

Look At Me Now

by

J.Ray Fyhrie

SHEILA FINEGAN
Trinity Artist International
310.728.4000 ext. 5 office

WILLIAM A. JACOBSON
Goodman, Genow, Schenkman, Smelkinson, & Christopher
310.385.9300 office
310.385.9333 fax
will@ggssc.com

FADE IN:

INT. MYSTICAL SHOP - DAY

Mystical books and knickknacks surround MADAME ZORA SERAPHINA (50s), eclectic style, whimsical energy. She peers into a crystal ball, where dozens of tiny orbs flicker like stars.

Two orbs in close proximity flicker brighter than the rest, provoke her smile.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Planet Earth floats in a sea of stars.

FRANKIE (V.O.)	CRAWFORD (V.O.)
(bit of Southern drawl)	It's like we're all stumbling
It's like we're all stumbling	around in the dark, --
around in the dark, --	

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

Boulevard lined with open retail and restaurants. PEDESTRIANS fill the busy sidewalks.

FRANKIE & CRAWFORD (V.O.)
-- everyone searching for something
real, in a world that's
increasingly artificial.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT / INT. TIKI BAR - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT: Upscale French restaurant - FRANKIE MCKENZIE (30s), sophisticated, detached, elite corporate raider, hint of Southern demeanor, is seated at a table.

RIGHT: Dive Tiki bar - CRAWFORD FYHRIE (late 20s), Sampson-like hair, blends charm and wisdom, effortlessly captures the essence of eternal youth, is seated at a table.

FRANKIE & CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Too bad realness is as rare as a
unicorn sighting at rush hour.

SERIES OF SHOTS

LEFT / RIGHT: Rapid succession of DATES cycle through the seats across from Frankie and Crawford.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Where'd all the genuine men
vanish to?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Where'd all the genuine women
vanish to?

FRANKIE & CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Authenticity is buried beneath
layers of ego and superficiality.
It's an authenticity apocalypse.

FRANKIE
Men these days are like
puzzle pieces trying to fit
into the wrong puzzle.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Women these days are like
puzzle pieces trying to fit
into the wrong puzzle.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT: Upscale bar/retail district, Frankie navigates a sidewalk full of PARTYGOERS, walks toward FRAT GUYS, who urge each other to look at her, but she avoids eye contact.

RIGHT: Boulevard faded from its glory days, Crawford strolls past dubious NIGHTOWLS. A GROUP OF WOMEN strides in his direction. He smiles warmly at them.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
I'm over opinions on MMA
fighters and video game
releases. I want intellectual
conversation. Stimulate me!

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
I'm over opinions on eyeliner
trends and celebrity gossip.
I want intellectual
conversation. Stimulate me!

LEFT: Frankie turns down the frat guys, but they persist, hit on her as they follow her.

RIGHT: Crawford's smile is met with WOMAN #1's disgust. As the women LAUGH and walk off, Woman #1's cell phone drops from her back pocket.

FRANKIE & CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Modern dating seems to be all about
mind games and manipulation. They
say they want honesty, but the
moment you give it, boom, you're
the villain.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Why can't men just say what
they mean?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Why can't women just say what
they mean?

LEFT: Frankie walks away from the guys, who scowl, hate on her until she turns, acts aggressively. They back off.

RIGHT: Crawford picks up the phone, taps Woman #1. She recoils, then grabs her phone, walks off without a word.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE / HUNTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT: Frankie is at home in her high-end lifestyle, as she prepares to turn in, then lies in her large, comfy bed.

RIGHT: Hunter's apartment has three doors: entrance, bathroom, and bedroom. HUNTER FYHRIE (30s), short, rough-hewn masculinity, stoic nature, enters the bedroom, as Crawford prepares the couch as a bed, lies down.

FRANKIE & CRAWFORD (V.O.)

And the drama! I want a rom-com relationship, but it's always a Shakespearean tragedy. Honestly, I believe they thrive on chaos.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Men are... ugh, I give up.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Women are... ugh, I give up.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

SUPER: 1 LONLEY YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAND THEATER - NIGHT

Classic-Hollywood charm. A large CROWD is piled up behind PAPARAZZI, as REPORTERS fight for CELEBRITY interviews.

Limousine pulls up. Backdoor is opened, out steps Crawford, tie improperly tied.

Crawford extends his hand out to VERSA BALL (mid-50s), timeless beauty, exudes celebrity elegance, magnetic presence, who takes his hand and exits.

Crawford ignores the barrage of camera flashes, treats Versa like a queen, fixes her dress, places her hair behind an ear. She adjusts his tie. It's adorable!

CRAWFORD
 (under his breath)
 Sorry, the way I was taught, I -- .

VERSA
 You look wonderful, darling.

Versa lightly kisses Crawford on the cheek.

Smitten, Crawford and Versa walk the red carpet. Crawford grows awkward under the paparazzi's flashes, then is relieved as an usher waves him aside.

Versa waves Crawford over, but he quietly refuses. She finishes her pictures, joins him, and they approach the reporters. Microphones are shoved at Versa. Crawford, visibly introverted, stays by her side.

MULTIPLE REPORTERS
 Versa! Versa! Over here, Versa!

INTERVIEWER (40s), dapper and smug, stops Versa. Crawford remains calm while he shuns reporters and stands with Versa.

INTERVIEWER
 Versa, you look absolutely stunning tonight! Can you tell us how it feels to land a role after all these years? You must feel incredibly lucky at your age!

Versa's smile falters, she shows discomfort. Crawford steps forward, his voice steady despite his nerves.

CRAWFORD
 Versa's talent and experience landed her this role, not luck. Her age is an asset, not a hindrance, and she continues to inspire many in the industry today.

Interviewer opens his mouth to respond but stops as Crawford sways and collapses. CROWD GASPS. Cameras flash as Versa kneels beside an unconscious Crawford. Security rushes in.

INT. GRAND THEATER / BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The stage lies beyond a curtain, where an unseen CROWD CHEERS as LIVE music plays. CREW is hard at work.

Crawford sits in a fold-out chair as Versa holds a damp towel to his forehead.

VERSA

I could have handled him with one hand tied behind my back.

CRAWFORD

If you did, he'd have been knocked out instead of me.

Versa gently caresses his face, fingers linger on his cheek.

VERSA

Not only handsome but smart, too. I appreciate you more than words can say, Crawford, but --

Will they kiss? No, Versa retracts her hand.

VERSA (CONT'D)

-- darling, it might behoove you to include "not particularly fond of crowds" on your resume.

CRAWFORD

I'm just glad I didn't pass out before I said my peace.

VERSA

Well, you were simply divine. And it worked like a charm.

She pulls out cash, hands it to Crawford.

VERSA (CONT'D)

Ralphie got jealous and asked me to the afterparty. So, where should I tell the limo to drop you off?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Intimate, only a few tables seat two separate parties.

One party, MOM and DAD (40s) chaperone a modest Sweet 16, where a group of TEENS all use sign language to communicate.

The other, SUITS gather at a table with impersonal gifts that aren't wrapped, under a lone "happy birthday" balloon. It's clear the dynamic is more professional than personal when Frankie, business suit, visibly exhausted, arrives.

FRANKIE

(to Suits)

I told ya'll not to bring presents.

Frankie says hello to some Suits, stops at YASMEEN TURNER (40s), self-centered lush who is absolutely fabulous, polished facade masks abusive tendencies, exudes confident arrogance, practiced smile.

YASMEEN
 Girl, it's your birthday!
 (to Suits)
 Raise your glasses.

Suits nod, MURMUR, raise their glasses in a toast, without a response they drink, then go on with their conversations.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)
 Can you believe this mess? We were
 supposed to have the entire place.
 (obnoxiously loud)
 But they double-booked it.

Mom glares at Yasmeen, rolls her eyes.

FRANKIE
 It's okay. I'm just -- .

YASMEEN
 No, it ain't, but, whatever. By the
 way, Teff, Frankie. Frankie, Teff.

Yasmeen introduces TEFF (20s), surfer model-type, doesn't look up from a menu, nods briefly.

TEFF
 I want chicken fingers and fries.

YASMEEN
 Whatever you want, boo.

Teff nods, sets down his menu. Yasmeen pulls Frankie aside.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)
 So, Brian bought a new property,
 and I'm crashed there 'til it's
 listed. I took Jackson's spare Audi
 to get here. This is Shah's
 restaurant, so we eat for free.
 After this, we ditch Teff and hit
 the Roosevelt. Damon's got bottles,
 and we're gettin' --
 (obnoxiously loud)
 -- drunk all night!

FRANKIE
 Aren't you scared that one day, all
 of this...

Frankie motions to Yasmeen's face and body.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Won't look so good?

YASMEEN
 (loud and obnoxious)
 By then, we'll be crazy rich.

Suits leer at Yasmeen. Mom and Dad are annoyed.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)
 (leans in, quiet)
 Or, I'll poke a hole in some rich
 guy's condom and make him give me
 half his everything.
 (regular tone)
 But, that ain't gonna happen.
 (obnoxiously loud)
 Because this next deal is it! We're
 set as soon as it's closed, baby.

Mom is livid.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)
 Why you all caught up with that
 party over there, like you ain't
 never seen deaf kids before?

FRANKIE
 It's not that. I was working so
 hard at that age, I never had a
 Sweet 16, or anything like it.

YASMEEN
 Look at you, openin' up. Next thing
 you know, you'll be sobbin' about
 your first kiss.

FRANKIE
 The last birthday party I had was
 at fourteen... No, thirteen. I
 opened a lemonade stand for my
 fourteenth birthday.

YASMEEN
 (loud and obnoxious)
 Aww, you never had a life. Poor
 baby girl. What, want me to give
 you a hug?

Yasmeen grins, leans into Frankie.

FRANKIE

Get off me. Having a life has
always meant having to work.

Yasmeen hands a flyer to Frankie.

YASMEEN

Why not mix both? The owner of that
toothpaste brand we're after will
be there. You get to go make that
in-person connection.

(loud and obnoxious)

Go make us that money!

Suits leer at Yasmeen, shake their heads. SUIT #1 excuses
himself, leaves. Dad restrains Mom as she tries to stand.

FRANKIE

Uh uh. You handle the parties, I
handle the mundane business stuff.

YASMEEN

You blew off the other chances to
meet her in person. This is your
last chance to score a face-to-face
before we pitch the deal.

FRANKIE

Okay, I'll go.

YASMEEN

That's better. Now, try to enjoy
yourself, honey.

Yasmeen WHOOPS loudly. Mom stands.

MOM

Excuse me, party girl.

YASMEEN

You're excused.

MOM

Do you mind toning it down?

The kids all stare at Yasmeen.

YASMEEN

What's your damage, Karen? Am I
bein' too loud for you to hear the
kids' conversations?

Yasmeen CACKLES and is about to extend her middle finger, but
Frankie stops her and shakes her head, no.

MOM

They may not hear you, but they can see you're making a complete ass out of yourself.

YASMEEN

Give it a rest. If they can't hear me, then they shouldn't care.

MOM

I can hear you. The way you carry yourself, I thought I'd ask nicely before you began cussing. Most of these kids can read lips.

YASMEEN

Ask nicely.

(SNICKERS)

If they can read lips then --

(turns to kids)

-- MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Yasmeen ignores Frankie's discomfort, turns as Mom rushes her, hears a scuffle, turns to find Dad holds Mom back, SCOFFS, then mingles with the Suits.

Kid #1 steps up to Yasmeen, signs angrily in her face. Yasmeen ignores it, turns to notice Frankie at CASHIER.

Frankie hands Cashier a credit card, discreetly gestures to the Sweet 16 party.

FRANKIE

Charge their bill to my card.

As the cashier processes the payment, in the background, Kid #1 kicks Yasmeen in the shin, then darts away.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

MUSIC plays as Crawford sits at the bar, nurses his last bit of whiskey in a glass.

BRIE (40s), never outgrew her party phase, strides over, signals BARTENDER, gets her attention, gestures to Crawford.

BRIE

Get this hunk of man a drink.

BARTENDER

(to Crawford)

What'll it be?

CRAWFORD

I've spent all the allowance my
mommy gave me for today.

BRIE

I got the next round.
(to Crawford)
You should get a Sex On The Beach.

BARTENDER

Same?

CRAWFORD

Sure. From the well is fine.

BRIE

He's having a Sex On The Beach.
I'll have the shot of whisky.

Bartender looks at Crawford, who shrugs, nods. A whisky shot
and a Sex On The Beach are placed on the bar.

BRIE (CONT'D)

You look smart. That's hot.

CRAWFORD

I was a good student in school.

BRIE

Yeah? I tutored my teachers.

Brie takes the shot, sets the empty glass next to the
untouched Sex On The Beach.

CRAWFORD

My college professors wanted me to
apply for Mensa.

BRIE

I gave the entrance exam a
makeover. You wouldn't pass.

Brie sets an empty shot glass down next to the first, the Sex
On The Beach still untouched.

CRAWFORD

I'm brushing up on Spanish.

BRIE

I speak four languages and invented
a fifth.

Brie sets another empty shot glass down next to the other
two, Sex On The Beach still untouched.

CRAWFORD
I want to visit Europe one day.

BRIE
I've traveled the world; twice.

As Brie INDISTINCTLY BLABS, Crawford intently listens. As Crawford INDISTINCTLY TALKS, Brie doesn't pay attention.

CRAWFORD
What I learned from it all is that
you never know if you're -- .

Crawford stops mid-sentence, stares at Brie as she glances around until she notices.

BRIE
Oh, that's nice.

Brie obviously FARTS, smiles.

BRIE (CONT'D)
I feel so comfortable around you.
That, that was, like, a six.

Brie SNIFFS the air.

BRIE (CONT'D)
Nope, it's a nine.

POP SONG blares out from the speakers.

<p>BRIE (CONT'D) It's my song! (sings) Hey, hey!</p>	<p>CRAWFORD (to Bartender) Check, please.</p>
--	---

Brie latches onto Crawford's arm. Her eyes dart behind Crawford, she grins, nods, then returns her focus to him.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
(to Bartender)
Can we get the check?

BRIE
Oh, come on, don't leave. Dance
with me.

CRAWFORD
I'm okay, thank --

BRIE
You look drunk. Don't drive drunk.

Brie grinds into Crawford, who doesn't reciprocate.

BRIE (CONT'D)
 (sings)
*You're probably gonna start a
 fight. I know this can't --*

END MUSIC

Bartender releases the volume knob.

BRIE (CONT'D) CRAWFORD
 Hey! I was vibing. Look, I'm just gonna go.

BARTENDER
 You can party on, somewhere else.

Suddenly, RICHIE (30s), meathead, approaches them.

BRIE
 (to Crawford)
 You look drunk.
 (to Richie)
 He looks, drunk, right?

Richie looks at Crawford like a snack, nods.

BRIE (CONT'D)
 (to Crawford)
 You shouldn't drive.

CRAWFORD
 I'm good.

Richie takes up Brie's arm. She kisses his cheek. They eye Crawford like a forbidden fruit, ready to be picked.

RICHIE
 You're welcome to kick it back at
 our place... *come* with us.

Brie drags her finger down Crawford's chest.

BRIE
 Oh, he wants to *come*, alright.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Alone and perplexed, Crawford exits. He walks a few steps, grins, then LAUGHS.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT (MOVING)

RAP MUSIC plays loudly. A pink Uber sign illuminates UBER DRIVER, who bounces to the beat in their seat. Frankie sits in the back seat.

UBER DRIVER

This my newest track. Literally.
Just laid it down it in the studio.

Frankie is not entertained as the volume is cranked up.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie exits the Uber into the city's roar: CAR ENGINES, HORNS, rowdy TEENS, a VAGRANT COUGHS as he passes her.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

MUSIC blends with PARTYGOER'S CHATTER as they enter, surround Frankie. The elevator DINGS LOUDLY while it rises.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE / ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

SILENCE as Frankie enters. She basks in the tranquility.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie walks in to the MUFFLED SOUND OF A PARTY NEXTDOOR.

Annoyed, she pours a glass of wine, sits on the couch, turns on the TV, clicks through three romance scenes, turns it off.

FRANKIE

Nope.

She picks up her phone, looks through her contacts, where big red X emojis are next to various men's names.

Frustrated, she tosses her phone onto the table, listens to the party, yearns to join. Across the room, MUFFLED MOANS and REPEATED THUD of a headboard against the wall. She sulks.

Party on one side, sex on the other, visibly lonely, she stands at a window, overlooks the city for a BEAT, reaches into her pocket, retrieves the Halfway to Halloween flyer.

INT. HUNTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hunter fervently cleans as Crawford enters, immediately turns cold and heads straight for the thermostat.

CRAWFORD
It's Eskimo in here.

HUNTER
Bro, I've been digging the cold
vibe lately. Feels all crisp and
clean, like we're chilling in a
hospital, you know? Keeps the
senses on point, man.

Crawford reaches for the thermostat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You touch it, you're crashing
somewhere else tonight.

Crawford plays like he's going to touch it.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You got cash for a hotel, bro?

CRAWFORD
That's low.

Crawford leaves the temperature as it is.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
The only reason a man keeps a place
this clean is because he's having
someone over, which hasn't happened
since I got here.

Crawford enters the bedroom.

HUNTER
Yeah, man, been channeling my
stress into more positive stuff
lately. If I wanted, I could
totally have someone over.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Keep telling yourself that. You get
as much action as a wiffle ball bat
in a football game.

Crawford, overly bundled up, enters with a blanket and
pillow, throws them on the couch, flops down.

CRAWFORD
Hell's a lot colder than I thought
it would be.

HUNTER (V.O.)
Lucky for you, the Devil created
something to heat things up.

Hunter sets a bottle of Whiskey down on the table.

CRAWFORD
You know what happens when I drink.

HUNTER
Exactly.

CUT TO:

Crawford and Hunter are inebriated as they throw back a shot.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Chicks are for fags.

CRAWFORD
Do you hear things that come out of
your mouth?

HUNTER
And love is for codependents.

CRAWFORD
I love love. Yeah, Trisha and I
didn't work out, but -- .

HUNTER
Oh, man, Trisha! She was something
else. When she got mad, remember
that thing her eyes did?

Hunter scowls, struggles to spread his pupils apart, stops.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You get it.

CRAWFORD
That's cruel, but given the
circumstances, I'll allow it.

HUNTER
Given the circumstances, if she
were here in front of me, bro...

Hunter insinuates he'd pee on her.

CRAWFORD
Yeah, but I was happy.

HUNTER
She straight-up used you.

CRAWFORD
Did I tell you what Dad said when I told him that?

HUNTER
Oh, this is gonna be good.

CRAWFORD
He asked me if the sex was good.

HUNTER
The crazy ones always are.

CRAWFORD
Then he asked if I was happy during the time we were together.

HUNTER
At least, you thought you were.

CRAWFORD
That's the point. So, again, yes. Get this, he tells me, well then, you got yours. You used her, she used you. Go on with your life.

HUNTER
Yeah, that's totally his vibe.

CRAWFORD
She may not have felt it, but I did. Honestly, I'd go through heartache every day, have my heart drug through the dirt, just to feel real love again, even if it's just for a brief moment.

HUNTER
Who knows, man? Maybe one of these dates will turn you into a hooker with a heart of gold.

CRAWFORD
Don't do that. You know I hate it. People insinuating I'm a prostitute makes me sick.

HUNTER
Tomato, potato.

CRAWFORD
You mean, tomato, tomato.

HUNTER
Who the Hell says "tomato," man?
Should've paid more attention in
that school, bro.

Bothered, Crawford shakes his head, stands, eyes the kitchen.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Or are they too busy teaching you
how to make sure Fido's fur's all
fluffy after a bath?

Crawford clumsily plays "the floor is lava" as he makes his way over furniture to the kitchen.

CRAWFORD
Not funny. Honestly, I couldn't
afford this semester.

HUNTER
What! Wait? Then where have you
been going to every day?

CRAWFORD
I was volunteering at a soup
kitchen. Man, unless I can tap into
how to find more ladies that want
me on their arm, I won't be going
back to school anytime soon.

HUNTER
Helping the homeless is great and
all, but you're looking in the
wrong place for a sugar momma.

Crawford perches on a counter, grabs a fork from the drawer.

CRAWFORD
The worst thing I could imagine is
being with someone because they
have a financial hold over me.

A loose leg wants to break on a chair as Crawford scooches it across the floor to the refrigerator, grabs a Chinese takeout box, eats a mouthful.

HUNTER

That's why you just screw them all
until you find the one.

When Crawford laughs, he spits out some Chinese food. He brings the box with him, clumsily navigates to the couch.

CRAWFORD

And you wonder why you're home
alone on a Friday night.

Hunter hurls a pillow at Crawford, who avoids it, almost falls but catches himself.

HUNTER

I'm not alone. You're here and
don't have anyone else but me.

Crawford leaps to the last hurdle before the couch, lands unsteadily, crashes to the ground, spills food on himself, then the fork sticks in the ground by his head.

CRAWFORD

Touché.

Hunter stumbles up, towers over Crawford.

HUNTER

Dude, things aren't gonna change
unless we make 'em. We gotta stop
sitting around here by ourselves,
just getting wasted...

Hunter walks off, returns with a flyer, gives it to Crawford.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

And go get wasted at a party with
other people! I heard there's gonna
be some serious eye candy there.
And in costumes!

CRAWFORD

I don't think so. You know how I
get at parties.

Hunter picks up a noodle from Crawford's chest.

HUNTER

No different than you act here.
Except there, others can deal with
your madness, instead of me.

Crawford beams a smile at Hunter.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
So, we'll bounce at, like, 10?

CRAWFORD
Nah, I'm good.

HUNTER
Hell yeah, we'll pregame some more and then head out.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I'm not going.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie, business suit, professional hair and make-up, glances from the Halfway to Halloween Party flyer up to a wild HOUSE PARTY.

JULIO FLORES (early 30s), tall, flamboyant, always impeccably dressed and groomed, approachable quality, wears a sexy cowboy costume, struts past her.

Frankie subtly grins, then adopts her business demeanor, follows Julio, who trails a few steps behind Hunter, banana costume, and NATE GILBERT (30s), vampire costume, toward the open front door.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE / ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Past the open front door, a hall leads straight to the living room, where a major COSTUME PARTY is underway. A closet door stands to the left, a hall branches off to the right.

Hunter and Nate enter, followed by Frankie and Julio. Suddenly, Crawford, jester costume with mask, leaps out from the hallway, SCREAMS! Hunter and Nate LAUGH, but Frankie is scared, leaps back, as Julio's shocked, grabs his heart.

HUNTER
Saw that coming from a mile away.

Nate nods. Julio calms, GIGGLES. Frankie is unamused.

JULIO
Startled the bejeezus out of me.

Crawford LAUGHS.

HUNTER
Dude, I parked, looked up, and you were gone.

CRAWFORD

Had to keep the buzz going. Let's get you caught up.

Crawford leads Hunter and Nate into the party.

NATE

He's much more fun when he drinks.

CRAWFORD

We ain't seen nothing yet.

JULIO

Isn't this just the cherry on top of a fabulous day? Let's dive in and make some memories, shall we?

Julio smirks, enters. Frankie shakes her head, follows.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rambunctious PARTIERS everywhere. Crawford stands with Hunter, spots Frankie and Julio through the crowd.

CRAWFORD

Hey, uh, what's up with that girl you rolled in with?

HUNTER

Dude, Nate can have his feminine moments, but... well, I guess I've asked what he identifies as.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

No, not him. The...

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Not Nate. Her.

Crawford points out Frankie as she talks with Julio.

HUNTER

No clue who that is. You think I'd roll with someone that wound up? I mean, just peep the outfit. That's no costume, that's her vibe, man.

CRAWFORD

I don't know... I think it's cool. She didn't care about the dress code. I respect that.

HUNTER

Or, hey, maybe she's going for the whole dominatrix vibe, you know?

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

That could be her costume, all edgy
and kinky, and -- .

NATE

Yo, bro, peep this!

Hunter shifts his attention to Nate, while Crawford remains fixated on Frankie.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE / BACKYARD - NIGHT

Large PARTY around a pool, as Frankie and Julio exit the house, walk through the crowd. Julio taps Frankie.

JULIO

That's gotta be her.

FRANKIE

Damn costume parties always make it
a guessing game.

Frankie peers through the crowd, spots MATELDA JENKINS (mid 20s), forrest nymph costume, hippie-like businesswoman with a soft side but fire in her eyes.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I knew I brought you for a reason.

JULIO

Silly me, I thought fun was on the
agenda tonight.

Frankie pulls Julio toward Matelda.

CRAWFORD (O.C.)

Look out below!

The crowd surges, pulls Frankie and Julio toward the pool, as all eyes are fixed on the rooftop.

On the rooftop, BRIAN WOO (30s), 70s disco costume, Nate, and Hunter, restrain Crawford, who is ready to leap off.

CROWD

Jump! Jump! Jump!

Crawford breaks free, leaps from the roof, captivates Julio. Frankie tries to retreat but is trapped. Crawford hits the surface, causes a wave. Julio gets soaked, and Frankie's makeup is ruined as the water hits her face.

JULIO

This is real leather, you doofus!
Ugh, I'll be back.

Julio departs while Frankie glares at Crawford, who basks in the admiration of others, emerges from the pool.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE / BACKYARD BAR - NIGHT

BARKEEP cleans as Crawford and Brian stand at the bar.
Frankie, sports a quick and simple DIY makeup job, walks up.

BARKEEP

What'll you have?

FRANKIE

Whisky, neat.

BRIAN

(to Crawford)

There's Nick. I'll catch you later.

Frankie gives Brian no response while he smiles and passes.

Barkeep serves Frankie a red plastic cup. Displeased, she glares at it. Crawford looks from the cup to Frankie, smiles.

CRAWFORD

I didn't expect that.

FRANKIE

What's that?

CRAWFORD

I assumed a martini. Maybe a mixed drink. Didn't see a whisky coming.

FRANKIE

Assuming makes an ass out of you, not me. But you're probably used to that, seeing you're the idiot who jumped off the roof and ruined the makeup I had professionally done.

Frankie takes her drink, walks away.

CRAWFORD

I think you look beautiful.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PARTYGOERS mingle as Frankie walks around. She spots Crawford, holds a glass cup, and Matelda, holds a red plastic cup, in conversation, and eavesdrops.

MATELDA

I was handed this red cup like I'm at a frat party.

CRAWFORD

I know, they tried that on me too, but I just can't do it. So I found this glass in the kitchen.

MATELDA

I respect that. I'm all about natural products and wellness.

CRAWFORD

(jokes)

And here you are, drinking from a plastic cup. The shame.

MATELDA

Guilty. I'm inspired to go above and beyond like you did.

CRAWFORD

If you swim in tainted waters, you'll inevitably get polluted.

Frankie steps into the conversation.

FRANKIE

You can swim without being affected if you take the right precautions.

MATELDA

Don't I know you?

FRANKIE

Frankie McKenzie, from Synergy Sisters. We've met once over video chat, and now I get the pleasure in real life.

MATELDA

That's right. So nice to meet you in person. This is... Crawdad?

CRAWFORD

Crawford.

There's tension in Frankie and Crawford's handshake.

FRANKIE

We've met.

CRAWFORD

So, how do you know each other?

MATELDA

Frankie's been doing a great job advising me on how to merge my small, natural toothpaste brand with a big corporation.

CRAWFORD

Yikes. When a large corporation takes over a natural brand, that brand's natural image is dead.

FRANKIE

Name one brand.

CRAWFORD

Horizon Organic, Burt's Bees, Nubian Heritage, the list goes on.

MATELDA

I hear that, but I plan to keep control. Make sure it remains natural and healthy.

FRANKIE

Large corporations can be beneficial to smaller companies. More efficient, like faster delivery. Increased marketing alone will drive sales exponentially.

CRAWFORD

That's way more business lingo than I can process right now. Look, we're at a party, --

Crawford gestures with his hands like an old-fashioned scale.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

-- talk business or have fun?

MATELDA

Talking about this is totally stressing me out. Please help me pull my brain out of the office.

CRAWFORD

Right this way.

Crawford's arm. Matelda takes it.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
No more business talk tonight.

Crawford leads Matelda away.

FRANKIE
(to Julio)
That's the only reason I came here.

JULIO
He just put a 'closed for business'
sign on your conversation. Who the
Hell does pretty-boy think he is?

FRANKIE
Seems to be someone who cares about
integrity, more than money.

JULIO
So, basically, he's broke. I mean,
with a face like that, who even
needs money? But seriously, can we
at least try to have some fun?

Nate leads Hunter past them as they head to the back patio.

NATE
Dude, hurry up.

HUNTER
If she's the real deal, she'll know
we're not there yet.

Frankie and Julio glance outside, where the party congregates
around something unseen.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE / BACKYARD - NIGHT

Frankie and Julio exit, spot Crawford with Matelda, Brian,
Nate, Hunter, and ANNA (30s), cat costume, loudmouthed
bodybuilder with an six pack, amid a small CROWD around Zora.

ZORA
Yes, gather 'round, gather 'round!
The fates have spoken, and their
voices simply cannot be ignored!

Frankie and Julio exchange sardonic glances, join the circle
as Zora points to Brian.

ZORA (CONT'D)

You, sir, you are destined for a grand promotion in your career!

Hunter LAUGHS, nearly spills his drink.

BRIAN

A promotion? That's gold, man!

HUNTER

This clown installed a hot tub in the break room and on the boss's dime! He's been taking a mandatory midday nap, and brings out his own hammock! The cherry on top? He just swapped out all the boss's blueprints with drawings of medieval castles! More like, getting fired.

BRIAN

I wish. Been tryin' to get canned for months! I'm so close to workers comp days and drunk nights.

RANDOM CHUCKLES ring out. Zora narrows in on Julio.

ZORA

I see a bright future for you in... in... oh, you're a model.

JULIO

Are you ever right? This little outfit must have thrown you off. I mean, come on, I'm an accountant, not a fashionista. I can barely model a spreadsheet.

ZORA

(points to Anna)

And you, you shall soon be blessed with a child!

ANNA

I don't know about blessed. That's going to be a surprise for me, my boyfriend... and his wife.

LAUGHTER ripples through the group. Zora moves on to Hunter.

ZORA

In a fight with Sylvia, you will emerge triumphant!

CRAWFORD
Fighting a girl, bro? Aggressive.

HUNTER
Do we even know a Sylvia?

Nate and Brian shake their heads, no.

CRAWFORD
Doesn't ring a bell.

Zora faces DARNELL DOUGLAS (40s), big-hearted giant with a jolly vibe, clown costume.

ZORA
And you, sir, shall claim millions
in the lottery.

Darnell releases a SPIRITED LAUGH.

DARNELL
Finally, my investment in
scratchers pays off!

The group ROARS WITH LAUGHTER. Zora grabs Crawford's hand, grabs Frankie's hand, drags them together.

ZORA
Ah, you two... destiny is weaving
your paths together.

Crawford and Frankie share a skeptical look, both smirk.

FRANKIE
Is that so?

ZORA
Indeed, it's fate!

CRAWFORD
We shouldn't mess with fate, huh?

Zora's visage turns serious, the atmosphere shifts.

ZORA
You both shall die on New Year's
Eve of this year.

The group hushes. Crawford and Frankie exchange glances, concern flickers.

FRANKIE
Well, that's one way to ring in the
new year.

Crawford CHUCKLES, Frankie cracks a slight smile, the rest of the group LAUGHS. Darnell steps in front of the crowd.

DARNELL

Okay. Okay. That's enough of that darkness. Let's get back to having fun. DJ!

MUSIC plays as Crawford walks up to Frankie.

CRAWFORD

Well, I know I don't want to die.

FRANKIE

That makes two of us.

CRAWFORD

I guess, in case we find some of her predictions come true, we should exchange contacts.

Frankie hesitates, pulls out her phone.

FRANKIE

Um, sure. How about I follow you on social media? What app do you -- ?

Crawford grabs her phone.

CRAWFORD

Here, I'll just put my number in.

Frankie's phone password stops him until he holds it up to her face and is granted access.

FRANKIE

Really?

CRAWFORD

It's not like I'm looking through your photos.

FRANKIE

I don't send nudes.

CRAWFORD

Sounds boring.

Crawford puts his number in, hands Frankie back her phone.

FRANKIE

I highly doubt you'll hear from me.

Frankie's departure leaves Crawford lost in her wake.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Frankie and Julio walk past retail and restaurants.

JULIO

Most people are pretty stupid. When you get upset, start yelling in frustration, they only see the anger and completely miss the point. Instead of addressing what's bothering you, they focus on your reaction. You end up wasting breath and ruining your day for nothing.

FRANKIE

I don't know. There's some people out there that deserve to get -- .

ANNA (O.C.)

Is every day Halloween?

A few feet ahead of them, Anna, shopping bag in hand, stands at the open door of a baby boutique.

FRANKIE

Are you talking to us?

ANNA

The suit, like the one you wore at... oh, you don't remember me. Why would you? We met a few weeks ago at that Halfway-to-Halloween party. I was a kitty cat.

JULIO

You look like a lioness.

Frankie looks at the baby boutique.

ANNA

You should check it out. I'm getting everything I need from here. They have the cutest stuff. When are you due?

FRANKIE

I'm not.

ANNA

Oh, my mistake. Well, I... have a good day.

Anna scurries off.

FRANKIE

Pregnant? Do I look fat?

JULIO

Only thing you look like you're expecting is a runway contract. You don't look fat; you look fierce!

FRANKIE

She didn't look fat either. Oh God, you think she's pregnant?

JULIO

Please tell me why I should care.

FRANKIE

The Oracle predicted it.

JULIO

If she did, she either saw it in her glow or overheard her big mouth at the party. Forget that body shaming loser. If she is pregnant, she better start eating something.

Julio moves on, leaves Frankie worried, lost in thought.

INT. HUNTER'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dressed for a night out, Hunter, Brian, and Nate sit around in a circle, take shots.

HUNTER

Who would most likely be found in a gay club?

Everyone points at Brian.

BRIAN

Alright, yes, but that was just one time, *and*, I was with a group of hot girls.

Crawford enters.

NATE

Yeah, sure. Like the girl I lost my virginity to in junior high. She lived in Canada, so no one ever got to meet her.

Everyone LAUGHS. Crawford sets down his keys.

CRAWFORD
What's happening here?

NATE
Brian, chug! That's happening.

Brian chugs a beer.

HUNTER
Pre-gaming before we head out. And
by "we," I mean you too.

CRAWFORD
I don't know, I'm pretty beat.

Hunter gets up, confronts Crawford.

NATE
Hey, get back here.

HUNTER
Bro, you better get ready, get
drunk, and come out with us, or
you're gonna catch some heat.

Hunter playfully slaps at Crawford.

CRAWFORD
Relax.
(Hunter stops)
What's the occasion?

NATE
Dude, get this, his fortune was
spot on. We show up at the job site
today, and bam, this prick --
(headlocks Brian)
-- is calling the shots now.

BRIAN
I'll puke on you, let me go.

Nate releases Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
The boss calls me in, tells me he
knows I've been trying to get fired
with my antics, then says it takes
brains and guts to do it. Get this,
he thinks my ideas are creative and
boosting morale.

HUNTER

Tells him that's exactly what he's looking for in a site manager.

BRIAN

Your boy got a promotion!

Everyone's buzzing, oblivious to Crawford's concern.

NATE

We're celebrating! Well, were, until Hunter ran away like a punk.

BRIAN

Who would most likely help a friend kill someone?

Crawford, Nate, and Brian point at Hunter.

HUNTER

Looks like I'm back in!

Hunter rejoins the group, takes a shot.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Crawford, you're up next. What's your question?

Crawford's lack of response piques Hunter's interest.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Why the long face?

CRAWFORD

She was right about the promotion, then said I'm going to die.

HUNTER

Nah, it's just a coincidence. You're not gonna kick the bucket. Not until you're old and decrepit. Look at you, all fit and sexy!

Hunter playfully pokes at Crawford, who remains perplexed.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Alright, Crawford's being a bummer. Who's up next?

INT. SYNERGY SISTERS / FRANKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sleek, modern. Floor-to-ceiling windows showcase the skyline. Frankie works at her desk. The door is opened, SUITS are seen hard at work outside, as Julio enters.

JULIO

So, who's the fresh-faced United Colors of Benetton hottie trailing Yasmeen around the office like a lost puppy?

FRANKIE

Just another toy in her collection.

JULIO

Maybe she'll lend you one.

Frankie glares at Julio.

JULIO (CONT'D)

See, that, that right there. You need to get laid.

FRANKIE

Give it a rest. I've got a few loose ends to tie up and we'll go.

Julio sits, stares at his phone for a second, looks up.

JULIO

Are you done, yet?

FRANKIE

I'm never done. It's more of a choice to stop.

JULIO

Then make the choice.

Yasmeen enters.

YASMEEN

I'm gonna need you to -- .

Yasmeen's eyes land on Julio.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

Oh, he's perfect.

JULIO

Tell us something we don't know.

YASMEEN

He's young 'n handsome, but...
brainy handsome.

JULIO

Flattery will get you everywhere.

YASMEEN

Ever thought about modeling?

JULIO

Not in the slightest.

YASMEEN

I've seen you around, but we've
never met. You're Frankie's...?

JULIO

I'm her only oasis in this desert
of chaos and deadlines.

YASMEEN

So, why haven't we gotten familiar?

JULIO

I'm her only life outside this job,
though she is always working. So I
guess I'm more like her personal
life within her business world. But
hanging out at the office and
mingling with her work associates
are mixing oil with water.

YASMEEN

Frankie, get him all the details.
(to Julio)
You're gonna to be great.

Yasmeen opens the door, walks into the common area to find
Suit #1, SUIT #2, and SUIT #3, who hang out and chat.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

Get back to work!

Suit #1 and Suit #2 quickly return to work as Yasmeen slams
the door shut. Julio looks worried.

FRANKIE

That woman won't take no for an
answer. What's eating at you? Your
ego should be soaring right now.

JULIO

The pregnant girl. The modeling gig. You don't think the Oracle may be on to something?

Frankie hides her concern.

FRANKIE

Fortune telling isn't real.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brian, Nate, and Hunter, Crawford trails behind, move rhythmically to the music as they weave through the crowd.

As TIM SYLVIA (40s), a highly inebriated MMA fighter, stumbles past Crawford, he accidentally bumps into him. Sylvia turns towards Crawford.

CRAWFORD

Sorry.

Tim confronts Crawford face-to-face.

TIM

Watch where you're going, punk.

Tim's back to them, Brian spots Crawford in trouble.

BRIAN

Yo, check it out.

Brian turns Hunter in time to see Tim shove Crawford.

TIM

You want some? I'll punch you in the face with my foot.

CRAWFORD

Hey, chill out, I -- .

Hunter taps Tim's shoulder. Tim turns and Hunter swiftly kicks him in the groin. Brian and Nate run up behind Hunter as Tim doubles over. Hunter follows with a kick to Tim's face. Tim flies up, then crashes to the ground, unconscious.

NATE

No way! That's freakin' Sylvia, bro! You knocked out Sylvia!

Crawford pulls Hunter close.

CRAWFORD
Sylvia isn't just a girl's name.

HUNTER
What?

CRAWFORD
That Oracle! Sylvia!

Before Hunter can respond, he's whisked away by SECURITY. Crawford is discombobulated as Security #1 manhandles him.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Crawford and REBECCA (50s), large and voluptuous, stern exterior, eyes twinkle with warmth, serve food to the last VAGRANTS in line.

REBECCA
I can take it from here.

CRAWFORD
Trying to get rid of me?

REBECCA
Seriously, get lost. You're young, go live a little. Find yourself a lady or something. Life's more fun with someone special by your side.

CRAWFORD
(bats his eyes)
You're special and by my side.

REBECCA
Boy, you couldn't handle this.

Rebecca playfully shoves Crawford, the force requires him to catch himself.

CRAWFORD
I did meet someone interesting, but... she's way out of my league.

REBECCA
Hunny, it's like fantasy football, you create your league.

INT. SYNERGY SISTERS / FRANKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Amidst paperwork, at her desk, Frankie eyes her phone, taps Crawford's contact, places a video call.

INTERCUT SOUP KITCHEN / FRANKIE'S OFFICE

Crawford's phone RINGS, it's a video call from Frankie.

CRAWFORD
Speak of the Devil.

Rebecca urges him to answer, takes over when he does.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
(addresses Frankie)
Video call, huh?

Frankie can see the soup kitchen, vagrants lined up.

FRANKIE
Are you at work?

CRAWFORD
This isn't work. I help out at the
local shelter from time to time.

FRANKIE
You think you're going to die, and
this is how you spend your time?

CRAWFORD
If I were to die tomorrow, I'd be
happy I made the world a better
place today. When my time comes to
an end, the world keeps spinning.

FRANKIE
I'm not worried about the end of
the world, but knowing when I may
die is starting to bother me. Some
predictions have come true, but
everything seems circumstantial.

CRAWFORD
Same here. No concrete evidence
that she knows the future.

FRANKIE
I guess... keep me in the loop.

CRAWFORD
Same. We should meet up and -- .

Frankie awkwardly hangs up. Both are distraught.

INT. HUNTER'S HOUSE/FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT/RIGHT: Crawford and Frankie are seated on their respective couches, watch TV.

ON BOTH TVS: GLORIA PEREZ (30s), dynamic charisma, interviews Darnell, whose eyes are wild with excitement.

GLORIA
You just won forty-five million dollars! How are you feeling?

DARNELL
I won! She was right!

GLORIA
Who is she, and right about what?

DARNELL
An Oracle. That's right! A fortune teller at a party said I'd win!

Fear washes over Crawford and Frankie.

DARNELL (V.O.)
The Oracle was right!

Crawford and Frankie simultaneously dial, encounter BUSY SIGNALS. After repeated attempts, Frankie's call connects, and Crawford answers.

CRAWFORD
We need to talk.

FRANKIE
We need to talk.

EXT. MYSTICAL SHOP - DAY

Quaint, eerie charm. Sign reads: 'ZORA'S Tarot Readings and Mystical Insights'. Crawford and Frankie are at the entrance.

CRAWFORD
Well, Ms. Ruthless Businesswoman, let's hope we can negotiate with the universe for a better deal.

FRANKIE
Are we being ridiculous? Maybe we're rushing into this. Before we go in and look insane. How many predictions have come true?

CRAWFORD
All of them but ours.

Concern washes over Frankie's face. Crawford opens the door.

INT. MYSTICAL SHOP - DAY

Zora sprinkles dust into a fog-filled beaker. BOOM! POP!
Smoke erupts, leaves her face covered in soot.

Frankie and Crawford enter.

ZORA
That was some fight. Do you think
they'll ever welcome you back into
that nightclub again?

CRAWFORD
How did you know about that?

FRANKIE
Maybe she saw you there.

CRAWFORD
She was at the club? At 1 AM? Her?

ZORA
You didn't think your friend would
take that modeling contract your
partner offered, but I was right.

FRANKIE
She couldn't have known about that.

ZORA
I know you know that I know he
knows I know you both know that I
know what the future holds.

Crawford mentally processes what she said.

FRANKIE
You told us we were going to die.

CRAWFORD
Tell us it isn't true.

ZORA
Oh, it's true. Just like --
(to Crawford)
-- I see blood dripping down your
arm and, --

(MORE)

ZORA (CONT'D)

(to Frankie)

-- and new holes through your body.

FRANKIE

Is that how we die?

ZORA

(to Crawford)

You will fly without wings, then be on stage before a large crowd.

(to them both)

You'll both turn into worms.

(to Frankie)

And, you! Before it all ends, I see you killing your partner off.

FRANKIE

Enough with the mumbo-jumbo voodoo witch doctor nonsense. She's just trying to spook us, trick us into paying her to tell us more.

ZORA

I want nothing from you. Call it a departing gift.

EXT. MYSTICAL SHOP - DAY

Devastated, Crawford and Frankie exit the shop.

FRANKIE

That was... interesting.

CRAWFORD

So, uh, what's your plan?

FRANKIE

I've got work to do.

CRAWFORD

(sarcastic)

These could be your last days, let's make them count.

(persuasive)

Call in sick tomorrow.

Frankie is torn.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Screw that, call in "I'm living my best life" tomorrow. It sounds like you deserve it.

Frankie slightly grins.

INT. SYNERGY SISTERS / YASMEEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Decor boldly shouts, "I'm wealthy." Yasmeen stares at her computer, scrolls through a website of men's profiles, as Frankie enters.

FRANKIE

I may be late tomorrow.

YASMEEN

No can do. We need this presentation ready to go and I'm not doin' it alone.

FRANKIE

The Oracle's been right so many times. I think, maybe... I don't know it, but... I may die on New Year's Eve.

YASMEEN

Dyin' can wait.

Yasmeen looks up to find Frankie perplexed.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

I'm jokin', kinda. Just go, have some fun, sleep it off, then get back in here.

Yasmeen returns to her computer.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

The only fortune you should be worried about is all the money we're gonna make.

Frankie stares at Yasmeen for a BEAT, shakes her head, exits.

INT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Crawford gets dressed for the night. A cell phone on his coffee table BEEPS, he looks at it.

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE from Margret - Date tonight?

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE to Crawford - Sorry, no can do.

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE from Margret - \$1,000.00 says you can.

Crawford considers it, turns off the phone. He looks in his wallet; no credit cards, only a few small bills. He pulls out a second phone from his pocket.

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE to Starman - We still good to roll through tonight?

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE from Starman - You're good plus 1.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Frankie, business suit, awkward and uncomfortable, drives as Crawford, flashy but comfortable attire, enters.

CRAWFORD

A suit. Interesting choice of attire to have fun in.

FRANKIE

It's a suit or my pajamas.

CRAWFORD

Pajamas would have been amazing.

Frankie tries to hide it but she enjoys the compliment.

FRANKIE

They would? Where are we going?

CRAWFORD

It's a surprise.

EXT. OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: DISTANT TECHNO

Outside of a major EDM festival. Frankie looks hesitant. Crawford notices, smiles.

FRANKIE

I've never been to one of these.

CRAWFORD

Prepare for an experience.

FRANKIE

I don't do drugs.

CRAWFORD

You won't need to.

Crawford and Frankie step up to a VIP booth.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Crawford plus one.

Frankie looks to the festival, her eyes show doubt.

VIP
Got you right here. Wrists.

Crawford taps Frankie, motions for her to extend her wrist, a sparkly bracelet is wrapped around it.

EXT. OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER / ARENA - NIGHT

MONTAGE

DUBSTEP plays from a massive stage with vibrant decorations, that's littered with a plethora of lights and LED screens.

Crawford and Frankie ride on a golf cart, weave past a giant CROWD to the gated stage entrance, and stop. They hop off.

VIP SECURITY checks their badges, lets them through. They walk past a crowd towards the stage.

RAVER #1
You look fantastic.

Raver #2 gives Frankie a thumbs up.

RAVER #2
Taking care of business.

Crawford leads Frankie to the stage wing, where STARMAN (late 20s), flashy style matches his personality, takes a drink from a flask as he sees Crawford approach.

STARMAN
My guy!

CRAWFORD
I really appreciate the hook-up.

STARMAN
Of course, I got you.

Starman smiles, nods at Crawford, who reciprocates. Starman attempts to usher Frankie onstage. She shakes her head, stops at the threshold.

DJ (20s), European rockstar-type, looks over at Frankie, smiles, waves her over. She hesitates, but Crawford gives her a friendly shove.

Frankie stumbles onto the stage, turns, looks at Crawford, who smiles back. DJ steps toward her, extends his hand. Crawford motions for her to look at DJ.

Frankie rushes over, shakes DJ's hand, finds herself face-to-face with thousands of people, fearfully looks at Crawford.

Starman drinks from the flask until Crawford snatches it. He takes a large drink, returns the flask, turns his back to the crowd, walks to Frankie as DJ drops a new song.

MUSIC CUE: MEMORIES by David Guetta

The crowd whips into a frenzy, lifts their hands toward the stage as they dance. The energy is bonkers. Frankie feels it.

Uneasy, Crawford tries to retreat, but Frankie keeps him there. They lock eyes, he's transfixed with her excitement, loses himself in her, and gets into the festival vibe.

They look to the crowd, pump it up with their hands. The crowd returns their energy. Frankie and Crawford's eyes meet and they share a moment of bliss.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Crawford rides shotgun, amused by Frankie's excitement behind the wheel.

CRAWFORD

I've never gone on stage at a rave.

FRANKIE

You pushed me, so I pushed you.

Stop at a red light.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What a rush!

A street racer pulls next to them, REVS ENGINE.

CRAWFORD

I don't do well in front of crowds.

Frankie REVS her engine. She smiles at the PASSANGERS in the street racer car, who reciprocate.

FRANKIE

You only live once.

Pedal to the metal, Frankie blasts off into the intersection.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Frankie's car spins donuts in the intersection.

Other street racers arrive, SPECTATORS pour out of their vehicles. MUSIC BLARES from a car. A street takeover ignites as Frankie's car drifts in circles. Spectators HOLLER and go wild, surround the intersection. More cars join in, drift in circles alongside Frankie's.

POLICE SIRENS

As multiple police cars roll up, everyone scatters.

INT. FRANKIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frankie drives off. A police car spins around, pursues her.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Frankie's car is far ahead of the police car as it rounds a corner and speeds toward a nearby car dealership.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Frankie crashes through a chain, parks her car among identical ones.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Get out.

Frankie and Crawford leap from the car, head to the sidewalk. Frankie lunges at Crawford, places her hand over his mouth, pretends to kiss him as a police car roars by. They share a passionate gaze, then break apart.

CRAWFORD

That was insane.

FRANKIE

If we're going to die, then we've got some living to do.

START MONTAGE

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

Frankie's on a skateboard, teeters on the lip of a halfpipe, contemplates the drop. Crawford playfully encourages her to drop in.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Zipped up in sleeping bags to their necks, like worms, they comically struggle on the floor to get around. Then Frankie tries to take a drink, spills it, as Crawford tries to get on the couch, slams to the ground.

EXT. PATHWAY - DAY

Crawford, style slightly matured, and Frankie are seated on a bench as a MAN walks by.

CRAWFORD
(quietly)
Penis.

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Crawford and Frankie enter, pick up instruments.

EXT. THE BUNNY CAFE - DAY

Easter-colored motif with signage: THE BUNNY CAFE.

Frankie, fashion has a touch of edge, looks terrified as Crawford urges her to enter.

EXT. PATHWAY - DAY

Crawford and Frankie sit on a bench while a WOMAN walks by.

FRANKIE
Penis.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sleeping bags zipped to their necks, Crawford and Frankie are seated on the couch.

FRANKIE
I fart in my sleep.

Crawford holds in his LAUGH.

CRAWFORD
Okay, I have to ask. How do you know that if you're asleep?

FRANKIE

An ex told me.

Crawford can't hold it, LAUGHS. Frankie isn't entertained.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

Frankie's on the skateboard, teeters on the lip of the halfpipe, contemplates the drop. Crawford playfully encourages her to drop into it.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Crawford and Frankie timidly walk onto the sand, then retreat a few steps. Frankie urges Crawford back, they take a few steps, their eyes widen and they nervously turn back.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY

Frankie watches as Crawford gets a tattoo.

INT. THE BUNNY CAFE - DAY

Small sign reads: Enjoy amazing pastries, coffee, and tea, while petting the cutest bunnies. Got attached? We have adoption options!

Crawford's seated, happily holds and pets a baby rabbit. A visibly frightened Frankie is seated, surrounded by rabbits.

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Crawford and Frankie have complete enthusiasm, but no skill, and play TERRIBLE MUSIC.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sleeping bags off and at Frankie and Crawford's feet.

FRANKIE

I like to dance.

CRAWFORD

Do it. Come on, dance for me.

FRANKIE

Yeah? No.

EXT. PATHWAY - DAY

Crawford and Frankie sit on a bench as a COUPLE walks by.

CRAWFORD

PENIS!

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Crawford and Frankie rock out, play TERRIBLE MUSIC as EMPLOYEE (16), gamer dweeb, tries in vain to stop them.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Frankie shakes her head. Crawford is serious.

CRAWFORD

You can't say you're an amazing
dancer and not dance for me.

FRANKIE

It's been forever and I'd probably
hurt myself. Not doing it.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

Crawford stands on the skateboard at the lip of the halfpipe.
Frankie mocks him.

INT. THE BUNNY CAFE - DAY

Crawford holds a rabbit, smiles at Frankie, who struggles to remain calm, her arms fully extended as she holds a baby rabbit in her open palms.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Mesmerized, Crawford watches Frankie dance the Roger Rabbit.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY

Crawford watches as Frankie gets her virgin ears pierced.

EXT. PATHWAY - DAY

Crawford sits as Frankie chases a group of FRAT BOYS.

CRAWFORD
(screams)
PENIS!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Crawford and Frankie walk away from the water. Frankie pulls Crawford back; reveal they are at a nude beach.

INT. FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Frankie and Crawford have fun doing the Kid n' Play dance.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

Crawford drops into the half-pipe, rolls to the other side and up, flies into the air, nearly lands it, but slams on his back. Frankie rushes to him.

FRANKIE
Are you all right?

Crawford winces in pain until they share a LAUGH, then fall silent, gaze into each other's eyes. Will they kiss? Nervously, Frankie stands, reaches hand out to help him up.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY

Frankie, hint of flair in her makeup, and Crawford, slightly matured style, walk toward a hanger's entrance.

FRANKIE
I work so much, I don't have many,
well, any friends. So I do things
like this when I'm forced to take
off work.

CRAWFORD
Forced?

FRANKIE
It's hard to get work done when
everything's closed and everyone's
with family; like holidays.
Especially Thanksgiving, Christmas,
the night of New Year's Eve, that's
the worst.

CRAWFORD

You work on New Year's Eve?

FRANKIE

Honestly, I have no idea what else to do. I'm not good with free time.

Crawford's eyes scream sympathy. Frankie feels awkward, changes the subject.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

When was your last jump?

CRAWFORD

I broke up with a high school love, thought I'd be cool and jump out of planes. I can't tell you which I got over first, her, or how much an extreme lifestyle costs. That's how I know I can't afford this.

FRANKIE

You can, because I can.

CRAWFORD

I feel bad. You've been paying for everything.

FRANKIE

Can't take it with you when you die, and I have no one to give it to. So...

CRAWFORD

I don't think I can do this.

FRANKIE

I already told you -- .

CRAWFORD

Okay, so, it wasn't just the money.

Frankie smiles when she realizes Crawford looks panicked.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

When you're young, you're willing to risk it all for the experience. As you get older, you think you've experienced enough, and just focus on staying alive.

FRANKIE

Not living life to the fullest, you're already dead.

Crawford stops as Frankie walks on, ponders what she said.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You coming?

INT. DE HAVILLAND CANADA TWIN OTTER - DAY (FLYING)

Frankie and Crawford sit by the open door in jumpsuits and parachute rigs, with only sky visible outside. A loud BUZZER rings out, and a jump light flashes green.

CRAWFORD
I haven't jumped since I was a kid!

FRANKIE
It's like riding a bike.

CRAWFORD
I can't ride a bike!

FRANKIE
You going to live or wait to die?

Frankie jumps. Crawford is a wreck, leaps out.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Frankie revels, while Crawford initially struggles, then finds his bearings and joins in the fun.

Crawford deploys his parachute, but it fails to open. He tries his backup chute, it gets snagged on his pack.

Suddenly, Frankie takes hold of him. They're lost for the moment in each other's eyes until Frankie's eyes widen. She flips Crawford around, hooks onto him, pulls her cord and her chute deploys.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Frankie holds Crawford as they land. They unhook, stand. Crawford is unaware of the concern in Frankie's eyes.

CRAWFORD
Imagine having wings and being able to fly anywhere, any time you desire. That was as scary as anything but also amazing.

Frankie fakes a smile, turns away from Crawford.

FRANKIE

Yeah... Yeah, it, it was.

Ecstatic, Crawford gathers the parachute. Frankie stares off.

CRAWFORD

You okay?

FRANKIE

The Oracle... she told us you would fly without wings. You almost died. I'm just thinking about life... about what's truly important.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

CLERK (60s), twinkle in his eyes, perpetually amused smile, reads a book behind the counter. Frankie and Crawford enter.

CLERK

Be right with you.

CRAWFORD

A bookstore, huh?

FRANKIE

Yeah, and?

CRAWFORD

I was beginning to think the only way you knew how to have fun was by spending money.

Clerk looks up at Frankie.

CLERK

Is that who I think it is?

FRANKIE

Hi.

CLERK

Well, I haven't seen you since, since you were popping pimples.

FRANKIE

This was my favorite place to hang out when I was in college.

CRAWFORD

(coughs it out)

Nerd.

Frankie glares at him. They both smile.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
If you loved it, why stop coming?

FRANKIE
Got too busy in the real world.

CRAWFORD
That's, uh, pretty sad.

Frankie and Crawford cruise the aisles. Frankie's PHONE CHIRPS. She looks at it, puts it away.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I've been looking for a new book.
Something... transformative.

FRANKIE
Look who wants to upgrade from
Crawford 1.0 to Crawford 2.0.

CRAWFORD
But preferably without any bugs
this time.

FRANKIE
How about this? "The Life-Changing
Magic of Tidying Up."
(playful)
Oh, wait, you need to have a house
to clean one.

CRAWFORD
How about we find you a manual on
cracking jokes.

Frankie playfully taps him. Crawford searches the shelf.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Anything more... magical?

FRANKIE
"The Hobbit"? Take a walk without
leaving your couch.

CRAWFORD
Vicarious exercise through reading.
I hear that's a trend.

FRANKIE
And no need for hiking boots.

CRAWFORD

What about a book that'll make me smarter by osmosis?

FRANKIE

In that case, may I suggest "War and Peace"? You'll look incredibly intellectual while napping.

CRAWFORD

Transformative napping.

Frankie LAUGHS but her smile turns to a frown as her PHONE CHIRPS TWICE. She looks, finds two texts from Yasmeen.

Seated in beanbags, Frankie reads, 'The Alchemist' by Paulo Coelho. Crawford reads, 'How to Adult: An Imperfect Guide to Becoming a Grown-Up' by Anna Blackie.

Frankie's PHONE RINGS. Frankie sends it to voicemail.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Someone's blowing you up.

FRANKIE

It's my partner. Persistent is an understatement.

CRAWFORD

You can answer it. I don't mind.

FRANKIE

At this moment, I do.

CRAWFORD

Not that I'm not enjoying myself, but, your idea of living life to the fullest really sitting in the corner of a bookstore?

FRANKIE

I noticed you were trouble... and I froze up at first. Even though you were the one on the brink of death, my life flashed before my eyes. When we landed safely, it made me think about, well, the small things. Remembering them differently. Remembering what they meant to me. Being here, surrounded by books, it's like being in a sanctuary.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's where I find peace, where stories are windows into the soulful depths of the real human experience.

Crawford gazes adoringly at Frankie as her PHONE RINGS. Frankie turns off the phone, returns to her book. Crawford smiles, returns to his book.

INT. OLD DINER - DAY

Dim lit. Large booths, pendant lights hang over the tables. Regular PATRONS since the 70s. In a large booth, Crawford's menu sits on the table. Frankie looks through hers.

FRANKIE

I take it you know what you want.

Frankie's PHONE CHIRPS TWICE.

CRAWFORD

It was always, "Finish your plate." Every single time I did, I'd be too full afterwards.

FRANKIE

Good parenting.

CRAWFORD

Yeah, yeah it was. But now, I'm older and I'm living my best life.

MAX (70), server since he was fifteen, walks up.

FRANKIE

Sounds like a plan.

MAX

What're we having today?

FRANKIE

I'll have what he's having. What are we having?

CRAWFORD

Strawberry Jell-O.

MAX

(not amused)
Will that be all?

Frankie's PHONE CHIRPS. Crawford nods. Max side-eyes Crawford and Frankie and walks away.

CRAWFORD
You'd think no one orders Jell-O.

FRANKIE
I'm sure they do but for kids.

CRAWFORD
I'm a kid at heart.

Frankie's PHONE RINGS.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Just answer it.

Frankie answers it.

FRANKIE
Hey.

YASMEEN (V.O.)
Wherever you are, whatever you're
doin', you better get back in here.

FRANKIE
The deal isn't going anywhere. I'll
head back soon, just need -- .

YASMEEN
No justs, no maybes, get back here,
and sooner than later.

Yasmeen hangs up, leaves Frankie befuddled.

CRAWFORD
You okay?

When Max wordlessly sets two bowls of Jell-O on the table, it snaps Frankie out of her daze. Max walks away as Crawford stares at his bowl.

FRANKIE
Are you okay?

CRAWFORD
People eat this stuff?

FRANKIE
What? After all that?

CRAWFORD
It's like... water and hooves had a
wild party with cancer-causing
colors and chemical sweeteners,
then turned into a gelatinous blob.

FRANKIE

Thank God. I don't eat this kind of stuff anyway. My body is my temple.

CRAWFORD

Yet, you'll defile others'.

FRANKIE

Come again?

CRAWFORD

I mean, it sounds like you're going through with that deal.

FRANKIE

Unlike you, I have goals and this is a step to reaching them.

CRAWFORD

I have goals.

FRANKIE

Helping the world, like feeding the homeless, is noble but it won't pay the bills.

CRAWFORD

What I do is noble and it pays.

FRANKIE

And what's that?

CRAWFORD

What I do helps people feel good about themselves... and I'm working towards what I actually want to do; help animals. There's something about helping a defenseless animal that affects me in a way. I... I feel the world, no matter how bleak, still has a chance.

Crawford's vulnerability affects Frankie. Janet walks up.

JANET

Crawford?

CRAWFORD

Uh, hi. Janet, how are -- ?

JANET

Your phone's been going straight to voicemail. I need you, in like two weeks, for an event -- .

Crawford ushers her off.

CRAWFORD

Sorry, I'm not... I'll call you
when I get the chance.

Crawford returns to the table. Janet follows.

JANET

I need a confirmation, now.

CRAWFORD

This isn't a good time to -- .

JANET

What? Think you're too good for me?
You need to -- .

FRANKIE

I'm sure there's a better way, and
place, to handle this.
(signals they have food)
If you don't mind.

JANET

You need to mind your own business.

Frankie pinches the pendant light's shade.

FRANKIE

Think if I swing this lamp into her
head, she'll lighten up?

Crawford GIGGLES. Janet tips a glass, it spills onto Frankie.

Frankie throws jello, it slaps Janet. Janet throws food, hits
MAN #1. MAN #1 throws food, hits Wife. Wife's HUSBAND throws
food back. A restaurant-wide food fight erupts.

Crawford and Frankie dodge food, pass an unfazed older couple
that continues to eat, then run toward the exit.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY

Frankie and Crawford are both on their phones.

FRANKIE

(into phone)
I told you, Crawford and I are just
friends. We're out here checking
off our bucket lists.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Photoshoot. CREW prepares the next setup. Julio, formal business attire, is on his phone.

INTERCUT - AIRPORT LOUNGE / PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

JULIO

(into phone)

You've been clocking serious hours with this guy. Don't keep putting me on the back burner like this.

FRANKIE

You know it's not like that.

Crawford sips a latte, speaks on the phone.

HUNTER (V.O.)

(on phone)

Dude, you've been ghosting me. All your time goes to Frankie.

CRAWFORD

All my time is going to experiencing the most this world has to offer before I... I...

INT. HUNTER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hunter kneels on the floor, scrubs grout with a toothbrush.

HUNTER

You should be living every day to the fullest, and I'm happy for you, but, I miss you, man. I know you're living your best life, I just really hope I get included in that. What if this prediction is real?

INTERCUT - AIRPORT LOUNGE / HUNTER'S APARTMENT

Hunter chokes up.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

The thought of never seeing you again. Not saying goodbye, I ...

CRAWFORD

When I get back, we'll have some solid you and me time.

HUNTER

I love you, man.

CRAWFORD

I love you.

Frankie's phone REPEATEDLY BUZZES with a call from Yasmeen.

FRANKIE

There's something I have to do before I... I have to... I'm about to go and see -- . Look, I have to take this call. It's Yasmeen.

INTERCUT - AIRPORT LOUNGE / PHOTOSHOOT

JULIO

Of course, I'll never see you again between work and Craw... Craw... Crawfish? I mean, dating a guy named after a crustacean?

FRANKIE

I can't do this right now.

JULIO

Fine.

Frankie switches calls, shifts to a more professional, yet somewhat hesitant tone.

FRANKIE

Hello, Yasmeen.

INT. SYNERGY SISTERS / YASMEEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RICHIE (20s), Adonis-type, leather gimp suit, unzipped mask in hand, stands behind Yasmeen, who is on a video call with Frankie. Crawford can be easily seen behind her.

YASMEEN

Is that him?

FRANKIE

Yes, Yasmeen, that's Crawford.

YASMEEN

Hmmm, I'd let him lick my -- .

Wide-eyed with embarrassment, Frankie palms the speaker, steps away from Crawford, then releases it.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

Aww, did I embarrass you? Should I be thankin' you for takin' my call?

INTERCUT - AIRPORT LOUNGE / HUNTER'S APARTMENT

HUNTER

Seriously, don't pull this "I'm gonna die" drama and then vanish.

CRAWFORD

I'm enjoying my time, Hunter. Isn't that what matters? Don't you want that for me?

HUNTER

Of course. I'm so happy for everything that's happening to you. Well, not the dying part, but you know, the sappy love stuff.

INTERCUT - AIRPORT LOUNGE / YASMEEN'S OFFICE

FRANKIE

I'm juggling a few personal things right now. Think you can be a little more understanding?

Yasmeen takes the mask from Richie, puts it over his head.

YASMEEN

I've been here all by myself, slavin' over this deal, and you're out there messin' around and -- .

FRANKIE

Messing around? Are you for real? I may die this New Year's Eve.

Yasmeen zips up Richie's mouth.

YASMEEN

Child, fortune tellin' is just a party trick. Get over it!

FRANKIE

I understand that, but you need to understand that I have something I need to do right now.

YASMEEN (V.O.)

You may think you're gonna die, so you're killin' off your life, but you ain't takin' me with you.

SILENCE. Frankie looks to find the call has ended.

INTERCUT - AIRPORT LOUNGE / HUNTER'S APARTMENT

HUNTER

I'm happy you're happy. For real.

CRAWFORD

Thanks, man. We'll catch up before I die, I promise.

HUNTER

Brat. So, where you off to?

Crawford looks at Frankie, smiles.

CRAWFORD

She bought the tickets. Honestly, I have no idea.

INT. AIRPLANE / FIRST CLASS - DAY

Frankie, fashionably chic, sits window. Crawford, business attire, tie incorrectly tied, sits aisle. PASSENGERS shuffle in and pass them.

CRAWFORD

First time flying commercial and I'm going first class.

FRANKIE

Act like you've been here before.

Frankie grins at Crawford. She shows him how to tie his tie. Crawford looks up to PASSENGER #1 as they place their bag in the overhead compartment.

CRAWFORD

Business, right?

Passenger #1 oddly eyes Crawford, sits. Crawford leans across the aisle, speaks to to PASSENGER #2.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Money, am I wrong?

Passenger #2 CHUCKLES. Frankie puts Crawford in his seat.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I'm acting like I fit in. Like I've been here before.

Frankie cheerfully smiles, GIGGLES.

INT. AIRPLANE / FIRST CLASS - NIGHT (AIRBORNE)

Lights dimmed. Frankie's asleep. Crawford's wide awake. There's an abrupt downward movement. Crawford grabs both armrests, which wakes Frankie, who notices his fear.

FRANKIE

You okay?

The plane dips wildly, then regains its course.

CRAWFORD

This plane is going down.

FRANKIE

It's just an air pocket. It's completely normal.

CRAWFORD

We're going to die.

Passenger #2 wakes and sleepily eyes Crawford.

FRANKIE

(to Passenger #1)

First flight jitters.

Passenger #2 closes their eyes. Frankie calms Crawford.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This plane isn't going down.

CRAWFORD

How do you know?

FRANKIE

It's not New Year's Eve.

Still alarmed, Crawford cracks a small smile.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Stop thinking about it. Tell me something about yourself.

CRAWFORD

What?

Turbulence causes Crawford to tense.

FRANKIE

Anything. Entertain me.

CRAWFORD

Believe it or not, I used to be a frontman in a band.

FRANKIE

Okay, tell me everything.

CRAWFORD

There's not much to tell. I knew I wanted to sing at an early age. Everyone thought I'd be the next big thing until... You ever hear about Jim Morrison in his early days, that he struggled to face the crowd? I had the same issue, except I never found the strength to turn around. So, that didn't last long.

FRANKIE

But, doesn't drinking take away your fear of crowds?

CRAWFORD

Drinking gives me courage, but I can't sing. It's like it drains the soul out of my voice.

FRANKIE

I've read alcohol lowers your frequency and jams up your energy.

CRAWFORD

Not all of us can be Hemingway.

FRANKIE

That must have been so hard.

CRAWFORD

I tried a few times, but couldn't find the courage to face the crowd. The fear overwhelmed me, I lost something precious, and now, I don't think I can sing anymore.

FRANKIE

When was the last time you -- ?

Plane lurches. Crawford grabs Frankie's arm. She allows it.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Relax. That's normal. Close your eyes, think of a happy place.

Crawford hesitates, then closes his eyes.

CRAWFORD

Tell me about teenage Frankie. I bet she was wild.

Crawford peeks at Frankie who has a very serious look.

FRANKIE

Nope, I haven't changed much.

CRAWFORD

Imagining you as a kid in a suit.

Crawford smiles.

FRANKIE

Pretty much. I started working at thirteen and never looked back.

CRAWFORD

Wild is the wrong word. I'm going with dork.

FRANKIE

Yup. While other kids were worried about school, dates, and life, I was focused on making money.

CRAWFORD

Money, at thirteen?

FRANKIE

I'd take a bucket, rags, steal my Mom's dish soap, then go door-to-door asking if neighbors needed their car washed. Ten dollars for cars, twenty for trucks. I didn't even clean the interiors. Who could resist a cute kid at their door?

CRAWFORD

Guess the Girl Scouts figured that out, long ago.

FRANKIE

Seriously. Well, that didn't change much as I grew up.

CRAWFORD

(coughs it out)
At all.

Frankie playfully shoves him.

FRANKIE

My twenties, I was always busy; working, attending business events, traveling for meetings. I'd go days without talking to my parents. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and before I knew it, years had passed without seeing them. Time has a way of slipping by.

Crawford opens his eyes, looks at Frankie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

The problem with slowly drifting apart is you don't notice the time go by until it's already gone, and so are they.

Frankie perks up.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

At least when I die, they'll be used to me being gone, and it won't affect them as much.

CRAWFORD

Sorry, I can't agree with that. Loving your child is just instinctual for a parent, and it lasts forever.

FRANKIE

You think so?

CRAWFORD

The love parents have for their kids is like an ancient tree. No matter how many seasons pass or storms hit, its roots stay deep and strong. Distance and time might change everything around it, but that tree stands firm.

Deeply moved, Frankie holds back tears.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / FRONT - DAY

Modest, one-story, two-bedroom farmhouse on desolate land, no other houses in sight.

Crawford stands a step behind Frankie at the start of a path to the house. Frankie turns around, Crawford turns her back.

Frankie walks slowly toward the front door; Crawford follows. Just as she hesitates to ring the doorbell, it unlocks. Frankie freezes as the door opens.

MARTHA MCKENZIE (70s), epitome of sweetness wrapped in a cozy cardigan, stands at the threshold. They stare at each other until Martha rushes into Frankie's arms for a heartfelt hug.

MONTAGE

INT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frankie and Martha are seated on the couch, thick photo album spread across their laps. Crawford squeezes next to Frankie.

Martha smiles, gently touches each photo while she flips through pages, as Frankie and Crawford listen attentively.

CLOSE UP: Old photos of YOUNG MARTHA as she watches YOUNG FRANKIE play.

Frankie reaches out and holds Martha's hand.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / BACK PORCH - DAY

GEORGE MCKENZIE (late 70s), wise and content, seated in a chair, stares into space.

Frankie gently places a hand on George's shoulder. He doesn't react, but Frankie smiles tenderly at him. She sits in a chair beside him and takes his hand in hers.

INT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: Old photos of Younger Martha holds NEWBORN FRANKIE. Another on a beach, YOUNGER GEORGE plays with Young Frankie.

Crawford leans in, studies the photos. Martha speaks, all three laugh through tears. Frankie and Martha's heads come close together. It warms Crawford's heart, he smiles.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / BACK PORCH - DAY

Crawford on the steps nearby. Frankie is seated next to George, and despite his distant gaze, shows love as she talks animatedly with him.

INT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: Old photos of Younger Martha and Younger George, smiles radiate warmth and love, as they cook together. Another, PRE-TEEN FRANKIE watches as Younger George twirls Younger Martha around the living room.

Martha gazes at Frankie and her eyes well up with tears of joy. She reaches out and hugs Frankie tightly.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / BACK PORCH - DAY

Frankie and George sit in comfortable silence. Frankie leans her head on George's shoulder. He stares off as a tear rolls down his cheek.

INT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

The photo album lies open to a page that displays a photo of younger Martha and younger George who dance at a family occasion, as pre-teen Frankie and LOVED ONES watch.

Frankie and Martha hold hands, tears stream down their faces. Crawford quietly stands and exits.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / BACK PORCH - GOLDEN HOUR

Crawford places a blanket over George, then sits in the chair next to him, looks out over the sunset.

GEORGE

(no emotion, stares off)

When you're single, yeah, you get a lot of strange pussy, but there're still too many lonely nights. When you're married, there may be times you don't get the pussy, but most the time you're getting laid. Getting laid most the time is a much better life than maybe getting some pussy. And don't get me started on threesomes. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Crawford's surprised. George returns to his catatonic state.

Unbeknownst to them, Frankie watches through a window.

INT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

The decor would make Betty Crocker proud.

Frankie, warm glow in her eyes, smile on her lips, gazes out the window, watches Crawford sit silently with George. Martha walks up behind Frankie, looks out the window.

MARTHA

(Southern accent)

He's nice. You finally going to quit all this working girl business nonsense and settle down?

Fear washes over Frankie's face.

FRANKIE

And here we are. You want me to give up on my dreams, settle down with this guy. That would make you so happy. Wouldn't it?

MARTHA

Sweetheart, nothing makes me happier than seeing you happy.

Frankie's eyes well with tears. Before Martha can notice, she turns from her and exits.

EXT. FRANKIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / FRONT - DAY

Frankie hides her pain behind a hug with Martha, composes herself, releases Martha, watches her enter the house. Irritated, she turns from the house, strides past Crawford.

CRAWFORD

We can stay longer if you -- .

FRANKIE

I've got a deal to close.

CRAWFORD

You're still going to go through with that?

FRANKIE

If you have a problem with what I do, call customer service.

CRAWFORD

I thought I was talking to the boss. Someone who understood this deal is going to hurt a lot of -- .

FRANKIE

You'd like that, wouldn't you? What do you want from me? You want me to quit everything I've worked for?

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Quit my job? Move back here?
Live out my remaining days,
as what, a house wife? What,
with you?

CRAWFORD

Not at all. I --

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I never said quit your job. I admire the way you work towards your goals. Your drive. Your determination. Seeing you back there, though... You were different. Softer. Happier.

Frankie stops, fights back the tears, hides her true feelings from Crawford as he catches up.

FRANKIE

I am happy. My job makes me happy. Everything I've worked for makes me happy. I don't need you to gauge my happiness for me.

CRAWFORD

Why didn't you tell them you were going to die?

FRANKIE

I wanted to spend the time saying hello, not goodbye. They know it'll happen one day. No need to worry them about it now.

Her eyes express pain and sorrow as she storms off.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (AIRBORNE)

Frankie sits by the window, eyes fixed outside. Crawford is to her side, in the aisle seat.

CRAWFORD

Did I do something to offend you?

FRANKIE

You said my parents would miss me, but they won't. They haven't missed me all this time. Seeing them changed nothing.

CRAWFORD

It seemed like they missed you.

FRANKIE

They missed the idea of me, not me. If they truly missed me, they would have reached out and tried to be a part of my life.

CRAWFORD

Did you try reaching out to them?

FRANKIE

They're the parents. They should take the initiative.

CRAWFORD

It's a two-way street. When you're a kid, parents take care of you. When parents get old, kids take care of them. To me, that's what real success looks like.

FRANKIE

A good job, a nice house, money, ask anyone, that's a good life. You can buy your way out of any problems. Eat what you want. Live where you want. Do what you want. That's success.

CRAWFORD

You think material objects, money, and power, are what matters in life? I'm terrified of how you'd quantify love.

Frankie glares at Crawford.

FRANKIE

Someone like you has no idea what success is. I've worked my entire life. Sacrificed so much to be where I am. I've accomplished so much, if anything, they approve of my choices.

CRAWFORD

I'd say more acceptance than approval. I didn't see any bonding over money or possessions. What I saw your mom care about was family and memories of good times.

FRANKIE

They should care about what matters to me. I want to leave a legacy.

CRAWFORD

What if what matters to you doesn't matter in life?

FRANKIE

Excuse me?

CRAWFORD

A friend of mine was in hospice, dying of cancer. He told me that every day, people around him were passing away. In their final moments, none of them cried out for their possessions. Instead, they called out names and reached for loved ones who weren't there.

Silence hangs heavy between them. After a BEAT, she abruptly rises, pushes past Crawford, disappears down the aisle.

INT. AIRPLANE / BATHROOM - DAY

Stern-faced, Frankie rushes in, bursts into tears. She calms herself, brings out her phone.

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE to Yasmeen - Let's get back to work.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: 143 LONELY HOURS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. HUNTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Immaculate; every surface gleams. Hunter, irritated, watches Crawford, disheveled, hair and beard grown out, holds a feather duster like a security blanket, seated on the couch, repeatedly flicks through streamer options and doesn't stop.

HUNTER

Bro, seriously? Everything's spotless already! What am I supposed to do?

CRAWFORD

I get it now. Cleaning keeps my mind off of her. But, you know that, don't you?

HUNTER

I know cleaning is my thing!

CRAWFORD

Every time I think about her I get a series of heart attacks. Not enough to kill me, just enough to make me walk funny.

HUNTER

So find your own damn thing.

CRAWFORD

You could... dust the top of the ceiling fans.

HUNTER

Maybe it's time to get back on track, make some money, find an apartment. Get a life, man. Take your mind off of it. Like... you should go back to school.

CRAWFORD

I thought about that, I just... I can't afford it, anyway.

HUNTER

I'll help.

CRAWFORD

No. Thanks.

HUNTER

Exactly. That's an excuse. I'm over your excuses. Get up, get back out there, make some money, get back in school, and get off my couch.

Hunter thrusts a cell phone at Crawford.

CRAWFORD

It's not that simple. I don't know if I have the heart for it anymore.

HUNTER

Remember why you were doing it in the first place: to help all the little animals of the world.

Crawford turns on the phone, it instantly RINGS. Crawford flinches and nearly drops the phone.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
It's a sign. Answer it.

Crawford answers.

CRAWFORD
Hello. Yes, I'm available...
Tonight? Sure. Where? Okay, I'll
see you there and then.

Crawford hangs up, looks at Hunter with a spark of purpose.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Looks like a lady needs a man in
shining armor.

HUNTER
The universe is giving you a nudge.

CRAWFORD
More like a shove.

INT. SYNERGY SISTERS / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Large meeting table, flat screen TV displays Matelda in her plant-filled home office with shelves of natural products.

Legal pad and pen on the table in front of them, Frankie, her mind only half in the meeting, is seated next to Yasmeen.

MATELDA
I appreciate your enthusiasm,
Yasmeen, but I have concerns. My
company has always stood for purity
and integrity. How can I be sure
that won't change?

YASMEEN
You're thinking small. This
merger's going to have your
toothpaste in every household
across the country. Just think
about the impact you could have.

Yasmeen indiscreetly nudges Frankie. Frankie focuses.

MATELDA

An impact at what cost? I don't want my product to lose its essence, or God forbid anything unnatural be added to it.

FRANKIE

Matelda, I understand your worries. The corporate world isn't known for its gentle touch.

Yasmeen scribbles on the notepad: I've got your gentle touch right here!

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Merging and not getting what you want, can be very draining. It can affect your mental health.

Yasmeen scribbles on the notepad: R U crazy?

YASMEEN

Growth is good business, and good business buys mental health. Am I right, Matelda?

Matelda is not intrigued.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

Don't let fear hold you back. It's all about expansion and opportunity, baby!

FRANKIE

Maybe it's worth taking more time to think about the implications. I can see you're not just about reaching more people; but about how you reach them.

Yasmeen scribbles on the notepad: Reach out and strangle her.

MATELDA

I, I just want to safeguard the essence of my vision.

Yasmeen hides the pain as she nods her head in agreement.

MATELDA (CONT'D)

I need more time to consider this.

YASMEEN

Just remember, opportunities like this don't come around every day.

MATELDA

I'll reach out soon and let you know where I stand with this.

FRANKIE

Sounds good to me. Have a wonderful day, Matelda.

YASMEEN

(fakes a warm smile)
Yup, bye.

The video call ends.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

What the Hell was that? You're supposed to seal the deal, not give her cold feet!

FRANKIE

I'm just being honest. This isn't just about money for her. It's about her life's work. I did some thinking while I was gone.

YASMEEN

Oh, come on. I see what's happenin' here. Don't tell me this new guy's sentimental nonsense is startin' to get to you.

FRANKIE

No, I think for myself, and lately I've been thinking about what I'm doing with my life.

YASMEEN

You've spent your whole life buildin' up to this. This deal is your ticket to everything you've ever dreamed of: the car, the house, the lifestyle... the men!

FRANKIE

What if I don't care about all that stuff, and only one man?

Yasmeen touches Frankie's forehead; annoyed, Frankie bats her hand away.

YASMEEN

I was makin' sure you don't have a fever. You seem sick in the head.

FRANKIE

Maybe I am. For the last few weeks,
I actually felt amazing, and now
I'm not.

YASMEEN

You know the idea of someone
turning away when they're one
pickaxe strike from the diamond
mine? You're actin' like that
someone. And for what?

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Exquisitely landscaped. Tea lights strung. JAZZ MUSIC plays
over a party full of HOBNOBS. Signage reads: Governor's Ball.

Crawford, suit with tie perfectly tied, stands with Versa,
but his attention is elsewhere.

VERSA

Darling, what's wrong? You look as
though you recently lost a puppy.

CRAWFORD

It's nothing, really. Just... Never
mind. Let's, uh -- .

VERSA

Just is not a sufficient response.

CRAWFORD

I had my heart handed back to me.
Still figuring out what to do with
the pieces.

VERSA

Well, that's a pity. A man of your
caliber shouldn't waste his time on
heartbreak, only love and growth.

CRAWFORD

I failed at love again. I'm saving
to get back into veterinarian
school and it seems like I'll never
make it. It all feels so pointless.

VERSA

You never mentioned you studied
veterinary medicine.

CRAWFORD

Telling someone you're a veterinarian school dropout isn't exactly great date conversation.

VERSA

On the contrary, it shows you've got dreams. There are billions of people in this world, so few of them ever chase their dreams. Everyone's got them, but most fritter away their lives, treating weekends like they're some sort of grand prize, only to regret it when it's too late.

CRAWFORD

I wish it was that simple. I need money for tuition, but everything I'm doing only pays the bills. I'm literally living to pay bills.

VERSA

Your dreams, not money, should be your priority. Chase your dreams, darling. Mark my words, when you reach them, money will tag along.

CRAWFORD

Sounds close to the advice I gave someone once.

VERSA

Maybe it's time you followed your own advice, my love.

CRAWFORD

I lost her, Versa... and faith in myself. I'm back to work because... well, what else is there I can do?

VERSA

Run to her, darling.

CRAWFORD

(sarcastic)
Okay, here I go.

Crawford mockingly inches forward but stays put.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

I'm moving on. Over it. Done.

VERSA

It's high time you sorted yourself.
Get your head in the game, or give
up. Feel something for once. Either
be a tough guy or be emotional, you
can't play both sides.

INT. CAFE - DAY

CHATTER of PATRONS fills the air around Frankie, seated next
to Yasmeen, who has her credit card raised above her head.
BROCK (mid-20s), ditzy European model-type, hovers nearby.

YASMEEN

Get yourself a cookie or somethin'.

BROCK

I not eat sugar.

YASMEEN

You don't eat. For goodness' sake,
get a coffee or somethin'. And
while you're at it, bring my friend
here a...

FRANKIE

I don't want anything.

YASMEEN

Bring this girl a cupcake. Maybe
that will put a smile on her face.

Brock HUFFS, grabs the credit card, heads to the counter.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

So, what's up?

FRANKIE

You win. Let's close this deal.

YASMEEN

No, Frankie, we win. Picture it:
money rollin' in, our names
splashed all over the top of every
business page. You'll be thankin'
me, sippin' champagne on a yacht in
the crystal blue -- .

Brock sets down a bowl of jello in front of Frankie.

BROCK

Is only sweet thing they have.

Yasmeen glares at Brock as, lost in thought, Frankie stares at the Jell-O. Brock plops down in the chair next to Yasmeen.

YASMEEN

Dammit, Brock. Here we go again with the evils of Jell-O.

FRANKIE

We've sacrificed health for convenience. There's so much poison in our food. Red #4, hydrogenated sugars. Crawford opened my eyes.

Yasmeen clearly doesn't pay attention, glances at Brock.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Companies advertise they're healthy, but are killing people with chemicals. Have you looked into seed oils? There're even poisons in products made for kids. You blame Matelda for having a conflict with that?

YASMEEN

Additives make stuff look better, taste better, and last longer. It's all on the label. People know what they're buyin'. It's their choice. And Crawford? Girl, please. You told me he's couch-surfin' at his brother's place. That's where his ideology got him.

FRANKIE

Pushing poisons is against everything this company stands for.

YASMEEN

What, you think you're Mother Teresa now? Hate to break it to you, but people want perfect orange candy, flawless food on the shelf, and weed-free lawns. They're okay sacrificin' a bit of health for that illusion of a perfect world.

FRANKIE

Maybe that's why everyone is irate. The world will never be perfect, and trying to control it only makes things worse.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Crawford may not have money or power, and he may be content living on his brother's couch, but there's something... intangible about him. Something money can't buy. I want that.

YASMEEN

Oh, give me a break. You're not gonna throw everything away for some tree-hugger's fantasy.

Brock yawns, checks his phone.

FRANKIE

I don't want to throw it away. More like pivot. We can still do business... Just good business.

Yasmeen SCOFFS, smiles and shakes her head.

YASMEEN

Want to make it big, you keep your business and pleasure separate.

FRANKIE

I don't see it like that anymore. I don't want a life filled with empty success. No family, no friends, just business deals, corporate takeovers, and living from one fabricated experience to the next, as I try to convince myself that I'm happy. I want it to be a pleasure to do business.

YASMEEN

If you don't follow through with this, you'll regret it, boo. Don't let some hippie-dippy nonsense mess up what you've been hustlin' for your whole life to accomplish. Especially some guy you barely know that got you caught up in a feel-good trend. I can see you're not happy. Obviously the trend didn't work for you.

FRANKIE

You're probably right.

YASMEEN

You know I'm right. Now, we're goin' to that New Year's Eve bash her company's throwin'. We'll fix this mess, get her back on track.

FRANKIE

Remember the prediction. I might die on New Year's Eve.

Yasmeen's smile returns, she raises her coffee cup.

YASMEEN

To leavin' a legacy before you die.

Yasmeen clinks her cup against Frankie's cup on the table.

INT. SYNERGY SISTERS / YASMEEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Yasmeen SLAMS her door shut, MUTTERS under her breath while she pulls a tequila bottle out from her drawer, takes a swig.

YASMEEN

Actin' all crazy, all high and mighty. Who does she think she's dealin' with?

She clicks her mouse, the computer screen lights up.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

Whew, girl, you need to decompress before you put that fool in her place and end up behind bars.

Yasmeen signs onto an escort website, scrolls through pictures of men, stops on Brock, then Teff, scrolls on.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

Come on, give Momma a hottie. No whammies, no wham -- !

She stops, scrolls back to a picture of Crawford, clicks it, pulls up his escort profile. She picks up the phone, dials.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached Crawford.

YASMEEN

Yes, hello. I'd like you to escort me to a New Year's Eve party.

EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Restaurants and bars bookend the block where, phone to his ear, Crawford walks a distance behind ANGELICA (late-20s), dressed to the nines but something is off, has nothing with her, not even a purse, vapes constantly.

CRAWFORD
(into phone)
She actually swiped me first.

Just ahead of Angelica, a BUSINESS MAN is unaware that his wallet drops from his back pocket.

HUNTER (V.O.)
(from phone)
Promise me you won't instantly fall
in love again. Let's at least go
out a couple of times before you
shack up.

CRAWFORD
It's nothing serious, Hunter. I'm
just going on a date and seeing
what happens.

Angelica slows, grabs the wallet, takes the cash out, throws the wallet into the street.

HUNTER (V.O.)	CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
What needs to happen is -- .	Hold on. Hey, listen. A train wreck in front of me just took a guy for all his cash.

HUNTER
She robbed him?

CRAWFORD
No gun or anything, but she... Hold
on a sec.

Crawford heads for the restaurant door, coincidentally at the same time as Angelica. He lightly jogs up, opens it for her.

HUNTER (V.O.)
And she what?

CRAWFORD
Hold on.

Angelica, smells of beer and cigarettes, leathery skin, random stained teeth, small vomit stain on her sundress, speaks in a fake Italian accent, turns to him.

ANGELICA
 If I wasn't headed into a date, I'd
 let you -- .
 (recognizes Crawford)
 Well, hello sexy. You look just
 like your picture.

Angelica enters.

CRAWFORD
 You don't.

HUNTER (V.O.)
 Wait, what does she look like?

CRAWFORD
 I'll call you later.

HUNTER (V.O.)
 DUDE, TELL HER I SAID HELLO!

Crawford hangs up, takes a deep breath, enters.

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

Sleek and contemporary decor. White gloved SERVERS.

HOST walks Angelica and Crawford past tables where privileged PATRONS dine and INDISTINCTLY CONVERSE.

ANGELICA
 And so, like, I finished that
 bottle of wine, and they were,
 like, you shouldn't drive.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)	CRAWFORD
You're too drunk. But, look at me. I'm here! Sobered up and ready for shots.	You probably shouldn't have.

Crawford pulls out a chair for Angelica.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
 No, you sit there.

As Crawford goes to sit, Angelica unexpectedly pulls back his chair. He nearly falls but manages to sit down. She grabs a chair from across the table, drags it next to Crawford, sits, leans in close to his ear.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
 (whispers, seductively)
 Crawford.

SERVER comes up to the table.

SERVER
Are you ready to order?

ANGELICA
We've agreed to split the bill
fifty-fifty.

SERVER
Very progressive of you.

Crawford awkwardly nods to the server. Angelica leans into Crawford's ear.

ANGELICA
(whispers, seductively)
Crawford.

SERVER
Okay then, your order?

CRAWFORD
She will have...

Crawford looks to Angelica for input, who only stares back, then narrows her eyes.

ANGELICA
You're gonna order for me?

CRAWFORD
You didn't tell me what --

ANGELICA
I can order for myself.

CRAWFORD
Please do.

ANGELICA
I know everything about wine.

SERVER
Our house is a -- .

ANGELICA
Do you have a nice Chablisis or a
Suaveignone Blank?

Server is disconcerted by her ignorance.

CRAWFORD
We'll take the house red.

SERVER
Right away, sir.

Server leaves. Angelica holds up a stern finger.

ANGELICA
I told you I can order for myself.
STRIKE ONE!

Angelica leans over into Crawford's ear.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
(whispers, seductively)
Crawford.

Server returns, pours two glasses of wine.

SERVER
Will you be having dinner?

Crawford is scared to speak. Angelica nods.

ANGELICA
We'll have the nachos. Yummy!

SERVER
We don't serve nachos.

ANGELICA
This is a fancy place. We're about
to spend a ton of money, and you
can't make what I want?

SERVER
Let me see what the Chef can do.

As Server walks off, Angelica takes a LOUD SIP of her wine,
then MOANS.

CUT TO:

A third of a plate of gourmet nachos rests on the table
between Crawford and Angelica.

ANGELICA
I can't stand how people think they
can go around without considering
the, you know, bigger picture.

Angelica takes a LOUD SIP of her wine, MOANS.

CRAWFORD
I agree, but...

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
And then there's the whole
issue with how everyone is
just so... oblivious to the
nuances of, well, you know.
How can you not see it?

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
See what?

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
You don't want to get me
started on that. It's like
they just don't get it!

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Get what?

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
But you get it. I like
talking to you. You really
understand the depth of what
I'm saying.

Crawford is stupefied as Angelica takes a loud SIP of her
wine, MOANS.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
You're so amazing, it's like, like,
like we're on the same page.

Angelica grins, stares at Crawford. He grows uncomfortable.

CRAWFORD
So, uh, tell me about you.

Angelica takes a loud SIP of her wine, MOANS.

ANGELICA
Well, I never listen to music by
choice. All food tastes the same; I
eat to live and not live to eat.
Oh, I've never finished a single
book or TV series in my life.

Angelica smiles widely, stares at Crawford.

CRAWFORD
I have no idea how to respond.

ANGELICA
Can I ask you a question?

CRAWFORD
Sure.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Would you, like, sell your
poop for money?

Puzzled and slightly shocked, Crawford stares at Angelica.
She shoves a large heap of nachos in her mouth, ground beef
hangs from her lip as she chews and stares back.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
 I, uh... interesting question.
 Hypothetically... I guess, a
 million dollars.

ANGELICA
 I'll give you two hundred.

CRAWFORD
 Maybe this isn't the best
 conversation over a meal.

Angelica eats nachos, talks with her mouth full.

ANGELICA
 What's good *dinner* conversation?

CRAWFORD
 Like, uh, tell me something about
 your family.

ANGELICA
 I have two sisters. Both just broke
 up with boyfriends, who they said
 were only interested in sex.
 (angry and loud)
 SEX, SEX, SEX! That's the only
 thing men want! I'm telling you,
 like I've told all those other
 guys: if you want sex, go to a
 prostitute! You got that? I'm no
 whore! STRIKE 2!

Server drops the check by the unfinished nachos, starts to
 walk away. Angelica taps him, pulls out a pad of paper, a
 pencil, a calculator.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
 He will be paying sixty-three
 percent of the tab because he ate
 approximately thirteen percent more
 nachos than I did.

Crawford can't help it, LAUGHS, but catches himself.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
 THAT'S STRIKE THREE! You're not
 scoring any of this tonight!

CRAWFORD
 I'm not even in the game. I'm
 watching from the bleachers.

SERVER
I'll come back.

Server scurries off.

ANGELICA
This meal was trash. We shouldn't
even pay for it. We're going to
dine and ditch.

CRAWFORD
Let's not and say we did.

ANGELICA
Too late.

Angelica jumps out of her chair, draws everyone's attention as she runs and exits. Crawford hangs his head, pays the tab in cash, takes the receipt before he leaves.

INT. - CRAWFORD'S APARTMENT / FRANKIE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT: Crawford enters his apartment, sparsely furnished but tastefully done, places his wallet and keys in a soup bowl, adds the receipt to a pile in a wooden box.

RIGHT: Frankie enters her penthouse, places her keys into an exquisite entryway tray, sets a takeout box next to it, opens it, stares at the Jell-O inside.

LEFT: Crawford sits at a desk, concentrates on a veterinary school book, animal research books, and homework.

RIGHT: In a mix of shock and awe, Frankie sits at her desk, amidst contracts, focused on her screen, where she reads wellness blogs about poisonous food additives, while VIDEOS ABOUT CHEMICALS BEING INTRODUCED TO OUR ENVIRONMENT play.

Frankie brings out her cell phone, calls Crawford.

LEFT: Crawford looks at his cell phone, but Frankie hangs up as he's about to answer.

Crawford stares at his phone, calls Frankie.

RIGHT: Frankie instantly sends Crawford's call to voicemail.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
(from phone)
You've reached Frankie. Leave it.

BEEP

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

Hey... Hi, I... Things are great.
I'm back in school. Sitting here in
my new apartment. Life is good and
I... I, uh, don't know why I'm
lying. I thought I'd get back on
track, living the dream, but it's a
nightmare. None of it matters
because I don't have you.

LEFT: Crawford looks at his phone, BEAT, presses the 3 key.

PHONE (V.O.)

Your message has been deleted. To
record another message press -- .

Crawford quickly hangs up.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Decked out with New Year's Eve decor. REVELLERS everywhere.

INT. HOTEL / POOL - NIGHT

SOCIALITE PARTIERS buzz with energy as they CHAT and LAUGH.

Frankie, casual outfit, hair loosely tied back, and Julio,
dressed to the nines.

JULIO

You're going to be working all
night and I want to have fun.

FRANKIE

It's just a quick meeting and it
won't be until later.

Out of nowhere, Yasmeen surprises Frankie and Julio.

YASMEEN

Have you spoken to her?

JULIO

Here we go. I'll circle back around
and follow up on that, or whatever
it is you people say.

Julio walks off. Yasmeen sizes up Frankie.

YASMEEN
 (sarcastic)
 Savin' the world one casual Friday
 at a time?

Frankie brushes it off.

FRANKIE
 Speaking of saving the world, I've
 been thinking hard about this deal.

YASMEEN
 This should be good.

FRANKIE
 Instead of pushing for a corporate
 acquisition, why not propose an
 expansion? We can keep the
 integrity of her brand intact.

YASMEEN
 And here I was thinkin' you'd gone
 off the deep end. Expansion? That
 ain't gonna rake in the dough like
 an acquisition would. If we don't
 go hard on this, her company's
 gonna crash and burn. Shareholders
 ain't here for fairy tales, they
 want cold, hard profits.

FRANKIE
 Shareholders today invest in
 companies they believe in. We strip
 away what makes Matelda's brand
 special, we'll throw that
 demographic into the bonfire.

YASMEEN
 Your naivety is almost cute. Let's
 be real, we're here to make money,
 not friends. I suggest -- .

MATELDA (O.C.)
 Frankie, Yasmeen, you came.

Yasmeen's expression shifts from wicked to sweet as she and
 Frankie turn to see Matelda.

MATELDA (CONT'D)
 So happy to see you here.

FRANKIE
 It's so wonderful for you to have
 us. The party looks amazing.

YASMEEN

I wanted to have a face to face and see how you were feeling.

MATELDA

Oh, well, straight to the point. I know you're about business and your time is money, so I'll be straight up with you, and we'll do this here and now. Starting this company... it was my childhood dream. About health, wellness, and clean living. It's not just a business to me.

YASMEEN

Whether you like it or not, your brand is hot right now.

Darnell steps up next to Matelda, listens in, smiles, nods.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

If you can't keep up with demand, the public's gonna bounce. You gotta stay on top of this.

MATELDA

I didn't start this company to be the biggest. I started it to make a difference. It's hard to keep up with demand, yes, but I believe selling out will destroy everything I've worked for.

FRANKIE

I get it. People today care about the values a company stands for. Shareholders may want money, but if you lose the essence of what makes your brand special, you lose the customers, and the money follows.

MATELDA

Thank's for understanding, Frankie. I won't be selling. I've decided to take on a new partner and expand things my way.

YASMEEN

If you go down that path, you'll end up broke, selling off everything at bargain basement prices. You don't want that.

MATELDA

Thank you for your time and consideration. I hope this doesn't stop you from enjoying yourselves.

Matelda walks away. Frankie shoots her hand out to Darnell.

FRANKIE

Looks like she's won the lottery.

DARNELL

I'm helping her fight the good fight. I'm the one who's winning.

Darnell walks off after Matelda.

YASMEEN

What was that?

FRANKIE

More money than you could ever bring to the table, from someone who seems to care more about doing good than getting richer.

INT. HOTEL / LOBBY - NIGHT

A hub of activity. RAMBUNCIOUS GUESTS surround Crawford, three-piece suit, tie perfectly tied.

SUPER: TEXT MESSAGE to Frankie - Come to the lobby. I have a surprise for you.

With a predatory smile, Yasmeen puts away her cell phone, slinks over to Crawford, grabs his arm.

YASMEEN

Hey there, handsome. You look just like your picture.

CRAWFORD

I take it you're Beyoncé.

YASMEEN

You can call me Queen Bey.

Yasmeen takes Crawford's arm.

Frankie and Julio enter from a back entrance. Frankie spots Yasmeen draped over Crawford, alerts Julio.

FRANKIE

Will you look at that?

JULIO

Those two? They've probably been plotting behind your back.

Frankie follows Julio, whose march up to Yasmeen is thwarted when Brock blocks their path and confronts Crawford.

BROCK

This companion, she's mine.

Fear floods Crawford's face as he spots Frankie.

JULIO

Possessive much? Newsflash, it's the modern era, no one is "yours".

FRANKIE

Well, well, look at you, Yasmeen. Two guys, one party.

YASMEEN

You've met my date.

Yasmeen wraps her arms around Crawford, pulls him close.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)

We met on a website.

Yasmeen shoves her phone at Frankie, the screen displays Crawford's escort profile. Brock confronts Crawford.

BROCK

You are messing with my money. Is not cool of you.

Yasmeen smirks, steps away as Brock shoves Crawford, watches the drama. Frankie confronts Crawford.

FRANKIE

Crawford, are you an... escort?

CRAWFORD

Technically, yes, but it's not what you think. I don't sleep with them.

BROCK

(winks at Yasmeen)

I do.

CRAWFORD

I promise, Frankie. Women hire me to make them look good at events. It's all about appearances. I never cross the line.

BROCK
 (winks at Frankie)
 I cross all lines.

Frankie shudders, glares at Brock, pulls Crawford aside.

FRANKIE
 Why didn't you tell me? At least
 I'd know you have ambitions.

CRAWFORD
 I wanted to tell you, but... I
 liked you too much and got scared.

FRANKIE
 If you liked me so much, you should
 have trusted me enough to be
 honest. I can't believe -- .

Shocked and disgusted, Yasmeen SCREECHES, scurries away from
 Crawford as she points at him.

YASMEEN
 He grabbed my butt! THIS SCUMBAG
 GRABBED ME!

CRAWFORD
 What? I didn't touch you.

YASMEEN
 Help! Somebody get this creep away
 from me!

FRANKIE
 He was over here with me. There's
 no way he could have touched you.

Two SECURITY appear, grab Crawford by the arms.

SECURITY #1
 Let's go, buddy. You're outta here.

CRAWFORD
 I didn't touch her.

Security #1 and Security #2 manhandle Crawford, drag him off.

FRANKIE
 Wait, he -- .

Yasmeen restrains Frankie as Crawford and security vanish
 into the crowd. Frankie breaks free, pursues Crawford, but
 amidst the chaotic crowd, loses sight of him.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A LINE OF PARTYGOERS awaits entry. Security #1 and Security #2 manhandle Crawford, hurl him out to the front.

Crawford picks himself up, brings out a cell phone, calls.

<p>HUNTER (V.O.) (loud PARTY in BG) Dude, you're still alive! You should've rolled with me. This party's insane!</p>	<p>CRAWFORD I need help!</p>
--	----------------------------------

HUNTER
Hold on, it's loud here.

Crawford paces while the PARTY QUIETS around Hunter.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Did you say help? You in trouble?

CRAWFORD
I need you to come down here. I'm
sending you the address.

INT. HOTEL / LOBBY - NIGHT

Yasmeen is at the bar. Julio waits for BARKEEPER'S attention. Frankie storms up to Yasmeen.

FRANKIE
We need to talk.

YASMEEN
Seriously? Right here, right now?
Talk about unprofessional, anyone
could be watchin'.

FRANKIE
Crawford never touched you. Making
up false accusations, you should be
ashamed. Crying wolf ruins the
credibility of real victims. What
kind of woman are you?

YASMEEN
(to Julio)
What's she babblin' about?

JULIO
Uh uh, I'm on her side, you self-
hating shrew.

(MORE)

JULIO (CONT'D)

You're trash, and not even the recyclable kind. Straight to the dump, no detours!

Brock steps into Yasmeen's face.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Really, guy?

BROCK

Yes, is really.

(to Yasmeen)

I done waiting. Has been weeks, and now am broke. You need pay balance owed to me or I -- .

Yasmeen shuts him up with an annihilative look.

FRANKIE

Your boy toy's spilling the beans. You're desperate for this deal because you're flat broke.

JULIO

Snap! You spilled tea all over her.

YASMEEN

Okay, yeah, if I lose this merger, I'm broke. This deal makes or breaks me. And you've been handlin' it like a total rookie!

FRANKIE

Rookie? Like merging a natural, organic company with a corporate titan that will destroy its reputation? For so long I've lost sight of what's important.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Crawford paces. Highly inebriated, Hunter walks up.

HUNTER

Luckily I was at a hotel down the street, man. Who in the hell is trying to wreck your last countdown? I'll change their minds.

Ready for an altercation Hunter puffs up, struts towards the entrance. Crawford calms him.

CRAWFORD
I need to get back in, not get
kicked off the property.

TINA (O.C.)
Crawford?

They turn to find TINA (late-50s), glamorous, famous actress
aura, designer gown, approaches with a confident stride.

TINA (CONT'D)
Crawford! Oh, how fateful! My date
and I had a bit of a tiff on the
way here, and now I need a charming
escort, which I'll pay you
handsomely for, of course.

CRAWFORD
As wonderful as it is to see you,
and I appreciate the offer, I'm
done with escorting. I need to get
back inside to prove that to
someone I care about.

TINA
Oh, young love. Look, you two
escort me in, make me look
fabulous, and you get into the
party. What's the issue?

CRAWFORD
The issue is, even that would feel
like not being true to her.

It kills Hunter to see Crawford disappointed.

EXT. HOTEL / RED CARPET - NIGHT

PAPARAZZI three rows deep to the side of the red carpet.

SERIES OF SHOTS

(1) Cameras flash as Tina steps onto the red carpet with
Hunter. He tries to look dapper but overdoes it.

(2) Tina's laughter sparkles as she whispers in Hunter's ear.
Hunter leans in, they bump heads. They giggle, cameras flash.

(3) Cameras flash while Hunter is serious, clueless that
Tina makes goofy faces.

(4) Cameras flash as Tina strikes a glamorous pose, Hunter
strikes a silly superhero pose.

(5) Cameras flash as Hunter loosens up, mimics a runway model, exaggerates his steps. Tina laughs.

(6) Hunter dips Tina, almost falls, but Crawford saves them, turns it into a humorous tango. CROWD APPLAUDS. Hunter and Tina link arms, bow exaggeratedly. She pecks his cheek.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. HOTEL / LOBBY - NIGHT

Crawford and Hunter enter. In the distance, they spot Frankie and Julio. Crawford looks flustered, repeatedly moves towards Frankie but hesitates.

HUNTER

Bro, go talk to her already.

CRAWFORD

What do I say? What if I embarrass myself? Everyone's going to look at me again. I don't think I can go through -- .

HUNTER

Don't think; just do you. I'll take care of her crew.

Crawford is too late; Hunter beelines to Yasmeen.

CRAWFORD

No, you'll make it worse.

HUNTER

Things always get worse before they get better.

Crawford halts.

CRAWFORD

Hunter. Hunter!

Frankie glares at Yasmeen, as Julio revels in the drama.

YASMEEN

You need to drop this and get back to what you came here to do.

FRANKIE

There's only one thing left that I need to do here.

JULIO

Hit her!

YASMEEN
 (SCOFFS)
 Whatchu gonna do, Frankie?

Oblivious, WAITER offers Yasmeen hors d'oeuvre.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)
 Fool, are you serious? Can't you
 see that we're -- .

Hunter purposely bumps Waiter, knocks the tray over Yasmeen.

YASMEEN (CONT'D)
 (to Waiter)
 You meant to do that! Didn't you?

Julio tries to hold his LAUGHTER, as Frankie grins.

WAITER
 I am so sorry.

YASMEEN
 Not yet, but you will be once I
 come back from the bathroom and
 speak to the manager.

WAITER
 I'm sorry. Please, I have kids.

YASMEEN
 Bring me some soda water to the
 door of the women's restroom and
 pray this comes out, or Daddy's
 lookin' for a new job.

Waiter runs off. Yasmeen heads for the restroom.

HUNTER
 One down.

Hunter steps up to Julio and Frankie.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 Please, and I don't use that word
 often, you have to give my brother
 another shot.

Before Frankie can answer, Julio steps up to Hunter.

JULIO
 She doesn't *have* to do anything.

HUNTER
 He's totally in love with her, man.

Hunter's words hit Frankie in the heart.

JULIO

Oh, what a bummer for him, she's in love with her work.

HUNTER

That doesn't make sense.

JULIO

What doesn't make sense?

HUNTER

She can't be a shallow person because Crawford's in love with her. I know that --

Frankie's touched.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

-- because he'd do anything for her. He even came here, instead of being with me on New Year's Eve, because he wanted to be with her. I never thought he'd get off my couch, but he did. He's even back in school. All because of her!
(looks at Frankie)
And thank you for that!

JULIO

So he was a loser, but now he doesn't want to be.

Frankie is displeased by Julio's disgust.

HUNTER

It's not just about who he was. It's who he strives to be.

JULIO

She deserves success, stability, not someone who's still figuring things out.

HUNTER

Man, love isn't about having all the answers; it's about happiness. Happiness is the only reason we do anything. So, to be successful in life is as simple as being happy.

Julio and Hunter are oblivious as Frankie has a realization, then storms off.

JULIO

What if he never figures it out?

HUNTER

What if he is already everything
she needs?

Yasmeen waits for a drink at the bar. Frankie storms over.

FRANKIE

I'm sick of this, sick of you
pushing me to make this deal, and
sick of feeling it's not right. I
don't want to make others sick.

YASMEEN

What's not right is you blowin'
this deal. You're tossin' away
everything we've worked for.

FRANKIE

The deal will make our lives
better, but make others worse.
People will lose their health,
their livelihoods, just so you can
make a quick buck.

YASMEEN

Let's skip the theatrics. I'm done
playin' games. I invited Crawford
to show you how lame he is and how
foolish you were for bein' with
him. Didn't care if it worked out
'cause I don't need you. We both
know who's really runnin' this
company: me. You were conveniently
around to handle the mundane and
boring stuff. I make the tough
calls. I'm the dealmaker. People
love me 'cause I get things done,
no sentimental nonsense.

FRANKIE

People don't love you. They use
you, then trash you behind your
back. You think your car, your
watch, your... boy toys make you
special? Your whole life is fake.
Your clothes, your purses, your
shoes, it's all a facade. Hell, the
Ferrari body kit on your Volkswagen
chassis isn't fooling anyone.
You're a fake. You're just
entertainment. Like a clown.

YASMEEN

Everything you have, everything you are, is because of me, because of my influence.

FRANKIE

Thank God that's changed. I let happiness slip away because I was focused on you and this stupid deal... I'm done.

YASMEEN

Walk away from me and I'll take you down. I'll ruin you financially, destroy everything you've built.

FRANKIE

Tear down what you can. Those who know me will be there to help build me back up. People who know that some things are more important than money and power.

YASMEEN

(sarcastic)

Oh, please, enlighten me.

FRANKIE

People that love me, Yasmeen. The truth about love is that it can be messy and tough, full of dark moments and even conflicts with your partner. Business revolves around money and greed, but love, love revolves around genuine connection. And unlike our partnership, love has the strength to endure anything.

YASMEEN

Eventually, you'll see you're just a sad, lonely workaholic who can't keep anyone close. Girl, without me, you'll be a failure. You sure this is what you want?

Frankie freezes in shock as a spotlight hits her, and the lights dim as, OH! LOOK AT ME NOW by Frank Sinatra plays.

Bathed in the spotlight, Frankie is stunned and confused for the song's first eight bars, and unaware of Yasmeen's anger.

The spotlight stays on Frankie, while another hits center stage, on Crawford, who bobs his head and pumps his foot for the song's next eight bars.

YASMEEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
It's either him or me.

Frankie remains stunned as Yasmeen storms off, and Crawford begins to gently sway.

CRAWFORD
(sings)
*I'm not the guy who cared about
love. And I'm not the guy who cared
about fortunes and such. I never
cared much. Oh! Look at me now.*

Crawford leaps off stage, lands at a table of MODELS, locks eyes with Model #1, gradually closes in on her.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*I never knew the technique of
kissing.*

Crawford's lips nearly touch Model #1's, but he pulls away. Model #2 reaches for him, but he sidesteps to avoid her.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*I never knew the thrill I could get
from your touch.*

Frankie's in shock.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Never knew much.

Crawford plays to the room.

CRAWFORD
*Oh! Look at me now. I'm a new man,
better than Casanova at his best.*

Crawford places a hand under his jacket, mimics a heartbeat.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*With a new heart, and a brand-new
start.*

Crawford's jacket buttons rip off as he swings his hand out.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I'm so proud, I'm busting my vest.

Frankie pretends to not be amused.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
*So I'm the guy who turned out a
 lover.*

Crawford leans into OLD WOMAN who yearns for him.

CRAWFORD
*So I'm the guy who laughed at those
 blue diamond rings.*

Old Woman smiles, shakes her finger; no, no, no. Crawford turns away from her.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*One of those things. Oh! Look at me
 now.*

Crawford swoons the crowd.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*I'm not the guy who cared about
 love.*

Frankie struggles to contain her amusement.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
*And I'm not the guy who cared about
 fortunes and such.*

Crawford plays to the crowd.

CRAWFORD
*Never cared much. Oh! Look at me
 now.*

Crawford looks directly at Frankie.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*And I never knew the technique of
 kissing. I never knew the thrill I
 could get from your touch. I never
 knew much. Oh! Look at me now.*

Crawford plays to the crowd.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*I'm a new man, much better than
 Casanova at his very best. With a
 new heart and a brand-new start.
 And I'm so proud, I'm busting my
 vest.*

Crawford rips open his vest, struts toward Frankie, who can't help but smile awkwardly.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
*So I'm the guy who turned out a
 lover. Yes, I'm the guy who laughed
 at those blue diamond rings. One of
 those things.*

Crawford slides on his knees toward Frankie.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Oh! Look at me now.

Crawford comes to a stop at Frankie's feet.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Look at me now!

Frankie, with a mix of shock and love in her eyes, looks down at Crawford as he catches his breath.

EVERYONE ELSE
 TEN, NINE, -- !

Crawford's eyes fixed on Frankie's, he stands.

EVERYONE ELSE (CONT'D)
 -- EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX, FIVE, FOUR,
 THREE, TWO, ONE!

Everyone around Frankie and Crawford go wild, rejoice, kiss, celebrate to the sound of AULD LANG SYNE.

Frankie and Crawford share a silent moment. Will they kiss? Her expression turns distressed, and she swiftly flees. Crawford chases after her but loses her in the crowd.

Crawford is nowhere in sight as Frankie runs for the exit. He pushes through the crowd, spots Frankie right as she exits.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Crawford runs out but Frankie is nowhere in sight.

INT. HOTEL / BAR - NIGHT

QUIET MURMUR and GLASSES CLINK. Dimly illuminated. Bucket seats. Hunter and Julio, inebriated, are seated beside each other at a candlelit corner table.

JULIO
*She's got stars in her eyes, but we
 both know he's not her type.*

HUNTER

Opposites do attract. Then again,
most people don't know who they are
until they find their better half.

JULIO

Crawford has brought some sparkle
into Frankie's life, but is that
enough to outweigh the risk of
losing what she's accomplished?

HUNTER

Who says she'll lose it? Everyone
needs a little chaos to shake
things up. Stagnant water breeds
disease. Crawford's like a
waterfall of love.

JULIO

That her career is drowning in. Not
everyone can accomplish what she
has. I have too much respect for
her to stand by and let someone
pull her down.

HUNTER

Seems like Frankie's always been
about getting to the top.
Crawford's showed her that
sometimes you need to embrace the
journey, not just the destination.

JULIO

Maybe a little chaos is exactly
what she needs.

HUNTER

Exactly. Instead of living in black
and white, Crawford's splashes
color into her world. He's like...
her own personal rainbow.

JULIO

Maybe you're onto something.
They're the perfect yin and yang.

Jubilant, Julio grasps Hunter's shoulder and looks deeply
into his eyes.

JULIO (CONT'D)

I like the way you think!

Hunter quickly closes his eyes, puckers up, lunges in to kiss
Julio, but Julio pulls back. Hunter falls to the ground.

JULIO (CONT'D)
As cute as that was, I'm not gay.

HUNTER
(smiles up at Julio)
I am.

INT. CRAWFORD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fully furnished with cozy-meets-modern contemporary decor.

Hunter, game controller in his hand, and Julio are seated on the couch. On the screen, TIGER WOODS GOLF; the golf character stands at the tee, looks over the green.

JULIO
I can hit two balls at once.

HUNTER
I've played this a thousand times
and you can't do that.

JULIO
Oh, but I can.

HUNTER
Bet.

JULIO
Hundred bucks.

HUNTER
It's on.

Hunter hands Julio the controller.

ON SCREEN: The golf character looks down the fairway but rotates toward the audience of NPCs to its side.

Crawford looks exhausted as he enters.

ON SCREEN: The golfer character faces the audience, swings. The golf ball flies into an NPC's crotch. It grabs its privates, bends over.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Well, that just happened.

Hunter brings out his wallet. Crawford sets his keys and wallet in a modern entryway tray.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Please tell me you found her and were out all night locked in a room playing hide the pickle.

CRAWFORD

I looked for so long that the car ran out of gas. I'll grab it later.

Julio's lost in thought while Hunter attempts to hand him a \$100 bill.

HUNTER

Hey, wake up. I back my bets.

Julio snaps out of it, takes the \$100 bill.

CRAWFORD

Why aren't you at your place?

HUNTER

Bro, your crib is way swankier. You spent so much time at mine, now you're giving me grief for kicking it at yours?

CRAWFORD

And what's he doing here?

JULIO

There a problem with me being here?

CRAWFORD

No, Frankie only had good things to say about you. Honestly... it's just... you remind me of her. You're a bittersweet reminder that no matter what I do, the joy doesn't hit quite the same without her to share it with. Frankie's remarkable; strong, honest, dedicated. She embodies values like morals and respect, which are hard to find. You're lucky to have her in your life because I would do anything to have her back in mine.

Julio is touched.

JULIO

You're killing me. If you love her, go tell her, but you better hurry before her plane leaves.

INT. AIRPORT / JET BRIDGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

PASSENGERS check in at the counter, pass DANNY (40s), Mid-West privileged, who's aggressive with an ATTENDANT.

DANNY

It's no surprise this is the best
job you could land. Bet your kids
are totally ashamed of you.

Attendant is distraught as Frankie scans her ticket. Frankie discreetly kicks back, knocks Danny's suitcase over before she moves on. Danny turns, looks around.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Who did that?

Everyone smiles as Danny fumbles with his suitcase while Frankie heads onto the bridge.

INT. AIRPORT / BRIDGE - NIGHT

Frankie, eyes glued to her phone, stands in a line of PASSENGERS, as she shuffles along towards the plane's entrance. Her phone displays multiple missed calls and messages from Yasmeen.

As she SIGHS, the PHONE RINGS. Reluctantly, she answers.

YASMEEN (V.O.)

Frankie! Finally! Listen, you need
to come back. We can still close
this deal.

FRANKIE

I'm done. I'm going home to people
who actually care about me, not
just my business skills.

YASMEEN (V.O.)

This is a one-time offer, Frankie.
You walk away now, you -- .

Frankie hangs up, boards the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE / FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Blue LEDs line the cabin, overpower the white bulbs, drench the area in a blue aura. PASSENGERS file down the aisle.

Frankie is seated in the first aisle seat, lost in thought.

Across the way from her is BETTY WALKER (80), mischievous glint in her eye, also sits aisle seat. GARY WALKER (80), grumpy old man, sits window.

BETTY
(eyes Frankie)
I know that look. That's love.

Frankie snaps out of her reverie, glances at Betty.

FRANKIE
No... No, I was -- .

BETTY
(interrupts)
We've been together fifty years.

GARY
Fifty-four.

BETTY
Shut up, I'm making a point.

Frankie can't help but CHUCKLE. Betty leans in.

BETTY (CONT'D)
When we first started dating, we broke up a bunch. He did this, he did that... Well, I did, and said, some stupid things, too. In the end, some won't understand your words or actions, but someone won't need words or actions to understand you. True love has a way of working itself out. Life has a way of working itself out.

INTERCOM CRACKLES

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, just finishing our boarding and running a bit behind schedule. Apologize for the delay and we'll have you in the air shortly. We thank you for your patience.

BETTY
Last chance to make a run for it.

Frankie unbuckles her seatbelt, looks like she might take Betty's advice when suddenly a passenger hands her a rose.

FRANKIE
(surprised)
Oh, thank you, but -- .

Passengers pass by, each hand Frankie a rose until her right arm fills. A TEENAGER approaches, looks at a piece of paper, then at Frankie, hands her a rose. Frankie grabs the paper and sees her own picture. Bewildered, she looks at Betty.

BETTY
(grins and shrugs)
Don't look at me.

INTERCOM CRACKLES

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Hi. Uh, hello. Sorry everyone, but
I have something to say.

Frankie recognizes his voice, eyes widen.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
I've spent so long hiding behind a
smile, pretending everything was
perfect. Then I met someone who
showed me what real strength and
dedication are.

INTERCUT - FRANKIE IN SEAT / CRAWFORD BEHIND PARTITION

Frankie's eyes soften.

CRAWFORD
She opened my eyes to endless
possibilities and inspired me to
pursue my dreams... to value what
truly matters; living life to the
fullest with the people you love
and creating beautiful moments
together. Most of all, she showed
me love doesn't mean I never want
you to change, it means I don't
care if you do. That no matter what
choices you make, the core of who
you are, the part that's cherished,
will always remain.

Frankie's eyes water up.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
I know I'm far from most people's
idea of perfect, but I want to
spend the rest of my life proving
that I'm perfect for you.

The INTERCOM CLICKS OFF. There's a MURMUR THROUGH CABIN as Crawford steps into the aisle. Danny steps up behind him.

DANNY
(impatiently)
You said your piece, now get a move on, pal.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT gently taps Danny on the shoulder.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, please calm down.

Danny steps up into Flight Attendant's face.

DANNY
What are you going to do?

GATE ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Yeah, that's him.

Flight Attendant leans to the side, looks behind Danny, smiles. TSA AGENT comes up behind Danny, grabs him.

AGENT
We were alerted to a disturbance at this gate. Come with me, sir.

DANNY
I have a meeting to get to. I'm not going anywhere.

AGENT
We'll see about that.

Attendant waves goodbye to Danny, as Agent drags him away. Frankie looks at Crawford.

FRANKIE
Things are always so damn crazy around us.

CRAWFORD
Everything seems to work out, as long as we're together.

Crawford kneels in front of her.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Why did you run from me?

FRANKIE
My mom got into my head, then you did too.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'm scared to walk away from everything I've worked so hard for. I want to do business, but I want to do it with integrity. I dedicated my life to getting here, only to realize the path I took brought me to a place I don't want to be.

CRAWFORD

Where do you want to be?

FRANKIE

With you... But you... you ruined my life. I had everything figured out, and now I'm left without a career or a clue about my future. I love you, but I don't know if I can forgive you for turning my world upside down.

CRAWFORD

You think you're the only one? I was content being nobody. Then you showed me what I was missing. You made me want more, made me believe I could be more.

Frankie breaks down, sobs.

FRANKIE

I have no job. I'm going to lose everything. I was so close to my dream, but look at me now!

Crawford reaches out, gently cups Frankie's face.

CRAWFORD

I see you.

He opens a box, reveals a diamond ring that glints blue in the cabin light.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Everything we need, we have in each other, the rest is just a bonus.

Frankie looks at the ring, then at Betty, who nods in encouragement, then back into Crawford's eyes.

FRANKIE

Like I could say no to that face.

CRAWFORD
That's not a yes.

Frankie takes the ring, stands, embraces Crawford.

FRANKIE
Yes!

Everyone CHEERS as Frankie and Crawford kiss.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY (CREDIT ROLL)

Crawford and Frankie stand at the altar and improv wedding vows. Examples:

FRANKIE
And I vow to cherish you, even when
you insist that the thrift store is
a fashion runway.

Julio sits next to Hunter, Nate, and Brian.

JULIO
Glad I'm not the only one who
thought it.

CUT TO:

CRAWFORD
I vow to change your contact name
in my phone.

Frankie has a puzzled and curious look on her face.

CUT TO:

FRANKIE
I vow to never hold my farts.

George, stares off in wheelchair, and Betty, are seated next to Martha, who looks confused.

MARTHA
I don't get it.

BETTY
That's real love.

CUT TO:

Crawford holds up a receipt.

CRAWFORD

This here, this is the receipt for
the wedding rings.

Crawford eats the receipt.

CUT TO:

Frankie playfully slaps Crawford's arm.

FRANKIE

What's my name in your contacts?

CUT TO:

CRAWFORD

I vow to love you five-ever,
because it's more than forever.

FRANKIE

I'm thankful that you're marrying
me for my money, and that you're
bad at math.

CUT TO:

CRAWFORD

Thank you for being the Pam to my
Jim. The Kurt to my Goldie.

FRANKIE

The Nancy to your Frank?

CRAWFORD

Yeah, but we'll last longer.

CUT TO:

Crawford hands Frankie his cell phone. She looks at it, and
mix of shock and amusement washes over her face.

FRANKIE

You have me in here as -- !

CUT TO BLACK:

END CREDIT ROLL

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Hunter, Versa, Tina, Julio, Nate, Brian, Martha, Betty, George in a wheelchair, Zora, THE FILM CREW, and other GUESTS throw rice at Crawford and Frankie as they exit. Crawford and Frankie spot Zora and approach her.

CRAWFORD

You're here?

ZORA

Of course. I told you this day would come.

FRANKIE

No. No. You told us we were going to die.

ZORA

Who you were, did. Congratulations on your new life. Do your best to not kill this one off like you did your partner.

HUNTER (O.C.)

Hey, you two love birds!

Crawford and Frankie look over to Hunter, who stands at an open limousine door, urges them to enter. They look back, Zora is gone. Crawford and Frankie enter the limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Crawford and Frankie get comfortable as the door closes.

CRAWFORD

Damn, we should have asked her about our future together.

FRANKIE

The movie is so much better when you don't know how it will end.

The privacy partition rolls down. Yasmeen, chauffeur's hat and suit, is at the wheel.

YASMEEN

I totally understand why I wasn't invited inside. Y'all didn't want me in there stealin' the spotlight. Jokin', but really though, --

The privacy partition cuts her off as it rolls up.

YASMEEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
-- thanks for the gig! I -- .

Frankie's finger is on the partition button. Crawford grabs her, holds her tightly, kisses her until they both LAUGH.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

GUESTS rush to the street, watch the limousine drive off.

SUPER: THE END... or is it?

Zora stands front and center as everyone waves goodbye.

THE END