

Limo Driver
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EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LIMO COMPANY HQ - DAY

A polished glass office building gleams under the California sun. The parking lot is filled with sleek black limousines. The camera zooms in on the front entrance, where the logo reads: STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE SERVICE - Catering to the Stars of the World.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

(The front desk is sleek and modern, adorned with images of smiling celebrities stepping out of limos at red-carpet events. LENA, a no-nonsense dispatcher in her early 30s, sits at a computer typing furiously while yelling into her headset.)

LENA

(into headset)

Frank, you can't just park in front of the Academy building! No, I don't care if it's only five minutes-back it up!

She glances at the glass door as a large, disheveled figure approaches. ARMEN, our protagonist, bursts in, carrying a plastic grocery bag and wearing a slightly ill-fitting suit. He's already sweating despite the air conditioning.

ARMEN

(breathless, loud)

Hello! Yes, I am here new driver!
Ready to go!

LENA

(muting the headset)

Who are you?

ARMEN

Armen. Armen Azaryan. The new driver. They told me big guy Greg said to come in today.

Lena's eyes widen in disbelief. She fumbles with the computer mouse, clicking around until she finds his application.

LENA
(squints at the screen)
Oh... Armen Azaryan. Our
last-minute hire. (under
her breath) Why do they
keep doing this to me?

Armen holds out the plastic bag
with pride.

ARMEN
I brought dolma! Homemade. You
want? For everyone!

LENA
(flatly)
No, thanks. Listen, just sit over
there until I

Before she can finish, GREG, a sharply dressed middle-aged man with a constant look of stress, strides in, talking on his phone.

GREG
(into phone)
No, I don't care if she's Madonna's
assistant if she pukes in another
limo, she's banned!

He stops dead when he sees Armen.

GREG (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?
You're not supposed to start until
tomorrow!

ARMEN
(smiling proudly)
I come early. Ready to go!

Greg slaps his forehead.

GREG
Fine. Lena, give him something
easy. He can shadow another driver
or something. God help us.

LENA
(sternly)
We're already short-staffed, Greg.
(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)
And the gala tonight--there's no one
left to handle the pick-ups.

Greg looks at Armen's hopeful grin. He exhales sharply.

GREG
(begrudgingly)
Alright, alright. Armen--you're up.
You got lucky, buddy. Tonight,
you're picking up a celebrity from
LAX and taking them to the
Hollywood Gala.

ARMEN
(fist pumps)
Yes! Very nice! I can do this,
boss. Who is it? Kardashian? Tom
Cruise?

Lena types furiously on the computer and prints out a piece
of paper.

LENA
It's Jackson Hunt, Oscar-winning
actor. Flight 739, arriving at
Terminal 4. You know the terminals,
right?

ARMEN
(nods eagerly)
Yes, yes. Of course. I'm very
professional driver. I know them
all!

Lena eyes him suspiciously as she hands over the
instructions.

LENA
Okay. Just... don't mess this up,
Armen. Please.

Armen grabs the paper and stands to attention like a soldier.

ARMEN
I will do this perfectly!

He turns to leave, then abruptly comes back, digging into his
grocery bag.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Wait, dolma for you. No? Okay, I
leave here.

He places the bag of dolma on the reception desk and practically skips out of the office.

Lena and Greg exchange a look.

GREG

If he even manages to get to the airport, I'll call it a success.

Lena looks at the dolma, sighs, and reluctantly takes a piece.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY

The camera follows Armen's limo as it speeds down the freeway, weaving in and out of traffic. He's got a thick cigar clamped between his teeth and Armenian folk music blaring from the speakers.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

Armen's driving is aggressive—his hands dart back and forth between the steering wheel and his phone, where he's scrolling through the passenger details.

ARMEN

(to himself)

Terminal 4, Terminal 4... okay,
where is terminal 4?

He veers sharply, the limo swerving dangerously close to a family in a minivan. Horns blare around him.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

(shouting out the window)

It's okay! Professional driver! Big-time limo service!

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - ARRIVALS TERMINAL - DAY

The limo screeches to a halt—right in front of Terminal 7, not Terminal 4. Armen squints at the signs, then nods confidently.

ARMEN

Yes, this is good. He will find me.

Armen hops out and adjusts his jacket, holding a crumpled sign that reads JACKSON HUNT in messy handwriting. He looks around expectantly.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - TERMINAL 4 ARRIVALS - DAY

JACKSON HUNT, mid-40s, tall, with the unmistakable air of Hollywood royalty, scans the crowd of waiting drivers with professional signs.

But there's no sign of Armen.

Jackson frowns, pulls out his phone, and dials.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - TERMINAL 7 - DAY

Armen's phone rings. He checks the caller ID and answers, still grinning.

ARMEN

Hello! Armen Limo Service! I'm here!

JACKSON

(curtly)

Where exactly is here?

Armen looks around, clueless.

ARMEN

I'm right in front of Terminal 4.

JACKSON

No, you're not. I'm at Terminal 4, and you're not here.

Armen scratches his head, looks at the giant TERMINAL 7 sign above him, and smacks his forehead.

ARMEN

Ah, yes! Sorry, small mistake. I'm coming!

He jumps back into the limo, the sign falling to the ground, and floors it—nearly causing another accident.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - TERMINAL 4 ARRIVALS - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson, frustrated, watches as Armen's limo screeches to a stop. Armen jumps out, waving frantically.

ARMEN

Sorry, sorry! Traffic! So crazy!
Please, come, come!

Jackson sighs deeply, but his ride has arrived. He gives Armen a withering look.

JACKSON

Next time, read the instructions.

ARMEN

(smiling broadly)
Yes, of course! Perfect
instructions! I get you there in no
time!

Jackson rolls his eyes and gets into the limo.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

Welcome, Mr. Hunt. Armenian music
okay? Very relaxing!

Jackson just stares ahead, unamused.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

The limo cruises down the freeway. Armen takes a wrong exit but confidently powers through, unaware that they're now heading toward the opposite side of town.

Jackson glances at his phone GPS, then at Armen.

JACKSON

We're going the wrong way.

Armen looks puzzled but shrugs.

ARMEN

No, no. Shortcut! I know very well.
Best way. Trust me.

Jackson raises an eyebrow, then leans back with a resigned sigh. The camera zooms out as they speed further away from their intended destination.

INT. LIMOUSINE - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Armen's limo weaves through LA's congested streets. Jackson, still on edge, looks out the window as they pass a series of tourist traps and seedy souvenir shops. The limo stops abruptly at a red light.

JACKSON
(muttering)
This is nowhere near the gala.

ARMEN
(smiling, proud)
Yes, it's shortcut! See, no traffic
here! We get there very fast.

Jackson massages his temples in frustration. He glances at the GPS on his phone.

JACKSON
(slowly)
You've taken us 15 miles off-
course.

Armen squints at Jackson's phone and waves dismissively.

ARMEN
Ah, you're looking at GPS! No good!
I know LA like the back of my hand.
GPS always confused here—doesn't
know Armen's route!

Armen takes a sudden turn, and Jackson jolts forward as the car jerks down a narrow alleyway filled with dumpsters.

JACKSON
(growing irritated)
Are you sure this is—

The limo skids to a halt, and they both hear a loud scraping sound. Armen cringes.

ARMEN
(tentative)
Ah, maybe a little narrow...

Armen attempts to reverse, but the limo is now wedged between two crumbling brick walls. Jackson's eyes widen.

JACKSON
(stunned)
You've got to be kidding me.

Armen puts the car in park and gets out to assess the situation. The alleyway is so tight, there's hardly any space between the limo and the walls. Armen scratches his head and takes out his phone.

ARMEN
One second, Mr. Hunt. I fix this.

JACKSON
No, no. Wait--don't call--

Too late. Armen dials and holds the phone to his ear.

ARMEN
(into phone)
Lena! Hi! We have small problem.
Car little bit... stuck. But no
worry. I figure it out.

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - SAME TIME

Lena's eyes go wide as she listens. She slams her hands on the desk, knocking over her coffee.

LENA
(yelling into headset)
You what?! Armen, where are you?!

INTERCUT BETWEEN LENA AND ARMEN

ARMEN
(casually)
Um, somewhere off Hollywood. Took
shortcut. But don't worry, I--

LENA
(screaming)
There are no shortcuts in
Hollywood, you maniac! That's
Jackson Hunt in your car. If you
don't get him to the gala in ten
minutes, you're fired!

ARMEN
(firmly)
Okay, okay. No problem.

Armen hangs up, then turns back to Jackson with a sheepish grin.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
They send tow truck. Fifteen,
twenty minutes max. Very fast.

Jackson's jaw drops.

JACKSON
Are you serious? I'm the keynote
speaker tonight. I'm supposed to be
on stage in... (checks his watch)
Ten minutes.

Armen nods slowly as if considering this seriously.

ARMEN
Hmm, okay. Maybe you walk little
bit? Faster than car. I can carry
bags!

Jackson lets out a dry laugh, part disbelief, part anger.

JACKSON
Walk?! Do you have any idea who I
am?

ARMEN
(grins)
Of course! You are Jackson Hunt!
Big movie star! Many awards, no?

Jackson, now glaring, throws open the door and steps out.
He's dressed in a tuxedo—completely out of place for the
grimy alley.

JACKSON
Alright, I'm calling another car.
Just—stay here.

Jackson pulls out his phone and starts dialing as he walks
away.

ARMEN
(walking after him)
No, no, please, Mr. Hunt. I fix, I
promise!

Jackson ignores him and keeps walking. Armen's gaze darts
around as he tries to think of a solution. He looks up and
sees a bicycle messenger rolling past the alley entrance.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
(excitedly)
Yes! Wait here!

Before Jackson can react, Armen runs up to the messenger, shoving a handful of cash into his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson stands on the sidewalk, still on his phone, when a loud HONK sounds. He turns to see Armen coming toward him—on a rickety pedicab, the messenger pedaling furiously.

JACKSON
(utter disbelief)
What in the...

Armen hops off the back and gestures grandly to the pedicab.

ARMEN
Mr. Hunt! New ride! Very eco-
friendly! We get there fast!

Jackson shakes his head in disbelief, but before he can protest, Armen hops into the back seat of the pedicab and gestures for Jackson to join him.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Come, come! No time to waste!

JACKSON
You've got to be kidding...

But Jackson realizes he's out of options. Grumbling, he climbs into the pedicab.

ARMEN
Very good! You'll see—we get there
with time to spare!

The messenger pedals like his life depends on it, with Armen pointing out directions. They weave through stopped traffic, nearly knocking over a street vendor and narrowly missing a double-decker tourist bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD GALA - RED CARPET ENTRANCE - DAY

A throng of reporters, cameras flashing, and an elegant red carpet lead up to the gala entrance. Expensive cars pull up, disgorging celebrities in designer gowns and tuxedos.

Suddenly, the crowd turns to see the pedicab pulling up to the red carpet. The murmur of excitement turns into gasps of confusion and laughter as Armen and Jackson disembark.

Jackson's face is red with embarrassment, but Armen proudly straightens his jacket and steps forward.

ARMEN
(smiling and waving)
Mr. Jackson Hunt, everyone! Big
star!

Jackson turns to Armen, his expression unreadable.

JACKSON
(sternly)
Never. Do this. Again.

But before Armen can respond, a wave of reporters rush over.

REPORTER 1
Jackson, did you really arrive on a
bike?

REPORTER 2
What a statement! You're supporting
eco-friendly transport?

Jackson hesitates, then nods slowly. The crowd erupts in applause.

REPORTER 3
This is such a bold move! Is this
the inspiration for your next
project?

Armen beams and pats Jackson on the back.

ARMEN
See? Big success!

Jackson forces a tight smile and steps away, giving Armen a final glare.

JACKSON
Just... get the limo to the exit by
the end of the event.

ARMEN
(nods eagerly)
Of course! It will be there,
perfect timing!

Jackson sighs and makes his way up the red carpet, while Armen hops back onto the pedicab, the messenger giving him an incredulous look.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
(to the messenger)
Back to limo! Quick-quick!

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Lena is packing up her things, exhaustion written on her face. Just as she turns off her computer, the door bursts open. Armen enters, grinning ear to ear.

ARMEN
Hello! Very good day! Everything
perfect!

Lena stares at him, speechless.

LENA
Perfect? You got Jackson Hunt to a
gala on a pedicab!

ARMEN
(smiling proudly)
Yes! People love it! They cheer!
Good for environment, yes?

Lena looks like she's about to explode, but she checks her phone, sees a message, and frowns. She squints at Armen, then at the message again.

LENA
Wait... he left a review.

ARMEN
(giddy)
Five stars? Very nice, right?

Lena's mouth drops open.

LENA
(stunned)
He... said you're 'unorthodox but effective.' Greg's going to have a heart attack.

Armen's smile grows even wider. He pulls out a new, pristine business card and hands it to Lena.

ARMEN
For you. I make special cards—Armen's Special Limo Service. You call me anytime!

Lena blinks, then chuckles in spite of herself.

LENA
(sighing)
Armen, you're insane.

Armen takes a deep bow, waving his hand with a flourish.

ARMEN
Thank you very much! That's why they hire me.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Armen stands by the coffee machine, filling a small cup to the brim, spilling half of it onto the counter. He's humming to himself when the door to the manager's office bursts open. Greg storms out, holding a tablet with a furious expression.

GREG
(shouting)
Armen!

Armen turns, still smiling, and raises his cup in greeting.

ARMEN
Good morning, boss!

GREG
(fuming)
Morning? It's already noon! And look at this! Your 'performance' last night has gone viral!

He thrusts the tablet at Armen, who squints at the screen. A YouTube video titled "Jackson Hunt's Wild Pedicab Arrival!" is playing, already racking up millions of views.

ARMEN
(proudly)
Yes, very good, no?

GREG
No! Not good! Do you have any idea how much this company's image is built on elegance and reliability? And you—you show up on a pedicab?!

ARMEN
(smiling)
But Jackson liked it. He say I'm effective!

Greg closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and lowers his voice.

GREG
(through gritted teeth)
Look, Armen, I can't keep letting you screw up like this. The board wants to fire you.

Armen's face falls. For a moment, he looks genuinely worried.

ARMEN
But I need this job, boss. I'm very good driver! Very—how you say—dedicated!

Greg softens slightly, letting out a long sigh.

GREG
Okay, fine. You've got one more chance. Today, you've got an easy pickup: a big-shot music producer, Roy Goldstein. He's going to a meeting in Beverly Hills. Just... take him there, no detours, no shortcuts, and for God's sake—no bikes.

ARMEN
(nods furiously)
Yes, boss! No bikes, no shortcuts! Straight line, no problem!

GREG
(doubtful)
I'll be monitoring you.

He hands Armen a new phone with a tracking app pulled up.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm going to watch every turn you
make. Got it?

Armen salutes awkwardly, spilling the rest of his coffee.

ARMEN
Got it! Very easy!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION - DAY

The imposing gates of a sprawling mansion swing open as Armen's limo pulls up. He parks, straightens his tie, and hurries out, nearly tripping on the curb. With a flourish, he opens the back door.

ARMEN
(smiling)
Mr. Goldstein, welcome! I am Armen,
your driver for today.

ROY GOLDSTEIN, a sharply dressed, balding man in his late 50s, steps out with a phone glued to his ear. He doesn't even glance at Armen, instead snapping his fingers impatiently.

ROY
(into phone)
No, I don't care what she wants! If
she can't hit those notes, she's
out. Get me the studio file, now!

Roy finally looks at Armen, sighs, and jerks his head toward the trunk.

ROY (CONT'D)
My bags. Let's go. I'm already
late.

Armen scrambles to load the bags, fumbling with the heavy cases. He closes the trunk and hurries back to the driver's seat.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Armen adjusts the rearview mirror, catching Roy's eye.

ARMEN

So, Mr. Goldstein—big producer,
huh? Many hit songs?

Roy glances up, annoyed, and puts his phone down.

ROY

Yeah, something like that. Listen,
pal, I'm not in the mood for chit-
chat, alright? Just get me to the
meeting on time.

ARMEN

(nods vigorously)

Yes, yes, no talking. But I must
say, I love music. What you think
of Armenian music? Very soulful,
yes?

Roy stares at him blankly.

ROY

You gotta be kidding me.

ARMEN

(undeterred)

I can play for you, if you like. I
have great collection! My cousin is
singer, very famous back home!

Roy pinches the bridge of his nose.

ROY

(tersely)

No music. Just drive.

Armen grins, then notices a side road that looks less
congested.

ARMEN

Ah, see? Shortcut! I get you there faster!

ROY

No, don't you-hey!

Too late. Armen veers sharply, taking the side road. The limo bounces over a pothole, causing Roy to lurch forward.

ROY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

ARMEN

Shortcut! Don't worry, I do this all the time!

The side road quickly turns into a narrow lane with construction barriers on either side. Armen weaves through them, humming a tune as if this were a Sunday drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW CONSTRUCTION LANE - DAY

The limo squeezes through a tiny gap, scraping against a barrier. A loud clang echoes through the street as Armen clips a sign that reads ROAD CLOSED. Roy's eyes bulge.

ROY

Are you insane?! That was a..

Suddenly, a loud honk blasts from behind them. Roy twists around in his seat to see a massive dump truck barreling down the lane, its driver waving angrily.

ARMEN

(smiling)

No problem! We make space!

Armen guns the engine, the limo speeding through the construction zone. Workers dive out of the way as he swerves past orange cones and construction vehicles. The limo narrowly misses a cement mixer and bursts out onto a clear road, leaving chaos in its wake.

Roy's hands are gripping the seat for dear life.

ROY
(panting)
Are you trying to kill us?!

ARMEN
(big grin)
No, no! I save time! We there in
five minutes!

Roy looks around, realizing they're actually closer to their destination.

ROY
Wait... we are?

Armen beams, clearly proud of himself.

ARMEN
Yes! Armen's special route. Very
fast!

Roy's phone buzzes. He answers it, still shaken.

ROY
(into phone)
Yeah, yeah, I'm almost there...
What? The studio's closing early?
Okay, I'll be right there.

He hangs up, then looks at Armen with something resembling respect—or perhaps confusion.

ROY (CONT'D)
You're lucky, pal. If you hadn't
pulled that stunt, I'd have missed
the studio manager.

Armen winks in the rearview mirror.

ARMEN
See? Armen's way, very effective!

Roy sighs and leans back, shaking his head.

ROY
Just... don't tell anyone I said
that.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

The limo glides to a stop in front of a pristine office building. Roy gathers his things and hesitates, glancing at Armen one last time.

ROY
Listen... you did a decent job,
alright? But next time, just follow
the GPS.

Armen nods enthusiastically.

ARMEN
Of course, Mr. Goldstein! Armen
always follow GPS—my own GPS, here!
(taps his head)

Roy can't help but smile a little. He exits the limo, and Armen waves cheerfully after him.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Thank you! Call Armen anytime!

Roy shakes his head in disbelief as he walks into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - DAY

Greg and Lena are huddled over the tracking screen, watching Armen's route unfold in real-time. They both cringe as the tracker shows Armen's detour through the construction zone.

GREG
I'm going to lose my mind...

The phone rings, and Lena answers hesitantly.

LENA
Starlight Limo, how can I help you?

Her eyes widen as she listens. Greg watches nervously.

LENA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Oh... uh-huh... right...
Yes, thank you, Mr.
Goldstein. We'll- (she
glances at Greg, stunned)
-we'll make sure Armen is
on your next trip.
She hangs up slowly, turning to
Greg.

GREG
What? What did he say?

LENA
He... wants Armen again.

Greg's jaw drops.

GREG
You're kidding me.

Lena smirks, shaking her head.

LENA
Apparently, Armen's 'shortcut'
saved the day. He actually made a
good impression.

Greg stares at the screen, then at the office door, where
Armen is just returning, still grinning ear to ear.

GREG
This guy's a walking disaster...
and they love him.

Armen waves from the door.

ARMEN
Hello! I finish job early! Who's
next?

Lena and Greg exchange a look, then burst into laughter,
exasperated but somehow relieved.

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - LATE EVENING

The office is quiet. Lena sits at her desk, going through a pile of documents, while Greg stares at a wall-mounted TV, watching a local news segment.

ON TV SCREEN:

A local anchor grins at the camera. A headline at the bottom reads: HOLLYWOOD'S MAD LIMO DRIVER - A LEGEND IN THE MAKING?

ANCHOR

And in tonight's top story, it seems Hollywood's hottest new sensation isn't a movie star or singer, but a limo driver! Armen Azaryan, affectionately dubbed "The Mad Driver of LA," has become a viral hit after a string of bizarre yet oddly successful driving escapades. From picking up the wrong VIPs to navigating red carpets on a pedicab, Armen's become the go-to driver for those seeking a truly... unique experience.

The footage cuts to a clip of Armen's wild pedicab ride with Jackson Hunt, followed by the shot of the limo stuck in a narrow alleyway.

BACK TO OFFICE:

Greg groans and turns off the TV. He glances at Lena, who smirks.

LENA

You have to admit, it's kind of impressive. He's getting more press than the company itself.

Greg slumps into his chair, shaking his head.

GREG

Impressive? The guy's a walking catastrophe. I've got clients demanding his services—and the board demanding his head. I'm going to lose my mind.

Just then, the office door opens, and Armen strolls in, wearing his usual too-cheerful grin. He holds up a magazine with his face on the cover.

ARMEN

Look, boss! I'm in the paper! They say I'm... (he squints at the headline) a 'folk hero'? What is that?

Greg stares at the magazine, then at Armen. He looks like he's about to explode but then deflates, sighing deeply.

GREG

Armen, we need to talk.

Armen's smile falters.

ARMEN

Is okay, boss? Did I do something wrong again?

GREG

It's not about one thing, Armen. It's about everything. You're breaking every rule, every protocol. You're turning the company into a circus.

Armen blinks, clearly not understanding.

ARMEN

Circus? Like clowns?

GREG

(exasperated)

Yes, Armen. Like clowns. Look, the board wants to fire you. But the clients—God knows why—they love you. So, I'm giving you one last chance.

Armen straightens up, looking serious for once.

ARMEN

Okay, boss. Tell me what to do. I fix it.

Greg pulls out a neatly typed list and hands it to Armen.

GREG

Follow these rules to the letter. No shortcuts. No weird detours. No unapproved stops. And— (he points to a bolded section) —absolutely no more crazy stunts. Got it?

Armen nods eagerly.

ARMEN

Yes, boss! I do everything by the book!

Greg raises an eyebrow, unconvinced.

GREG

Good. Because your next client is the most important one yet. He's a reclusive tech billionaire—Lance Woodruff. If you screw this up, we're all finished. Understand?

Armen's eyes widen.

ARMEN

Billionaire? Very serious man, no? I make very good impression!

Greg sighs and waves him off.

GREG

Just get him to his destination in one piece. Please.

Armen salutes with his usual flourish, nearly knocking over a lamp.

ARMEN

No problem, boss! Armen is on the job!

CUT TO:

INT. LANCE WOODRUFF'S ESTATE - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

A sprawling, ultra-modern mansion sits atop a hill, surrounded by high walls and a heavy security presence. Armen's limo pulls up to the front gate, and he peers out, whistling at the sight.

A pair of armed guards approach the limo. Armen rolls down the window and waves enthusiastically.

ARMEN

Hello! I'm here to pick up Mr. Woodruff. Big, important man!

The guards exchange wary looks, then one steps forward, holding a tablet.

GUARD
ID, please.

Armen fumbles around in his pockets, finally producing his driver's license and business card. The guard scans them, then nods and motions for the gate to open.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Drive in slowly. No sudden moves.

Armen salutes, his movements comically exaggerated.

ARMEN
Of course! Slow as snail!

He inches forward, creeping along the driveway at a comically slow speed until the guards, visibly annoyed, wave for him to speed up.

CUT TO:

INT. LANCE WOODRUFF'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is a cavernous space filled with high-tech gadgets and modern art. LANCE WOODRUFF, mid-40s, thin and anxious-looking, paces back and forth. He's dressed in a designer suit that seems to hang off him awkwardly, as if he's not used to wearing it.

His personal assistant, MARLA, a brisk woman in her 30s, hands him a glass of water.

MARLA
Sir, your driver has arrived.

Lance looks up, visibly nervous.

LANCE
Driver? Oh, right. Yes. Um... I haven't been out in public for a while. You're sure this is necessary?

MARLA
You've been invited to the charity gala, Mr. Woodruff. It's important to make an appearance.

Lance hesitates, then nods weakly.

LANCE
Okay... okay, I can do this.

Marla gives him an encouraging smile and leads him to the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANCE WOODRUFF'S ESTATE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Armen is outside the limo, dusting off the hood with a handkerchief. He straightens up as Lance and Marla approach, flashing his biggest smile.

ARMEN
Hello, Mr. Woodruff! I'm Armen,
your driver today. Very
professional. Very safe.

Lance eyes him suspiciously.

LANCE
Yes... thank you. Just--no talking,
alright? I need... silence.

Armen nods, holding a finger to his lips.

ARMEN
Of course! No talking! Like a
mouse!

Lance blinks, then reluctantly climbs into the back seat. Armen closes the door gently, then hurries to the driver's seat.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

The limo glides down the hill, heading toward the main road. Lance sits stiffly in the back, clutching his hands together.

Armen glances at him in the rearview mirror, his mouth twitching as if it's taking all his willpower not to speak. Finally, he clears his throat softly.

ARMEN
(speaking softly)
Uh, Mr. Woodruff? You look a little
tense. Maybe... uh, deep breath?

Lance glares at him.

LANCE
I said no talking.

Armen's eyes widen. He makes a zipping motion over his lips.

ARMEN
(whispering)
No talking, yes. Quiet like the
wind.

A few moments pass in silence. Then, Armen can't help himself.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Still quiet. Not a peep. Like cat
sneaking up on bird.

Lance's eyes narrow dangerously.

LANCE
Are you trying to get fired?

ARMEN
(fumbling)
No, no! Just... you know...
helping!

Lance shakes his head, muttering something under his breath. Armen grips the steering wheel, glancing around nervously.

Suddenly, the limo comes to a slow stop as traffic grinds to a halt.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Uh-oh. Traffic jam. But no problem!
Armen knows all the best shortcuts!

Lance looks horrified.

LANCE
No, no! Just stay on this road!

But Armen's already veering off onto a side street.

ARMEN
Relax, Mr. Woodruff! Armen has you
covered!

The limo takes a sharp turn down a narrow alley, then another into a labyrinth of backstreets. Lance's face grows pale as they weave through sketchy neighborhoods and unexpected roadblocks.

LANCE
(voice shaking)
What... what is this place?

ARMEN
Shortcut! Very good one. We'll be
there in no time!

As the limo barrels through a crowded farmer's market, Lance squeezes his eyes shut.

LANCE
I think I'm going to be sick...

Armen looks worried, then spots a food truck selling shawarma. He brightens.

ARMEN
Shawarma! Very good for upset
stomach! Wait here!

He throws the limo in park, much to Lance's shock, and dashes out to buy a shawarma. Lance stares after him, his mouth hanging open.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

Armen pushes through the crowd at the market, waving at the bewildered vendors as he beelines toward the shawarma truck. He's oblivious to the confused stares as he loudly orders.

ARMEN
(to vendor)
One shawarma! Extra pickles,
please. Make it quick-my boss is
having a small panic attack!

The vendor, used to odd requests, quickly wraps up a shawarma and hands it over. Armen grins, throws a couple of bills on the counter, and hurries back toward the limo.

INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

Lance sits hunched in the back seat, his face pale and sweaty. He's on the verge of a breakdown when Armen bursts back in, holding out the shawarma like it's a priceless treasure.

ARMEN

Ta-da! Special shawarma, best in
LA. Good for calming nerves!

Lance stares at the shawarma, then at Armen. He's speechless for a moment, then, to Armen's surprise, he snatches the shawarma and takes a small, tentative bite. He chews slowly, and to his own astonishment, he lets out a deep breath and visibly relaxes.

LANCE

(mumbling)
It's... actually good.

Armen's face lights up.

ARMEN

See? Armen knows! Food is medicine.
Now, we go, yes?

Lance nods numbly, still holding the shawarma as Armen maneuvers the limo back onto a main road.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Lance takes another bite of shawarma, looking out the window as they drive. The silence is almost peaceful, with Armen humming softly to himself.

LANCE

(reluctantly)
So... what's your story?

Armen's eyes widen in the rearview mirror.

ARMEN

Oh! My story? Very long story. But
okay! I was born in small village
in Armenia. Very poor.

(MORE)

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Family worked hard—mother still
calls me every day to say, 'Armen,
why you not back in grocery store?'

Lance raises an eyebrow, intrigued despite himself.

LANCE
You own a grocery store?

ARMEN
(nods vigorously)
Yes! Small one, but very good! I
came to America to make something
big. But... maybe driving limos is
big enough, you know?

Lance chews thoughtfully, studying Armen.

LANCE
And you like it? Driving people
around?

Armen's smile fades a little, becoming more genuine.

ARMEN
(smiling softly)
Yes. I like meeting people. Hearing
their stories. Driving is not about
the destination—it's about what
happens on the way.

Lance blinks, surprised by the sudden depth in Armen's words.

LANCE
Huh... never thought of it like
that.

Armen shrugs, and the mood lightens again as he points out
the window.

ARMEN
Look! Sunset Boulevard! We take a
little detour—see all the stars'
homes! Very nice!

Lance's eyes widen in alarm, but he catches himself, taking a
deep breath.

LANCE
(slowly)
Armen... no more detours. Just get
me to the gala. Please.

ARMEN
(grinning sheepishly)
Okay, okay. No more detours.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CHARITY GALA - RED CARPET ENTRANCE - DAY

The limo pulls up smoothly to the grand entrance of the Hollywood Charity Gala. Flashing cameras and elegantly dressed guests swarm around the entrance. Armen steps out and hurriedly opens the back door.

Lance hesitates, glancing at the mass of people. His grip tightens on the shawarma, then he squares his shoulders and steps out.

Immediately, the cameras flash, and a murmur of surprise ripples through the crowd. Lance Woodruff, the reclusive billionaire, is actually making an appearance.

REPORTER 1
(shouting)
Mr. Woodruff! What brings you out tonight?

REPORTER 2
Are you planning a new project?

Lance takes a deep breath, looks back at Armen, who gives him an encouraging thumbs-up, and then turns to the reporters.

LANCE
I'm here... to support a cause I believe in. And... to take a chance.

The reporters lean in, eager for more.

REPORTER 3
A chance? What kind of chance?

Lance smiles faintly, lifting the shawarma as if to make a toast.

LANCE
A chance to trust... in new directions.

The reporters glance at each other, confused but intrigued. Lance nods once, then makes his way up the red carpet, leaving Armen standing proudly beside the limo.

Armen turns to a young valet standing nearby, who's staring at him in awe.

ARMEN

(smiling)

See? You just have to take shortcut sometimes.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - NIGHT

Lena and Greg are watching the live broadcast of the gala, slack-jawed. The footage of Lance's arrival plays repeatedly, with the news anchors marveling at his unexpected presence.

NEWS ANCHOR

It seems Lance Woodruff, who hasn't made a public appearance in years, has finally stepped back into the spotlight. And it all started with a ride from his new personal driver—a certain Armen Azaryan.

Greg slams his hand down on the desk.

GREG

Unbelievable. The guy nearly kills the most important client we've ever had, and somehow... somehow... it works out!

Lena smirks, shaking her head.

LENA

That's Armen for you. He doesn't just break the rules—he rewrites them.

Greg throws his hands up in exasperation.

GREG

I can't deal with this. He's—he's got to be an alien or something!

Before Lena can respond, the office door flies open, and Armen bursts in, still buzzing with excitement.

ARMEN

Hello, everyone! Did you see? Mr. Woodruff had very good time! I even gave him shawarma—his first shawarma!

Greg buries his face in his hands, groaning.

GREG

Armen... you're going to give me a heart attack.

Armen tilts his head, puzzled.

ARMEN

But... good heart attack, yes?

Lena bursts into laughter, and even Greg can't help but crack a small, reluctant smile.

GREG

Just—get some rest. No more driving tonight. We'll talk in the morning.

Armen gives a jaunty salute, then pulls out his phone as it buzzes. He answers excitedly.

ARMEN

Hello, Mama! Yes, big success! No, I didn't set anything on fire. Yes, yes, I'll bring dolma tomorrow!

Lena and Greg exchange amused looks as Armen strolls out of the office, still chattering in Armenian.

GREG

(sighing)

He's never going to change, is he?

LENA

(grinning)

Do you really want him to?

Greg watches the door for a long moment, then shakes his head, chuckling softly.

GREG

Maybe not. Maybe not.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

A few weeks later. Armen's limo cruises down the freeway, his hands relaxed on the wheel. The city skyline looms in the background. The camera zooms in on his smiling face.

ARMEN
(to himself)
Lance was right. Sometimes... you
just take a chance.

He pulls off the freeway, taking a seemingly random exit. As the limo meanders through the backstreets, the sound of sirens fills the air. Armen's eyes narrow as he spots a car pulled over, smoke billowing from under the hood.

A young woman, dressed in a stylish yet frantic manner, waves her arms desperately.

Armen pulls over and leans out the window.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Hello! Need a lift?

The woman's eyes widen in recognition.

WOMAN
Wait... you're the Armen guy! The
crazy limo driver!

Armen grins and shrugs modestly.

ARMEN
Yes, that's me. Crazy but reliable.
Where you need to go?

WOMAN
I—I'm supposed to be on set in ten
minutes! Can you get me there?

Armen's grin widens as he gestures to the back seat.

ARMEN
Hop in! Armen's way always gets you
there.

The woman hesitates, then jumps into the back seat. Armen peels away from the curb, his expression one of total confidence.

The limo swerves through traffic, takes a sharp turn, and speeds down a series of back alleys. The camera zooms out as the limo cuts through the city, winding down the roads that only Armen knows.

FADE OUT.

ARMEN (V.O.)
(smirking)
Sometimes the wrong road... is the
only way to get where you're going.

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - MORNING

Lena stands at the coffee machine, watching the brown liquid fill her cup with a distant look in her eyes. She's clearly lost in thought. In the background, Armen is talking animatedly on the phone, a big grin on his face.

ARMEN
(into phone, in Armenian)
Yes, Mama! I know... I know, I
should visit more often. But I'm
very busy--lots of famous people,
very important rides!

He laughs heartily, unaware that Lena is glancing over at him every few seconds. He finally hangs up and strolls over, his smile widening as he sees her.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Good morning, Lena! You look
very... how to say... glowing
today!

Lena's cheeks flush slightly. She clears her throat, focusing on her coffee.

LENA
Just... a normal morning. But
thanks, Armen. How's your mom?

Armen's face lights up even more at the mention of his mother.

ARMEN
Oh, she's very good! Always telling
me to eat more, sleep more, get
married... you know how mothers
are.

Lena's smile falters slightly at the last part.

LENA
(getting a little
defensive)
Yeah... they can be pretty intense
sometimes.

Armen nods, not noticing the shift in her tone. He leans closer, dropping his voice conspiratorially.

ARMEN
Actually, I think she wants to meet
everyone at the office. I told her
all about you—how you're the brains
behind the whole operation!

Lena's eyes widen.

LENA
You... told her about me?

Armen nods earnestly.

ARMEN
Of course! She thinks you must be
very smart, very beautiful. I said
yes, but also very busy—no time for
men! Right?

Lena's mouth opens, then closes, caught completely off guard. Before she can respond, Greg's voice cuts through the air.

GREG
Lena! Armen! My office—now.

CUT TO:

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - DAY

Greg is pacing back and forth behind his desk. Lena and Armen sit across from him, Armen with his usual smile and Lena looking slightly uncomfortable.

GREG
(stopping, pointing a
finger)
Look, we've got a problem here. A
big problem.

Armen looks confused.

ARMEN

Problem? Did I get the wrong
celebrity again?

GREG

(sighing)

No, Armen. It's not about
that. It's... (he glances
at Lena) about this...
thing between you two.

Lena shifts uncomfortably in her
seat.

LENA

What? There's no "thing." We're
just-colleagues.

Greg rolls his eyes.

GREG

Don't give me that. I've seen the
way you look at him, and it's
starting to affect his work. And
Armen... you're becoming even
more... well, Armen-like around
her.

Armen's brows furrow.

ARMEN

What's wrong with being more me?

GREG

Everything! (sighing) Lena, every
time you're around, he gets
distracted. And when Armen's
distracted, clients end up... (he
throws his hands up) God knows
where!

Lena crosses her arms defensively.

LENA

Greg, that's not fair. It's not
like I'm-

GREG

No, it is fair. I'm the one who has to take the calls from billionaires, producers, and actors who are either raving about Armen's "unique approach" or threatening to sue us. And guess what? Most of those calls happen after you two have one of your little "talks."

Armen frowns, glancing between them.

ARMEN

Wait, are you saying... I'm not good driver because of Lena?

Greg sighs, softening a little.

GREG

No, Armen. You're... well, you're never a good driver, but you get by because you're focused. But lately, you've been—how do I put this—more reckless than usual. And I can't afford that. The board's already on my back as it is.

Lena looks down, her expression conflicted.

LENA

So what are you saying, Greg?

Greg looks at her pointedly.

GREG

I'm saying... you need to keep things professional. No more cozy chats. No more... whatever this is. I can't have you two turning this place into a soap opera. Understood?

Lena bites her lip, nodding reluctantly. Armen's face falls, his usual cheer dimming slightly.

ARMEN

But... we're friends. We can't even talk?

GREG

(sighs)

You can talk. Just... not here. Not while you're supposed to be working. Got it?

There's a tense silence. Finally, Armen nods slowly.

ARMEN

Okay, boss. Armen understands.

Greg looks relieved but still wary.

GREG

Good. Now, Armen, you've got a pickup in thirty minutes. A fashion designer—Camille Dupont. Please, just... keep it simple. No weird stops, no surprises.

Armen nods, standing up with a resigned smile.

ARMEN

Yes, boss. Straight line. Very boring.

He turns to Lena, his expression soft.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

Maybe we talk later? After work?

Lena glances at Greg, who gives her a warning look. She sighs and nods, managing a small smile.

LENA

Yeah... maybe.

Armen's smile returns, a little brighter, and he waves cheerfully as he leaves the office. Greg collapses into his chair with a groan.

GREG

(sighing)

This is a disaster waiting to happen...

Lena fidgets, looking uncomfortable.

LENA

I'll... I'll keep my distance. But it's not easy. He's—he's sweet. And genuine.

Greg leans forward, his expression serious.

GREG

I get it, Lena. But if you care about him—and I think you do—then you need to help him stay out of trouble. And right now, you are the trouble.

Lena looks stunned, then nods slowly, understanding the weight of his words.

LENA

Yeah... I get it.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Armen's limo glides through the city streets. He's unusually quiet, his gaze distant as he drives. He passes by a park, where he sees a young couple laughing and feeding pigeons. He smiles faintly, then shakes his head as if brushing the thought away.

The GPS chimes, signaling a turn. Armen glances at it, then at the road ahead.

ARMEN (TO HIMSELF)

Straight line. No shortcuts.

He sighs deeply and follows the GPS instructions. The limo continues on its course, moving steadily through the city.

EXT. FASHION DESIGNER'S STUDIO - DAY

The limo pulls up to an elegant studio building. Armen steps out and opens the door for CAMILLE DUPONT, a chic, no-nonsense woman in her early 40s, dressed in a designer suit. She steps into the limo with a curt nod.

CAMILLE

(beaming)

Good afternoon. Straight to the venue, please. No stops, no fuss. I'm on a tight schedule.

Armen nods obediently.

ARMEN

Yes, ma'am. No stops. No fuss.

Camille settles into the backseat, pulling out her phone. Armen starts driving, his expression distant.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

As Armen drives, his phone buzzes. He glances at the screen and sees a message from Lena: "Hey, sorry about earlier. Maybe we can talk after work?"

A small smile tugs at Armen's lips. He's about to respond when the limo hits a bump, causing Camille to drop her phone. She fumbles for it, irritation flashing across her face.

CAMILLE
(frustrated)
Careful! This is a custom-built
suit! Do you know how much these
fabrics cost?

Armen straightens up, his hands gripping the steering wheel.

ARMEN
Sorry, ma'am. Won't happen again.

But his eyes keep flicking to his phone. As the limo cruises through an intersection, Armen's attention wavers, and he accidentally takes a wrong turn.

GPS VOICE
Recalculating... make a U-turn at
the next opportunity.

Camille's head snaps up.

CAMILLE
What was that? Are we off route?

Armen swallows, forcing a smile.

ARMEN
Just small detour. Fix in two
minutes!

Camille glares at him through the rearview mirror.

CAMILLE
No detours! I'm already late!

Armen nods vigorously, panic creeping into his voice.

ARMEN

Yes, yes, of course! Armen will get
you there—no problem!

He quickly makes a U-turn, but in his haste, he swerves too sharply, causing Camille's drink to spill onto her designer suit.

CAMILLE

(shrieking)

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Camille gasps, staring at the spreading stain on her custom suit. Her face turns a furious shade of red.

CAMILLE

(shrieking)

What have you done?! This suit cost
more than your entire year's
salary!

Armen's face goes pale. He glances back helplessly, reaching for a napkin.

ARMEN

I'm so sorry! Let me—let me clean
it—

Camille recoils, holding up a hand.

CAMILLE

Don't you dare come near me!
Just—just get me to the venue!

Armen nods frantically and speeds up, the tires screeching as he merges back onto the correct route. The GPS recalibrates, and the silence in the car is tense and suffocating.

Camille pulls out a compact mirror, inspecting the damage with a look of absolute horror.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

(furious)

This is a disaster!

(MORE)

CAMILLE (CONT'D)
I have a photo shoot in less than
an hour. Do you have any idea what
you've done?

Armen bites his lip, struggling to think of a solution. His eyes dart to a dry cleaning shop they pass, and an idea lights up his face.

ARMEN
Wait! I know place—very fast
cleaners! They fix stain in
minutes! You'll be perfect for
shoot!

Camille glares at him, incredulous.

CAMILLE
Are you serious? We don't have
time!

ARMEN
Please, trust me! They are miracle
workers! Just five minutes!

Camille hesitates, then glances at her ruined suit. With a groan of exasperation, she waves a hand.

CAMILLE
Fine. Five minutes. If you're
wrong, I'll make sure you never
work in this town again.

Armen's face lights up, and he makes a quick turn down a side street, heading toward a small dry cleaning shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICK FIX DRY CLEANERS - DAY

The limo skids to a halt in front of a small, unassuming dry cleaner's. Armen jumps out and runs around to open Camille's door.

ARMEN
Come, come! Very fast, very good!

Camille steps out, holding her ruined suit gingerly. A small bell rings as they enter the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. QUICK FIX DRY CLEANERS - DAY

The interior is cramped but clean. An elderly Armenian man, HOVIK, stands behind the counter, squinting at a pile of clothes through thick glasses.

HOVIK
(speaking in Armenian)
Armen, what are you doing here?
Shouldn't you be driving?

ARMEN
(speaking in Armenian)
No time, Uncle Hovik! We need
miracle-now!

He gestures wildly at Camille, who is watching the rapid exchange with growing impatience.

CAMILLE
What are they saying? Is this even
a real place?

Hovik's eyes widen as he sees the stain. He waves Camille over, inspecting the fabric closely.

HOVIK
(to Camille, in accented
English)
Yes, yes. Very nice fabric. Very
expensive. But no problem for
Hovik! Sit, sit. I fix!

Before Camille can protest, Hovik takes the suit jacket and bustles to the back. Armen smiles reassuringly at Camille.

ARMEN
See? Uncle Hovik, best in town!
He'll make it like new!

Camille folds her arms, tapping her foot impatiently. After a tense few moments, Hovik reappears, holding the suit jacket with a flourish.

The stain is completely gone. Camille's eyes widen in disbelief.

CAMILLE
What-how did you...?

Hovik shrugs modestly.

HOVIK
Magic hands. You go now, look
beautiful!

Camille takes the jacket, inspecting it closely. A reluctant smile tugs at her lips.

CAMILLE
Alright... maybe you're not
completely useless.

Armen grins broadly, giving Hovik a thumbs-up.

ARMEN
Thank you, Uncle! I owe you big
time!

Hovik waves them off.

HOVIK
Go, go. Drive safe. No more
spilling drinks, eh?

Armen laughs nervously and ushers Camille back to the limo.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Back in the limo, Camille slips on her suit jacket and checks her reflection. Armen glances at her through the rearview mirror.

ARMEN
(smiling)
You look beautiful. Ready to wow
everyone!

Camille adjusts her collar, then gives him a grudging nod.

CAMILLE
You got lucky this time. But next
time—no detours, no weird shops, no
accidents. Got it?

Armen nods eagerly.

ARMEN
Yes, yes. No detours. Straight
line, promise.

Camille leans back, letting out a long breath. For the first time, she looks at Armen with something other than disdain.

CAMILLE

(sighing)

I don't know how you do it, but
somehow... things seem to work out
for you.

Armen shrugs, his smile more sincere.

ARMEN

Sometimes, you just have to take
the road no one else sees.

Camille raises an eyebrow, then shakes her head with a small smile.

CAMILLE

(softly)

You really are something else.

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Lena is sitting at her desk, scrolling through emails, when Armen bursts in, looking elated.

ARMEN

Lena! You won't believe—client very
happy! Even after spilling drink,
she said I did good job!

Lena blinks, surprised.

LENA

Wait... really?

Armen nods enthusiastically.

ARMEN

Yes! She even smiled! See, I told
you—I'm getting better!

Lena's face softens, and she stands, stepping closer to him.

LENA

(smiling gently)

I never doubted that
you're good at heart,
Armen. I just— (she
hesitates, glancing
around) —I just worry
about you sometimes.

Armen's smile falters slightly, and
he looks down, fidgeting.

ARMEN

Why? Armen always fine. Very strong!

Lena chuckles softly, shaking her head.

LENA

It's not about being strong. It's about... understanding when to take a step back. When to slow down.

Armen glances at her, then slowly nods.

ARMEN

(sincerely)

Okay... I understand. For you, I'll try.

Lena's cheeks flush, and she looks away, flustered.

LENA

(softly)

Good...

The moment lingers, and Armen looks like he's about to say something when the door slams open, and Greg storms in, his face flushed with anger.

GREG

Armen! Lena! My office—now!

Lena and Armen exchange worried glances, then follow Greg into his office.

CUT TO:

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Greg stands by his desk, clutching a report with shaking hands. He glares at both of them.

GREG

(reading off the report)

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)
"Client feedback: Armen's
a complete maniac—but
somehow, I loved it." (he
looks up, exasperated)
What the hell does that
even mean?!

Armen looks at the floor
sheepishly. Lena crosses her arms,
defensive.

LENA
It means that, despite everything,
Armen's good with people. He's...
got something.

Greg glares at her.

GREG
Yes, he's got something. But what I
need him to have is control. And
you— (he points at Lena) —are not
helping.

Lena looks taken aback.

LENA
What? What did I do?

GREG
You're making it worse! He's trying
to impress you, and in the process,
he's putting the company at risk. I
told you to keep things
professional, but it's clear
neither of you can do that.

Armen looks up, his expression a mix of guilt and confusion.

ARMEN
But... I'm just trying to do good
job. Make everyone happy.

Greg's shoulders slump, his anger giving way to frustration.

GREG
Armen... (sighs) I know you mean
well. But you're getting
distracted. And if you don't pull
it together, I'm going to have no
choice but to pull the plug.

Lena's eyes widen in alarm.

LENA

Greg, that's not fair! He's—

GREG

No, Lena. I don't want to hear it.
(he takes a deep breath) From now
on, you keep your distance. No more
lingering in the office after
hours, no more personal chats. If
you care about his job, you'll do
what's best for him. Understand?

Lena looks like she's been slapped. She nods slowly, her
voice small.

LENA

...Yeah. I understand.

Armen looks between them, his face a mask of confusion and
hurt.

ARMEN

What... what does this mean?

Lena forces a smile, though it doesn't reach her eyes.

LENA

It means... we're just going to be
coworkers for now. That's all.

Armen's shoulders slump, and he nods slowly.

ARMEN

Oh... okay.

Greg watches them, his face softening slightly.

GREG

I'm doing this for your own good,
Armen. Just... focus on the job.
Alright?

Armen nods again, his usual cheer replaced with a quiet
resignation.

ARMEN

Okay, boss. I'll... focus.

The silence hangs heavy in the air. Finally, Greg dismisses
them with a wave, and they both leave the office, their heads
down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

A sleek black limousine is parked on the shoulder of the busy highway, emergency lights flashing. A distinguished-looking California Senator, SENATOR BRADLEY, paces back and forth, looking frustrated. Beside him stands a burly, stone-faced SECRET SERVICE AGENT. Both men keep glancing anxiously at their watches.

SENATOR BRADLEY

(agitated)

Where the hell is the replacement car? I've got to be at that fundraiser in less than an hour!

The Secret Service Agent speaks into his earpiece, his voice calm and professional.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(into earpiece)

Command, what's the ETA on the backup vehicle?

There's a crackle of static, and the response is barely audible.

EARPIECE VOICE

Backup is delayed. Traffic on the 405 is backed up for miles. Stand by.

The Senator throws his hands up in frustration.

SENATOR BRADLEY

Delays? I'm a U.S. Senator, for crying out loud! We can't wait around like this!

Just then, the sound of an approaching engine grows louder. A beat-up black limousine with a slightly crooked "Starlight Limo" logo screeches to a halt a few feet away. Armen leaps out, a goofy grin plastered across his face. There's a faint smell of alcohol on his breath.

ARMEN

(smiling)

Hello! I am Armen, your driver!

(MORE)

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Very sorry for delay-traffic, you
know. Always crazy in LA!

Senator Bradley's eyes widen as he looks Armen up and down.

SENATOR BRADLEY
You've got to be kidding me. They
sent you?

The Secret Service Agent steps forward, his eyes narrowing
suspiciously.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
(to Armen)
Sir, have you been drinking?

Armen's grin falters slightly. He waves his hand
dismissively.

ARMEN
Oh, just little bit! My brother's
birthday-small celebration! But I
am very professional driver. You'll
see! Very safe, very smooth ride!

The Senator looks at the agent, who raises an eyebrow.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
(voice low)
We don't have time to wait for
another car. I'll sit up front with
him-keep an eye on things.

Senator Bradley groans but reluctantly nods.

SENATOR BRADLEY
Fine, but if this goes south, I'm
holding you responsible.

The agent nods curtly, and Armen hustles to open the back
door for the Senator.

ARMEN
Please, Senator! Very comfortable
inside. I put on air conditioning
just for you!

The Senator gives Armen a dubious look but ducks into the
limo. The Secret Service Agent slides into the front
passenger seat, his gaze locked on Armen, who's still
grinning nervously.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

The limo pulls onto the highway, weaving slightly as Armen tries to keep a steady hand on the wheel. The Senator sits in the back, staring at his phone, while the agent watches Armen like a hawk.

Armen hums softly to himself, then glances at the agent, his smile returning full-force.

ARMEN

So! You are secret agent, yes? Like James Bond? Very cool! You carry tiny laser in your watch?

The agent stares at him, unblinking.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Sir, I suggest you focus on the road.

Armen chuckles awkwardly and looks back at the Senator through the rearview mirror.

ARMEN

And you, Senator! Big politician! Very important! You make many laws, yes?

The Senator looks up, annoyed.

SENATOR BRADLEY

(sighing)

I try to, when I'm not dealing with limo breakdowns.

Armen's eyes light up as he continues talking, his hands gesturing animatedly.

ARMEN

I have many ideas for laws! Like, why we don't have more roundabouts? In Armenia, we have so many roundabouts--no traffic, no accidents!

The Senator's eyebrows furrow in confusion.

SENATOR BRADLEY

Roundabouts? What are you talking about?

Armen nods eagerly, completely missing the irritated tone in the Senator's voice.

ARMEN

Yes! Roundabouts everywhere! And also, law for making shawarma mandatory in schools. Kids should know real food, not this... what do you call it? Fast food!

The Senator rolls his eyes and goes back to his phone. The agent glances at Armen, his jaw tightening.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(to Armen)

Sir, please. Just drive.

But Armen is on a roll. He looks back at the Senator through the rearview mirror again.

ARMEN

Oh! And law for making people wave when they change lanes! You know, small wave—'Hello, sorry for cutting you off!' Makes people happy!

SENATOR BRADLEY

(exasperated)

For God's sake, man, watch the—

There's a loud honk as the limo swerves dangerously close to another car. Armen jerks the wheel, narrowly avoiding a collision.

ARMEN

(sheepishly)

Sorry, sorry! My hand slipped. But see, no problem—still safe!

The agent's eyes are wide, his hand gripping the edge of his seat.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(voice tight)

Sir, I strongly recommend you pull over.

ARMEN

No, no! We get there fast! Armen way is best way!

As they continue down the highway, Armen gets more and more animated, oblivious to the rising panic in the car.

The Senator's face turns redder with every near-miss, while the agent keeps glancing at his earpiece.

Suddenly, the agent's earpiece crackles to life.

EARPIECE VOICE

We've got eyes on you from the chopper. Maintain speed and keep a straight line.

The agent's head snaps up, his gaze darting around.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(to Armen)

There's a news chopper overhead. They're watching us. Slow down.

Armen cranes his neck, trying to look up through the windshield.

ARMEN

News chopper? Oh, that's nice! Maybe they do story about my driving skills!

SENATOR BRADLEY

(voice rising)

There's not going to be a story if we die in a fiery wreck!

Armen laughs nervously and glances around, finally noticing the helicopter shadow tracking them.

ARMEN

Oh... many people watching? Armen better drive good, yes?

But instead of slowing down, Armen speeds up, cutting in and out of lanes with increasing recklessness. The agent grips the dashboard, his eyes wide.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

(yelling)

Pull over! Now!

ARMEN

Okay, okay! Just one more shortcut—

Armen jerks the wheel, veering onto an exit ramp. The limo barrels down a side road, narrowly avoiding a semi-truck. Cars honk and swerve to avoid them, and the limo skids around a corner, barely maintaining traction.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - NEWS CHOPPER POV - DAY

From the helicopter's perspective, the limo looks like a wild animal zig-zagging through traffic. A news anchor's voice crackles over the footage.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
We're following a developing story here on the 405. It appears a limousine carrying a high-profile Senator is driving erratically through Los Angeles traffic. Authorities have not confirmed who is behind the wheel, but... wait, did you see that? Another near-miss!

The camera zooms in on the limo as it swerves dangerously close to a line of cars, causing a ripple effect as vehicles slam on their brakes. Several cars collide in a series of crashes, creating a chaotic pile-up behind the limo.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
This is unbelievable! That's at least a ten-car pile-up! Someone needs to stop this driver before things get even worse!

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

Inside the limo, the Senator's face is drained of color. He clutches the back of the seat, his knuckles white.

SENATOR BRADLEY
I'm going to have a heart attack...
pull over, you lunatic!

Armen, sweating profusely now, nods rapidly.

ARMEN
Yes, yes, I stop! Right here--very
safe!

He yanks the wheel, bringing the limo to a screeching halt on the side of the road.

The Secret Service Agent scrambles out of the car, frantically waving his arms at the helicopter above.

The Senator stumbles out, his legs shaky as he leans against the limo, gasping for breath. Armen follows, looking sheepish but still smiling.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
(grinning awkwardly)
See? All safe, no problem! Armen's way works!

The Senator glares at him, his chest heaving.

SENATOR BRADLEY
You... are... insane! I'm filing a formal complaint! You'll never work in this town again!

Armen's smile falters, his shoulders slumping.

ARMEN
But... no one got hurt, right?

Before the Senator can respond, the news chopper zooms in closer, and a reporter's voice crackles over a loudspeaker.

REPORTER (O.S.)
(excitedly)
Senator Bradley! Can you tell us what happened? Are you alright?

The Senator looks up, his eyes narrowing as the reality of the situation sinks in. He straightens up, forcing a shaky but determined smile onto his face.

SENATOR BRADLEY
(smiling stiffly)
I'm fine. Thanks to the quick thinking of... (he glares at Armen) ...this driver.
Armen's eyes widen, his mouth dropping open in disbelief.

ARMEN
(confused)
Quick thinking? You mean... Armen's way?

The Senator grits his teeth, his smile never reaching his eyes.

SENATOR BRADLEY
(through clenched teeth)
Yes... Armen's way. Now, if you'll
excuse me...

The Senator storms off, the Secret Service Agent following close behind, still casting wary glances at Armen.

Armen watches them go, then looks up at the helicopter, which is still filming.

ARMEN
(waving awkwardly)
Hello! Armen's way--very safe!
Very... exciting!

The reporter's laughter echoes over the speaker, and Armen sighs, his shoulders slumping.

REPORTER (O.S.)
(laughing)
Well, folks, you saw it here first.
"Armen's Way" might just be the
wildest ride in town!

Armen sighs, glancing back at the limo. He scratches his head, then shrugs, a small smile tugging at his lips.

ARMEN
(muttering to himself)
At least no one got hurt...

With a final, apologetic glance at the Senator's retreating back, Armen climbs back into the limo and starts the engine. The limo pulls away from the shoulder slowly, leaving behind the chaos, the news chopper, and a trail of dust.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

The news chopper hovers above, camera zooming in on the chaotic scene. Several police cars pull up with sirens blaring, and officers jump out, blocking traffic and directing the growing crowd of onlookers.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
And it looks like the police have
arrived.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For those just tuning in, we're
witnessing a scene that could only
be described as surreal—a limousine
carrying Senator Bradley has just
caused a multi-car pile-up on the
405. And now the driver appears to
be... smiling?

The camera focuses on Armen, who is awkwardly waving at the
police officers approaching the limo. The Secret Service
Agent intercepts them, speaking rapidly and gesturing at
Armen.

SENATOR BRADLEY
(voice trembling with
rage)
You're fired. I'm making sure your
company loses its contract and you
lose your license. This is an
outrage!

Armen's face falls, and he glances down at his feet,
mumbling.

ARMEN
(quietly)
I'm really sorry, Senator. I was
just trying to get you there
fast... my way...

The Senator points a shaking finger at Armen, eyes blazing.

SENATOR BRADLEY
Your way nearly killed me! You
should be—!

Before he can finish, a flurry of camera flashes explodes in
his face as a group of reporters rushes forward, microphones
thrust out.

REPORTER 1
Senator Bradley, are you alright?
What happened in there?

REPORTER 2
Did you feel threatened by the
driver?

REPORTER 3
Is it true that your driver was
drunk?

The Senator's mouth opens and closes, his anger shifting to a look of panic as he realizes he's now the center of a media frenzy. He glances back at Armen, then at the growing crowd of curious bystanders.

The Senator straightens his jacket, trying to regain his composure.

SENATOR BRADLEY
(clearing his throat)
I... would like to say
that I am fine. There was
no immediate danger to my
life... (he glances
warily at Armen)
...although I will be
conducting a thorough
review of the limo
company's hiring
practices.

Armen's eyes widen with alarm.

ARMEN
No, please! It's not company's
fault—it's my fault! I'm... just
trying to help!

The reporters pounce on this statement.

REPORTER 1
So you admit to reckless driving?

REPORTER 2
Are you aware that you caused a
major pile-up?

Armen's head bobs up and down like a guilty child caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

ARMEN
Yes, yes. I know it looks bad, but
I always try to do best for
clients! Make them happy!

The reporters seem momentarily stunned by Armen's earnestness. The camera focuses on his worried, apologetic expression.

REPORTER 3
Do you often take these...
"shortcuts"?

Armen looks thoughtful, then nods vigorously.

ARMEN

Yes! Always. Shortcuts save time.
Armen's way is... unique!

The Senator's eyes widen in horror as he realizes the press is now fascinated by Armen. He steps forward, trying to regain control of the narrative.

SENATOR BRADLEY

Wait, wait—he's not supposed to be giving statements! He's not a public figure! I—

But it's too late. A reporter shoves a microphone toward the Senator's face, cutting him off.

REPORTER 1

Senator, are you saying you don't support Armen's unique approach?

The Senator blinks, caught off-guard.

SENATOR BRADLEY

What? No, of course I don't support—!

REPORTER 2

So you're against innovative thinking? Against taking bold new approaches to everyday problems?

The Senator's face turns bright red.

SENATOR BRADLEY

That's not what I'm saying! This man nearly killed us!

But the reporters are no longer listening. The news chopper overhead zooms in, broadcasting Armen's anxious face to viewers across the city.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Greg and Lena are huddled around the office TV, watching the live broadcast in disbelief. Lena has her hand over her mouth, her eyes wide with shock.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

And there you have it, folks. The driver at the center of today's freeway frenzy is none other than the infamous Armen Azaryan, who's quickly becoming a household name for his... unconventional driving style.

Greg's face is pale as a ghost. He turns to Lena, his voice shaking.

GREG

That's it. We're done. He's just single-handedly destroyed the entire company.

Lena shakes her head slowly, her gaze glued to the screen.

LENA

No, wait... look at this.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Back at the scene, a young woman steps forward from the crowd of onlookers. She's dressed in a smart business suit and looks at Armen with a faint smile. The reporters turn to her, curious.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi, my name is Angela West, and I'm a publicist for the Bradley campaign. I'd like to make an official statement.

The Senator's eyes narrow in suspicion, but Angela continues before he can object.

ANGELA

Yes, it's true that today's drive didn't go as planned. But that's life, right? Things don't always go the way we expect them to. And you know what? That's what makes this country great—we adapt, we innovate, and we make the best out of unexpected situations.

She turns to Armen, giving him a small nod.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Mr. Azaryan here took a risk to make sure the Senator arrived safely. He made a mistake, but he did it with the best intentions. And honestly... isn't that what we want from our public servants? People willing to take bold, unconventional approaches to get the job done?

The crowd murmurs in agreement. The Senator's jaw drops, his eyes bulging as he realizes what's happening.

SENATOR BRADLEY

What-no! That's not-!

But Angela's smile is radiant as she gestures to Armen.

ANGELA

So, I think it's safe to say that Armen's driving today was a metaphor for the Senator's campaign-unexpected, surprising, but ultimately driven by a commitment to move forward. And I, for one, applaud that spirit!

The reporters clap, a few of them even cheering. Armen looks around, bewildered, then slowly starts smiling.

ARMEN

You... think I did good?

Angela winks at him.

ANGELA

Absolutely. In fact... Senator Bradley, I think you should give Mr. Azaryan here a second chance. After all, he got you here, didn't he?

The Senator sputters, completely lost for words. The reporters laugh and start snapping more photos, some of them patting Armen on the back.

REPORTER 1

So, Senator, are you going to be riding with Armen again?

Senator Bradley glares at Angela, then at Armen. Finally, he forces a tight, pained smile.

SENATOR BRADLEY
(gritting his teeth)
Sure... why not? Armen's... unique
approach really gets you there,
doesn't it?

The crowd bursts into applause, and Armen beams, holding up a thumbs-up.

ARMEN
Thank you, Senator! Armen's way is
best way!

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lena and Greg stare at the TV, their jaws hanging open in shock. Greg slowly sinks into his chair, shaking his head in disbelief.

GREG
He... he's done it again. He's
turned a complete disaster into...

Lena grins, a hint of pride in her eyes.

LENA
...Into a win.

Greg throws his hands up, letting out a helpless laugh.

GREG
Unbelievable. The guy's
bulletproof.

Lena's smile softens as she looks at Armen's beaming face on the screen.

LENA
(speaking softly to
herself)
Yeah... he really is.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLITICAL FUNDRAISER VENUE - EVENING

Later that evening, Armen's limo pulls up in front of a grand venue, where the political fundraiser is being held. A red carpet leads up to the entrance, and photographers snap pictures as Senator Bradley and Angela step out.

The Senator looks back at Armen, his expression still one of pure disbelief.

SENATOR BRADLEY
(stiffly)
Thank you, Mr. Azaryan. That...
will be all.

Armen salutes, grinning like a kid on Christmas.

ARMEN
You're welcome, Senator! Anytime
you need a ride—just call Armen!

The Senator shakes his head, muttering under his breath as he walks up the steps. Angela lingers behind, giving Armen an appreciative nod.

ANGELA
You're something else, Armen. Don't
ever change.

Armen's grin widens.

ARMEN
I can't! Armen's way is... Armen's
way!

Angela laughs, then turns and follows the Senator inside.

Armen watches them go, then slides back into the driver's seat, humming happily to himself.

ARMEN (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)
See, Mama? Armen's way works every
time...

He drives off into the night, the lights of the city reflecting in the limo's windows as the camera slowly zooms out.

FADE OUT.

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Lena sits at her desk, her gaze distant. The office is buzzing around her—phones ringing, drivers coming and going, and Greg barking orders—but she's lost in thought.

Armen walks in, his presence as loud and chaotic as ever. He waves at her, his usual grin in place.

ARMEN

Lena! Hello! I got new client today—very fancy! You think they like baklava?

Lena blinks, shaking herself out of her reverie. She manages a small smile, though it's tinged with sadness.

LENA

(smiling softly)

I'm sure they will, Armen. You've got... a way of making people like you.

Armen beams, but his smile fades slightly as he notices the shadow in her eyes.

ARMEN

Hey... are you okay?

Lena hesitates, then shakes her head, her smile widening to cover the cracks.

LENA

I'm fine, Armen. Just... thinking about the past.

Armen nods slowly, as if understanding something beyond her words. He gives her a thumbs-up.

ARMEN

No need to worry about past!
Armen's way is... forward! Always forward!

Lena's smile becomes more genuine, and she nods.

LENA

Yeah... I guess you're right.

Armen stands there a moment longer, his brow furrowed as if he's trying to solve a puzzle, then shrugs and walks off, whistling a tune. Lena watches him go, her expression softening.

LENA (TO HERSELF) (CONT'D)
Sometimes... I wish I could just do
things your way, Armen.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - DAY

Lena sits at her desk, watching Armen and the other drivers. Her expression is contemplative, but there's a small, determined smile on her lips.

LENA (V.O.)
I've tried to find my way in this
city, to play the game, to do
things the "right" way... But
maybe, just maybe, I was looking in
the wrong places. Because here—
(she looks at Armen, who's
struggling to open a stubborn
drawer with a fork) —here is
something real.

She stands up, shoulders squared, a new resolve in her eyes.

LENA (V.O.)
Maybe Armen's way isn't so crazy
after all.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

It's quiet in the office. Most of the drivers have gone out for their evening shifts. Lena is sitting at her desk, absently typing away at her computer. Armen walks in, whistling softly. He's holding a small box wrapped in colorful paper.

Lena glances up, curiosity sparking in her eyes.

LENA
What's that?

Armen beams, holding up the box proudly.

ARMEN
Ah! This is for you! Little thank-you gift. For all the help, you know? And... for being a good friend.

Lena blinks, caught off guard. She looks at the box, then back at Armen, her expression softening.

LENA
A gift? Armen, you didn't have to—

ARMEN
(interrupting)
No, no! I wanted to! You always work so hard, and... I thought you should have something nice.

He places the box on her desk and steps back, watching expectantly. Lena hesitates, then slowly peels away the wrapping paper. Inside is a beautifully hand-carved wooden figurine of a bird in flight. It's simple, but the craftsmanship is exquisite.

Lena's breath catches. She runs her fingers over the smooth wood, her eyes widening in surprise.

LENA
Armen, this is... beautiful. Where did you get it?

Armen's grin widens.

ARMEN
I made it! Long time ago, when I first come to America. I used to carve things to relax, you know? But never had anyone to give them to. So... I thought you should have it.

Lena's eyes glisten slightly, and she looks up at him, genuinely touched.

LENA
You made this... for me?

Armen nods, his expression sincere.

ARMEN

Yes. You always look so... serious.
Thought maybe little bird could
remind you to smile more. Fly free,
you know?

Lena swallows hard, struggling to find the right words.

LENA

(speaking softly)

Thank you, Armen. I... I don't know
what to say.

Armen shrugs, still smiling.

ARMEN

No need to say anything. Just...
keep it. As a friend.

There's a silence between them, but it's not uncomfortable.
It's warm, almost intimate. Lena looks down at the bird, then
back up at Armen, a new appreciation in her eyes.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

A few days later. Lena sits in the back of a limo. Armen is
driving, his eyes on the road. They're both dressed up—Lena
in a sleek evening gown, Armen in a slightly wrinkled but
earnest-looking suit. It's a rare night off for both of them,
and they're headed to a charity event at a ritzy hotel.

LENA

(smiling)

You know, this is the first time
I've ever sat in the back of one of
these.

Armen glances back, grinning.

ARMEN

Yes! You are VIP tonight! Special
treatment for Lena!

Lena laughs softly, shaking her head.

LENA

Special treatment, huh? Is that why
you made me let you pick me up?

Armen nods enthusiastically.

ARMEN

Of course! You work too hard.
Always taking care of everyone
else. Tonight, Armen takes care of
you!

Lena's smile falters slightly, and she looks down at her hands.

LENA

You know... I'm not used to that.
Having someone take care of me, I
mean.

Armen's smile fades too, and his gaze softens.

ARMEN

Why not? You deserve it. Everyone
deserves to be taken care of
sometimes.

Lena looks out the window, her expression thoughtful.

LENA

I guess I just... got used to doing
things on my own. You know, being
the one everyone relies on. It's...
exhausting sometimes.

Armen's brow furrows, and he hesitates, choosing his words carefully.

ARMEN

You don't have to do it alone. I
know I'm... not like everyone else,
but... you can rely on me, too.

Lena glances at him, surprise and something else—something softer—shining in her eyes.

LENA

(smiling)

I think... I'm starting to realize
that.

They share a look through the rearview mirror, a look filled with unspoken words and growing understanding.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARITY GALA - HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up to the grand entrance of the hotel. The lights of the venue gleam in the night, and guests in elegant attire walk up the red carpet. Armen steps out first, then quickly hurries around to open the door for Lena.

She steps out, and for a moment, she hesitates, looking a bit overwhelmed by the opulence of the event.

ARMEN

(leaning closer)

Don't worry. I'll be here all night. If you want to leave, just say the word, and Armen takes you anywhere you want.

Lena's lips curve into a smile, and she nods.

LENA

Thank you, Armen. Really. I mean it.

Armen gives her a thumbs-up and stands back, watching as she takes a deep breath and heads up the steps. His smile fades a little, replaced with a more thoughtful expression.

ARMEN (TO HIMSELF)

(speaking softly)

Maybe one day, I take you somewhere... nicer.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARITY GALA - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Lena stands near the edge of the ballroom, a glass of champagne in hand. She's surrounded by people, but she seems distant, her gaze drifting toward the large windows overlooking the city. Every now and then, she glances toward the entrance, as if hoping to catch sight of someone.

One of the guests, a well-dressed older woman, approaches her.

OLDER WOMAN

(smiling warmly)

You seem a bit out of place, dear.
Are you here with someone?

Lena blinks, then laughs softly, shaking her head.

LENA

No, just... a friend.

The older woman follows Lena's gaze and arches an eyebrow.

OLDER WOMAN

A friend, huh? Well, you've been
looking at that entrance all night.
Is it a very special friend?

Lena hesitates, then glances back at the entrance one last time. Her lips curve into a small, almost wistful smile.

LENA

(speaking softly)

Yeah... he's pretty special.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Later that night. Lena is back in the limo, Armen driving her home. They're both quiet, the city lights casting flickering shadows across their faces.

Finally, Lena breaks the silence.

LENA

Armen... why did you come to LA? I
mean, what made you leave
everything behind and come here?

Armen glances at her through the rearview mirror, then shrugs, his smile faint but genuine.

ARMEN

I came because... I wanted to do
something big. Be someone. But when
I got here, everything was
different. Hard. Lonely.

Lena nods, understanding flickering in her eyes.

LENA

Yeah... I get that.

Armen's gaze softens, and he looks back at her, his smile widening just a little.

ARMEN

But then... I met you. And now...
it's not so lonely.

Lena's breath catches, and she looks down, a smile playing on her lips.

LENA

I'm glad you're here, Armen. Really
glad.

Armen beams, the warmth of her words filling the limo like a gentle breeze.

ARMEN

And I'm glad you're here too, Lena.
Because with you... even bad days
are good.

The limo falls into a comfortable silence, the unspoken bond between them growing stronger.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - DAY

The next morning. Lena is at her desk, tapping away at her computer. She glances up as Armen walks in, looking unusually flustered.

ARMEN

Lena! Big emergency—someone messed
up the schedule! I have two pickups
at same time!

Lena blinks, then bursts into laughter.

LENA

(smirking)
What happened to "Armen's way"?
Can't you do both?

Armen scratches his head, looking sheepish.

ARMEN

I thought about that, but... maybe
Lena's way better for this one?

Lena chuckles, shaking her head.

LENA
Alright, let's sort it out
together.

As they huddle over the computer screen, their heads almost touching, Lena sneaks a glance at Armen, her expression softening. He catches her looking and smiles, his eyes crinkling with warmth.

ARMEN
(smiling)
What? Do I have something on my
face?

Lena shakes her head, smiling back.

LENA
No. Just... thanks, Armen. For
everything.

Armen looks at her, a flicker of something deeper in his gaze, and for a moment, the world outside the office seems to fade away.

ARMEN
Anytime, Lena. Anytime.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is quiet, the overhead lights casting a dim glow over the empty desks. Greg is sitting at his desk, staring at a half-finished glass of whiskey. Papers and client files are scattered in front of him, and a framed photo of a much younger Greg, standing beside a shiny new limo, sits on the corner of his desk.

The door creaks open, and Lena steps in, her eyebrows knitting together in concern.

LENA
Greg? What are you still doing
here? It's past midnight.

Greg looks up, surprised. He sighs and leans back in his chair, rubbing his temples.

GREG

Couldn't sleep. Figured I might as well get some work done. What about you? What are you doing here so late?

Lena shrugs, glancing around the empty office.

LENA

Just wrapping up some loose ends. And... I guess I was worried about you.

Greg lets out a humorless chuckle, swirling his whiskey.

GREG

Worried? About me? I'm the one who's supposed to be worrying about everyone else around here.

Lena steps closer, her gaze softening.

LENA

Greg, you've been on edge lately. Snapping at everyone, losing sleep. This... this isn't just about Armen, is it?

Greg's eyes darken slightly, and he looks down at the papers on his desk.

GREG

(speaking quietly)

No... it's not. But Armen... he's a reminder.

Lena frowns, pulling up a chair and sitting across from him.

LENA

A reminder of what?

Greg hesitates, his jaw tightening as if he's wrestling with something deep inside. He glances at the framed photo on his desk and sighs, pushing it toward Lena.

GREG

That's me... twenty years ago. Bright-eyed, fresh-faced, and convinced I was going to build the best damn limo company in LA. Back when Starlight was just a one-car operation and I was the one behind the wheel.

Lena picks up the photo, studying the younger version of Greg. There's a spark of excitement in his eyes, a confidence that seems almost foreign now.

LENA

You used to drive? I didn't know that.

Greg nods slowly, staring at the photo as if seeing it for the first time.

GREG

Yeah. I drove for celebrities, executives, politicians. I even had my own "unique" style. I'd chat them up, go out of my way to make the ride memorable. And for a while, it worked. People liked me—trusted me. But then...

He trails off, his voice growing distant. Lena leans forward, listening intently.

LENA

What happened?

Greg's expression hardens, a shadow passing over his face.

GREG

(speaking slowly)

One night... I took a risk. A big-time producer wanted to get to a premiere downtown, but we hit gridlock. I knew a shortcut through some side streets—real rough areas. I took it, figuring it would save us time. But... we got caught in the middle of a gang fight. Gunfire, panic... It was a miracle no one got killed.

Lena's eyes widen, and she puts the photo down gently.

LENA

Greg, I—wow. I didn't know...

Greg lets out a bitter laugh.

GREG

Of course, you didn't. I kept it quiet—paid off the damages, made sure it never hit the papers. But the damage was done. Clients didn't want a driver who took risks.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)
They wanted safety, reliability.
So, I gave them that. I turned
Starlight into a business that
played by the rules—clean, precise,
no surprises.

He looks at Lena, his eyes searching hers.

GREG (CONT'D)
That's why I'm hard on Armen.
Because I see that same...
recklessness in him. That urge to
take shortcuts, to make every ride
an "experience." And I know where
it leads.

Lena is silent for a long moment, absorbing his words.
Finally, she leans forward, her voice gentle.

LENA
But Armen's not you, Greg. He's...
different. He doesn't take risks to
cut corners or show off. He does it
because he genuinely believes he's
helping. He's not driven by ego or
ambition—he's just... trying to
make people happy.

Greg sighs deeply, rubbing his eyes.

GREG
(speaking softly)
Maybe... but that's the problem,
isn't it? You can't build a
business on good intentions. You
need discipline. Control. And
Armen's the opposite of that. Every
time he breaks the rules, he's
risking more than just his job.
He's risking this whole company.

Lena nods slowly, understanding dawning in her eyes.

LENA
So, it's not just about Armen. It's
about protecting what you've built.

Greg nods, his gaze turning distant again.

GREG
Yeah. I've worked too damn hard to
see it all crumble because one guy
can't follow instructions.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)
I know it makes me look like the
bad guy, but I have to protect this
place... even if it means being the
villain.

Lena reaches across the desk, placing her hand over his. Greg
looks up, surprise flickering across his face.

LENA
You're not a villain, Greg. You're
just... scared. Scared of losing
everything again. But Armen's not
your enemy. Maybe... he's the
chance to prove you can take a risk
and still come out okay.

Greg stares at her, his expression softening. He lets out a
long, weary breath, leaning back in his chair.

GREG
(speaking quietly)
You think so?

Lena nods firmly.

LENA
I know so. And... I think you do,
too. That's why you haven't fired
him. Because deep down, you know
there's something special about the
way he does things. You just...
don't want to admit it.

Greg lets out a reluctant chuckle, shaking his head.

GREG
(smirking)
You know, you're pretty damn
stubborn when you want to be.

Lena grins, squeezing his hand gently.

LENA
Learned from the best.

Greg sighs, pulling his hand back and picking up the whiskey
glass. He swirls the amber liquid thoughtfully, then looks at
Lena.

GREG
I guess... I owe him another
chance. But if he screws up
again...

LENA
(smiling softly)
He won't. And if he does... we'll
figure it out together.

Greg's gaze softens, and he nods slowly.

GREG
Together, huh? (he chuckles)
Alright, Lena. Let's see what
Armen's "way" can do.

Lena stands, smiling warmly at him.

LENA
That's the spirit, boss. Now, get
some rest. You look like hell.

Greg snorts, raising his glass in a mock toast.

GREG
Yes, ma'am.

Lena turns and heads for the door. Just as she reaches it,
Greg's voice stops her.

GREG (CONT'D)
Lena... thanks.

Lena turns back, giving him a soft, reassuring smile.

LENA
Anytime, Greg.

She exits, leaving Greg alone in the dimly lit office. He
stares at the framed photo on his desk for a long moment,
then picks it up, his expression unreadable.

GREG
(whispering to himself)
Maybe... one more risk.

He sets the photo down gently, his gaze lingering on it as
the screen fades to black.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Neon lights flash brightly as the streets buzz with excitement. Outside a famous rock club, a group of fans jostles for position, their voices rising in a cacophony of excitement and screams. Armen's limo pulls up with a screech, and the crowd erupts in cheers.

Armen steps out, beaming as he scans the rowdy group of heavy metal fans. The bouncer, a hulking figure with a shaved head, gestures urgently toward the club entrance.

BOUNCER

(to Armen)

Hurry up, man! He's been waiting for almost an hour. You better not piss him off—he's in a mood.

Armen nods vigorously, hustling over to open the limo's back door. Out steps AXEL "MAYHEM" THUNDER, a wild-eyed, heavily tattooed heavy metal rock star with an unruly mane of hair. He's wearing a leather jacket covered in spikes, his face half-painted with skull makeup.

The crowd goes wild, screaming his name. Axel smirks, throwing up the horns sign and basking in the adoration. Armen waves at the fans like they're old friends, completely oblivious to the chaotic energy around him.

ARMEN

Hello, everyone! Mr. Mayhem is here! Please, take picture—very famous!

Axel rolls his eyes and saunters over to Armen, his eyes bloodshot and a manic grin plastered on his face.

AXEL

(grinning wildly)

You're my ride?

ARMEN

Yes! Armen, at your service! Where would you like to go?

Axel leans in close, his breath smelling faintly of whiskey. He glances around conspiratorially and lowers his voice.

AXEL
(smiling slyly)
Alright, buddy. Here's what I need.
Hookers... and cocaine. Lots of it.

Armen blinks, his grin faltering slightly as he processes the words.

ARMEN
(confused)
Uh... hookers and... oh! I see, I see!

Axel nods eagerly, a manic glint in his eyes.

AXEL
You do? Great. Let's make it happen, man!

Armen's face brightens, and he nods enthusiastically.

ARMEN
Yes! Armen understands. Very special request. No problem!

Axel lets out a whoop and jumps into the limo, pumping his fist in the air.

AXEL
Hell yeah! That's what I'm talking about! Let's party!

Armen shuts the door and hurries to the driver's seat, his brow furrowed in deep thought. Paparazzi scramble to follow them.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Axel sprawls out in the backseat, his boots propped up on the center console. He's muttering to himself, fidgeting restlessly.

AXEL
Man, I haven't had a night off in weeks. I'm gonna tear this city apart...

Armen, glancing nervously in the rearview mirror, takes a deep breath and speaks carefully.

ARMEN
So... Mr. Mayhem... hookers and cocaine, yes?

Axel's grin widens.

AXEL
Yeah, you got it, buddy. The best in town.

Armen nods slowly, his eyes narrowing as if solving a difficult puzzle.

ARMEN
Yes, yes. I understand. You mean... good people and... baking powder!

Axel blinks, his grin faltering.

AXEL
What?

ARMEN
(grinning)
Yes, I get it! You want to help people in need and... make pastries!

Axel stares at him for a moment, completely dumbfounded. Then he bursts out laughing, clutching his sides.

AXEL
(laughing hysterically)
Oh, man! You're nuts! That's not what I—

But Armen cuts him off, his expression serious.

ARMEN
No, no. It's very nice. Very noble! We find people in need, and I know a place with best baking powder! You can bake all night!

Axel's laughter dies down as he tries to comprehend what's happening.

AXEL
Baking... what?

But Armen's already nodding to himself, his eyes lighting up with excitement.

ARMEN
Yes, yes! Armen knows the perfect spot!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SHELTER - NIGHT

The limo pulls up in front of a small homeless shelter on a quiet street. Axel leans out the window, his brow furrowed in confusion.

AXEL
Dude... where the hell are we?

Armen hops out and opens the back door with a flourish.

ARMEN
Come! We help people, ye? You said hookers I think you mean helpers, no? Very good. You talk to these people, and I get baking powder. Big party!

Axel stares at him, completely lost.

AXEL
Uh... I don't think

Before he can protest, a group of shelter volunteers approaches, smiling warmly at Armen.

VOLUNTEER 1
Armen! Good to see you! Did you bring more donations?

Armen turns to Axel, grinning brightly.

ARMEN
Mr. Mayhem is here to help! Very generous rock star!

Axel's mouth opens, but no sound comes out. The volunteers start clapping, murmuring excitedly.

VOLUNTEER 2

Wow, a real rock star helping out?
That's amazing!

Axel's bewildered gaze shifts to Armen, who's beaming proudly.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Mr. Mayhem wants to help everyone. And... make cakes!

The volunteers cheer, and Axel slowly raises a hand, giving a weak thumbs-up.

AXEL

(awkwardly)

Uh... yeah. Let's... help people.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATE NIGHT

Armen is pushing a shopping cart down the baking aisle, tossing in box after box of baking powder, flour, and sugar. Axel trails behind him, looking like a deer caught in headlights.

AXEL

What... what are we doing, man?

ARMEN

Big baking party! Lots of cakes, cookies, everything! You want to make people happy, yes?

Axel opens his mouth to protest, but then he catches sight of the sincere, almost childlike excitement on Armen's face. He closes his mouth, sighing.

AXEL

(sighing)

Yeah, sure. Let's... bake some cookies or whatever.

Armen claps his hands together, beaming.

ARMEN

Good, good! Very fun!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SHELTER - LATE NIGHT

A table is set up in front of the shelter, covered in a chaotic assortment of flour, sugar, and various baking supplies. Volunteers and shelter residents gather around as Armen and Axel attempt to mix ingredients in a large bowl.

Axel, covered in flour and looking completely out of his element, holds up a misshapen blob of dough.

AXEL
(shouting over the noise)
Is this... is this right?

Armen, grinning like a madman, nods furiously.

ARMEN
Perfect! Now, add chocolate! Lots
of chocolate!

Axel dumps an entire bag of chocolate chips into the dough, causing it to spill over the edge of the bowl. The volunteers cheer, and a local news crew arrives, cameras rolling.

NEWS REPORTER
Live from Hollywood, we're
witnessing an unexpected act of
kindness from none other than Axel
"Mayhem" Thunder, known for his
wild antics on stage. Tonight, he's
turning flour and sugar into hope!

Axel stares at the camera, flour dusting his hair. He glances at Armen, who gives him a thumbs-up.

ARMEN
Very good, Mr. Mayhem! You're a
real hero!

Axel blinks, then slowly cracks a smile.

AXEL
(softly)
Yeah... a real hero.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SHELTER - LATER

A row of freshly baked cookies and pastries lines the table. Axel, his hair a mess and his face smeared with chocolate, grins widely as shelter residents and volunteers dig in.

VOLUNTEER 1
These are delicious! Thank you so much!

Axel scratches his head, looking dazed.

AXEL
No problem. Uh, glad I could help.

Armen pats him on the back, still grinning.

ARMEN
See? No need for bad stuff like hookers and cocaine. Just good people and good food!

Axel chuckles softly, shaking his head.

AXEL
(smiling)
Yeah... I guess you're right.

The news camera zooms in on Axel and Armen, both covered in flour and smiling.

NEWS REPORTER
It seems that even the wildest rock stars can find a way to give back. Tonight, Hollywood has witnessed a true transformation—from mayhem to kindness, all thanks to an unexpected friendship.

Armen turns to the camera, his grin even wider.

ARMEN
Armen's way is best way—make people happy, no matter what!

Axel laughs, raising his flour-covered hands in surrender.

AXEL
You're nuts, man

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - MORNING

The office is bustling with activity. Drivers are coming and going, and the phone rings off the hook. Armen is sitting at his desk, humming cheerfully as he reorganizes his small collection of personal knick-knacks: a miniature globe, a small Armenian flag, and the wooden bird he gave Lena.

Greg storms into the office, his face a mask of disbelief. He pauses in front of Armen's desk, staring at him like he's grown a second head.

GREG

You... you have to be the luckiest
guy I've ever met.

Armen blinks up at him, smiling innocently.

ARMEN

Lucky? Why, boss?

Greg shakes his head, tossing a piece of paper onto Armen's desk.

GREG

(reading off the paper)
"I'd like to personally invite
Armen to my home to thank him for
his kindness. Axel 'Mayhem'
Thunder."

Armen's eyes widen with excitement.

ARMEN

Really?! He wants to see me? After
baking party?

Greg snorts, his expression a mix of exasperation and grudging admiration.

GREG

Yeah. After the "baking party" that
somehow went viral. He's all over
social media, Armen. The story of a
rock star baking cookies at a
homeless shelter with his "new best
friend"—you—has been on every news
outlet since last night.

Armen's smile broadens.

ARMEN

Oh! That's very nice! Armen is
famous too, yes?

GREG
(grumbling)
More like infamous... but
yes, people know who you
are now. (sighing) Look,
just-try not to do
anything crazy when you
go see him, alright? He's
a big deal, and we don't
need any more headlines
like last night.
Armen stands up, practically
bouncing with energy.

ARMEN
No problem, boss! Armen will be
very professional!

Greg narrows his eyes, giving Armen a skeptical look.

GREG
Somehow, that doesn't make me feel
any better...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. MAYHEM'S MANSION - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Armen's limo pulls up to a sprawling, elegant mansion nestled in the hills. The front yard is surprisingly well-kept, with neatly trimmed hedges and a stone pathway leading up to a grand entrance. It's a far cry from the chaotic persona of Axel "Mayhem" Thunder.

Armen steps out, staring up at the house in awe. He walks up to the front door and rings the bell. A few moments later, the door swings open, and Armen's jaw drops.

Standing there, out of his usual wild makeup and stage attire, is Axel Thunder. Without the face paint, spikes, and leather, he looks almost unrecognizable—just a normal guy in his 40s, wearing a comfortable sweater and jeans.

AXEL
(smiling)
Hey, Armen! Glad you could make it.

Armen's eyes widen, and he points at Axel, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water.

ARMEN

Mr. Mayhem?! Is... is that really you?

Axel chuckles, scratching the back of his head.

AXEL

Yeah, man. The crazy stuff's just for the stage. Call me Axel when I'm at home. Come on in—I want you to meet my family.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. MAYHEM'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The interior of the mansion is tastefully decorated—modern, yet cozy. Armen glances around, marveling at the elegant furniture and the family photos lining the walls.

Axel leads him into the living room, where a woman in her late 30s, KAREN, sits on the couch, reading a book. Two young kids—a boy and a girl, both around eight years old—are playing with a set of toy instruments.

Karen looks up as they enter, a warm smile spreading across her face.

KAREN

You must be Armen. Axel's told us so much about you.

Armen blushes slightly, glancing at Axel, who gives him a sheepish grin.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Armen is... very happy to be here!

Karen stands and extends her hand.

KAREN

I'm Karen, and these little troublemakers are Jake and Emily.

Jake, the boy, looks up with wide eyes.

JAKE
(awestruck)
You're the guy who made Dad bake
cookies at the shelter?

Armen laughs, nodding vigorously.

ARMEN
Yes! Very good cookies! Your dad is
great baker!

Axel snorts, shaking his head.

AXEL
Don't listen to him, kids. I nearly
burned down the whole place.

Karen chuckles and shakes her head affectionately.

KAREN
You really made an impression on
him, Armen. He's never done
anything like that before.

Armen's smile softens, and he looks at Axel with genuine
warmth.

ARMEN
He just needed to be reminded how
good it feels to make people happy.
He has big heart.

Before Axel can respond, his phone buzzes loudly in his
pocket. He glances at the screen and frowns.

AXEL
(to Karen)
Sorry, I gotta take this. It's
Greg.

He steps out of the room, leaving Armen with Karen and the
kids. Karen tilts her head, studying Armen curiously.

KAREN
You know... I think you're the
first friend Axel's brought home in
a long time.

Armen blinks, surprised.

ARMEN
Really? But he's so... famous! Must
have many friends!

Karen shakes her head, a sad smile on her lips.

KAREN

Yeah, but fame doesn't always mean friendship. Most people just want something from him. You're... different. You didn't ask for anything. You just showed up and... baked cookies.

Armen shrugs modestly.

ARMEN

Baking is good for soul. Even for rock stars.

Karen laughs softly, her eyes twinkling.

KAREN

Maybe we should hire you as a therapist.

Before Armen can respond, Axel strides back into the room, his face tight with worry.

AXEL

(voice low)

I need your help, Armen.

Armen straightens up, nodding eagerly.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Anything!

Axel runs a hand through his hair, glancing back at Karen and the kids, then lowers his voice.

AXEL

It's my drummer... he's in trouble. Like... serious trouble.

Armen's eyes widen.

ARMEN

What kind of trouble?

Axel swallows hard, his voice barely above a whisper.

AXEL

He's got... hookers and cocaine. And the cops are on their way. I need you to get him out of there—before it turns into a media circus.

Armen nods slowly, then his eyes light up with understanding.

ARMEN

Ah! He wants to help people and
bake, too, yes?

Axel stares at him, then shakes his head frantically.

AXEL

No, Armen! No baking this time!
Just... get him out of there and
bring him back here, alright?

Armen's brow furrows, and he nods, a look of fierce
determination on his face.

ARMEN

Yes! Armen will save him. No
problem!

Karen opens her mouth to protest, but Axel holds up a hand.

AXEL

It's fine, honey. Armen's got this.
Right, buddy?

Armen gives a thumbs-up.

ARMEN

Yes! Armen always finds a way!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES MOTEL - NIGHT

Armen's limo pulls up in front of a run-down motel, the neon
sign flickering ominously. A few shady characters loiter
outside, watching as the limo comes to a stop.

Armen steps out, his shoulders squared. He marches up to the
motel door marked "13" and knocks loudly.

After a few moments, the door creaks open, revealing VINNY,
Axel's drummer. He's disheveled, his hair a mess, and his
shirt half-unbuttoned. He looks at Armen with wide, panicked
eyes.

VINNY

Who the hell are you?

ARMEN
(confidently)
I am Armen! Mr. Mayhem sent me.
Come—must go now!

Vinny blinks, completely thrown off.

VINNY
Wait... what?

Before he can react, Armen grabs him by the arm and starts dragging him toward the limo. Just then, two women step out of the motel room, dressed provocatively and eyeing Armen with amused curiosity.

HOOKER 1
Hey, who's the new guy?

Armen glances at them, his face lighting up with a big smile.

ARMEN
Ah! You are helpers, yes? Very nice! Come, we make everything better!

The women exchange confused looks.

HOOKER 2
What are you talking about?

Armen gestures toward the limo.

ARMEN
You help Mr. Vinny get better! We go now!

Vinny stares at Armen, then at the women, then back at the limo. He looks like he's about to protest when the sound of sirens blares in the distance.

VINNY
Oh, hell!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES MOTEL - NIGHT

Vinny's eyes dart toward the distant sirens, his panic spiking. He turns back to Armen, who's still smiling like this is all part of some grand plan.

VINNY
(urgent)
Alright, alright! Let's go!
But—what about... them?

Vinny gestures frantically at the two women standing beside him. They glance at each other, clearly confused by the unfolding chaos.

Armen's smile never falters. He waves them over, nodding enthusiastically.

ARMEN
Helpers, yes? You come, too! We go
to Mr. Mayhem—everyone gets better!

The women exchange bemused glances, then shrug and follow Armen and Vinny to the limo. Armen opens the back door, ushering everyone inside.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Quick, quick! We leave before
police come! Armen's way is very
fast, very good!

As soon as everyone's inside, Armen hops into the driver's seat and slams the door. The limo roars to life, tires screeching as he peels out of the motel parking lot, leaving a trail of smoke and confusion behind.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Vinny is wedged between the two women in the back seat, his expression shifting between relief and disbelief.

VINNY
(panting)
You—what's your name again?

ARMEN
(smiling brightly)
Armen! Like "army," but with love!

Vinny stares at him, shaking his head.

VINNY
Whatever, man. Just get us out of
here—fast!

Armen nods, glancing at the GPS on his dashboard. He mumbles to himself, then takes a sudden sharp turn, sending everyone in the backseat tumbling against each other.

VINNY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Whoa, whoa! What are you doing?!

ARMEN
(smiling innocently)
Shortcut! Faster this way!

One of the women, TINA, leans forward, her eyes narrowing.

TINA
So... where are we going, exactly?

Armen's brow furrows in concentration.

ARMEN
To Mr. Mayhem! He said you need help, so we take you there—safe and sound!

The other woman, CRYSTAL, laughs softly, shaking her head.

CRYSTAL
Man, I don't think you get it. We don't need help—we were just... having a good time.

Vinny's eyes dart between Armen and the women, a wild, desperate look on his face.

VINNY
We can't go to Axel's place! Are you crazy? He'll kill me!

Armen glances back, his expression serious.

ARMEN
But he said, "Help Vinny, bring him home." So that's what we do!

Before Vinny can protest, the distant sound of police sirens grows louder. Armen's eyes widen, and he grips the steering wheel tighter.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Hold on! Armen way is not always smooth, but we get there!

The limo accelerates, and Vinny's panicked protests are drowned out by the roar of the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

The limo careens down side streets and alleyways, narrowly missing parked cars and dumpsters. Pedestrians scatter as Armen's vehicle barrels through intersections, horns blaring and lights flashing.

From overhead, a police helicopter's spotlight sweeps across the street, illuminating the chaotic chase below.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Vinny is clutching the seat, his face pale as a sheet.

VINNY

(shouting)

Dude, you've got to slow down!

We're gonna get caught!

Armen shakes his head, smiling.

ARMEN

No, no! We go faster--lose police,
yes? Very easy!

Crystal and Tina, who were initially amused by the situation, now look genuinely scared. Crystal grabs Vinny's arm, her eyes wide.

CRYSTAL

This guy's nuts! We need to get out
of here!

Vinny groans, burying his face in his hands.

VINNY

This is it... I'm going to die in a
limo with hookers and a maniac
driver...

Armen's eyes flick to the rearview mirror, and his smile widens.

ARMEN

Don't worry! Armen takes care of everything!

Just as he says this, the limo swerves around a corner and skids to a halt in front of a narrow, brightly lit building. A neon sign blinks overhead: "Serenity Rehab Center: For a Better Tomorrow."

CUT TO:

EXT. SERENITY REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Armen hops out of the limo, yanking open the back door. Vinny stares out at the building, his mouth hanging open in shock.

VINNY

What the--why are we here?!

Armen's smile is radiant as he gestures toward the entrance.

ARMEN

Rehab! Very good place for getting better! No hookers, no cocaine--just good, clean living!

Vinny stares at Armen, then at the two women, then back at the building. His face goes through a series of emotions--confusion, disbelief, and finally, resignation.

VINNY

(to himself)

You know what... maybe this isn't the worst idea.

Armen nods enthusiastically, his grin widening.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! You stay, get better! I tell Mr. Mayhem you are very safe!

The women exchange incredulous looks, then Tina bursts out laughing.

TINA
(laughing)
This is unreal. I can't believe
we're doing this...

Vinny takes a deep breath, then gives Armen a weary smile.

VINNY
(sighing)
Alright, man. I'll go. But you tell
Axel—he owes me big time for this.

Armen salutes, his face alight with excitement.

ARMEN
No problem! Armen always delivers!

Vinny and the women shuffle toward the rehab center entrance, looking thoroughly bewildered. Just as they reach the door, a police car screeches to a halt nearby. The officers step out, guns drawn, their faces tense.

OFFICER 1
Hands up! Don't move!

Armen steps in front of Vinny and the women, raising his hands with a calm smile.

ARMEN
No need for trouble, officers!
We're here to help! Rehab—very good
for health!

The officers exchange confused glances, then lower their guns slightly.

OFFICER 2
Wait... you're bringing them to
rehab?

Vinny, still looking shell-shocked, raises his hands in surrender.

VINNY
Yeah, yeah... I'm going in. Just...
don't shoot, alright?

The officers blink at each other, then holster their weapons, shaking their heads in disbelief.

OFFICER 1
(to Officer 2)
Did we just witness the strangest
drug bust ever?

Armen claps his hands together, beaming.

ARMEN

See? Everyone happy! No shooting,
no fighting—just good health and
happiness!

The officers stare at him, completely dumbfounded.

OFFICER 2

You... you're something else,
buddy.

Armen nods proudly.

ARMEN

Yes! Armen's way—always the best
way!

Vinny, still shaking his head, gives Armen one last look
before turning and walking into the rehab center. The women
follow, giggling softly.

Armen watches them go, then turns back to the officers,
giving them a cheerful thumbs-up.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

Have good night, officers! Armen
must go—many more people to help!

Before the officers can respond, Armen jumps back into the
limo and speeds off into the night, leaving the stunned
officers and bewildered onlookers in his wake.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. MAYHEM'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Armen steps back into the living room, looking triumphant.
Axel, still in his casual clothes, looks up, his face a mask
of worry.

AXEL

Did you—?

ARMEN

(grinning)

All good! Mr. Vinny is in very safe
place—rehab! No more bad stuff!

Axel's eyes widen, and he lets out a bark of laughter.

AXEL

Rehab? Are you serious?

Armen nods eagerly.

ARMEN

Yes! Very good place. Mr. Vinny
will get better, yes?

Axel stares at Armen for a long moment, then shakes his head, a mixture of disbelief and admiration on his face.

AXEL

You know what, man? I don't know
how you do it... but you really
pulled it off. Thanks.

Armen's grin widens.

ARMEN

No problem, Mr. Mayhem! Armen's
way—always the best way!

Axel chuckles softly, shaking his head as he claps Armen on the shoulder.

AXEL

Yeah... I guess it is.

The screen fades out, leaving Armen and Axel standing in the cozy living room, a strange yet perfect harmony between chaos and calmness.

FADE OUT.

INT. ARMEN'S APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

It's a cozy, modest apartment. The walls are decorated with photos of Armen's family in Armenia, a few quirky souvenirs from his limo escapades, and a collection of intricately carved wooden figurines—each one a testament to his hidden artistic talent.

Lena and Armen sit side by side on the small couch, a comfortable silence between them. A few candles flicker on the coffee table, casting a warm, golden glow. Armen, holding a small glass of Armenian brandy, stares thoughtfully at the liquid, swirling it gently.

Lena, sensing the change in his mood, turns to him, her gaze soft and curious.

LENA

Hey... what's on your mind?

Armen glances at her, a faint smile playing on his lips.

ARMEN

(softly)

Oh, just... thinking about life.
About... everything.

Lena leans closer, her expression gentle.

LENA

You've been quiet all evening. Want
to talk about it?

Armen takes a deep breath, his gaze drifting to a framed photo on the wall. It's an old picture of him as a young man, standing proudly beside his mother and father, all three of them smiling brightly.

ARMEN

You know... when I was young, I
thought I'd have everything by now.
Big family, many kids running
around. A wife, cooking in the
kitchen, making big dinners for
everyone. A house full of
laughter...

Lena's eyes soften, and she places a hand on his arm.

LENA

That sounds wonderful, Armen.

Armen chuckles softly, shaking his head.

ARMEN

Yes... but look. I am here, driving
crazy people around in big cars. No
wife, no kids. Just... me.

He sighs, leaning back against the couch.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

(voice low)

Sometimes I think... what if I
wasted my chance? What if it's too
late?

Lena frowns, her heart aching at the vulnerability in his voice.

LENA

Too late? Armen, you're not that old. You've got plenty of time to—

ARMEN

(interrupting gently)
No, Lena... I'm getting older. Look—gray hairs coming in. (he touches his hair, a small smile on his lips) And... my parents always ask, "Armen, when will you bring a nice girl home? When will you give us grandchildren?"

He chuckles, but there's a hint of sadness in his eyes. Lena shifts closer, her gaze never leaving his face.

LENA

And what do you tell them?

Armen shrugs, his smile fading.

ARMEN

I tell them, "Soon, Mama. Soon."
But I don't know when "soon" will be. And... sometimes, I'm scared it will never happen.

Lena's breath catches, and she reaches out, cupping his cheek gently. Armen looks at her, surprised by the softness in her touch.

LENA

It'll happen, Armen. You deserve that happiness. You're one of the kindest, most genuine people I've ever met. Anyone would be lucky to have a future with you.

Armen stares at her, his eyes searching hers. For a moment, he's silent, then he swallows hard, a flicker of hope in his gaze.

ARMEN

(speaking quietly)
You think so?

Lena nods firmly, her thumb brushing against his cheek.

LENA

I know so. And maybe... maybe it's
not about finding someone, but
letting them find you.

Armen blinks, his brow furrowing slightly.

ARMEN

Letting them find me?

Lena smiles, leaning closer.

LENA

Yeah. Just being yourself... and
letting the right person see you
for who you really are.

Armen's gaze softens, and for the first time in a long while,
he allows himself to entertain the thought of a future that
isn't lonely.

ARMEN

You know... I always dreamed of
having many children. Big
family—lots of noise and mess. (he
chuckles softly) Sometimes, I
think... maybe I missed my chance.
Maybe I'll just be the crazy old
driver with no one to drive around
except his cat.

Lena laughs softly, shaking her head.

LENA

You? A crazy cat driver? I can't
see it.

Armen's smile widens, and he shrugs.

ARMEN

Who knows? Maybe I'll find someone
to share all the craziness with.
Someone who doesn't mind my strange
ways...

He trails off, his eyes locking with Lena's. There's a moment
of silence, filled with something unspoken, something tender
and new.

Lena's heart pounds in her chest, and she hesitates, then
reaches out, taking his hand in hers.

LENA
(speaking softly)
I think... you're perfect just the way you are, Armen. And I think... whoever ends up with you... will be the luckiest person in the world.

Armen stares at her, his eyes shining with emotion. Slowly, he lifts her hand to his lips, pressing a gentle kiss to her fingers.

ARMEN
(whispering)
Maybe... I'm already lucky. Because I have you, Lena.

Lena's breath catches, and for a moment, they just sit there, holding hands, the world outside fading away.

LENA
(smiling softly)
Maybe we're both lucky.

Armen's smile widens, and he nods slowly, his heart swelling with a warmth he hasn't felt in years.

ARMEN
Yes... very lucky.

They sit in comfortable silence, hands intertwined, their hearts beating in quiet unison. The future, uncertain and wild, doesn't seem so daunting anymore—not as long as they have each other.

CUT TO:

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The office is quiet, the usual morning buzz replaced by a tense silence. Greg is pacing in front of Lena's desk, his face tight with anxiety. Lena watches him, a mixture of concern and curiosity on her face.

LENA
Okay, spill it. What's got you looking like you're about to pass out?

Greg stops pacing and takes a deep breath, running a hand through his hair.

GREG

Our biggest client—Everett Fontaine. He's... he's coming in from Europe, and his people called—last minute, of course—and said he needs a ride.

Lena raises an eyebrow, her curiosity turning to confusion.

LENA

So? Just send one of our top drivers. What's the problem?

Greg looks at her, his eyes wide with a mix of frustration and desperation.

GREG

The problem is, every other time he's used a limo service, he's fired the driver within fifteen minutes. The guy's a nightmare—super demanding, easily annoyed, and if anything goes wrong, he pulls his account. We cannot afford to lose him.

Lena frowns, crossing her arms.

LENA

Okay... so who are you going to send?

Greg hesitates, his gaze drifting to the door. Lena follows his gaze and sighs, realization dawning on her face.

LENA (CONT'D)

You're not seriously considering Armen...

Greg groans, rubbing his temples.

GREG

I know it sounds crazy, but... Armen's unpredictable. Fontaine's used to controlling everything. Maybe a little chaos is what he needs. Or maybe it'll be a complete disaster... I don't know. But I've got no one else right now, and Armen's the only driver who isn't afraid of anything.

Before Lena can respond, the door swings open and Armen strolls in, his usual cheerful grin in place.

ARMEN

Good morning! I bring baklava for everyone!

He holds up a small box triumphantly. Greg stares at him, then sighs deeply.

GREG

Armen... I have a very important job for you.

Armen's eyes light up, and he nods eagerly.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Big job—no problem! Armen will do it!

Greg takes a deep breath, holding Armen's gaze.

GREG

You're going to pick up Mr. Everett Fontaine from LAX. He's our biggest client, and... he's difficult. You can't—no, you won't mess this up. Do you understand?

Armen's grin widens.

ARMEN

Yes! Armen understands! No mess up—just good driving! Promise!

Greg glances at Lena, who gives him a resigned shrug. He sighs, then hands Armen a small folder with Mr. Fontaine's details.

GREG

Alright, fine. Just... be yourself, I guess. But please, please don't get us fired.

Armen salutes, his expression serious.

ARMEN

No problem, boss! Armen's way—very safe, very smooth!

Greg watches him leave, shaking his head.

GREG
(to Lena)
We're doomed, aren't we?

Lena smiles softly, her gaze following Armen as he heads out the door.

LENA
Maybe... but Armen's got a way of
surprising us all.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - PRIVATE TERMINAL - DAY

Armen's limo pulls up smoothly in front of a private terminal, its polished exterior gleaming in the sunlight. A small entourage of assistants and security personnel stand at attention as EVERETT FONTAINE steps out of a sleek private jet.

Fontaine is in his mid-60s, with piercing blue eyes and an air of absolute authority. He's impeccably dressed in a tailored suit, his every movement radiating confidence and power. He surveys the limo with a critical eye, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Armen jumps out, beaming as if he's greeting an old friend.

ARMEN
Hello, Mr. Fontaine! Welcome to LA!
Armen Azaryan, at your service!

Fontaine raises an eyebrow, glancing at his assistant, who gives a nervous shrug. He steps forward, his gaze never leaving Armen's face.

FONTAINE
(sternly)
You're the driver?

Armen nods eagerly.

ARMEN
Yes! Armen will take you anywhere
you need to go—fast, safe, and very
good service! You want baklava?

Fontaine blinks, momentarily caught off guard.

FONTAINE
Baklava? What are you talking
about?

Armen pulls out a small, neatly wrapped package from his pocket, holding it out with a grin.

ARMEN
Yes! I made it myself. Very fresh,
very tasty!

Fontaine stares at the baklava, then at Armen. After a long, tense pause, he lets out a short, incredulous laugh.

FONTAINE
(to himself)
I've never been offered pastry by a
driver before...

He shakes his head, a hint of amusement flickering in his eyes. He turns to his assistant, his voice clipped.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Let's get on with it. I want to be
at the Four Seasons in less than
thirty minutes.

The assistant nods, and Fontaine strides over to the limo, sliding into the backseat. Armen hurries around to the driver's seat, his smile never fading.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - MOVING - DAY

The limo glides onto the freeway, smoothly merging into traffic. Armen hums softly to himself as he drives, casting glances at Fontaine through the rearview mirror.

Fontaine is on his phone, scrolling through emails, his expression tight with concentration.

FONTAINE
(to himself)
...incompetent fools. They can't
get anything done without me...

Armen's ears perk up, and he glances back, his smile widening.

ARMEN

Oh, I know how that feels!
Sometimes, I feel like no one
listens to Armen, too. But you know
what I do?

Fontaine looks up, his brow furrowing.

FONTAINE

What?

ARMEN

I just say, "It's okay. Armen finds
another way!" And then—boom! I
surprise them! Everything gets
done!

Fontaine blinks, his lips twitching in confusion.

FONTAINE

That's... not how it works in my
world, Mr. Azaryan. You can't
just... "find another way." There
are rules, systems, protocols.

Armen nods vigorously.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! But sometimes... rules
make us blind. We get stuck, you
know? But Armen—Armen sees other
paths. Like shortcuts on the road!

Fontaine leans back, staring at Armen like he's some sort of
strange creature. Then, almost reluctantly, he nods.

FONTAINE

(speaking slowly)

You know... you're not entirely
wrong. But shortcuts are dangerous.
They lead to mistakes.

Armen shrugs, his grin widening.

ARMEN

Yes, but sometimes, mistakes lead
to... unexpected good things!

Fontaine's eyes narrow, and he tilts his head, studying Armen
more closely.

FONTAINE

Unexpected good things, huh? Like
what?

Armen chuckles softly, his gaze softening.

ARMEN

Like... finding a new friend. Or
learning something new. Or making
someone smile, even when day is
very hard.

Fontaine opens his mouth to respond, then closes it, his gaze drifting out the window. There's a long pause, and when he finally speaks, his voice is softer, almost thoughtful.

FONTAINE

(smiling faintly)

I haven't had time to think about
"unexpected good things" in a long
time.

Armen's eyes light up, and he nods eagerly.

ARMEN

Then maybe... it's time to take a
little shortcut. See what happens!

Fontaine stares at him, then lets out a quiet laugh.

FONTAINE

(smiling)

You know, Mr. Azaryan... you're a
strange man.

Armen grins wider, his heart warming at the slight shift in Fontaine's tone.

ARMEN

Yes! But Armen's way is... very
different. You see!

Fontaine shakes his head, but there's a small, almost imperceptible smile on his lips.

FONTAINE

(sighing)

Alright, driver. Surprise me.

Armen's grin broadens, and he turns off the freeway onto a narrow side street, the limo gliding smoothly through the city.

ARMEN

Hold on, Mr. Fontaine. Armen's
way... coming up!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - LOS ANGELES HILLS - DAY

The limo pulls up to a secluded scenic overlook high in the Hollywood Hills. The city sprawls out below, bathed in the soft glow of the setting sun. Armen hops out and opens the back door for Fontaine, who steps out, looking bewildered.

FONTAINE

Where... where are we?

Armen gestures to the stunning view with a proud smile.

ARMEN

Shortcut! Best view in LA! Only
Armen knows it!

Fontaine stares out at the city, his expression softening. He lets out a long breath, the tension slowly easing from his shoulders.

FONTAINE

You know... I've lived here for
thirty years, and I've never been
here.

Armen's smile is gentle, his gaze warm.

ARMEN

(speaking softly)
Sometimes, best places are hidden
in plain sight. You just need to
look with different eyes.

Fontaine glances at him, then nods slowly, his gaze returning to the view.

FONTAINE

(murmuring)
Maybe I've been looking the wrong
way for too long...

They stand in comfortable silence, the city lights flickering on one by one as the sun dips below the horizon. For the first time in a long time, Everett Fontaine feels... at peace.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Armen.

Armen beams, his heart swelling with pride.

ARMEN
Anytime, Mr. Fontaine. Armen's
way—always open!

Fontaine chuckles softly, shaking his head.

FONTAINE
(smiling)
I believe you.

They stand together, two very different men sharing a quiet, unexpected moment of understanding.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - LOS ANGELES HILLS - EVENING

The sun has dipped below the horizon, leaving the city awash in twilight. The lights of Los Angeles twinkle like a sea of stars below the overlook. Armen and Fontaine stand side by side, the limo parked a few feet behind them. The air is cool and quiet, a sharp contrast to the usual chaos of the city.

Fontaine, his shoulders relaxed for the first time in a long while, takes a deep breath, letting the tranquility of the moment wash over him. Armen watches him, a thoughtful look on his face.

ARMEN
(softly)
Mr. Fontaine... do you have family?

Fontaine's gaze shifts, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. He glances at Armen, then looks back out at the city, his expression unreadable.

FONTAINE
(slowly)
Yes... I do. A daughter. She's... overseas right now, studying at Oxford.

Armen's eyes light up with genuine interest.

ARMEN
Oxford! That's very impressive! You must be very proud!

Fontaine's lips twitch into a faint smile, but there's a shadow in his eyes.

FONTAINE
(smiling thinly)
Yes, I'm proud. She's
brilliant—takes after her mother.
But... it's complicated. We don't
speak as much as we should.

Armen tilts his head, his gaze soft and understanding.

ARMEN
Why not? She's so far away?

Fontaine hesitates, his gaze drifting back to the city below.
He lets out a slow breath, his voice quieter now.

FONTAINE
Distance isn't just about miles,
Armen. Sometimes... it's about
choices. Priorities.

Armen nods slowly, absorbing the weight of Fontaine's words.

ARMEN
(speaking gently)
You are a very busy man. Many
people depend on you. But... maybe
she needs to know you still think
about her. Even from far away.

Fontaine stares at Armen, his brow furrowing slightly.

FONTAINE
How do you...?

Armen shrugs, a small smile on his lips.

ARMEN
I know what it's like to be far
from family. To wish I could talk
to them more, see them more. But...
sometimes I just send small
messages. "Hello, I'm thinking of
you." It makes them happy. Maybe...
it would make her happy, too?

Fontaine blinks, clearly taken aback. He looks down, rubbing
his jaw thoughtfully.

FONTAINE
(speaking softly)
It's so simple... but I never
thought of it that way.

Armen's smile widens, and he nods eagerly.

ARMEN
Sometimes, simple is best! You have
big heart, Mr. Fontaine. Don't let
work keep you from sharing it.

Fontaine looks at Armen, a mix of surprise and something
else—something softer—shining in his eyes. He chuckles
quietly, shaking his head.

FONTAINE
You know, Armen... you're not what
I expected.

Armen grins, spreading his hands.

ARMEN
I am full of surprises!

Fontaine laughs, the sound genuine and unguarded. He turns
back to the view, his gaze lingering on the endless stream of
headlights below.

FONTAINE
(smiling wistfully)
You know... I used to dream about
changing the world. Creating
something that people would look at
and say, "Wow, that's amazing." But
somewhere along the line, I got
stuck in boardrooms and stock
prices. I forgot how to dream.

Armen's gaze drifts down to the highway below, the cars
moving like tiny, glowing ants.

ARMEN
(nodding thoughtfully)
Dreams are like cars on that
highway. Always moving, sometimes
stuck... but still going. But
wouldn't it be nice if...?

Fontaine turns to him, his brow furrowing.

FONTAINE
If what?

Armen gestures toward the highway, his eyes shining with childlike wonder.

ARMEN

If we had... flying cars?

Fontaine blinks, then lets out a surprised laugh.

FONTAINE

Flying cars? Now there's a thought...

Armen nods eagerly, his smile widening.

ARMEN

Yes! No more traffic, no more getting stuck. Just... freedom. Up in the sky, above everything.

Fontaine stares at him, his eyes narrowing as if trying to solve a puzzle. Slowly, his expression shifts, a glimmer of recognition flickering in his gaze.

FONTAINE

(smiling faintly)

You know... years ago, someone approached me with an idea. A startup working on flying car technology. At the time, I thought it was too risky. Too... far-fetched. But now...

He trails off, his gaze drifting back to the city below. Armen leans forward, his excitement palpable.

ARMEN

Now? Maybe it's time to take that risk, yes? You can help people see world in new way. Like you said—change the world!

Fontaine stares at Armen, a slow smile spreading across his face.

FONTAINE

(murmuring)

You're serious... aren't you?

Armen nods vigorously.

ARMEN

Yes! Very serious! You have power, Mr. Fontaine. Big power. But you also have heart.

(MORE)

ARMEN (CONT'D)
If you believe in something, it can
happen. Just... take a little
shortcut!

Fontaine chuckles softly, shaking his head in disbelief.

FONTAINE
A shortcut, huh? You really are
something else, Armen.

Armen's grin is radiant, his eyes sparkling with hope and excitement.

ARMEN
Take shortcut, find new path! You
change world before—do it again!

Fontaine looks at him for a long moment, then nods slowly, his smile turning thoughtful.

FONTAINE
You know... I think I just might.

Armen lets out a whoop of joy, pumping his fist in the air.

ARMEN
Yes! Armen's way! Always find new
way!

Fontaine laughs, the sound carrying through the crisp night air.

FONTAINE
(smiling warmly)
Alright, Armen. Let's see where
this new path leads.

They stand together, looking out over the city—two very different men, united by a shared spark of inspiration and the possibility of dreams that go beyond the limits of the ordinary.

FADE OUT.

INT. STARLIGHT LIMOUSINE OFFICE - MORNING

The office is bustling with the usual morning activity. Phones are ringing, drivers are picking up keys, and Lena is busy going through the day's schedule. Armen bursts through the front door, practically glowing with excitement.

His broad smile lights up the room as he strides over to the front desk.

Lena looks up, raising an eyebrow at his uncharacteristically energized entrance.

LENA
(smiling)
You're back early. So, how did it go?

Armen leans over the desk, his grin widening.

ARMEN
It was amazing, Lena! Mr. Fontaine and I... we are now friends! Very close! He even thought about flying cars!

Lena blinks, taken aback.

LENA
Flying cars? Wow, that's... unexpected. But I guess with you, I shouldn't be surprised anymore.

Before Armen can respond, Greg's office door swings open, and he steps out, his gaze zeroing in on Armen like a laser beam.

GREG
Armen! My office. Now.

Armen straightens up, his grin unwavering. He gives Lena a playful salute, then marches toward Greg's office, his step almost bouncing.

Lena watches them go, her eyes narrowing slightly. Something's different about Armen—she just can't quite put her finger on it.

CUT TO:

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg stands behind his desk, arms crossed, his expression guarded. Armen saunters in and plops down in one of the chairs, his smile never faltering.

GREG
(speaking slowly)
Alright, spill it. What happened?
Did Fontaine chew you out? Fire us?
Buy the company?

Armen shakes his head, still grinning.

ARMEN
No, no! Everything was very good,
boss! We talked a lot—about family,
about dreams... He even said I made
him think about things in new way!

Greg's brow furrows, his arms dropping to his sides.

GREG
Wait... what? Are you telling me
that Everett Fontaine, the most
uptight, no-nonsense billionaire
I've ever heard of, actually
enjoyed his ride with you?

Armen nods enthusiastically.

ARMEN
Yes! We are friends now! He said he
wants to see me again—maybe even
talk more about flying cars!

Greg stares at him, his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

GREG
Friends? You and Everett
Fontaine... are friends?

Armen leans forward, his expression serious now.

ARMEN
Yes. And... I need to talk to you
about something else, boss.

Greg blinks, still trying to process the idea of Armen
befriending Fontaine.

GREG
Uh... sure. What is it?

Armen takes a deep breath, his eyes earnest.

ARMEN
It's about Lena. You see... I like
her very much. I think she is...
very special.
(MORE)

ARMEN (CONT'D)

And I want to know if it's okay
with you if... maybe one day... I
marry her?

Greg's jaw drops, and for a moment, he just stares at Armen,
completely speechless. Then, slowly, his brain catches up,
and he lets out a short, incredulous laugh.

GREG

Marry Lena? Armen, that's... that's
not really my decision to make.
But... you're serious?

Armen nods earnestly.

ARMEN

Yes! I've been thinking... I want
big family, many kids... lots of
laughter, lots of love. And Lena...
she makes me feel like maybe that
can happen. But I want to make sure
you're okay with it.

Greg opens his mouth to respond, then closes it, a wave of
conflicting emotions crossing his face. He shakes his head
slowly, then leans back against his desk, letting out a long
breath.

GREG

You know... I never thought I'd be
having this conversation. But...
damn it, Armen, you've got one hell
of a heart. And... if Lena's
happy... (he pauses, searching for
the right words) then I'm happy.

Armen's smile brightens, and he stands up, giving Greg a
quick, enthusiastic hug.

ARMEN

Thank you, boss! You're the best!

Greg stiffens for a moment, then awkwardly pats Armen's back.

GREG

(laughing softly)
Alright, alright, enough with the
hugging. You're getting sappy on
me.

Armen pulls back, still grinning from ear to ear.

ARMEN

I promise, I will take good care of her! No more crazy driving, only smooth rides from now on!

Greg snorts, shaking his head in exasperation.

GREG

(smirking)

Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I've got a feeling you'll always be a little crazy, Armen. But... if anyone's going to keep you grounded, it's Lena.

Armen nods eagerly, his expression serious.

ARMEN

Yes! She is my compass. My... what do you call it? North Star?

Greg's smile softens, and he nods slowly.

GREG

Yeah... something like that.

There's a moment of silence, then Greg clears his throat, his gaze turning more somber.

GREG (CONT'D)

Look, Armen... just promise me one thing. If you and Lena... you know, if it gets serious... don't let this place, or the job, come between you. This is a crazy business, and... well, relationships are hard enough without the added chaos.

Armen nods, his eyes sincere.

ARMEN

I promise, boss. I will always put her first.

Greg's gaze softens, and he nods, a small smile tugging at his lips.

GREG

Then you have my blessing... for what it's worth.

Armen beams, practically glowing with happiness.

ARMEN

Thank you, boss! I will make you proud!

Greg laughs, shaking his head as he walks around the desk and claps Armen on the shoulder.

GREG

You already do, Armen. More than you know.

The two men share a smile, and for a moment, the chaos of the limo business, the misunderstandings, and the wild antics fade away, leaving just a simple, genuine connection between two very different people.

FADE OUT.

INT. ARMEN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Armen is sitting comfortably on the couch, his phone propped up on a stack of books. The screen glows brightly, showing the excited faces of his family members back in Armenia—his MOTHER, FATHER, AUNT, and several COUSINS. They're all squeezed into the frame, chattering animatedly in Armenian.

Armen's mother, a lively woman in her mid-60s with a kind, expressive face, is front and center, waving her hands excitedly as she speaks.

MOTHER

(rapid-fire Armenian)

Armen, are you serious?! You're really getting married?

Armen nods enthusiastically, a huge grin plastered across his face.

ARMEN

Yes, Mama! I am serious. Her name is Lena. She's... she's amazing. I think... no, I know I want to marry her!

His mother lets out a shriek of joy, clapping her hands together.

MOTHER

(Armenian)

Oh, my son! My beautiful boy!
Finally, you found someone! We must
come to America—plan a big wedding!
Family celebration!

The camera jostles as various family members lean in, each trying to talk over the other.

AUNT

(Armenian)

We'll need to book tickets! Make
sure we have enough time! And what
about the dress? Does she have a
dress?

FATHER

(Armenian)

Calm down, everyone! Let's hear
what Armen has to say!

Armen laughs, holding up his hands to quiet them down.

ARMEN

(Armenian)

Yes, yes! One thing at a time!
But... I think you'll love her.
She's smart, and kind, and... she
makes me feel like I can do
anything.

His mother's eyes soften, and she nods, her voice choked with emotion.

MOTHER

(Armenian)

That's what matters, my son. That's
what matters.

The family starts talking again, their voices overlapping as they throw out suggestions and congratulations. Armen's smile is so wide it's almost splitting his face in two. Just then, the door to his apartment creaks open, and Lena steps in, holding a few folders from work.

She stops short, her eyes widening as she sees the chaos on the phone screen. Armen's family, oblivious to her presence, continues talking animatedly.

LENA

(curious)

Armen... what's going on?

Armen's head whips around, his face going pale as a sheet. He fumbles with the phone, trying to angle it away from Lena.

ARMEN
(wide-eyed)
Lena! Uh... nothing! Just...
talking to family... you know, very
normal conversation...

But it's too late. Armen's mother catches sight of Lena on the screen, and her eyes light up like fireworks.

MOTHER
(Armenian)
Who is that? Armen, is that her? Is
that Lena?!

Armen swallows hard, his face turning bright red.

ARMEN
(Armenian)
Uh... yes, Mama. That's Lena.

Instantly, the entire family erupts into cheers and applause. His mother's voice rings out, loud and jubilant.

MOTHER
(Armenian, loudly)
Congratulations, Lena! Welcome to
the family!

Lena blinks, stunned by the sudden burst of noise. She looks at Armen, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

LENA
Wait... what did she just say?

Armen shifts awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck as he struggles to find the right words.

ARMEN
(haltingly)
Uh... they said... congratulations.
For, um, maybe... our future...
together?

Lena's eyes widen further, a blush creeping up her cheeks.

LENA
(tentative)
Wait—did you... did you tell
them... that we're getting married?

Armen lets out a nervous laugh, his face now an alarming shade of crimson.

ARMEN

(wincing)

Well... sort of. I mean... yes. But not like—it's not official or anything! I just said... I might... want to... one day?

Lena stares at him, her mouth opening and closing as she processes this information. Meanwhile, Armen's family continues cheering and shouting excitedly on the screen.

COUSIN

(Armenian)

When's the wedding? We'll need to book a hall!

AUNT

(Armenian)

We'll bring the best musicians from the village! A real Armenian wedding!

Lena glances at the screen, then back at Armen, her expression a mix of surprise, amusement, and something softer—something almost affectionate.

LENA

(smiling softly)

You told them you want to marry me?

Armen's gaze drops to the floor, his shoulders slumping slightly.

ARMEN

(mumbling)

Yes... I mean... I really do, Lena. I know it's sudden, but... you make me feel like anything is possible. And... I want you to be part of my family, too.

Lena's heart swells, and she steps closer, gently cupping his face in her hands.

LENA

(speaking softly)

Armen... you're the sweetest man I've ever met. But maybe next time, we should talk about these things first... before announcing them to all of Armenia.

Armen lets out a sheepish chuckle, nodding vigorously.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Of course! I'm sorry,
Lena. I just... I got excited.

Lena laughs softly, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

LENA

It's okay. I'm... flattered,
really. And your family... they
seem wonderful.

She waves at the phone, and Armen's mother lets out another
delighted shriek.

MOTHER

(Armenian)

Lena, welcome! We love you already!

Lena glances at Armen, raising an eyebrow.

LENA

What did she say this time?

Armen clears his throat, looking thoroughly embarrassed.

ARMEN

She... she said they love you
already.

Lena's smile widens, and she looks at the screen, her gaze
warm and sincere.

LENA

(speaking loudly and
clearly)

Thank you! I'm... really happy to
meet all of you!

Armen's family cheers again, and Lena laughs, shaking her
head as she looks back at Armen.

LENA (CONT'D)

You know, you might just be the
luckiest guy in the world.

Armen's grin returns, and he nods proudly.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! And you know why?
Because... I have you.

Lena's eyes soften, and she pulls him into a gentle hug. The family continues celebrating in the background, their voices overlapping in a joyful chorus as Armen and Lena share a quiet, intimate moment.

FADE OUT.

INT. LENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The dining room is cozy and tastefully decorated with a blend of modern and traditional elements. A large wooden table is set with an impressive spread of homemade dishes—roast chicken, mashed potatoes, steamed vegetables, and several side dishes that look as if they've been carefully prepared for hours.

LENA'S MOTHER, a refined woman in her early 60s with a no-nonsense demeanor, is adjusting the placements at the table. LENA'S FATHER, a tall, quiet man with a graying mustache and an air of reserved warmth, stands beside her, peeking anxiously through the dining room door at the hallway beyond.

MOTHER
(speaking low)
Are you sure he's the one, Lena? He
seems... unconventional.

Lena rolls her eyes, giving her mother a playful nudge.

LENA
Mom, relax. Armen's great. He's
just... a little nervous. Be nice,
okay?

Her father clears his throat, casting his wife a sidelong glance.

FATHER
Nervous is fine. As long as he's
respectful and... calm.

Just then, the sound of a thud echoes from the hallway, followed by a loud clattering noise. Lena's eyes widen, and her parents exchange alarmed looks.

MOTHER
What was that?

Lena winces, putting on a forced smile.

LENA
Uh... that would be Armen.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Armen is standing in the hallway, his face flushed with embarrassment as he hurriedly picks up a toppled coat rack. His suit, which he clearly ironed with great care, is slightly crumpled, and his hair is slicked back with a little too much gel. He glances up nervously as Lena rushes over, her expression a mix of concern and amusement.

ARMEN
(whispering)
Lena! I'm so sorry! I... I was just trying to hang up my coat, and-boom! Everything fell!

Lena suppresses a giggle, gently taking his coat from his hands.

LENA
It's okay. Just... breathe, alright? They're not going to bite.

Armen takes a deep breath, nodding vigorously.

ARMEN
Yes, yes. Breathe. Like this-(he takes an exaggerated deep breath, then exhales loudly) Okay! Armen is ready!

Lena smiles, giving his hand a reassuring squeeze.

LENA
Come on. Let's go meet them.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lena leads Armen into the dining room, where her parents are waiting.

Her mother's eyes widen slightly at the sight of Armen, but she quickly schools her expression into a polite smile.

Armen stops short, his eyes darting around the room nervously. He steps forward, extending his hand to Lena's father with a stiff, almost military-like salute.

ARMEN

Hello, sir! Mr. Lena's father—very nice to meet you!

Lena's father blinks, then hesitantly shakes Armen's hand.

FATHER

(smiling awkwardly)

It's... just Mr. Sullivan. And it's nice to meet you too, Armen.

Armen nods vigorously, his grin a little too wide.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Mr. Sullivan! Great name. Strong name. I like strong names!

He glances around, then shifts to Lena's mother, extending his hand again. His hand trembles slightly as he speaks.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

And... hello to you, ma'am! Mrs. Sullivan! You look... very, uh... nice! Like... a queen!

Lena's mother raises an eyebrow, then lets out a soft chuckle, shaking his hand gently.

MOTHER

Thank you, Armen. That's... very sweet of you.

Armen nods enthusiastically, still smiling.

ARMEN

Yes! Armen is very sweet. But also strong! Strong and sweet—like... like baklava!

The room falls silent for a moment, and Lena covers her mouth, struggling not to laugh. Her parents exchange bewildered glances, but there's a hint of amusement in their eyes.

LENA
(grinning)
Alright, why don't we all sit down?

CUT TO:

INT. LENA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Everyone is seated around the table. Lena's mother serves the food, and Armen's eyes widen in amazement at the array of dishes.

ARMEN
Wow! This is... so much food! Very delicious-looking! Like... five-star restaurant!

Lena's father chuckles softly.

FATHER
Thank you. We like to cook... it's kind of a family tradition.

Armen nods earnestly, his expression serious.

ARMEN
Family traditions are good! Very good! In Armenia, we have many traditions. Like... cooking sheep's head for special occasions. It's called "khash." Very tasty! Best part is... eating the eyes!

He makes a gesture with his fingers, as if scooping something out of his eye. Lena's mother and father freeze, staring at him in horror.

Lena quickly steps in, smiling brightly.

LENA
(laughing)
It's... it's an acquired taste. Armen's just really passionate about... uh, food!

Armen's smile falters, and he glances between them, a look of panic flickering across his face.

ARMEN

Oh, no! Sorry, sorry! No sheep
heads tonight! Just... eat regular
chicken, yes?

Lena's parents exchange glances, then burst out laughing.
Armen relaxes slightly, his own laughter joining in.

MOTHER

(smiling)

Well, I'm glad we're all on the
same page about that!

The tension in the room eases, and they start serving the
food. Armen takes a bite of the roast chicken, his eyes
lighting up in delight.

ARMEN

Wow! So good! Mrs. Sullivan, you
are a master chef!

Lena's mother blushes slightly, clearly pleased.

MOTHER

Oh, it's just a simple roast. But
thank you, Armen.

Armen nods vigorously, gesturing with his fork.

ARMEN

No, no! Not simple! Very complex
flavors! Like... like symphony in
my mouth!

Lena's father raises an eyebrow, chuckling softly.

FATHER

A symphony, huh?

Armen nods earnestly.

ARMEN

Yes! With trumpets, and violins,
and... oh! Even a little drum,
like... (he mimics drumming on the
table with his hands) "Boom boom,
ba da boom!"

Lena's parents exchange amused glances, and Lena hides a
smile behind her napkin. Armen catches her eye, and she gives
him a subtle thumbs-up.

LENA
(smiling softly)
You're doing great.

Armen blushes slightly, his smile becoming more genuine. He takes a deep breath, then turns to Lena's parents, his gaze sincere.

ARMEN
Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan... I want to say... thank you. For having me. I know I am... not typical boyfriend. But I love Lena very much. She makes my world brighter. And... I want to make her as happy as she makes me.

Lena's mother's eyes soften, and she reaches across the table, placing her hand over Armen's.

MOTHER
You're not what we expected, Armen... but I think that's a good thing. You're sincere. And... you clearly care about Lena.

Her father nods, his gaze steady.

FATHER
That's what matters most to us. As long as she's happy... we're happy.

Armen's eyes shine with gratitude, and he nods, swallowing hard.

ARMEN
(speaking softly)
Thank you. I promise... I will do my best to make her happy. Always.

Lena reaches over and squeezes his hand, her gaze warm and full of affection.

LENA
You already do.

They all smile at each other, a sense of warmth and acceptance filling the room. The dinner continues, laughter and stories flowing easily, and Armen's initial nerves melt away, replaced by the joy of being welcomed into a new family.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LENA'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

The street outside Lena's apartment is quiet, the soft golden light of the setting sun casting long shadows across the pavement. Lena steps out of her front door, a puzzled expression on her face as she sees not one, but six sleek black limousines lined up along the curb, their engines idling softly.

Each limo has a uniformed driver standing beside it, and at the very front is Greg, looking slightly out of place in a suit and tie. He flashes a smile at Lena, his expression a mix of amusement and pride.

LENA
(laughing softly)
What... what is all this?

Greg steps forward, giving her a small, respectful bow.

GREG
Your carriage awaits, Ms. Sullivan.

Lena blinks, then glances at the row of limos, her brow furrowing in confusion.

LENA
All of these? For me?

Greg nods, his smile widening.

GREG
Yup. Armen's orders. He said to tell you... he wanted to do something special. So... this is special.

Lena's heart flutters, a mixture of surprise and excitement bubbling up inside her. She glances at the drivers, who all give her encouraging nods and smiles.

LENA
(stammering)
But... where is he? What's going on?

Greg steps back, gesturing toward the first limo in line.

GREG

You'll have to see for yourself.
Let's just say... you're in for a
ride.

Lena hesitates for a moment, then nods, a smile tugging at her lips. She steps forward, and one of the drivers opens the back door of the first limo with a flourish.

DRIVER 1

Right this way, Ms. Sullivan.

With a final, curious glance at Greg, Lena slips inside. The door closes gently, and with a soft purr, the limo pulls away from the curb.

The other limos fall into formation behind it, creating a seamless procession down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

The limo convoy winds its way along a scenic coastal road, the ocean glistening in the distance. The sun is beginning to set, casting the sky in hues of pink and gold. Lena sits in the back seat of the lead limo, her gaze drifting to the breathtaking view outside the window.

The drivers navigate the road with precision, the limos moving in perfect unison. People on the sidewalks and in passing cars crane their necks, pointing and taking pictures as the sleek black vehicles glide past.

Lena's heart pounds in her chest. She glances at her phone, half-expecting a text from Armen explaining everything, but there's nothing.

LENA

(muttering to herself)
What are you up to, Armen?

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN VIEW PARK - EVENING

The park is perched on a cliff overlooking the ocean, the waves crashing softly against the rocks below. The grassy area is dotted with people enjoying the evening—families having picnics, couples taking sunset strolls, and children playing on the playground.

A few of the park-goers pause, looking up curiously as the line of limos approaches. One by one, the vehicles pull to a stop along the edge of the park, forming a half-circle facing the ocean.

Lena's limo is the last to arrive. The driver steps out, hurrying around to open her door. As Lena steps out, the murmurs and whispers of the onlookers ripple through the air.

ONLOOKER 1

What's going on? Who's that?

ONLOOKER 2

Is it a celebrity? A movie star?

Lena looks around, bewildered. Her gaze sweeps over the park, and then she spots it—a beautifully set table on the grassy hill, draped in white linen and adorned with fresh flowers. The table is surrounded by elegant chairs, and fairy lights twinkle overhead, casting a magical glow.

But it's what's beside the table that catches her breath.

An Armenian band, dressed in traditional attire, stands off to the side, their instruments gleaming in the fading light. They begin to play a soft, lilting melody—a traditional Armenian love song that carries through the air like a gentle breeze.

Lena's eyes widen, and she takes a hesitant step forward.

LENA

(whispering)

Armen...

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN VIEW PARK - PROPOSAL AREA - EVENING

Armen appears from behind the table, his face breaking into a radiant smile as he sees Lena.

He's dressed in a smart suit, his hair neatly combed, but there's a slightly disheveled look to him—as if he's been anxiously fussing over every last detail.

He steps forward, his smile widening as he catches Lena's eye.

ARMEN

Lena... you came!

Lena laughs softly, her gaze sweeping over the setup—the table, the band, the limos, and finally, Armen's hopeful face.

LENA

Of course I did! But... what is all this?

Armen's smile falters slightly, and he fumbles in his pocket, pulling out a slightly crumpled piece of paper. He clears his throat, glancing at it nervously.

ARMEN

(voice trembling)

This is... because I wanted to show you... that I am serious. About you. About us.

He gestures to the table, his eyes shining with emotion.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

I didn't know how to say it... so I thought... maybe I can show it. Like... like big movie, yes?

Lena's heart melts, and she steps closer, her gaze softening.

LENA

Armen, you didn't have to do all this...

Armen shakes his head, his expression earnest.

ARMEN

Yes, yes, I did! Because... I want to ask you something very important.

He takes a deep breath, then gestures grandly to the band. The musicians smile and nod, and the music swells into a joyous, celebratory tune.

Armen turns back to Lena, dropping to one knee, his hand trembling slightly as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small velvet box.

Lena gasps, her hands flying to her mouth.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
(speaking softly)
Lena Sullivan... you make my
life... complete. And I want to
make your life... full of love, and
laughter, and... and sometimes,
maybe... a little craziness.

He opens the box, revealing a beautiful, simple engagement ring that glitters in the light.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
(smiling through his
nerves)
Will you... marry me?

Lena stares at him, tears welling up in her eyes. Around them, people have gathered, murmuring and pointing. The whole park seems to hold its breath, waiting for her answer.

Lena's gaze shifts from the ring, to the table, to the band, and finally, to Armen's hopeful, earnest face.

She takes a deep breath, then nods, her voice breaking with emotion.

LENA
Yes... yes, Armen, I will marry
you.

Armen's face lights up with pure, unbridled joy. He jumps to his feet, letting out a whoop of excitement as he slips the ring onto her finger.

ARMEN
(speaking loudly)
She said yes! Lena said yes!

The band erupts into a lively, jubilant tune, and the gathered crowd bursts into applause and cheers. Armen sweeps Lena into his arms, spinning her around as the music and laughter swell around them.

Tears of joy stream down Lena's face, and she clings to him, laughing and crying at the same time.

LENA
(softly)
You're incredible, Armen. This...
this is perfect.

Armen beams, his heart swelling with happiness.

ARMEN
No... you're perfect. And now...
we're perfect together.

They kiss, the sunset painting the sky in brilliant hues of orange and pink. Around them, the celebration continues, the music and cheers creating a magical, unforgettable moment that seems to hang in the air, timeless and beautiful.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - OCEANFRONT BANQUET HALL - DAY

The grand entrance of the luxurious oceanfront hotel is lined with lush floral arrangements and elegantly dressed guests. The ocean breeze rustles the leaves of palm trees, and the sound of traditional Armenian music fills the air, blending with the excited chatter of family, friends, and curious onlookers.

Lena, radiant in a stunning white gown adorned with delicate lace, stands beside Armen, who is dressed in a sharp black tuxedo with a traditional Armenian red sash tied around his waist. They hold hands, smiling at the gathered guests as they enter the grand ballroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

The ballroom is a spectacular sight—a breathtaking mix of Armenian culture and modern elegance. Crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling, casting a warm, golden glow over the room. Long tables are draped in white linen, adorned with towering centerpieces of red and white roses. At the far end, a large stage has been set up, where an Armenian band is playing lively folk music, their traditional instruments adding a festive atmosphere to the event.

The guests are a diverse mix—Armenian relatives and friends dressed in traditional attire, chatting and laughing as they share stories. But among them, sprinkled like unexpected jewels, are celebrities from Armen's limo service clientele.

Senator Richard Lawson stands near the bar, engaged in a lively conversation with a young actor. Mr. Mayhem—Axel Thunder—is seated at one of the front tables, his usual rock-star persona replaced with a genuine smile as he talks to his wife and kids.

But the most surprising guest is Everett Fontaine, looking effortlessly sophisticated in a dark suit. Beside him is his daughter, a striking young woman with Fontaine's piercing blue eyes and an air of quiet confidence.

Fontaine scans the room, a faint smile tugging at his lips as he watches Armen interact with the guests.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - MAIN TABLE - LATER

Armen and Lena sit at the head table, flanked by their parents and closest friends. Greg, looking dapper in a tuxedo, sits beside Armen, his expression a mix of pride and disbelief.

GREG
(smiling)
You actually pulled it off, Armen.
The whole thing—every limo, every
detail. It's... incredible.

Armen grins, his eyes shining with happiness.

ARMEN
Yes, yes! But couldn't do it
without you, boss. I mean... Greg.

Greg's smile softens, and he shakes his head.

GREG
(smiling)
You're more than just an employee,
Armen. You're... family. I hope you
know that.

Armen's smile falters slightly, and he swallows hard, his voice thick with emotion.

ARMEN

Thank you, Greg. That means...
everything to me.

Before he can say more, there's a commotion at the entrance of the ballroom. Armen and Greg turn to see Mr. Fontaine approaching, his daughter on his arm. The guests part for them, whispers of admiration and curiosity rippling through the room.

Fontaine strides up to the head table, a faint smile on his lips. Armen stands up, his expression a mix of excitement and respect.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Fontaine! You came!

Fontaine nods, his eyes warm.

FONTAINE

Of course I did. I wouldn't miss
this for the world.

He glances at Lena, giving her a courteous nod.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Congratulations to you both. You
make a beautiful couple.

Lena smiles, inclining her head graciously.

LENA

Thank you, Mr. Fontaine. We're
honored to have you here.

Fontaine's gaze shifts back to Armen, his eyes twinkling with a hint of mischief.

FONTAINE

Armen, could I steal you away for a
moment? There's something I'd like
to discuss.

Armen blinks, then nods eagerly.

ARMEN

Yes, yes, of course!

He gives Lena an apologetic look, then follows Fontaine as he leads him to a quieter corner of the ballroom, away from the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - QUIET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Fontaine turns to Armen, his expression softening as he takes a deep breath.

FONTAINE

Armen, I've been thinking a lot since that night you took me to the overlook. About dreams... and new paths.

Armen's brow furrows in confusion, but he nods, his gaze attentive.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! I remember. You said... dreams are important, yes?

Fontaine chuckles softly.

FONTAINE

(smiling)

That's right. And... well, I've decided to take a risk. Something I haven't done in a long time.

Armen's eyes widen, his curiosity piqued.

ARMEN

(speaking softly)

What kind of risk?

Fontaine glances around, then leans in closer, his voice dropping to a low, conspiratorial whisper.

FONTAINE

I bought that flying car startup. The one we talked about. And... I want you and Greg to help me run it. Full partnership. Full creative control. The whole nine yards.

Armen's jaw drops, his eyes going wide as saucers.

ARMEN

(stammering)

You... you bought... the company? The flying car company?

Fontaine nods, his smile widening.

FONTAINE

(smiling)

Yes. And I can't think of anyone better to help launch it than you, Armen. You've got the heart, the drive, and... well, the ability to take shortcuts that no one else sees.

Armen stares at him, completely floored.

ARMEN

But... why me? I'm just a limo driver...

Fontaine shakes his head, his gaze steady.

FONTAINE

No, Armen. You're not "just" anything. You've got a way of turning the impossible into reality. And I want that energy in this company. I want you to help me change the world.

Armen's heart pounds in his chest, a surge of excitement and disbelief washing over him.

ARMEN

(speaking breathlessly)

I... I don't know what to say...

Fontaine's smile softens, and he places a hand on Armen's shoulder.

FONTAINE

Say yes. Say you'll help me take this dream and make it fly.

Armen swallows hard, then nods, his smile breaking through like the sun after a storm.

ARMEN

Yes! Yes, Mr. Fontaine—I mean, Everett. I'll do it! We'll do it!

Fontaine chuckles, giving Armen a firm handshake.

FONTAINE

(smiling)

Welcome aboard, partner.

Armen's face lights up with pure, unbridled joy. He lets out a laugh of disbelief, shaking Fontaine's hand vigorously.

ARMEN

Thank you! Thank you so much!

Fontaine nods, his eyes warm.

FONTAINE

(speaking softly)

I should be the one thanking you,
Armen. You reminded me what it's
like to dream again.

They stand together for a moment, two men united by an
unexpected friendship and a shared vision of the future.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - MAIN TABLE - LATER

Armen returns to the main table, his face flushed with
excitement. He takes his seat beside Greg, who raises an
eyebrow at Armen's glowing expression.

GREG

What's going on? You look like you
just won the lottery.

Armen laughs, his eyes sparkling.

ARMEN

(smiling)

Even better! Mr. Fontaine... he
wants us to help him run the flying
limo company! He bought it, Greg!
And he wants us to run it!

Greg stares at Armen, completely stunned.

GREG

(stammering)

He... wants us? To run a... a
flying limo company?

Armen nods vigorously, practically bouncing in his seat.

ARMEN

Yes! We're going to be... partners!
In something big! Something
amazing!

Greg's mouth opens and closes, his expression a mix of shock
and awe. Finally, he lets out a slow, incredulous laugh,
shaking his head.

GREG
(voice low)
You know what, Armen? I believe it.
I really do.

Armen grins, his heart swelling with happiness.

ARMEN
(smiling)
It's a new adventure, boss. Armen's
way... and now, Greg's way too.

Greg chuckles softly, nodding as he clinks his glass against Armen's.

GREG
(smiling warmly)
Here's to Armen's way... and
wherever it takes us next.

The two friends smile at each other, a sense of excitement and camaraderie settling between them as the celebration continues around them.

FADE OUT.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - BALLROOM - EVENING

The ballroom is alive with laughter and conversation, the lively music and clinking glasses creating a festive, joyous atmosphere. Lena sits beside Armen at the head table, her hand resting lightly on his arm as they watch their guests enjoying the celebration.

Armen, his heart still pounding with excitement from his conversation with Mr. Fontaine, turns to Lena. A mischievous smile tugs at his lips as he leans in and plants a firm, loving kiss on her lips. Lena blinks in surprise, then pulls back slightly, giving him a suspicious look.

LENA
(grinning)
What's up with you?

Armen's grin widens, and he shifts in his seat, practically vibrating with energy.

ARMEN
(smiling)
I have... a big announcement to
make.

Lena's eyebrows lift, curiosity and concern mingling in her gaze.

LENA

Okay... should I be worried?

Armen laughs softly, shaking his head.

ARMEN

No, no! This is good! Very, very good!

He glances around the room, then reaches for his fork. With a quick, excited motion, he taps it against the side of his glass. The ting ting ting sound rings out, catching the attention of the guests nearby. Greg, sitting a few seats down, glances over and raises an eyebrow. He quickly catches on and joins in, tapping his own glass rhythmically.

Slowly, the room begins to quiet down. Conversations taper off, and the music softens as the guests turn their attention to the head table.

Armen stands up, his smile bright and confident. He clears his throat, glancing around the room as every eye in the ballroom focuses on him.

ARMEN (CONT'D)

(loudly, smiling)

Hello, everyone! If I can have your attention, please!

The room falls silent, a hush of anticipation settling over the guests. Lena looks up at Armen, her expression a mix of curiosity and amusement.

LENA

(whispering)

Armen, what are you doing?

Armen leans down, giving her a quick, reassuring smile.

ARMEN

(smiling softly)

Trust me.

He straightens up, turning back to the room. His gaze sweeps over the familiar faces of friends, family, and the unexpected but welcome faces of his celebrity clients. He takes a deep breath, then grins, his voice ringing out with excitement.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen... I have a
very special announcement to make!

A murmur of curiosity ripples through the crowd. The Senator, seated at a nearby table, leans forward, his eyes narrowing in interest. Mr. Mayhem and his wife exchange puzzled glances. And at the back of the room, Mr. Fontaine stands beside his daughter, his lips curving into a small, secretive smile.

Armen's gaze flickers to Fontaine, who gives him an encouraging nod.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Tonight is a very special night.
Not just because I married the most
amazing woman in the world...

Lena blushes, the guests chuckling softly.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
...But because... I want to share
some exciting news. A big... big
news!

He takes another deep breath, his eyes shining with exhilaration.

ARMEN (CONT'D)
Tonight, my good friend Mr.
Fontaine gave us a gift. Not just
any gift... but a gift of a
lifetime.

Lena's smile falters slightly, confusion flickering in her eyes.

LENA
(softly)
What is he talking about?

Armen glances down at her, his grin widening.

ARMEN
(smiling brightly)
Mr. Fontaine has given us... a new
company. A company that will change
everything.

The room falls into a stunned silence. Whispers and murmurs ripple through the crowd as people lean in, trying to catch every word.

GUEST 1
(surprised)
A company?

GUEST 2
(muttering)
What kind of company?

Armen raises his hands, gesturing for silence. He can't contain his excitement, his voice trembling with emotion.

ARMEN
(smiling broadly)
A company that will take us... to
the skies! Ladies and gentlemen...
we are now the proud owners of a
flying limo company!

There's a moment of complete, stunned silence. Then—

GUEST 3
(shouting)
Are you kidding?!

Laughter and exclamations of shock and disbelief ripple through the room. The Senator's mouth falls open, and he lets out a bark of surprised laughter. Mr. Mayhem's eyes widen, and he shakes his head, grinning.

Lena stares up at Armen, her eyes as wide as saucers.

LENA
(slowly)
Flying... limos?

Armen nods, his grin never fading.

ARMEN
Yes! Flying limos! Imagine—no more
traffic, no more waiting! Just...
zoom! Up in the sky, over the city!

Greg, who has been watching with a mixture of pride and awe, finally stands up, raising his glass high.

GREG
(smiling)
To Armen, and to dreams that
actually take flight!

The guests erupt into applause and cheers. Armen's family jumps up, shouting excitedly in Armenian. Mr. Fontaine steps forward, his daughter beside him, and raises his own glass.

FONTAINE
(speaking warmly)
To Armen, to Lena, and to a future
that's as limitless as the skies.

Armen's heart swells with pride and joy. He turns back to Lena, his gaze softening as he leans down to kiss her again, this time gently, tenderly.

ARMEN
(whispering)
I told you... big news.

Lena laughs, her eyes shining with tears of happiness.

LENA
You're unbelievable, Armen. But...
I guess that's why I love you.

They share a smile, and Armen straightens up, raising his own glass high.

ARMEN
To family, to friends, and to
flying limos!

The band picks up a lively tune, and the guests cheer, raising their glasses in unison. The room is filled with laughter, joy, and the shared excitement of a dream that seemed impossible just moments ago.

As the music swells, Armen glances around at the people he loves, the people who have supported him, and the people who have become unexpected friends. He takes a deep breath, his heart full to bursting.

This is just the beginning.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FLYING LIMO AIRFIELD - DAY

The sun is setting over the airfield. Armen, inside a sleek black flying limo, grins nervously as he looks over the complicated controls. A FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR stands beside the open door, watching him intently.

FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR Just a small lift-off, Armen. Easy and steady.

Armen nods, sweat beading on his forehead.

ARMEN

Yes, yes! Easy... steady...

He pushes the throttle. The limo lifts gently off the ground—then suddenly shoots up like a rocket.

LENA

(screaming)

Armen, slow down!

The limo tilts, spinning wildly in the air. Armen's eyes widen in panic.

ARMEN

Whoa—too high! Too high!

The limo wobbles, dips, and nearly crashes into a hangar. Everyone on the ground gasps, eyes glued to the spectacle above.

Armen fumbles, slams a red button on the panel, and the limo jerks to a sudden, shaky halt midair.

GREG

(shouting)

Armen, are you crazy?

Armen, still hovering in the limo, gives a thumbs-up and a sheepish smile.

ARMEN

(grinning)

See? Armen's way—very smooth landing!

The limo touches down with a soft thud. Greg shakes his head, Lena sighs in relief, and Mr. Fontaine laughs.

FONTAINE

(smiling)

Well, I guess we're off to a flying start!

Armen grins proudly, his eyes sparkling.

ARMEN

(smiling)

Yes! Armen's way—always flying high!

They all laugh, watching as Armen steps out of the limo, still beaming despite the close call.

FADE OUT.