trouble.

NACHO BIATCH

Your side, our side.

Ryanne runs in.

RYANNE

Oh god, you stink. You've got to see this.

Ryanne sits beside Emma with her iPad. It's a TED Talk.

CLOSE ON IPAD

SCOTT

What if I told you, "it's in his kiss?" Like the song. What if I told you that it's true.

Scott stands in front of the audience. Scott wears a blazer and a Bay City Bombers t-shirt.

NACHO BIATCH

Nice shirt.

Emma give a WTF look to Ryanne.

SCOTT

Earlier this year, my team and I simulated eighty-eight relationships with one very beautiful, amazing test subject. We learned that, mathematically, love is nearly impossible to predict. But don't get discouraged just yet. We did find something incredible. This.

CLOSE ON ALGORITHM.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This is an algorithm. It's based on a first kiss. That first kiss was the key to giving us a better chance...the best chance possible to find someone that we don't just TOLERATE for the rest of our lives, but someone we want to wake up with, to build a life with. Our methods were not simply unorthodox, but extraordinary. The results are exceptional. This algorithm was supposed to be sold to the highest bidder, but then something happened. Our research team developed a conscience.

Scott takes out a check. He rips it up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We are making this algorithm free for everyone. Everyone deserves a chance at love. I may have found it recently. We want you all to find the same thing.

All the roller girls are crowded around the iPad.

AGGRO ALICE

Is that the little skinny guy?

RYANNE

Yes. And he's in love with Emma.

They look confused.

RYANNE (CONT'D)

Quarter Pound-Her. But he's leaving town.

They all look at Emma.

EMMA

He lied. He manipulated me. And I don't know if he's forever anyway.

RYANNE

If you let him go you are going to be one sorry sack of shit.

Emma looks at the image of Scott on the iPad.

EMMA

But if I kiss him, I'll know. I'll know that it ends.

RYANNE

If you let him go, you'll never know.

EMMA

Why is he leaving town?

RYANNE

When he turned down LOVEONLINE.COM, they set their lawyers on him. He's had an offer to work in New York. He's leaving his apartment, like, now for an interview.

EMMA

How do you know all this?

RYANNE

...I wanted to use the algorithm, so we went out for coffee this morning...

Emma looks at the frozen image of Scott.

EMMA

This whole side of the park is closed for construction. It took me an hour to get here. Maybe I'll send him an email or something. Forget it.

Aggro Alice stands up. Emma's team stands up, ready to fight. The opposing team stands up too.

AGGRO ALICE

Quarter Pound-Her. Stop being such a pussy get out there.

NACHO BIATCH

Goddamn right. We're coming.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

SLOW ON fifteen women in full roller derby regalia skate down the street in a pack. They dodge cars, pedestrians, cyclists. They pass a group of rollerblading teenage boys with astonished looks. Ryanne tows a few skaters on her scooter.

EXT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As they approach the building, Scott comes out of the door with some luggage. The Hot Blond follows him. They laugh together. The roller derby women stop.

Scott sees Emma and the women. He hands the box to The Hot Blond.

SCOTT

Emma? What are you doing here?

Mikey comes out of the apartment with another box. He reaches around the waist of The Hot Blond and kisses her neck.

MIKEY

Mmm. I like it when you're sweaty.

EMMA

This is YOUR girlfriend?

MIKEY

Hey!

SCOTT

Emma...what are you doing here?
I've got a flight.

EMMA

I know. Um...

She looks at Ryanne and the rest of the women.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Scott, you're a womanizer and you have an unrealistic definition of love. But, well, I'm not looking for a guarantee. I don't know what will happen, but if I let you walk out of here I will always wonder what would have happened between us. I want to know.

SCOTT

But if you kiss me you'll know what's going to happen. You'll know it won't work out.

EMMA

I know. It might work out though. I wish there was another way, but I'm going to have to...

She moves closer to him. Inches away. They look at each other. Both are nervous. The roller derby teams watch. Ryanne waits.

And they kiss a passionless kiss.

Emma's eyes are closed. Scott waits with his eyes open. Emma's eyebrows furrow. Her eyes open.

SCOTT

What happened? What's going to happen?

EMMA

Nothing. Nothing happened.

Scott slumps.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't get it. I feel something in my stomach. My heart is pounding. Let's try again...maybe we didn't do it right.

A massive, beautiful kiss. Scott looks at her again. Emma smiles.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I couldn't see anything. I don't
know what's going to happen...

SCOTT
Why are you smiling?

EMMA
I can't see anything.

Emma grabs a PASSER-BY and kiss him. Nothing.

EMMA (CONT'D)
No more predictions. I don't want
to look before I leap. I want to
explore. I want to give it a shot.
Let's just try and see what happens...

Scott smiles. They kiss again. And again.

FADE TO BLACK