



STATE OF ROMANCE

Pilot

Written by

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ACT I

EXT./INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - MONDAY MORNING

MUSIC CUE - FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE "BRIGHT FUTURE IN SALES"

Hear it by going to: <http://www.rhapsody.com/fountains-of-wayne/welcome-interstate-managers>
Click the play button next to song #2, "Bright Future in Sales." Best verse is the second one, "Heading for the airport..."

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. The business crowd streams into the doors. Sales reps with their carry-ons bypass curbside checking.
2. The security line snakes through the ribboned pathway.
3. A line of people wait to order Starbucks.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - MORNING

MIKE ADAMLE, 25, a rep for a California winery walks up sits near the gate waiting for the boarding call. Mike is handsome, easily the best looking guy at any party, and he knows it. He is confident and smart but the opposite of a hipster.

EMILY, 25, pulling a small carry-on bag sits across from Mike who is talking on his cell phone. (Think Ellen Page, a grown-up Juno.) Emily is attractive, but not drop-dead beautiful. She is wearing a skirt and sweater, the sales rep uniform, but it's not time for a meeting so she is wearing her black Converse. She is the smartest person anywhere she goes which scares away all but the most intrepid, secure men. She does not suffer fools lightly.

Emily looks across at Mike, not her type. But he is reading *The Omnivore's Dilemma*. That's interesting.

Emily puts earbuds in and is angry to find that her iPod has no battery power.

EMILY'S POV - IPOD BATTERY ICON

EMILY
(to herself)
Oh no. Idiot.

Emily looks up and sees Mike on his phone.

MIKE

(into phone)

No, my flight's like totally delayed.
I'm supposed to be in Duluth in an hour.
No, no prospects. I guess this chick
across from me is on the flight.

Emily can hear Mike clearly through her silent earbuds.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No. I mean she's no slump-buster but
she's a six-and-a-half, maybe a mercy
seven. God, I hope she can't read lips.
What can I say, man? I'm a nines and
tens guy.

WE SEE EMILY NOW

Impassively listening to Mike, pretending her iPod works.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER THAT DAY

Mike is sitting on the aisle of the small commuter plane when Emily enters and puts her coat and bag in the overhead above Mike's seat. We can see on her face the "Oh no, I have to sit next to that guy." Mike can't help but notice Emily's shirt has ridden up leaving her stomach exposed as she rearranges things above. Did he see a pierced navel? Having straightened things out, Emily now sits.

MIKE

(to Emily)

Hi.

EMILY

I'm sorry?

MIKE

I was just saying hello. I thought you'd
remember me from... We were sitting
across from each other.

EMILY

Ohhh. I'm sorry, I didn't ah...

MIKE

(joking)

I guess I didn't make an impression, huh?

EMILY

I guess not.

MIKE

I was joking.

EMILY

When?

MIKE

Just now. It's not like I tried to make an impression.

EMILY

Oh. Okay. Is this part of it or has the joke ended?

MIKE

This isn't going well. I'll start over. My name is Mike Adamle. And no, not that Mike Adamle.

EMILY

What?

MIKE

The famous Mike Adamle.

EMILY

Is?

MIKE

Not me.

EMILY

Then who is he?

MIKE

A sportscaster.

EMILY

Does he call himself Mike...?

MIKE

Adamle. Yes. Okay, he's not famous like Bob Costas but he's famous to... those who are familiar with or know of... him. Okay, I'm beginning to sound like a moron. I'm a wine distributor, got a few high-end customers in the Duluth area.

Mike expects a chatty, flirtatious response. Instead...

EMILY

You know, I'm going to listen to my music, now, not famous Mike Adamle. Is that alright?

MIKE

Okay. I --

Emily smiles and puts in her earbuds, puts her head back, closes her eyes, smiles in victory and listens to nothing. Mike, unused to being dismissed by women, is now intrigued.

INT. THE ANTIQUE GOOSE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON - MIKE

Is talking to a blowsy blond, GRETA, mid-50s, who owns the place with her mid-50s husband, ERIC. They are the Duluth, restaurant-owning version of the couple in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Mike knows just how to flirt with Greta enough to make a good sale.

MIKE

...so can I put you down for the usual?

GRETA

Sure. Oh, wait, no. My idiot husband just bought a dozen cases of some stuff from Michigan so we'll use that for our table red.

MIKE

Michigan wine? Has he lost his mind?

GRETA

Some young cutey comes in here selling it and suddenly the blood leaves his brain and goes elsewhere if you know what I mean.

Even Mike, in his salesman-mode, can barely stomach her saying this. From the kitchen, we HEAR Eric.

ERIC (O.S.)

Where's the checkbook?

GRETA

(yelling to Eric)

In your ass! How the hell do I know?

Just then, the swinging doors of the kitchen open and in comes Eric, overweight and in a motorized wheel chair.

MIKE

Jeez, Eric, were you in an accident?

GRETA

There was no accident. It's a fat person vehicle.

Right on Eric's heels is EMILY.

GRETA (CONT'D)

I left the checkbook where I always leave it.

Mike is shocked to see Emily there. Greta and Eric go behind the bar and AD LIB looking for the checkbook as Mike and Emily wait. Finally, Mike has to say something.

MIKE

(to Emily)

You didn't say you sold wine.

EMILY

It didn't seem relevant.

MIKE

But see, I said, I sell wine, so that is precisely when it would be relevant.

Greta comes over.

GRETA

(coldly to Emily)

He's gettin' your money.

(suggestively, to Mike)

How's about we open your pinot, Mikey?

Greta goes back to the bar.

EMILY

(sotto, to Mike)

Is that a euphemism or does she want to drink wine?

MIKE

(to Greta)

Get those special glasses you like.

GRETA

Our glasses.

Eric wheels over with a check. He starts to hand it to Emily, then pulls it back.

ERIC
 (to Emily)
 Only if you have some wine.

MIKE
 By all means, have some decent wine.

EMILY
 My wine's decent. In fact, it's as good
 as your table red and three dollars
 cheaper. Don't you think, Eric?

ERIC
 And it comes in a prettier package.

Grudgingly, Greta gets another glass and starts to pour.

MIKE
 Greta, are you doing something new with
 your hair or are you like Benjamin Button
 and getting younger every day?

GRETA
 (to Emily)
 Is this guy a sweetie?

Emily fakes a smile.

GRETA (CONT'D)
 I started pilates. Not many fifty-two
 year olds with a stomach this hard.

ERIC
 Yeah, you wish you could be fifty-two
 again.

GRETA
 Shut up, Ironside. I am fifty-two.

Greta lifts her shirt to reveal her belly to Mike and Emily. We don't see her belly, but from the look on Emily's and Mike's faces, it isn't quite the pretty sight Greta thinks it is. They plaster on smiles doing their best to hide their feelings until finally...

EMILY
 (not able to take it)
 Please put it down now.

EXT. ANTIQUE GOOSE RESTAURANT - LATER - MIKE AND EMILY

Walk out at the same time, pulling wheelies with their sample boxes of wine. They start to tease each other.

EMILY

(joking)

I think it's great that you don't care about her age. May/November romances are always the sweetest.

MIKE

Look who's talking. I know it's an uphill battle with Michigan wines, so I don't really blame you for flirting.

EMILY

Please, I didn't do anything.

MIKE

You must have done something because he's never chased me across the parking lot.

At this point, Emily turns and sees Eric wheeling toward her.

ERIC

Emily!

Mike and Emily exchange a look.

MIKE

Your mobilized lover calls.

EMILY

A simple business matter, I'm sure.

Emily walks closer to Eric.

ERIC

Just so we're clear. The chair? It's a body mass density issue. I am in total working order from head to toe.

Emily turns to see Mike smiling at her.

EMILY

Oh. That's... a fine thing to know, Eric.

INT. AIRPLANE - EVENING - DAY 2

It's boarding time, but Mike is already in his seat.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

If I could remind you, we have a full flight to Chicago this evening, so please keep your coats with you until all bags are in the overhead.

Mike sits on the aisle talking to a very ATTRACTIVE WOMAN seated next to him.

MIKE

...and no, not that Mike Adamle.

ANGLE ON EMILY - AS SHE BOARDS THE PLANE

She sees Mike, sees that he is hitting on a woman. Mike is clearly flirting.

Seeing Mike happily hit on the Woman just enforces Emily's worst fears about Mike. He looks up and sees Emily. He feels caught somehow, but doesn't know why. He knows from the look on Emily's face that she saw him flirting with the woman. She approaches his seat.

MIKE

(casually)

Hey.

EMILY

Hey, Mr. Mike Adamle.

(to the Woman)

Did he use that line on you, too? I mean how hot is that?

She leans in to Mike.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Dude. Total ten. Just between me and you, if I possessed the tapping appendage and didn't find the term so disgusting, I would totally tap that.

Emily continues to her seat. Mike feels flustered. Did she just rate this woman?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(to Mike)

What was that about?

MIKE

She's a... competitor.

INT. PARKING GARAGE AT O'HARE - A YARIS

Sits waiting for a space. The driver is starting the car.

INT. THE YARIS - REGINA

Twenties, in business attire, plays a game on her iPhone.

INT. PARKING GARAGE AT O'HARE - SAME TIME

The car pulls out and an oversized Suburban cuts in front and tries to take the space. There is a Korean Era Vet bumper sticker on the car.

INT. THE YARIS - REGINA

Realizes, too late, that she might lose her space.

INT. PARKING GARAGE AT O'HARE

The Yaris moves in at the same time. Each car effectively stops the other from getting in. Regina pops out. AN OLDER MAN with an attitude leans out the window of the SUV.

REGINA

That's my space.

OLDER MAN

You were just sitting there.

REGINA

Because I was waiting for this space.

From the next aisle walks ED, 20s, clean cut, honest, sincere. Ed is Mike's best friend and roommate, but we don't know that yet.

ED

I think the lady was here first, sir.

OLDER MAN

Who the hell are you?

REGINA

He's an independent witness.

ED

Sir, I see you're a Korean War vet and I honor that service. But her blinker was on.

The Older Man mutters something and pulls away.

REGINA

That was so noble.

Ed turns and looks at Regina. A ridiculous love-at-first-sight moment.

INT. AIRPORT - EVENING - ED AND MIKE

Are waiting in baggage claim. That's who Ed came to get. Ed is the type of guy who actually likes to pick up friends at the airport.

ED

... and she was a competitive skater.

MIKE

Who's this again?

ED

The girl I met in the parking garage. She might be there when we get to the car. She's skated against Sasha Cohen.

MIKE

Borat?

ED

No, the Olympic skater.

MIKE

I don't remem --

ED

Hello? Earth to Mike. Sasha Cohen? Silver Medal? Torino '06? Led after the short program but fell on her first triple? Lost to Irina Slutskaya?

MIKE

(laughing)

Okay, now you're just making names up.

ED

Dude, she lost by less than --

MIKE

You do remember you're engaged, right?

ED

I know. I know.

MIKE

What did you say? Fourth time's the charm.

ED

I did... It's just that Sara is starting to feel like Annabelle all over again.

MIKE

Then break up with her, but don't add her dad to that bizarre Ex-Dad Posse you have.

EXT. CHICAGO LAKE FRONT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Three paunchy, grey and balding men are sitting in a deep sea fishing boat. These are the fathers of Ed's exes. Ed stands at a cooler. Mike is there, slouched in a chair, with a look on his face that says, "What am I doing here?"

ED

Who's ready for one? Mike? Raymundo? T-bone?

Mike just shakes his head 'no'. Two of the older men nod and Ed tosses them cans of beer.

ED (CONT'D)

S-Dog?

Ed turns from the cooler to see the third dad snoozing.

ED (CONT'D)

Steven!

The snoozing man jolts awake. Ed approaches him with a beer.

ED (CONT'D)

Maintain, Mr. Evans. The salmon aren't sleeping and neither are we.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

ED

Who is it who said, "Love fades with time?"

MIKE

Everyone.

INT. AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - LATER - EMILY AND REGINA

Are unlocking the Yaris.

REGINA

Mercy seven? Everyone knows you're a solid seven and a half. Maybe even an eight when you aren't dressed like a guy.

EMILY

I don't -- This is the way you choose to make me feel better?

REGINA

Is it working?

Regina's phone rings.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, he's texting me.

EMILY

Who?

REGINA

The guy who helped me in the garage when I got here.

EMILY

You gave him your number?

REGINA

He saved me. I could have been attacked by that other driver. Some of those seniors carry pepper spray.

They get into the Yaris.

INT. YARIS - CONTINUOUS

Regina looks at her phone while Emily checks the dashboard.

EMILY

You didn't put gas in my car.

REGINA

I know. It makes my hands smell.

EMILY

But when someone lends you a car, you should put gas in it.

REGINA

(very clearly)

It makes my hands smell.

(re her phone)

Now Alice is texting me. Why aren't we there?

EMILY

Tell her we have to get gas.

REGINA

She'll blame me.

EMILY

Yes. Because it's your fault.

REGINA

How many ways can I say this? It makes my hands smell.

EXT. THE HIDEOUT CLUB - THE SAME NIGHT

The Hideout is a Chicago institution for the indie set. Settled behind some warehouses on the river and practically within earshot of the expressway, it's a tiny club with a music room in the back and a bar in the front. It's the kind of place Emily would know and Mike Adamle wouldn't.

The band is on break, so clusters of people are standing outside smoking. Standing apart from the smokers are Emily's two best friends, ALICE and ANDREW. Alice, 20s, is an event planner, but not very successful and perpetually under the thumb of her boss. She is also Regina's sister. Andrew is handsome in a lanky, unfit kind of way. He has a small trust fund, so is able to dabble in all of his interests which include video production, dioramas, and hand-painted photography.

ALICE

(re a text on her phone)

Regina didn't put gas in the car.
Typical.

ANDREW

Now can we go in?

ALICE

We can't go in without Emily and Regina.

ANDREW

Because?

ALICE

We'll spend all our time looking back at the door and telling people the seats are taken and asking the waitress to come back. Too much pressure. Besides I don't like booking a band without Emily.

ANDREW

But that's part of your job.

ALICE

Please, Andrew, just stop being dense.

ANDREW

Do bloggers even like live music at their events?

ALICE

Who knows? No one knows; they're home all day in their sweat pants typing. You know what sucks about event planning? Planning events.

THE YARIS COMES INTO VIEW

Alice looks at her phone.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's Regina. They're across the street. They're pulling in. They're parking.

ANDREW

I can see them, Alice.

INT. THE HIDEOUT - A LITTLE LATER

Emily, Alice, Andrew and Regina are entering a crowded bar looking for a table.

ANDREW

(to Emily)

How was Duluth?

REGINA

Forget Duluth.

(to Emily)

Tell them about the guy who called you a mercy seven.

ALICE

That's outrageous. You're not a seven.

ANDREW

Like I say, ninety-eight percent of men are pigs.

EMILY

If you're suggesting you're part of the two percent, you're gonna want to clear out the search history on your laptop.

REGINA

He's texting me again.

ALICE

Who? Who is texting her?

EMILY

She gave her number to a guy in the O'Hare parking garage.

REGINA

(reading her text, giddily)

His middle name is Edson. Cute.

ALICE

At least get his address so I can tell Mom and Dad where to look for your body.

INT. THE HIDEOUT - LATER - A BAND

Is PLAYING LOUDLY. Everyone is listening. Regina is reading her text. We love to imagine some unknown band like The Stevensons playing "Tooth Fairy." Find them at <http://www.myspace.com/thestevensonsband>

REGINA

(to Emily, yelling)

He wants me to meet him.

EMILY

What?

REGINA

He wants me to meet him.

INT. THE HIDEOUT - BAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Emily, Alice, Andrew, and Regina are conferring. We can DIMLY HEAR THE BAND in the next room.

ALICE

Gamekeepers? You want to meet someone who frequents a sports bar?

REGINA

Maybe I'm not as judgmental as you guys.

EMILY

(to Regina)

You can't go by yourself. You don't even know him.

ALICE

(to Emily)

I'm her sister. Let me act like her mother.

EMILY

Then you go with her.

ALICE

I can't. I have to book this band.

Emily and Alice look at Andrew.

ANDREW

I'm supposed to meet a venture capitalist here about my short film.

EMILY

Venture...? Who, Doug?

ANDREW

He has money for a short film.

EMILY

He's a substitute mailman who has six hundred bucks more than you.

ALICE

(to Andrew)

Why don't you get a job instead of living off your measly trust?

ANDREW

Where would I find the time then to do my work? Think about it, Alice. Think about what you're saying.

Alice rolls her eyes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Alright, I will go. But not alone.

EXT. GAMEKEEPERS - SAME NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Imagine a popular sports bar for the straight-laced younger set - guys who get out of college and go straight for a sales job or an entry level job at an accounting firm. THE ANTITHESIS OF THE HIDEOUT.

INT. GAMEKEEPERS - SAME TIME

Emily, Andrew and Regina enter. The bar is crowded and loud with classic rock drowning out the sound on the dozen or so flat screen TVs showing various baseball games. There are several large screens near the door where patrons play Wii tennis, bowling etc. This place is the complete opposite of where they have come from.

A DRUNK GUY leans with his back against the bar. He is ready to buy a round for the whole place. He points at and poses the same question to every person he sees...

DRUNK GUY
 Jager? Jager? Jager? Jager? Jager?
 Jager?

REGINA
 There he is.

Regina sees Ed and plows ahead.

EMILY AND ANDREW'S POV - REGINA

Reaches the table where Ed and a friend are sitting. The friend is turned way.

ANDREW (O.S.)
 How pathetic. Poor clown's got a wingman.

The friend turns and it is Mike Adamle. He is in a polo shirt and jeans.

BACK TO ANDREW AND EMILY

EMILY
 Oh, my god. That's the guy who rated me.
 That's his friend.

EMILY POV

Mike sees her, is surprised. It looks like he might come their way.

BACK TO ANDREW AND EMILY

EMILY

Well, this sucks. Just go to the bar.
Just go to the bar.

Emily and Andrew head to the bar and, from across the room, so does Mike Adamle.

ANDREW

(as they walk)

What do we do? Should I kick his ass?

EMILY

Dude.

ANDREW

He does look bigger than me through the shoulder and arm area.

Mike is working his way toward them, getting closer.

EMILY

(to Andrew)

Laugh really hard.

ANDREW

What?

EMILY

Start laughing hard.

ANDREW

Why would I laugh --

Mike reaches the bar about the time they do.

MIKE

(to Emily)

Hey, our friends know each other.

EMILY

(without emotion)

Yeah, weird.

MIKE

What was that about on the plane from Duluth?

EMILY

(caught)

I guess I was... joking.

NOW Andrew laughs. Emily gives him a cold stare.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And this is my friend Andrew.

MIKE

(to Andrew)

Hi, I'm Mike Adamle.

ANDREW

Like the sportscaster who played at Northwestern?

MIKE

(looking at Emily)

Exactly.

A lot of people watching the same game in the bar YELL. "That was strike three!" "You've got to be kidding me!" etc. Suddenly, Mike's and Andrew's attention is fixed 100% on the game in question.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Marmol throws a slider here, he's got him.

ANDREW

But why speed up his bat? Jones is like ninety. He can't hit a fastball anymore.

Mike turns from the TV and nods to Andrew, the universal man sign that says, "Okay, you know your shit."

EMILY

(to Andrew)

Since when do you like sports?

ANDREW

(eyes on screen)

I've always liked sports. The topic just doesn't come up much in our crowd.

MIKE

(eyes on screen)

Sort of a hipster thing, huh?

ANDREW

(eyes on screen)

Yeah.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I mean I do video art, poetry, miniature dioramas of fictional historical events...

This fact gets Mike to glance at Andrew for a second before returning his eyes to the game.

EMILY

He's kind of painted himself into an ironic corner.

Mike and Andrew both yell, "Strike three!" at the same time. Mike touches the bill of his baseball cap in salute to Andrew.

ANDREW

Hey, probably could have gotten him with a curve, too. Jones is a bum.

Attention is now off the TV.

MIKE

So, how long have you two been --

ANDREW

Oh, we're not together. We were together.

EMILY

Sort of. Very briefly.

An uncomfortable pause.

ANDREW

(to Emily)

Should I be laughing?

Antsy to get out of there, Emily looks back at the booth and SEES Regina and Ed giggling like teenagers.

EMILY

(to Andrew)

When's this game over?

MIKE

It's only the sixth.

EMILY

(to Andrew)

There's a Wii game. Come on.

ANDREW

I'm not playing you. I'm sick of losing.

EMILY
Don't be a baby. This is how you get better.

MIKE
I'll play you.

EMILY
That's okay.

MIKE
What're you, afraid?

AT THE WII - MOMENTS LATER

A couple of people have just finished a game of Wii tennis. GUYS #1 and #2 are next up.

EMILY
Looks like there's a wait.

MIKE
(to Guys)
I'm sorry. Do you mind if we cut in?
(needling Emily)
She's supposed to be really good.
We won't play long, I promise.

GUY #1
No way, man. We've been --

GUY #2
(to Guy #1)
Dude. It's Mike Adamle.

Guy #1 nods and the two step aside.

EMILY
Jeez, you have some mystical power over guys. Everybody's got a Man Crush on you.
(re Wii)
Bowling or tennis?

MIKE
Tennis.

EMILY
Are you like one of those guys from a Big Ten school who smokes those giant cigars while you play golf even though you're like twenty-five?

MIKE

What?

EMILY

I'm extrapolating from the shirt.

Before Mike can respond, the game begins.

MIKE

Girlfriend, prepare to meet your maker.

EMILY

You know... that ironic use of girlfriend by white people is way over.

MIKE

I'm going to take it easy because you're a woman.

Emily aces Mike on her first serve.

EMILY

That's funny. I plan on taking it easy because you're a guy who says "girlfriend."

INT. GAMEKEEPERS - A LITTLE LATER

Mike and Emily are well into this game. Emily has her jacket off. She scores a point. She is neither lady-like, nor polite about it.

EMILY

Oh! In your face, Costas.

Mike gets ready to serve.

MIKE

Because I'm a gentleman, I'm telling you I will now be putting a lot of spin on my stuff.

EMILY

Please, you've been putting spin on. Your stuff is just weak.

He serves. As they volley...

MIKE

You know, I don't think I've ever met a woman quite like you.

EMILY

Sure you have. You just never talked to them.

INT. COLLEGE SEMINAR (FLASHBACK) - YOUNG MIKE ADAMLE

Sits next to a cute Emily type girl, dark hair, expressive eyes, no make-up, hair in a tossed pony tail on top of her head.

EMILY TYPE

I'm not saying Emma Bovary is gay. I'm saying Flaubert is gay. I mean he so fetishizes her. She's like a drag queen to him.

The girl continues, but young Mike Adamle is not listening or looking. His eyes are drawn to the red-head across the table who has taken a lot of time with her hair and make up and is making eyes at him.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

MIKE

You going to that wine tasting at the Hilton tomorrow?

EMILY

I don't know. Maybe.

Emily scores another point.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Yes! Thirty-fifteen, Marv Albert.

MIKE

Okay, let's make this more interesting. Winner buys dinner.

EMILY

(taken by surprise)

What?

Andrew walks up to them.

ANDREW

Cubs have two on in the seventh, Mike.

That got Mike's attention fast.

EMILY

Where's Regina?

They look around.

ANGLE ON REGINA AND ED

Making out ridiculously.

EMILY

Yikes. Didn't realize there was such a fine line between kissing and cannibalism.

(to Andrew)

If you're gonna watch the game, you have to make sure she gets home.

MIKE

But we're not done.

EMILY

(re baseball game)

Somebody's doing something in the seventh, so... Andrew...
Make sure Regina gets home.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

A sign reading "Midwest French Wine Distributors Fall Expo" hangs from the ceiling of a ballroom filled with tables - each featuring a different vintner from France.

ANGLE ON ED AND MIKE

Also at the wine event.

ED

I know your wine is good but Sara's travelled a lot and I think she'd like French at the rehearsal dinner. I wonder how Regina feels about French wine. She skated all over the world so you'd think that --

MIKE

Dude, you've got to get a grip. Either there is no wedding coming up or there is no Regina. You can't have both.

ED

Hey, I've been engaged four times. These things have a way of working out.

MIKE
You're delusional, man.

ED
(re food at a table)
Look. Free food.

Ed stops at the table and Mike keeps walking. He turns a corner and finds Emily, standing at table with Alice, speaking French to several French wine sellers. They are laughing. She finishes, waves and they enthusiastically wave goodbye. Emily and Alice then run directly into Mike.

Emily introductions between Mike and Alice.

EMILY
Alice, this is Mike. He's friends with the Ed guy. Alice is Regina's sister.

MIKE
And we met on a plane to Duluth.

ALICE
Really? Did Emily tell you about the guy who called --

Emily hits Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)
What?

EMILY
We're looking at wine for an event Alice is planning.

MIKE
(to Emily)
You sure can parlez vous the Francaise.

EMILY
Just college French.

MIKE
Where'd you go to school?

EMILY
It doesn't matter.

ALICE
Tell him.

MIKE

Yeah, don't be embarrassed. What was it, Western, Southern, Illinois State?

ALICE

She went to the Sorbonne.

MIKE

The Sorbonne? In --

EMILY

Paris, yeah.

MIKE

So if you went there why are you...?

ALICE

She's getting paid to write a book about selling wine. In French.

MIKE

About Michigan wine?

EMILY

(laughs)

Well, it's supposed to be a funny book about selling Americans bad wine. The French love making fun of us. But when I tried Pat and Pat's wine they hadn't come out with this decent Shiraz yet.

MIKE

So their other wine was bad?

ALICE

Dude, soul-crushingly bad. Oh my God.
(egging Emily on)
Tell him what you wrote.

EMILY

It's like you know that old people smell when you're in your grandparents' house with the moth balls and sweatsuits and the heat turned up to like a thousand degrees? Put your nose into a glass of their cabernet and that's what it is. This couple managed to grow grapes, crush them and get old people smell into liquid form. Insane.

Ed approaches from behind, sees Mike and calls out...

ED

Mike, this guy says that for a wedding I could order --

Ed reaches Mike.

MIKE

This is Ed. Ed, this is Emily and Regina's sister, Alice.

ALICE

The famous Ed. Who's getting married?

Ed doesn't know what to do here.

MIKE

If history is a guide, no one.

EMILY

You're not talking about marrying Regina already, are you?

ED

Not really, no.

Ed looks at Mike for help.

MIKE

Don't look at me, man.

ALICE

Who's getting married?

Just then, a WINE MERCHANT approaches Ed with a bottle of champagne.

WINE MERCHANT

For your bride!

ED

Okay, this will sound unusual, but right now I'm kind of engaged to someone else.

ALICE

Then why are you hooking up with my little sister?

ED

(talking fast)

I got engaged right after high school and I've been engaged three times since and you should be happy to know none of the four ever ended in marriage.

ALICE

Stay away from my sister, freak.

Alice and Emily start to leave.

ED

But I love her!

INT. OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike runs after Emily and Alice. He gets to Emily as she and Alice walk to the elevator.

MIKE

He really is a decent guy.

EMILY

Right. Like you'd be a good judge of who's decent.

MIKE

What's that mean?

EMILY

Ooo, screw around on a fiancée. Break an innocent girl's heart. Have an interesting book at the airport like you actually have a brain but you're just another guy who rates women. It's all the same. Not that I care, but it's gross. "She's a ten, she's an eight. Look at the mercy seven."

Mike is stunned that she knows this. Emily and Alice get on the elevator.

MIKE

How did you...?

EMILY

Oh, and you know what? Michigan wines are gonna bury your --

The elevator door closes.

We go out HEARING Langhorne Slim, "She's Gone." Go to <http://www.rhapsody.com/langhorne-slim/langhorne-slim> Play song #5, "She's Gone."

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - LATE AFTERNOON

Emily is with Alice.

EMILY

As soon as I saw that Mike character at the bar, that should have been the tip off.

ALICE

Are you into this Mike guy?

EMILY

No. Absolutely not.

ALICE

You should know I felt an overwhelming urge to sleep with him. And you know what that usually means...

CLOSE ON - ALICE'S FACE (FLASHBACK)

She addresses the camera/Emily.

ALICE

Emily, you know that guy Nick you like?
(nervous whisper)
I sort of "did" it with him.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

ALICE

Sometimes you don't even tell me you like them and I just sense it and... It's like if you like them I just feel safe with them.

EMILY

That is just an excuse.

ALICE

Emily, there is a big difference between intentionally stealing someone from you and accidentally sleeping with three guys in a row you happen to like. And if you can't see it... I don't know what to say.

Regina enters the coffee shop.

EMILY

Here she is. Tell her carefully.

Regina comes to their table.

REGINA

I'm only allowed twenty minutes for lunch. How am I supposed to do this job thing for the rest of my life? If it's not the W2 form, it's the time sheet or the dress code or the ID. It's a nightmare. When I was skating, Mom took care of everything. She even did my hand washing.

ALICE

Your dirty little friend Ed is engaged to someone else.

REGINA

What? No!

EMILY

(to Alice)

How is that doing it carefully?

ALICE

Her hand washing? My mom never even did my sheets.

Regina starts to cry.

INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

Mike and Ed sit on a bench not talking.

ED

Just tell me what company Emily works for and I will go myself.

MIKE

Emily hates my guts, Ed. I'm not your answer.

ED

Regina's the one. And as soon as I see Sara it will be over. Her dad's gonna take it hard because I'm booked into his foursome at the Evanston Country Club Saturday, but I'll work that out. Regina is the one. I am so sure this time.

This is getting to Mike. He is wavering.

INT. STOREFRONT - WEST SIDE - NIGHT

This is the event Alice has been planning. A party of bloggers is in full swing. Alice comes over to Emily.

ALICE

The bloggers like the wine.

EMILY

Good.

ALICE

I wish Regina would stop moping. She's such a baby. If I cried every time I found out a guy was engaged or married or liked you even after I slept with him...

EXT. STOREFRONT - WEST SIDE - SAME TIME

A car pulls up.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Mike is driving. Ed is the passenger's seat. He has on his lap a white teddy bear and roses.

ED

I owe you, man.

MIKE

Thank that guy Andrew. He gave me the info.

(then)

She better be the one, Ed.

ED

I swear.

MIKE

You sure you want to go with the roses and the teddy bear?

ED

Yes, absolutely. It's what people throw on the ice to show a skater their love.

MIKE

That's because it's little girls throwing the stuff.

ED

Adamle, you just don't get women, do you?

Ed gets out. Mike drives away.

EXT. ROOF TOP - SECONDS LATER

The lights of Chicago's skyline loom over the party and loud jazz organ reverberates from the speakers as Ed emerges onto the roof and scans the crowd.

ED
(yelling)
Regina? Regina!

EXT. ROOF TOP - SAME TIME

Emily, Alice and Regina stand together drinking. In the short silence between two songs we hear...

ED (O.S.)
Regina!

Regina perks up.

REGINA
Ed? Eddie?

Regina disappears into the crowd. Emily and Alice share a look and try to follow.

CAMERA FOLLOWS

Regina, still yelling for Ed, pushes through the crowd and finally runs right into him. They hug and are both in tears.

ED
I'm so sorry, darling. I should have told you right away.

REGINA
No, no. We have each other now.
Everything led up to this for a reason.

ANGLE ON EMILY AND ALICE AND ANDREW

As they watch the kissing.

EMILY
Man, those two do some serious kissing.
(to Andrew, accusingly)
I wonder how Ed found this party.

ALICE

(re Ed and Regina)

This sucks. My parents are gonna love him. Thanksgiving will be a nightmare. He looks like the kind of wimp who could get roped into their "When Harry Met Sally" fixation.

ANGLE ON - ED AND REGINA

Kissing. In a ridiculously romantic moment, Ed picks up Regina and spins her around while she holds the teddy bear and roses.

EMILY

If you're not tasting a hint of vomit right now you're not paying attention.

INT. STARBUCKS O'HARE AIRPORT - ONE WEEK LATER - EMILY

Gets to the CASHIER to pay.

CASHIER

(pointing behind Emily)

That guy paid for it.

Emily turns and sees Mike at a cafe table near the entrance.

INT. STARBUCKS O'HARE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Emily is standing in front of Mike.

EMILY

So, thanks for the coffee.

MIKE

Did you get the grande? Because that's what I paid for.

EMILY

It's actually a vente.

MIKE

Remind me. Is that bigger or smaller?

EMILY

I don't really know. But I did get an extra shot.

MIKE

Hey, Ed really likes your friend. You know he broke up with --

EMILY

I know. He's been around like constantly the whole weekend. It's weird, the girl didn't call or anything, but apparently, her dad took it really hard.

MIKE

We might end up being kind of in-laws.

A silent beat.

EMILY

Okay then...

MIKE

Where're you headed?

EMILY

Detroit. Midwest Growers are showing off their stuff. Such as it is. I'm not letting out any secret when I say some of it has the bouquet of manure.

MIKE

Detroit is seventy-six. I'm right here at sixty-two. I know, I know, don't try to hide how impressed you are. You don't know too many airport gate savants. We're a rare breed, but, well, it cannot be learned.

EMILY

Okay, so...

MIKE

You know, that rating thing... it's just a joke Ed and I --

EMILY

Look, you like tens? That's your business. I urge you to find yourself a ten. Take care.

As Mike watches, Emily starts to move toward her gate. Emily is wearing her travel uniform. Business skirt, etc, and Converse Chuck Taylor high-top sneakers.

MIKE

(calling to her)

Hey, are you one of those girls who rides
an old bike with a basket and coaster
brakes and was a vegetarian but now eats
everything but veal? I'm extrapolating
from the Chucks.

Mike's POV - As Emily looks at her shoes, smiles and
heads for her gate we HEAR...

Cake, "Shirt Skirt, Long Jacket."

<http://www.cakemusic.com/songs/rarities/10ShortFADE.mp3>

FADE OUT.