

CHICAGO FOR ONE

Written by

Madeleine Paul

Based on Robbie's Life

Management 360  
(310) 272-7000  
Marc Mounier / [mmounier@management360.com](mailto:mmounier@management360.com)  
Clifford Murray / [cmurray@management360.com](mailto:cmurray@management360.com)

I/E. NEW YORK SUBWAY - MORNING

The Empire State Building floats golden and majestic overhead; serene music accompanies underneath.

CAM (V.O.)  
Dynamic... edgy... a real slice of  
life... a cut above the rest...

As we drift pass, suspension cables pierce our view; we are viewing the scenery through the window of a subway train.

We pull back further: every inch above and between windows is plastered with ads for the newest smart phone, tablet, or mobile app. Subway riders sit jammed together on the bench, turned away from the window, hunched over phones.

CAM  
Ooh!

Pull back even further, revealing our speaker, CAM (30), who turns the music down on his headphones as he jots his notes on a **paper print-out** of a presentation with stock photos of a saw on it.

CAM (CONT'D)  
(As he writes)  
Any way you slice it - The Slick  
Saw.

He admires his work for a moment before an alert pops up on his phone: **Incoming Call - Brad**. The music cuts out entirely.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, Brad.

(Intercut:)

INT. HOSPITAL - SIMULTANEOUS

BRAD (30) dons scrubs while chatting with Cam.

BRAD  
Guess who gets his tux today and  
guess who gets to come by tonight to  
tell me how handsome I look in it.

CAM  
I'm thrilled to see you looking all  
matrimonial, but it's date night.

BRAD  
Wasn't date night last week?

CAM

Jess had to postpone; she had to finish a paper.

BRAD

Fine. Do what you gotta do, long as you're free for the Chicago trip.

CAM

About that--

The sound of a **flatline** comes through the phone.

CAM (CONT'D)

Is that a patient?

Brad holds the sensor of the electrocardiogram to the wall.

BRAD

No. That's me. I see where this is going and it's killing me.

CAM

I can't--

BRAD

I've already told you, it's not that long a flight and they serve drinks to calm the nerves--

CAM

It's not that. Date night pushed back other plans--

BRAD

Plans more important than my bachelor weekend?

CAM

Well, I was planning on asking Jess--

**The sound of a flatline again.**

BRAD

Wrong! Nothing is more important than bachelor weekend.

Cam notes the stop coming up, tucking his work items away.

CAM

Chicago is just so far. If something comes up with work or Jess...

He lines up at the train door as it slows to a stop.

BRAD  
Just one weekend. Live a little.

But Cam's phone buzzes again - **INCOMING CALL - JESS.**

CAM  
I gotta run. I'll make it up to you!

He hangs up as he steps off the train and answers the next.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

CAM  
Hey, darling.

He moves upstream through a sea of busy locals texting, slow walkers leisurely scrolling, and tourists snapping selfies.

(Intercut:)

INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

JESS (30, in yogawear) sits with a smoothie bowl and mug with the inscription 'B R E A T H E' on the counter beside.

JESS  
I picked what we're doing tonight.

CAM  
Hit me.

JESS  
Sensory deprivation tank.

CAM  
Awesome. What?

JESS  
You cover your eyes and ears and float in a saline tank in silence.

CAM  
I guess I thought our date night activity might be less terrifying.

JESS  
You said I could pick what I wanted as long as we could both make it this time.

CAM  
Does it count if we can't actually see or hear or talk to each other?

JESS

'Our hearts are loudest when our lips are silent.' Plus my yoga instructor said it was so mentally purifying-great for my anxiety from school.

Cam's phone buzzes - Jess has sent him a post from said yoga instructor. He only has a second to glimpse at it before yet another call rolls in: **INCOMING CALL - MR. KRAMER.**

CAM

Sure, babe. I gotta jump.

But he is already hanging up and onto the next:

CAM (CONT'D)

Good morning, sir.

He whirls into a tall office building.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Cam gives the security team a quick wave as he grabs a newspaper off the front desk. He pauses at the elevator to let the few people step off, noses in phones. He steps in. A few small electronic screens flash ads.

CAM

I am heading up now with some notes for the meeting. See you soon.

The door closes. Silence at last.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

A bustling office - a mishmash of dated furniture, modern wall art, big screens playing ads. At the reception desk in the center MIMI (20's) juggles phone calls.

MIMI

I'm certain you'll see that the order is redelivered faster than we can sign a contract with your competitor.

She hangs up as Cam arrives.

CAM

While you're yelling at vendors, Kramer said that the fax machine was a little loud; maybe we could look into a new one.

MIMI

I think their newest model is from 1982 but I'll see what they can do for the head of the company.

She hands him a message slip as STEVE (30, smarmy) approaches.

STEVE

Mimi, can you fix my outgoing voicemail recording?

MIMI

Sorry, Steve, I can't - your voice just sounds like that.

STEVE

(Unamused)

It's stuck on the default message.

MIMI

Okay. Do I look like IT?

STEVE

No, you look like reception. So I'm a superior delegating you a task.

MIMI

Cam, you wanna jump in? Is 'superior assistant' an oxymoron?

Cam shrinks, caught off-guard.

STEVE

Hey, Cam. You applying for the Production Manager job in digital? Solid pay, frequent travel - feeling pretty good about my odds since Tanya has a say in hiring. Or has Kramer not bothered mentioning any opportunities in digital?

If Cam has a retort, it will not be heard; an enormous **mechanical grinding starts up.**

STEVE (CONT'D)

The hell is that?

CAM

The fax machine.

MIMI

The fax machine.

Cam sets his bag down and tends to the fax. His **notes slide out from his bag. Steve notices, eyeing Cam's Saw scribbles.**

The phone rings.

MIMI (CONT'D)

KCP.

(Beat)

Tanya's not available. Let me connect you to her assistant, Steve.

She transfers.

STEVE

I'm not at my desk.

MIMI

Guess it'll go straight to voicemail, then.

Steve storms off. Small victory for Mimi.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, KRAMER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cam knocks on the doorframe to MR. KRAMER's (60's) office.

KRAMER

(Increasingly desperate)

Cameron. The volume is broken on my computer. I checked the settings, everything correct. No sound.

Cam looks ready to speak up, but Kramer bulldozes on.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

I need to watch the latest cuts of these ads and if we can't get sound it could be an absolute disaster.

Cam leans over the desk and unplugs his headphones; the sound blasts from the computer. Kramer deflates with a chuckle.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Wow. I was freaking out. Like "Oh, God, is my hearing gone?"

He snaps near his ear - a committed reenactment.

CAM

(Moving on)

Today's paper and your fax. Also a message from a new smart watch company interested in our pitch for a social media campaign. If you like, I'd be happy to try--

KRAMER

Ugh. Boring. Let Tanya's department handle that nonsense; we have plenty on our plate with the holidays around the corner. Can you call for some stage quotes for that kids' catalogue sneaker shoot?

Cam deflates. He turns to exit.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

And could you talk to maintenance about the lights? It's so dark in here it's ridiculous.

The audible **flick of a switch**; the overhead lights go on.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Cam's phone **dings**: a text from Brad. Cam opens, revealing a **picture of Brad and Cam as kids: Cam sprawled on the ground with Brad on top of him - a misguided stunt gone wrong.**

**BRAD: Come on, buddy. Don't let this guy down, again.**

For a second it looks like Cam might actually soften. But he looks up and spies Steve - making calls like a pro - then drift down to his own pile of work. He clicks his phone back to the lock screen and stuffs it in his pocket.

CAM

(Under his breath)

Sorry, buddy.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

An exec, TANYA, speaks in front of the team at a conference table. Projected for the team are the stock photos of wood.

TANYA

The Slick Saw. Clients want something fun and relatable to all age groups for an easy-to-use saw. Easy, huh? Don't all jump at once.

CREATIVE 1

Slick Saw: 'Build it, wood you?'

TANYA

Okay, let's keep going.

CREATIVE 2  
 "The Slick Saw - A Gentle Friend  
 for When You're Board."

TANYA  
 Cute. What about for non-handy types?

Cam clears his throat, raises his hand - his winning idea before him. But Steve jumps first.

STEVE  
 How about this: 'Any way you slice  
 it - the Slick Saw.'

Cam's head whips towards Steve in disbelief, but Tanya nods.

TANYA  
 I like it.

She's scribbling on the board now.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
 Cam - did you have something?

But Cam can only shake his head 'no', shuffling his notes away from view. Tanya continues.

TANYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Okay, feel free to chime in...

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Cam scrolls on his cell while hold music plays on the other end of his office line.

Photos of him and Jess - a *super* long-term relationship - litter his desk:  
*a high school prom photo; donning college graduation caps at Yankee Stadium; yoga in Central Park together.*

Steve throws a lazy 'peace' gesture as he leaves for the day.

He lands on a post from Jess: *a selfie with books and notes surrounding: "Learning is a treasure that will follow its owner everywhere" - Chinese Proverb. Tiring treasure, though!"*

MIMI  
 You leaving soon?

CAM  
 If this stage ever takes me off hold. I'm asking my girlfriend to move in together tonight.

MIMI  
Don't you already live together?

CAM  
Well, I was going to ask last week--

MIMI  
No, you said you were asking her  
before that. On Valentine's Day.  
And then New Years before that--

CAM  
I am *actually* asking her tonight.

MIMI  
Well I am *actually* thrilled for  
you. I'll see you tomorrow.

She leaves. Cam eyes Kramer's office - where his boss  
clumsily scrutinizes his tablet, rotating it with curiosity.

Cam takes the opportunity: he pulls up the **Digital Production  
Manager job listing and his resumé**, reads over, and prints.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Cam retrieves the resumé, and spins back knocking into...

TANYA  
Cam. Still here?

Cam holds the sheet to his chest, hiding.

CAM  
Apparently. Leaving soon. You?

TANYA  
Printing slides for this smart  
watch pitch. What'd you think of  
the meeting today?

CAM  
Um. There were some great ideas...

TANYA  
Agreed. Wish you'd speak up with yours  
instead of letting Steve take credit.

CAM  
I-- what? How'd you know?

TANYA

The last pitch Steve helped on was for a fitness app; his best line was "Feeling Runny?" So I had my doubts.

CAM

That's fair.

TANYA

Do you want to help me with this one? Tell me what'll get by Kramer - despite his hatred of all things digital he insists on approving.

CAM

Of course. I just have to drop this at my desk quickly.

He sprints back.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Cam grabs his phone, throwing another glance into Kramer's office - Kramer is still fully perplexed by the tablet.

He types out a text to Jess: Pulled into a work thing, let's push an hour?

In his hurry, he sets his phone back down, revealing his text to Jess - **written, but unsent.**

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, TANYA'S OFFICE - LATER

Cam finishes typing as Tanya hovers over his shoulder.

TANYA

Looks great. Would you be so kind as to print and drop off? And then maybe I could buy you a beer to say thanks - talk career goals?

CAM

That'd be--

He checks his watch.

CAM (CONT'D)

Crap. I mean. I can't. But maybe--

TANYA

No worries. I appreciate the help.

Cam, torn, leaves her to pack up.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Cam returns from the printer, setting the pages down on his desk and hurriedly searches for a paperclip.

KRAMER (O.S.)  
Cameron!

Cam tidies the stack and clips together, rushing to...

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, KRAMER'S OFFICE - EVENING

KRAMER  
There you are. I panicked you left me.

CAM  
Oh, nothing like that, sir.

KRAMER  
Good, couldn't survive without you.  
Especially not during busy season.

CAM  
From Tanya.

He hands the pitch to Kramer, **but his face drops - clipped to the back of the stack is his resumé and application.**

KRAMER  
Perfect. I'll read first thing  
tomorrow.

He sets the papers on his desk, resumé and all, and shoos Cam out ahead of him, locking the door behind.

INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

Riders sit in pairs huddled around each other's screens.

Cam, shaking off the shock of his gaffe, pulls his phone out, skipping to his conversation with Jess. Upon seeing the unsent text - and the missed texts from Jess - his eyes widen.

CAM (PRE-LAP)  
Jess! Jess!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Cam dashes from the subway station as Jess walks, unswayed, in the other direction, away from the spa. He catches up.

CAM

Babe! Did you not hear me?

JESS

I did hear, but I'm trying to disinvite negative stimuli from invading my senses after spending the last hour purifying them.

CAM

I tried to text, but work--

JESS

Of course.

CAM

It's busy season--

JESS

That's the worst capitalist gaslighting I've heard. They're exploiting you!

CAM

It's not--

JESS

"When you say 'yes' to others, make sure you're not saying 'no' to yourself." If you can't say no to work, then I have to say no to us.

CAM

You don't have to, we could talk. I was going to ask--

She holds a finger wispily to his lips - *shhh*.

JESS

'A lack of boundaries invites a lack of respect.' I'm drawing the line. We're done.

She turns, leaving Cam alone in the middle of the sidewalk.

PRE-LAP: A knock on the door.

EXT. BRAD'S HOBOKEN HOUSE - NIGHT

The door swings open, revealing BRAD (30) who dons his tux, and ASHLEY (30) who holds a fake bouquet.

BRAD

Look who came to see the  
matrimonial duds after all! Name  
one thing that screams 'eternal  
love' more than this.

Cam stands before him red-eyed, puffy faced.

ASHLEY

I'll name one thing that doesn't.

INT. BRAD'S HOBOKEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cam and Brad sit around the living room table. Ashley joins,  
distributing wine to the group.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry for you, but glad for us -  
one person off our RSVP list.

CAM

Glad she timed it well for someone. I  
was just about to pop the question.

Ashley and Brad look horrified.

CAM (CONT'D)

I was asking her to move in.

BRAD

(Relieved)

Oh. I thought you meant proposing.

ASHLEY

Don't you already live together?

CAM

Why does everyone - doesn't matter.

BRAD

No. What matters is that you finally  
focus on you. Get that new job.

CAM

If Kramer doesn't fire me first  
when he finds my resume.

ASHLEY

Hey. Why don't you take your mind  
off it all in Chicago?

CAM

What if Jess calls? Or something  
pops up with Kramer?

BRAD

By your own count, already dumped  
you and already firing you. Come to  
Chicago. Do it for me. No. Know  
what? Do it for you.

Ashley holds her phone out - airline checkout page pulled up.  
It hovers right at the tip of Cam's nose.

ASHLEY

I'll buy you the ticket as my  
wedding present to Brad.

BRAD

Yeah! Wait, no drum set?

CAM

Okay.

BRAD

Hold on--

ASHLEY

Boop.

But it is too late; she has pressed "purchase", simply by  
pressing the screen to Cam's nose. He stares in disbelief.

CAM

I'm going to Chicago tomorrow.

BRAD

You're coming to Chicago with us  
tomorrow!

ASHLEY

Technically, he's going to Chicago  
*ahead* of you tomorrow - your flight  
is sold out. But still. Chicago!

CAM

Oh, God, I have to fly tomorrow.

BRAD

You'll be fine. Everyone will take  
care of you. This is going to be  
great. Super low-key weekend with  
chill guys.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRAD'S HOBOKEN HOUSE - DAWN

A stretch Hummer limo blaring music - categorically *not* low-key - screeches to a stop in front of Cam and Brad.

EDDY (30's), a hulking mass of energy, opens the door.

EDDY  
Choo-choo! Bachelor express! All  
hunks aboard!

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Cam and Brad hardly settle before beers are thrust upon them.

EDDY  
Hold these for me, it's an emergency.

BRAD  
What's the emergency?

EDDY  
You don't have beers!

Can't argue with that.

BRAD  
Cam is fresh out of a relationship  
and doesn't travel much, so let's  
all please take good care of him.

Eddy places a massive comforting hand on Cam's shoulder.

EDDY  
We've got just the antidote for a  
broken heart: quality fun with quality  
folks. I'm Eddy, Brad's frat brother.  
Strengths: loyalty, honor, hype. You  
know Ronald - Best Man and Brad's  
brother by birth.

RONALD (30's) waves.

CAM  
Thanks for squeezing me in.

RONALD  
It was no problem. Well, reservations  
were already confirmed so *slight*  
problem, but nothing a few hours of  
calls to customer service can't fix.

EDDY

Med school companion, Dave. Equal parts sports fan and encyclopedia of underground music and cocktails.

DAVE (30's) reaches across and offers his hand to shake.

EDDY (CONT'D)

AND impressive wingspan. Next up: Bio lab friendship anomaly, Sam.

SAM (30's) gives an awkward, tight-lipped smile.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Strengths: goes with the flow.  
Weaknesses: nondescript, which is perhaps a strength...  
And then there's the man of the hour - Brad. Strengths: quality lad. Weaknesses: not a damn one.

They all raise their glasses, downing their drinks.

INT. LIMO - LATER

Ronald hands around crisp itineraries.

RONALD

Please retain your copy of the itinerary for this weekend.

EDDY

To accept the itinerary is to dedicate yourself to an excellent weekend in the name of brotherhood.

RONALD

Plus there are stops that require tickets and specific dress codes, so prepare accordingly.

EDDY

I don't see any strip clubs listed?

RONALD

The bachelor does not want to go to any strip clubs.

EDDY

(Re: itinerary)

Well what is this? "TBD". Could be more like "Strip club. PDQ."

BRAD  
Really, Eddy. No strip clubs.

EDDY  
Fine. But if anyone feels adventurous,  
I brought my deepest v-neck and plenty  
of singles for... 'activities'.

He throws Brad a wink.

EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - MORNING

The limo slows at the first terminal. Cam jumps out.

BRAD  
Safe flight! Be right behind you.

EDDY  
Pst.

Eddy gestures Cam closer and produces a pill in a baggie.

CAM  
What's this?

EDDY  
Time travel. Pop that and it'll be  
three hours later in the blink of  
an eye. See you on the other side.

The door closes and the limo is off to the next terminal.

INSERT: An arrival and departures board:

AA234: BOARDING  
BA765: ON TIME

INT. PLANE - MORNING

Cam eyes Jess's profile - a yoga post with caption: *I never worry about the future; it comes soon enough.*

He gives it a like. He pulls up a text to her:  
I'm out of pocket for a few hours, in case you need to reach me for anything.

He hits **send**, then considers, pulling up another:  
I don't know if this changes things, but that night I was going to ask-

Kramer's face takes over the screen- **incoming call**. Oh shit.

CAM  
Hello?

KRAMER  
Why are you not here?

CAM  
I'm... not feeling great.

KRAMER  
Is it ebola? I hear it's a real doozy.

CAM  
No--

KRAMER  
Bird flu? Leptospirosis?

CAM  
It's probably just a bug, taking a day or two in case it's contagious. But I've got work totally covered.

CUT TO:

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

MIMI  
KCP.

(Intercut:)

CAM  
I need a favor.

MIMI  
Fine, thanks, how are you?

CAM  
Can you handle some Kramer-related stuff for me for a couple days?

MIMI  
I can handle some light babysitting.

CAM  
Thank you. I sent the rundown of his day-to-day. I can talk through--

MIMI  
All good. I'll print, you relax.

She hits print and hangs up. From the printer behind, one page prints, and another, and another. Until they are so many that they fall onto the floor, piling slowly.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

He returns to his unfinished text, considers, and deletes. The screen on the seat in front of him flashes ads for "the best mobile service to keep in touch with loved ones."

Luckily, he remembers: Eddy's gift. A quick look side to side, and he slides out a pill and pops it. He closes his eyes and waits for it to kick in. And waits. And waits.

CAPTAIN  
Ready for takeoff.

His eyes re-open, pupils dilated.

INSERT: Arrival and departures board.

AA234: DEPARTED  
BA765: BOARDING

INT. PLANE - DAY

The men all settle into their seats as the flight staff does their final checks. Eddy flags down a Flight Attendant.

EDDY  
Excuse me. As soon as we're in the air, could you please bring fixings for some whiskey-colas?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
So. Whiskey and cola?

EDDY  
Your finest, please.

Sam studies the in-flight menu closely.

DAVE  
What are you ordering?

SAM  
There are eleven different sets of fingerprints on this thing.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
Please prepare for take-off.

The engines rev...

...And suddenly drop off, leaving the sounds of adjustments. Too many adjustments. **Louder-than-normal adjustments, reaching pitches no adjustment has ever before reached.**

Finally, the plane accelerates. They reach peak velocity, lurching back to take off, **but come to a squealing stop.**

Passengers double over, until, finally all is still. The flight attendants hurry about as the intercom clicks on.

CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize  
for the delay. Please remain seated.

A click, but noise still comes over the intercom.

CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No. I can't.

Everyone sits uncomfortably during the inadvertent broadcast.

CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I can't, okay?! Seventy-six hours  
straight, I need a nap. A nap, okay,  
Lucille?! And if the airline makes  
me fly in this state then the blood  
of hundreds is on their hands!

A long pause. Finally, a beep and a calm voice.

CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
This is your captain speaking. Thank  
you for your patience while we wait  
for the signal to go back to the gate.

Another long pause.

CAPTAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So help me, Sasha, if one of you  
offers me another coffee again I  
will drown you in it.

Brad checks his watch.

BRAD  
Cam lands any second. If he's on his  
own for too long he'll totally freak.

**-BEGIN MONTAGE - Cam's slow, serene experience:**  
[Cue: a song of tranquility, a la Enya's "Only Time"]  
-Cam slumbers peacefully as a sea of clouds floats past.  
-The city skyline dazzles against dawn as it sweeps beneath.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

-Cam passes beneath the glowing, colorful lights of O'Hare's walkways, eyes glassy as they take in the sight.

INT. CAB - DAY

-He squints; the sun bounces off the high-rises as he drives past: Chicago greets him warmly.

-**END MONTAGE.**

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - LATER

Cam staggers to the desk, greeted by a smiling LINDA.

LINDA

Good morning! How can I help you?

CAM

Good morning...

(Clocking her name tag)

Linda. I'm checking in with the Gierzak party.

LINDA

You must be Cam. There's a message for you.

(She reads)

'Please let our friend Cam know our flight got delayed due to an act of God - Eddy stop yelling into the phone it's not him on the other end. We're not sure how long we're stuck for, but will send updates.'

CAM

Awesome. What?

LINDA

'Please let our friend Cam--'

CAM

I'm in Chicago for a bachelor party. But the bachelor party isn't in Chicago for the bachelor party?

She hands him the message slip.

LINDA

Would you like to read for yourself?

CAM

Wow. I guess I can wait in the room--

LINDA

The room isn't ready quite yet.

He looks at his phone - several texts from Brad, but more importantly, **a hopeful '...' hovering beneath his text to Jess.**

CAM

I'll just wait here, do some work--

LINDA

(Reading another message)  
 'He'll say he'll just wait in the lobby. Please make sure he starts doing stuff from the itinerary.'

Ughhh. He pulls out his itinerary and reads from it.

CAM

Stop one: Chicago Riverboat Tour.

KELLY (O.S.)

Someone say 'Riverboat Tour'?

Cam turns: standing in the doorway is a tour guide who is- despite the ill-fitting polo and khakis and for lack of a better word - cute. This is KELLY (30).

KELLY (CONT'D)

Thought I'd use my lunch break to drop our new pamphlets at my favorite local hotels.

She hands a stack to Linda.

LINDA

I believe this man is scheduled to go on one of your tours today.

CAM

I'm with a bachelor party.

KELLY

Welcome! You've been on the schedule for ages. You the bachelor?

CAM

No. He's running a bit behind schedule so... it's just me.

KELLY

Oh, I'm way early; we can give everyone a few more minutes.

CAM

It's just me in perpetuity. They're not coming. So I'll just cancel.

KELLY

Much as I love unexpected free time, it's a little too late to book a replacement group for your window which kind of messes with my hours...

Cam struggles for an excuse, looking down at his phone - **the dotdotdot** hanging tantalizingly in Jess's text bubble.

CAM

Um, you know, I'm expecting to hear from the guys back home, so...

KELLY

Well, I'll leave you with this in hopes it might change your mind.

She hands him a pamphlet and departs.

INT. PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cam enters the absolutely massive and opulent penthouse.

He sets his bags down before returning to his phone: **... the promise of a response still lingers in Jess's text window.**

Cam, impatient, takes action, dialing.

CAM

I landed in Chicago but my friends' flight is delayed indefinitely. I'm eager to just get back to New York.

AIRLINE AGENT (V.O.)

All our flights this weekend are full. But I can put you on standby and notify you of any cancellations.

CAM

Sure, let's do that.

AIRLINE AGENT (V.O.)

I'm going to place you on a brief hold while I update our system.

**Generic hold music** plays. Cam lowers his phone to check: **the ... from Jess has vanished**. Any hope of a response gone.

Disappointed, his eyes drift away, back to the itinerary - *Chicago Riverboat Tour* - with the pamphlet rested beside. The hold music brings us to...

EXT. TOUR BOAT - AFTERNOON

Cameron sits on an open-air tour boat, waiting. Kelly, ready to go, holds a mic, a bottle of champagne, and a small bag.

KELLY

Let's hear it for our bachelor party! Thank you for reconsidering your attendance - everyone knows no party is complete without a tour of the city's most iconic architectural landmarks. I'm your guide, Kelly. These are on us.

She hands him the champagne and bag filled with plastic cups and ponchos bearing the design of the Chicago flag.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Please keep one hand on the boat at all times for safety. To your right is the iconic Wrigley Building...

His phone buzzes: **Brad**. Cam jumps at the chance to answer.

CAM

(Into phone)  
'Act of God?'

(Intercut:)

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - SIMULTANEOUS

The men sit in an airport restaurant, drinking fluorescent drinks in oversized glasses.

CAM (V.O.)

If you wanted to bail you didn't have to come up with a lame excuse.

BRAD

Apparently it's a weather thing -

DAVE

-Like "weather" the pilot will kill himself and others.

EDDY

Cam! Don't you dare get too comfy!  
We'll be there in no time!

Brad nudges them away.

BRAD

The earliest flight is six tonight.  
Can you hang in that long?

CAM

We have that steakhouse res on our itinerary, but I can cancel.

BRAD

No! It's supposed to be amazing.  
Don't wait around for us. Please get out and enjoy yourself.

Cam catches Kelly looking at him, proceeding awkwardly with her tour for her only audience member.

CAM

Whatever you say - I gotta run!

He hangs up. Meanwhile, Sam stares intently at the menu.

DAVE

You ordering another?

SAM

No, just admiring the typeface.

EXT. CHICAGO BOAT TOUR - CONTINUOUS

CAM

Sorry.

Kelly pushes through.

KELLY

An Art Deco fave, The Carbide and Carbon Building. The Burnham brothers chose colors resembling a champagne bottle...

Cam's phone buzzes again. **Mimi.**

CAM  
Hey, what's wrong?

MIMI (V.O.)  
So *that's* what it says when I pull  
that string on its back.

CAM  
Sorry. Everything okay?

MIMI (V.O.)  
Super fine. I was just looking for  
the dial-in for the London team.

CAM  
(Panicked)  
They weren't supposed to meet until-

MIMI (V.O.)  
Oh, my God, now I know where Kramer  
gets it from.

CAM  
Sorry, he's been stressing over his-

MIMI (V.O.)  
Quarterly. Very important. I know.  
It's in the manifesto you left.  
Forget I called. I'll figure it out.

KRAMER (V.O.)  
Is that Cam?

MIMI (V.O.)  
You have a meeting to prep for.

She hangs up abruptly.

KELLY  
(Still into the mic)  
I can just shut up and let you be.

CAM  
(Caught off-guard)  
Oh, no, sorry, I --

KELLY  
Seriously. You can make calls and I  
can save my breath. Just say the word.

CAM  
I am listening and interested.  
But... It is weird sitting alone and  
watching you. Do you want to sit?

KELLY

...Okay. Just please don't mention it on my review at the end.

EXT. CHICAGO TOUR BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

They both sit comfortably, each holding a glass of champagne and donning a Chicago flag poncho from the gift bag.

KELLY

The *whole* party was on the other flight?

CAM

Yep. So I'm stuck here alone while my friends and ex are back east.

KELLY

That's one super lame way of looking at it.

CAM

What's the alternative?

KELLY

You're in a fun new city on someone else's dime, with nothing but time to do what you want. Plus, from a purely architectural standpoint, Chicago is the most beautiful city in the US.

CAM

Even compared to New York?

KELLY

Ugh, yes. No competition.

CAM

Wow. Okay.

KELLY

Take one look at the skyline from Lake Michigan and you'll see. What else did they line up this weekend?

He pulls out his itinerary.

CAM

Tonight we have a reservation for dinner at... Jensen's Steakhouse?

KELLY

Oh! It's supposed to be amazing.

CAM

But the reservation is for six.

KELLY

Then skip wearing a belt and eat for six, I don't see the problem.

CAM

Won't it just look sad?

She grabs his phone and snaps a photo of him on his own.

KELLY

Does *this* look sad?

He looks at the photo.

CAM

Yes.

KELLY

Look again - guy heads out for his buddy's bachelor party and no one else makes it. He does the activities anyway because he wants to. That's not sad; it's hilarious! Share that wide for a laugh.

CAM

That's not attention-seeking?

KELLY

That's branding.

She speaks into the mic.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Passing River Point. To your right, 'twixt these architectural wonders, is the hotel where I had my proom!

Cam, in spite of himself, laughs.

EXT. CHICAGO - LATER

They make their way off the boat.

KELLY

Thank you for being my captive audience. Tips are encouraged.

CAM  
I... only have a twenty.

KELLY  
Oh, no.

But her face is not "Oh, no!" He hands it over.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Too kind! And feel free to give a shout if there are any tips or recommendations I can give you.

She reaches for his phone and punches her number in, snapping a quick selfie to go with it.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Don't forget to get Portillo's!

He watches her walk away, then glances at her selfie in his phone, pressing **save**. He then eyes the photo of himself that Kelly took - perhaps it *is* funny.

Finally, Cam commits, pulling up the photo of him on the tour boat.

He posts, thinking on the caption...

***What to do when it's @BradBoBrad's bachelor weekend and you're the only one in the bachelor party whose flight didn't get cancelled? Party on. First stop: Chicago Boat Tour.***

His thumb hovers, looking for just the right hashtag...

***#ChicagoforOne***

He posts. Then eyes Ronald's itinerary sticking out of his bag. He pulls it out, studying...

[CUE: 'It's Love You're On' by the Redwalls]

EXT. SKYGATE - MORNING

-Cam holds up the itinerary: **The Bean**. He lowers it, met with his own warped likeness and city skyline reflected before him. The scene behind him is empty, apocalyptic-looking.

He raises his phone, snapping his lonely reflection.

**The post appears in his Instagram feed.** He checks the stop off his itinerary checklist.

INT. SHEDD AQUARIUM - DAY

-Cam posts up beside one of the large fishtanks. He checks another stop off the itinerary, then raises his phone for a selfie with the sea life. As soon as it is in position, the fish scatter in either direction.

**Another post in the feed.** Another check off the itinerary.

EXT. HANCOCK BUILDING - LATER

-Cam approaches the sign for the 360 Experience: *The Best Views Chicago has to Offer*. Beside it sits another friendly ticket agent- this is TAYLOR (20's). Cam eyes the name tag.

CAM

Taylor. Are they really the best?

TAYLOR

A thousand feet above Magnificent Mile, three hundred sixty degree views of the Skyline and Lake Michigan. The only days it's not the best are the incredibly rare ones when the fog rolls in off the lake.

CUT TO:

INT. HANCOCK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

**The fog has indeed rolled in** as far as Cam can see from the vacant Observatory. Another check. Another post on the feed.

INT. CHICAGO STEAKHOUSE - EVENING

Cam sits at a large, round table. A black hole of solitude in an otherwise packed restaurant.

A server pours water into his glass.

CAM

Hey, is there a smaller table? I feel a little goofy here.

SERVER

Sorry, we're fully booked.

Cam tries to look cool, opening Instagram and scrolling, arriving at Jess's post: Jess's feet up on a fire escape, glass of wine raised to a New York sunset: **Study Break!**

A moment of weakness; he pulls up another hopeless text...

But a hand touches his shoulder, giving him a jolt.

RESTAURANT HOST

Excuse me, sir. We have a group of three looking for a table. Would you mind if they joined yours?

CAM

I, what?

Three men hover- TOM, KEVIN, and JOHN- with their suits, they could pass for slightly more modern Blues Brothers.

CAM (CONT'D)

Oh, sure. They can just have--

Too slow. The guys sit.

RESTAURANT HOST

May I take your coat? You can pick it up on your way out.

JOHN

Oh, great, where at?

RESTAURANT HOST

Just up front, sir.

KEVIN

Ope, just gonna sneak past ya.

TOM

I gotta say we're real appreciative of you letting us join.

KEVIN

Had a bit of a mix-up with booking a restaurant for John's birthday.

TOM

I thought Kevin was doing it, Kevin thought I was doing it.

Cam's eyes pingpong between the men as they tell their story.

JOHN

So I call asking where we're meeting and Tom says "ask Kevin" and Kevin says "ask Tom."

The guys all chuckle.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey I'm gonna run to the bathroom.  
Grab me a beer if they come around.

He leaves. Seconds later, Kevin and Tom produce a card and pore over it.

KEVIN

(To Tom)

What do I write?

TOM

Just write Happy Birthday.

KEVIN

It's gotta be more personal.

TOM

'Happy birthday, John.'

Cam - despite his efforts not to intrude- starts drifting towards them... his neck craning...

CAM

Everything okay?

KEVIN

Well, you see, the mix-up wasn't over the reservation...

TOM

The real mix-up is that we both completely forgot John's birthday.

KEVIN

So you're saving us with the table, but now there's the card...

CAM

I can take a crack at it.

The guys look at one another - why not?

Cam considers, then finally pens a few lines, then flips the card over and adds one final note. He slides it back to them.

The two men read it together - they laugh in unison. They flip over to back.

TOM

Aw.

KEVIN

Aw.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It's perfect.

JOHN  
What's perfect?

TOM  
Your timing! Happy birthday.

He hands John the card.

JOHN  
Ah, you guys.

He opens it and reads, his eyes skimming, laughing at the same part as the other guys, then flipping to the back and:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Aw.

Kevin shoots Cam a wink.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Thanks, guys. You know how to make a guy feel special.

FOOD RUNNER  
Extras for the bach--

CAM  
Birthday! Party. Thanks, guys!

He throws a wink to Tom and Kevin.

JOHN  
Ah, you guys. You're going to ruin my diet. Cam, please have some - thanks for the table.

CAM  
Of course. My friends were supposed to join for a bachelor weekend but their flight was cancelled.

Oh, no.

TOM

JOHN  
That's crazy.

TOM  
Where you from?

CAM  
New York.

Eh.

JOHN

KEVIN  
Eh.

TOM

That's nice your buddy chose  
Chicago for his bachelor party.

KEVIN

Great choice.

CAM

I don't know, I was thinking of  
trying to book a flight back--

The men all lean back, bowled over by the news.

TOM

You gotta stay.

JOHN

You're already here.

The waiter drops their drinks. They shift closer to Cam.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You got an itinerary?

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The men are surrounded with beers and even more plates. They  
read through Cam's list, scribbling notes as they go.

TOM

Gotta see that. You can skip that.  
Everyone will tell you Lou  
Malnati's for the crust.

JOHN

Pequod's.

KEVIN

Pequod's.

JOHN

TBD, huh? Hmm... got some good  
museums here. Or theaters...

KEVIN

Ah, you got the Bears game on here!

TOM

Hey, I'll be there! You can't miss  
that, it's sold out. Bears fans'll  
kill you for wasting that ticket.

The waiter drops the check, the men pull out their wallets.

JOHN

Cam, it's been a pleasure.

TOM

Maybe I'll see you at the game!

CAM

Could you do me a favor before you go?

INT. PENTHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cam eyes the photo on his phone: the latest taken by the men **at the massive steakhouse table**. He uploads to his feed with the caption: **@bradbobrad I tried to save you and the guys some leftovers but loneliness consumed it. #ChicagoforOne**

On the TV behind, next an add for a dating app plays.

TV (V.O.)

*Your soulmate at our fingertips!*

**Ding! @KellBell89 liked your photo.**

Intrigued, Cam turns off the TV and clicks the notification—Kelly has found his Instagram profile, sparsely used save for the few solo pics of him from his time in Chicago.

With a smile, he puts his phone on charge and goes to sleep. But his phone does not — the screen glows with another 'like' beneath Kelly's. Then another. And another.

Night turns to day. Notifications climb up and up and up...

INT. PENTHOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Cam wakes, silencing his alarm. He blinks the sleep away, getting a clearer look at his phone. So many likes!

INSERT: Arrival/ Departure Board, no other flight listed:

**PA765: DELAYED**

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - MORNING

The guys sit, eyes bloodshot. Empty glasses litter the table.

DAVE

I'm starting to suspect there might not be a backup flight for us.

EDDY

Look at us. Hungover on watermelon vodkaritas while one of our own carries our torch alone.

BRAD

Cam must be shitting himself.

Ronald returns, out of breath.

RONALD

No luck from Hertz, Enterprise,  
Savvy, Wheel Deals, Fleetz,  
Roadshow, or Landmark. All booked.

BRAD

So we're stuck.

SAM

Well, there is one more place...

He points: at the very end of the row of car rental windows  
is a dark window with a sad, flickering neon: *Van Share*

They exchange glances - here goes...

EXT. AIRPORT CAR RENTAL - DAY

The guys pile in with their belongings.

EDDY

So this the future of long-distance  
travel - what an interesting service.  
Pairing strangers going the same  
general direction in a run-down--

Dave jumps in as the unfamiliar DRIVER slides into the front.

DAVE

*Spacious* van. Thanks for driving.

DRIVER

Pleasure. I'm on my way to Iowa so  
Chicago is only a quick detour.

BRAD

You can't drive to Iowa and skip  
Chicago, it's worth the detour.

SAM

(Examining)

This interior was recently replaced.

DRIVER

(Defensive)

No it wasn't. I'm just very clean.

A long stare-off.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 (Forcibly upbeat)  
 Who wants tunes?

He cranks the radio and drives.

DAVE  
 Are we heading back into the city?

DRIVER  
 I have some time-sensitive pick-ups  
 before we hit the road. You know  
 they're voting on stricter exotic  
 animal laws in the Midwest next week?  
 Hope no one has allergies to pet  
 dander here.

The guys exchange wary glances, simultaneously fastening  
 their seatbelts.

EXT. BEARS GAME - DAY

Cam sits alone in a wide-open nosebleed section, posting up  
 to social media: **Teamwork makes the dream work. Cheering for  
 six. #GoBears! #ChicagoforOne**

As he posts, the announcer pipes up.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER  
 Bears faaaaans! Let's give a warm  
 welcome to our bachelor party!

Sure enough, Cam looks up on the jumbotron and spots **his  
 lonely self, surrounded by empty seats, but accompanied with  
 the hashtag: #ChicagoforOne**. He waves awkwardly.

He looks down - a text from Jess: **Are you busy right now?**

Excited, he dials, calling Jess. One ring, two rings...

And the beep of an incoming call - **Kramer**. Cam panics with  
 each outgoing ring to Jess, each incoming beep from Kramer.

JESS (O.S.)  
 Hello?

But she is too slow, Cam has already switched to Kramer's  
 call, **hanging up on Jess**.

CAM  
 Hello?

KRAMER

Cameron. Something concerning has  
been left on my desk.

Cam gulps. He's done.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

My coffee - without sugar?

But there is a scuffle in the background.

MIMI (O.S.)

I said no. Calls. To. Cam.  
(Into phone)  
Sorry, Cam, we've got it handled.

(Intercut:)

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING

Despite his clawing for his phone back, Mimi closes Kramer's  
office door behind her, right in his face.

MIMI

If an emergency comes up... we'll  
still survive.

She sits at her desk.

MIMI (CONT'D)

By the way, your trip photos are  
killing me.

CAM

Oh, those--

MIMI

Don't worry, your secret is safe  
with me. I expect tons more and a  
full report when you're back.

She hangs up just as Steve appears.

STEVE

I see my friends liking these silly  
posts that Cam's tagged in--

MIMI

Lies. You don't have friends.

STEVE

--I thought Kramer said that he was  
sick. Should I go ask?

He moves to walk into Kramer's office, but before he can, Mimi smacks his phone out of his hand. Steve stares, indignant, but Mimi stares back unmoved.

Steve breaks to up his phone, stepping forward again. But Mimi smacks it out of his hand once more. Annoyed, Steve picks it up again, but before he can step:

MIMI

You know how this ends.

Defeated, he turns and heads back to his own desk.

EXT. BEARS GAME - CONTINUOUS

Cam's phone buzzes with a text from Jess: **Wow. Cool. Guess you don't want to talk.** But before he can fret over it, a shout:

TOM (O.S.)

Cam!

Cam looks up - sure enough, there's Tom, beer in hand.

CAM

Tom!

TOM

Saw your picture on the big screen  
and told my family 'hey, I know  
that guy!' I thought I'd bring you  
a beer to say thanks for the table.

He hands Cam a beautifully frothy brew. For the first time all trip, he looks genuinely delighted.

CAM

Thank you!

They clink and drink. A woman and teenage son start moving towards them; Tom waves and yells.

TOM

See? I told ya!

He waves. TERRY (50) and BRIAN (16) join with smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)

This is Terry, and our son, Brian.  
Terry's from the East Coast, too.

BRIAN

So you're the guy from the internet?  
Chicago for One?

TERRY

Brian showed us your photos. We  
thought Tom was mixed up when he said  
he knew you.

CAM

Oh, did Tom tell you about it?

BRIAN

No. You got write-ups all over!  
Ashton Kutcher even shouted you out!

He shows Cam, scrolling through news sites that have shared  
the story. Numerous comments and likes on his page.

CAM

Oh, wow.

A loud roar - Chicago fans yelling at their loudest - brings  
his attention back to the field.

TERRY

C'mon Brian. Grandma's down there  
on her own. Lovely meeting you.

BRIAN

Be sure to try Portillo's!

Cam waves bashfully as they return to their seats.

TOM

Terry's family jokes that I stole her  
out here. She was here on business from  
Philadelphia and decided to play hooky  
on a seminar to go to a Cubs game,  
where she met me. So. Goes to show you--

Tom looks emotional. Cam looks emboldened.

TOM (CONT'D)

The power of Chicago sports.

Not the lesson Cam expected.

TOM (CONT'D)

Anyway. Just wanted to repay ya for  
dinner. Really saved the day.

He clinks his beer against Cam's and downs it, then departs.  
Seconds later, his phone rings. He answers quickly:

CAM

Hey, I didn't mean to hang up on--

AARON (O.S.)

Cameron! My name is Aaron. I'm a promoter at Break Room!

CAM

Oh. My friends actually had that place on their list.

Cam fumbles for the itinerary.

AARON (O.S.)

Perfect! We saw your posts floating around and wanted to invite you to our VIP night! Private table, bottle service, the works.

CAM

That sounds amazing. It would just be me, the rest of the guys--

AARON (O.S.)

Even better! We just ask you shout us out to your followers! Free PR for us, massively good time for you.

Followers? Cam checks: the number is astronomically higher than a day ago. Is this... a dream?

INT. VAN - DAY

The driver pulls up to a dilapidated building in a grungy alley. He turns to face the guys.

DRIVER

Anyone good at driving fast?

Sam slowly raises his hand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Stand by and be ready to floor it.

He leaves. The boys wait with confused and bated breaths.

INT. BEARS FAN GEAR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Cam wanders in, casually. He notes the nearby clerks - two young, chatty girls in their twenties, both on their phones.

CLERK 1

I ask him what's up with that girl Julie who keeps texting, and he's like 'she's my cousin.' But then we're at the bar with his friend and some girl is staring from across the room, all pissed.

Cam tries to 'subtly' drift closer to them as they gossip.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

So I ask his friend 'who is that' and he says 'that's Julie' and I'm like "you know Julie?" And his friend's like 'uh, yeah, she's my cousin'. I'm like - pause, this girl can't be everyone's cousin.

CLERK 2

Maybe, didn't you say that Jared was adopted, or something?

CLERK 1

No, I said he was anemic.

Still nothing. Cam tries quick cough. Then a sneeze. They both lower their phones for a singular moment.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

Bless you.

CLERK 2

God bless you.

And go right back to gossiping. Finally, he turns and holds up the shirt in hand.

CAM

Do you have this in a medium?

CLERK 1

Yeah.

CLERK 2

Wait, wait, wait. You're that guy. That... sad guy. Lonely guy.

She scrolls on her phone.

CLERK 2 (CONT'D)

Chicago for One guy!

She hands her phone to Clerk 1, who scrolls and laughs.

CAM

Oh, yeah, that's me.

CLERK 2

Heyyyy!

CLERK 1

Oh, my Gooooood!

CLERK 2

Wait, we gotta tell Eric. Eric!

A manager, ERIC (30's) approaches, poised to kindly scold.

ERIC

Ladies, what did I say about  
yelling across the store?

CLERK 1

There's literally no one in here,  
Eric, chill.

ERIC

And what did I say about telling me  
to chill?

CLERK 2

This is this dude.

She shows her phone.

ERIC

I also said no phones on the floor.

CLERK 1

Take our picture.

She grabs a jersey, while Clerk 2 grabs a hat. They position  
it on him.

CLERK 2

Wait, wait, with his phone, too.  
Will you tag us?

CAM

Sure.

Cam assumes his sad pose.

ERIC

One, two...

CLERK 1

God, Eric, just take the picture.

He does, and they break apart.

CAM

So, sorry, how much for the medium?

CLERK 1

Zero dollars! Welcome to Chicago!

ERIC  
Actually--

CLERK 2  
He's *alone*, Eric. You know what  
that's like, help a guy out.

ERIC  
(Sighing)  
It's on us, sir.

CAM  
Thank you! That's really nice!

He leaves, while they admire the shots.

CLERK 1  
I'm gonna show this to my guy and  
be like 'that's my cousin.'

The clerks giggle. Eric sadly punches some buttons on the register and fills the till with cash from his own wallet.

INTERCUT CAM AND THE GUYS' DAYS

*Cam takes advantage of his new-found powers while the guys suffer endlessly.*

EXT. LINCOLN PARK ZOO, CAROUSEL - DAY

TICKET TAKER  
Welcome to the Lincoln Park Zoo--  
hey, you're that guy!

CAM  
(Donning his Bears gear)  
I am.

TICKET TAKER  
Right this way.

**-Instagram post: Cam all alone on the empty carousel.**

INT. VAN - DAY

**-THE GUYS surrounded by eerie empty cages.**

INT. GARRETT'S POPCORN - DAY

LUXURY CASHIER  
How can I-- hey, you're that guy!

CAM  
(Now with a stuffed tiger)  
Yes, I am.

**-Instagram post: Cam scooping a massive tin of popcorn.**

INT. VAN - DAY

-THE GUYS cower as gunshots ring out from outside the van.

INT. PEQUOD'S PIZZA - DAY

CASHIER  
Welcome to Pequod's - hey! I know you!

Cam holds numerous freebies and dons giveaway swag.

**Instagram post: Cam behind the counter, throwing dough.**

He walks out, holding a massive boxed deep dish.

INT. VAN

-THE GUYS scream as the van screeches and spins away from the red and blue lights of cop cars.

INT. L TRAIN - DAY

He types. On the screen, a makeshift Tinder profile.

**Stuck in Chicago on my own, looking for pointers on what to see and what to skip!**

Within seconds: a match! He checks the message:

**From: Selina**  
**Hello. I am looking for meet new men and have sex. Will you visit me here? Linkxsite//http:lovesitsz.net**

Ever polite, he responds:

**Hi Selina! I'm really looking for a travel guide or recommendations for the best slice of deep dish, let me know!**

INT. VAN - EVENING

The guys are dirtied, drained, and surrounded by strange weapons and broken windows. The van pulls to a rickety stop - at the airport car rental. The Driver turns, face bloodied.

DRIVER

I'm a little tired from all those errands. I'll probably head out for Iowa first thing tomorrow morning. Wanna say four thirty in the lobby?

The men are dead inside.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Cam approaches the club donning one of his new jerseys. He slows upon realizing just how many people wait in line - and just how underdressed he is in comparison to each of them.

AARON (O.S.)

Cameron! Right over here!

At the entrance stands AARON (30's). He does not wave, but holds a couple fingers in a poorly constructed peace sign.

Cam nervously works his way over, ahead of the waiting group.

AARON (CONT'D)

Were you waiting in line?

CAM

No.

AARON

Good. Waiting in line is for suckers.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Aaron guides him into the space - no singular fiber of Cam's being belongs there. It is loud, crowded, dark, and hot.

AARON

There are new craft beer bars, cocktail lounges, pool halls, restaurants, speakeasies, burlesque shows, immersive theater, food trucks, live experiences popping up left and right, so we gotta stay ahead of the game - snag the guests of the hour to keep people talking.

He gestures to large booth, covered in bottles and surrounded by a beautiful bunch.

AARON (CONT'D)

Welcome to the influencer table!  
Guys, this is Cam, our VIP tonight.

They all rejoice. Several get up to greet him.

LANA

Cam, Lana, as in LanatheLost.

CAM

That's a unique name.

LANA

That's my Insta handle.

He offers his hand, but she jumps straight to a selfie.

She hands her phone to someone nearby, who seems to know exactly what to do with it - the whole group gathers around, half-smiling for the camera.

This process repeats, influencer after influencer, photo after photo after photo.

Cam finally settles in and surveys the booth - **no one enjoys the free space, time, or drinks; all are on their phones.**

Before he can think too much longer, he pulls out his own phone, about to try another text to Jess... but then remembers, pulling up Kelly's contact card in his phone...

INT. GUTHRIE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A cute, hole-in-the-wall tavern, complete with comfy seats, warm lighting, and board games. In the corner, Kelly making notes on a script. He approaches.

KELLY

Are you the guy from that hashtag?

CAM

You joke, but I've had a pretty great day because of that hashtag. I got free pizza, free beer, free jersey, free bottle service--

KELLY

Wow, where at?

CAM

Break Room.

KELLY

They let you in dressed like that?

CAM

I'll have you know, this is an *authentic* jersey and the cleaner of two pairs of jeans I packed. So I don't know where you come off implying that I am not up to code.

KELLY

Apologies. Thank you for deigning to be seen with me in public.

CAM

Do you come here a lot?

KELLY

My friends and I do - they'll join soon. I normally get here early for a quick solo round so everyone works extra quick to catch up so we can all be home, in bed by eleven.

CAM

You just sit here and drink alone?

KELLY

Well, when you put it like that - all accurately- it sounds sad.

She puts her work away.

KELLY (CONT'D)

My whole day is talking at people and answering their questions. Forty minutes on my own is...

CAM

Bliss?

KELLY

Exactly.

Her phone buzzes. She ignores it.

CAM

Do you need to get that?

KELLY

If it's important they'll call back.  
What's more pressing is getting you a  
drink; some guy tipped me twenty on  
one of my tours recently so I'll buy.

She approaches the bar, side-stepping several couples and  
standing alone very comfortably. His phone buzzes:

CAM

Hello?

AIRLINE AGENT

Mr. Chambers. We're calling with an  
update on your standby status. We  
have a flight departing at ten  
fifteen with available seating.  
Would you like to purchase?

CAM

So I'd have to leave, like now?

AIRLINE AGENT

You need to check in within the  
hour.

He looks across the bar, Kelly returning with the drinks.

CAM

You know what? I won't make that  
one, but keep me posted on others.

He hangs up just in time for Kelly to return.

KELLY

One Daisy-Cutter - and an incoming  
pack of locals.

She waves: LAURIE, JORDAN, AND CHARLIE (20's-30's) join.

CHARLIE

Are we late or are you early?

KELLY

We're all right on time. This is--

JORDAN

You're that guy! From the internet!

He immediately jumps in for a selfie with Cam.

LAURIE

Jordan, don't be weird.

Eyes still on Jordan, Laurie flings her hand up quickly and takes a sneaky shot of Cam right in front of his face.

KELLY

C'mon, I made you guys sound normal.

CHARLIE

We didn't tell you to lie to him.

**Quick cuts: pouring of drinks, sips, laughter. Finally:**

JORDAN

Cam, are you coming to our improv show this weekend?

CAM

Improv show?

JORDAN

Did Kelly not tell you?

KELLY

I was waiting to know him longer than twenty hours before spamming him with invites to our show.

CAM

What's your team name?

LAURIE

Middle Children.

Cam pulls out his folded itinerary.

CAM

When is it? We do have a 'TBD' slot on our itinerary.

KELLY

There is zero pressure--

Charlie brings a round of shots.

CHARLIE

Alright, raise 'em up. A round of Chicago's finest.

The group stifles snickers while holding their drinks up for a selfie.

KELLY

Have you tried Malort?

CAM

No.

LAURIE

You like whiskey, Cam?

CAM

I do.

JORDAN

Then you'll feel something towards  
this.

They all clink and drink. All eyes are on Cam.

CAM

Y'know it's really not--

A wave of nausea and disgust overtakes him. He gags.

JORDAN

There it is!

EXT. GUTHRIE'S TAVERN - LATER

The group hugs goodbye. Once Kelly's friends are out of earshot, Cam stops for one more **dry heave**.

KELLY

Tell me my friends didn't kill you.

CAM

Only with kindness.

They walk together.

CAM (CONT'D)

So what's the deal, the tour boat  
supports the acting career?

KELLY

You kidding? The tour boat is Plan  
A. I've made it, baby.

(End sarcasm)

Yes. Acting is the goal. I'm  
working on new rep, so I do improv  
to keep up the momentum.

CAM

Momentum of what?

KELLY

The momentum of using this improv team to get a weekly show up by Halloween, then new rep by New Year, so I can go out on auditions by pilot season.

CAM

That's a tight five-month plan.

KELLY

I run a tight ship; you've seen my boat tours.

CAM

And if something goes awry with the plan?

KELLY

Scrap it. Regroup. New plan.

CAM

Well, maybe I could see the show. Who knows if my friends will ever show up?

She laughs, but digs into her pocket and produces a **small print-out flyer**.

KELLY

Thanks for swinging by. I bet you had some solid offers so I'm honored to be your standby.

CAM

No, thank you. This was... way better than yesterday.

They part ways. Cam maintains composure long enough for Kelly to clear earshot before unleashing another violent **dry heave**.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The men sit in silence, each holds an untouched glass of alcohol while donning robes and frowning faces.

DAVE

I feel like we should melt our fingerprints off after today.

RONALD

I'd like to melt all the of the  
flesh off my body after today. All  
my planning and booking for this.

SAM

I'm no expert, but I think I  
identified nine different types of  
animal hair in van.

BRAD

Aren't you an expert? You work in  
forensics.

SAM

Right, so I definitely saw nine  
types of animal hair in there.

They all sip their drinks. Suddenly, Eddy **grabs the glass  
from Dave's hand** and throws it to the ground.

DAVE

Thanks?

He works to pour another.

EDDY

Our itinerary is our contract, and  
only Cam - the most emotionally  
compromised of our group - has upheld  
his end. If he can show himself a  
good time in Chicago, we can show  
Brad an excellent time in Newark. It  
is of the utmost importance.

**He knocks Dave's newly fixed drink out of his hand.**

DAVE

Seriously?

RONALD

Eddy's right. As the Best Man, it  
was my role to build us a flawless  
itinerary, and I will research  
until I'm blue in the face to plan  
at least one itinerary worthy thing  
to do here.

EDDY

And it. Must. Be. Raucous.

He sips his own drink. Menacingly.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Cam wakes and checks his phone - filled with even more overwhelming notifications than before. His eyes narrow on one. He clicks, then reads...

CAM  
What the--?

CUT TO:

INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - DAY

**(Intercut: Cam and Jess's phone call)**

Jess's face is covered in a clay masque as she knits.

JESS  
Hello?

CAM  
What is this interview you gave?  
"Running around with random girls,  
contacting online sex chat rooms -  
that's not the guy I knew for ten  
years." Where are you getting this?

JESS  
I don't know. Your many posts picking  
up random locals online and in clubs?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Cam searches on his laptop; **stories with his faux Tinder match and photos of women from the club pop up. 'Abandoned Groomsman Keeps Bachelor Party Going with Local Singles!'**

JESS (O.S.)  
Is that the "work thing" that delayed  
you? Or the reason for setting aside  
a special date night? To talk about  
seeing other people or something?

CAM  
What? No! That's not it at all. Can  
we have a calm conversation?

JESS  
Actions speak louder than words, Cam.  
And yours are all over the internet.

She hangs up. He drops the phone in defeat. **It rings again.**

CAM

Look--

(Intercut:)

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

KRAMER

Something else crossed my desk.

Here we go.

MR. KRAMER

Metaphorically speaking, of course.  
Steve emailed me a link:  
"Interesting read - Cam would love".

But Mimi, bless her, dives in.

MIMI

It's spam!

KRAMER

It's spam?

CAM

It's spam, don't click that link.

MR. KRAMER

Are you sure? It looks like--

MIMI

I'm certain. It's a terrible deadly  
phishing scam. Please delete, and I  
will deal with Steve. Bye Cam!  
(But before she hangs up:)  
STEVE! A WORD?!

With a **click** the call ends. Another ring on Cam's phone.

CAM

What?!

A beat while he listens. He softens.

CAM (CONT'D)

So sorry, who?

INT. RADIO STUDIO - LATER

An eager Station Assistant leads Cam to a recording booth.

STATION ASSISTANT  
Thank you for joining last second.

CAM  
Of course. Sorry again about the  
phone call.

STATION ASSISTANT  
It's really okay - always a toss-up  
with calls before nine. Can I get  
you water? Coffee? Pop?

CAM  
(Reading name tag)  
I'm good, thanks... Morgan.

Two hosts greet him, dressed as though they've time traveled  
from the nineties. They certainly have the banter down.

ETHAN  
Cam. Pleasure. Heard all about you.

The Station Assistant flits about getting Cameron mic'd.

CAM  
Oh, Instagram?

JACKIE  
Heck no, he's a dinosaur. Our  
assistant briefed us. Hi, Jackie.

ETHAN  
If I'm a dinosaur, you're a mammoth.

JACKIE  
You're mistaken, I'm just shaving a  
dull razor these days.

ETHAN  
Sorry, Cam. So I can assume you're  
here solo today? No guests?

CAM  
Nope. Going Stag-osaurus.

A beat while it sinks in, then they laugh almost too hard.

The sound drops begin. Cam grabs the Station Assistant's arm.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Do I say anything once we're on...?

STATION ASSISTANT

Say whatever you want to say as long as it's into the mic.

ETHAN

Welcome back to Ethan and Jackie! Today on our show: Pulitzer Prize winner, John Edelman, stops in to talk pros and cons of weeeeeeed. And a look at the van ride-share service facing a major class action lawsuit for unsafe conditions and physical and emotional damages.

JACKIE

But right now, we have: - overnight internet sensation Cam Chambers.

ETHAN

You may know him better by his tag, Chicago for One. Cam, welcome.

(Intercut:)

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Kelly stops in her tracks on her walk to work, listening on her headphones.

CAM (V.O.)

Thank you.

She turns up the volume on her phone.

ETHAN

You were here for a bachelor party.

CAM

Still am.

JACKIE

But the flights of every other member of the bachelor party - including the groom- were delayed.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - SIMULTANEOUS

CAM

Right. I'm here for the party, but the party's not here for the party.

ETHAN

So how have you been keeping busy?

CAM

I've been checking off all the to-do's on the list - dinners, clubs, games. But I've been posting as I go, and a lot of people have taken interest.

ETHAN

Thousands. Ladies included.

JACKIE

You know, I saw some write-ups.

CAM

They took a bit of creative liberty. I'm not like that. I'm a one-girl kinda guy.

(Intercut:)

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

The volume goes up higher - but this time on **Jess's** app - as sits meditatively on a yoga mat outside.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Any one girl in particular?

ETHAN (V.O.)

Calm down, Jackie.

EXT. CHICAGO BOAT TOUR - SIMULTANEOUS

Kelly clocks in at work, now.

CAM (V.O.)

There's one girl - sorry, woman - who's been checking in.

Her boss calls to her. She shoves her headphones away.

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

CAM (V.O.)

But I'm just getting by with the help of the kindness of strangers.

Jess looks perturbed at the thought of Cam moving on. She skims her texts - all from Cam. All unanswered.

## INT. RADIO STUDIO - SIMULTANEOUS

JACKIE

How are the boys holding up?

CAM

They're still waiting on the airlines, last I heard.

JACKIE

Maybe someone out there can work some magic for you. You're really taking this town by storm. Just a regular old Ferris Bueller.

ETHAN

Maybe someone from the airline can bump them up or something.

CAM

Sure! If anyone from Passage Airways hears this: it's the Gierzack party!

JACKIE

Anyone from Passage listening?

## INT. AIRPORT - SIMULTANEOUS

A Passage employee stands dead-eyed, a customer at the desk ranting. They turn up the volume on their headphones.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(Via headphones)

Bump. These. Guys.

Upon hearing the plea, they scroll through reservations...

## EXT. CHICAGO TOUR BOAT - DAY

Hefty, greasy, white paper bag in hand, Cam jauntily makes his way towards the tour boat dock, greeting Kelly just as she leaves work, pulling a coat over her polo.

CAM

Well, hello, there.

KELLY

Man of the hour. The girls from improv were texting to ask about you.

CAM

Really?

KELLY  
Yeah, things like, "is he okay?"

CAM  
Well. Guess what I got?

He hands her a bag. She peers inside, pulls out a messy Chicago-style dog.

KELLY  
This looks amazing and I'm going to eat it, but really, next time, try Portillo's.

CAM  
It might be somewhere on my friends' itinerary.

KELLY  
Is that what brought you here? You scheduled a second boat tour?

CAM  
Unless you do walking tours?

KELLY  
I was gonna hit the gym before heading home to get ahead on writing before my show tomorrow.

She notes his dejection.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
What else do your friends have planned for you?

He pulls out the tattered itinerary; she reads.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Ugh. New Yorkers.

CAM  
Hey.

KELLY  
Navy Pier? They really do need a tour guide. Is there anything else?

CAM  
Well, some of the stuff on there is scheduled for specific time--

KELLY

Just tell me: what do you want to do?

He considers.

KELLY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

No.

INT. SKYDECK CHICAGO - DAY

Cam stands on the transparent enclosed deck jutting out from the top of the Sears Tower, overlooking the city. Kelly stands on the solid, opaque ground of the main floor.

CAM

Come on, they emptied this place out for us!

KELLY

I have a phobia of dying too early specifically due to a freak accident. Standing on that thing is giving it permission to manifest.

CAM

Come on! If you die, I die.

KELLY

Is that supposed to be reassuring?

CAM

Just a few seconds.

KELLY

There's a lot I want to accomplish in my life and if this derails it--

CAM

You may be in charge of my torture in the afterlife.

This actually persuades her. She takes his hand and steps next to him. They are surrounded by pristine cityscape, punctuated by the massive Lake Michigan beside.

He looks around, in awe, before glancing over at her. She stares down at her feet, paralyzed.

KELLY

Mmm...

CAM  
It's not bad if you don't look down.

KELLY  
I know, but down -- Down is...

CAM  
The real achievement?

KELLY  
Yes. Hell yes.

She even includes a couple gentle stomps in time with:

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Take. That. Danger. Okay, I'm done.

She leaps off.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
My turn to choose?

CUT TO:

EXT. WHIRLYBALL RINK - LATER

Kelly and Cam approach the clerk at the front desk.

CAM  
Hello. Two for whatever this is.

WHIRLYBALL CLERK  
Next available round is- are you  
that guy?

KELLY  
He is!

WHIRLYBALL CLERK  
That is hilarious! Look, you're  
welcome to the space and whatever  
photos you want, but it is more of  
a group activity.

At a loss, they look around. A group of teens hangs loitering nearby. Cam and Kelly exchange a look.

CAM  
Excuse me, kind youth!

CUT TO:

INT. WHIRLYBALL RINK - MOMENTS LATER

Cam and Kelly face off with the group of teens, driving around in their respective bumper cars. They are all laughs.

In fact, Cam doesn't even notice his phone ringing with a call from Kramer on the seat beside him.

EXT. NEWARK BURLESQUE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The guys appear at a disturbingly unwelcoming Burlesque club.

RONALD

So this is Newark's most highly  
rated and open-at-this-hour club.

They look - collectively - uncertain.

EDDY

No time for doubt.

Eddy pushes inside. Brad tries to embolden the others.

BRAD

We definitely already have felony  
charges under our belt from that  
van, how much worse can it be?

INT. NEWARK BURLESQUE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The interior is less welcoming than the exterior: dark, carpeted top to bottom - undoubtedly to hide drugs and murder.

Ahead of them, an unmoving old woman sits enclosed in a glass ticketing booth, eerily illuminated by an orange light from inside - a real-life Zoltar machine.

RONALD

Is she alive?

Eddy cautiously steps forward, knocking on the glass. Without blinking, she inhales sharply, causing them to jump.

EDDY

Hello. We are here for burlesque.

BURLESQUE CLERK

You're in the wrong place.

DAVE

I'm convinced. Let's go.

EDDY  
I don't think you understand --

BURLESQUE CLERK  
You don't belong here.

BRAD  
Maybe there's another place--

EDDY  
No. NO. It is your bachelor party!  
We are not leaving without  
experiencing some debauchery. Sell  
us the tickets or feel our wrath.

She stares expressionlessly ahead once more. Suddenly five tickets pop out from the slot in the divider. *Who is this woman.*

Eddy snatches the tickets and turns to the guys, who are all huddled close for safety.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
Wouldn't be doing this in Chicago!

RONALD  
That is correct and unfortunate.

INT. NEWARK BURLESQUE CLUB, GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam holds the curtain as the men pour into the next room.

It looks like a totally different building. Well-lit, wood floors, white walls - a gym.

In fact, a group of activewear-clad women are gathered within, baffled by the newcomers. Eddy's bravado takes over.

EDDY  
We're here for the burlesque show.

INSTRUCTOR  
No show. This is a burlesque class.

Eddy absorbs this information. He looks behind: the CLERK now stands menacingly in the doorway - *told you.*

EDDY  
Yep. Yes. We the class.

BRAD  
Eddy, we don't have to--

EDDY

We said burlesque. We're...  
burlesquing.

INSTRUCTOR

Learning and performing it.

EDDY

We're learning and performing  
burlesque because we are your  
groomsmen and we are ticking off at  
least one memorable box.

Eddy steps forward, attempting to stretch with the rest of  
the women. The rest of the guys throw looks - are we...?

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - AFTERNOON

Cam and Kelly stroll, carrying **freshly-bought tamales**.

KELLY

I never normally have time to try  
the touristy things here.

CAM

It's been fun, seeing what cities  
outside New York have to offer.

KELLY

Wait. Have you never left New York?

CAM

New York, yes. Tri-state area, no.

KELLY

So that's why you're so defensive  
over New York.

CAM

New York is notably the best city  
in the country.

KELLY

How do you know? You're missing out  
on so many!

CAM

Chicago I get. But am I really  
missing out on, say, Omaha?

KELLY

I love Omaha.

CAM  
Milwaukee?

KELLY  
Milwaukee is great.

CAM  
Look, I've got places on my list,  
just either my girlfriend was always  
too stressed from school or I was  
too bogged down with work to get  
around to planning a proper trip.

KELLY  
Well, when you give other people  
all the time in the world, they'll  
keep coming back for more.

They turn into the green of the park, where a massive group  
sits below the glistening beams of the Pritzker Pavilion.

INT. NEWARK GYM - EVENING

The guys work hard, but struggle.

SAM  
WHAT'S HARD ABOUT THIS? Step touch,  
step touch, step touch, hand on  
hip, wrist flick, right arm up, hip  
action! FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.

The rest of the guys join, but Dave pulls Eddy aside.

DAVE  
Hey, out of curiosity, did you  
remember to cancel the strippers?

**Eddy thinks. For too long.**

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - EVENING

Kelly guides Cam through a game of euchre as the two unwind  
with the rest of the 'Movie in the Park' crowd.

KELLY  
What's she studying? Your ex?

CAM  
At first it was nursing, then it  
was counseling, and now it's health  
and wellness?

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)  
 Honestly, it feels like she keeps  
 finding ways to keep going back for  
 more school.

He pivots.

CAM (CONT'D)  
 You know where you should go if  
 you're interested in acting?

KELLY  
 LA?

CAM  
 Ugh, no.

KELLY  
 Well that leaves only one other  
 place in the whole world...  
 (Re: the cards)  
 That's mine.

CAM  
 Ace? Trump.

KELLY (CONT'D)

CAM  
 Dammit.  
 (Beat)  
 Come on. New York is beautiful.  
 Aspirational.

KELLY  
 You don't have to give me the hard  
 sell on New York.  
 (Switching)  
 Do you like your job?

CAM  
 It's steady. My boss took a chance  
 on me so I got a foot in the door  
 early. I'm not bad at it.

KELLY  
 But do you *like* it?

She looks him dead in the eye, daring him to lie.

CAM  
 No. I don't think I've actively  
 liked it for a while.

KELLY  
 Well. What do you want to do?

CAM  
I don't know.

KELLY  
So you just wait around until someone  
tells you what they want you to do?

He looks back at her, trying to get a read. He leans in...

HAILEY (O.S.)  
Wait, is that--

Kelly and Cam - familiar with being recognized - pause. But **Kelly's face falls** upon seeing JILL, NATALIE, and HAILEY, three women around 30 who walk with small children.

JILL  
It is!

NATALIE  
Hey, Kelly!

KELLY  
Hi, guys.

She stands, greeting each of them with a hug before hugging her outer jacket tighter around her work polo.

HAILEY  
What are you doing here?

KELLY  
Catching the outdoor screening.

Cam's eyes ping-pong following the conversation, it is clear that Kelly is desperately uncomfortable.

HAILEY  
I mean, are you visiting? Everyone  
at the reunion said you'd recently  
moved away.

KELLY  
I recently moved back.

JILL  
How exciting! Are you working on  
something out here?

KELLY  
Yeah, I'm working.

NATALIE  
Oh, my God! Can you say where?

KELLY  
It's best if I don't.

HAILEY  
Don't push too hard for any  
Hollywood secrets.

KELLY  
Are these--

Kelly gestures to the children.

JILL  
Yes, meet the offspring.

KELLY  
They're so big!

HAILEY  
This is Lily.

NATALIE  
Julien.

JILL  
And Skyla. Can you say hi to Kelly?

SKYLA (8) is direct in a way that only kids can be.

SKYLA  
You're the lady from the boat.

HAILEY  
The boat?

JILL  
Her class just did one of those silly  
riverboat tours for a field trip.  
Remember the ones we used to get  
super drunk and go on on St.  
Patrick's day?

NATALIE  
I felt so bad for Nate the year he  
fell over the side railing when he  
was barfing into the river?

HAILEY  
I felt worse for that poor crew.

JILL  
Skyla, you mean she *looks* like the  
lady from the boat.

SKYLA

No, she *is* the lady from the boat.  
Look at her shirt.

The kid points at the polo collar. The women collectively realize Skyla is right, but all are too polite to say anything. Finally, Kelly lets her jacket loose.

KELLY

If you ever need some coupons I'd be happy to hook you up.

The women smile uncomfortably.

JILL

Great to know! Well we should go find the hubbies - it was so good seeing you.

They leave. Kelly turns around, putting on a brave face and busying herself with the cards again.

CAM

Old friends?

KELLY

High school classmates. And their herds. But, um, I actually forgot, I have to go work on something.

She gathers her things.

CAM

Oh, okay. Do you think I could see you again before I go?

KELLY

We can try?

She takes a few forceful steps away, but then circles back and hugs him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Just in case I don't see you.

She leaves Cam alone. For an actress, not very convincing.

INT. NEWARK GYM - NIGHT

**SLAM!**

The guys kick in the door to the burlesque gym and **strut** in perfect unison to the fierce music.

Each guy takes the opportunity to show his moves in a dance break - even Dave angry dances through his cynicism. Sam, in particular, moves with inexplicable rhythm and fluidity.

They are flawless, not breaking once, all the way to the final counts: five, six, seven, and POSE.

The room is stunned silent. Until a phone rings.

BRAD

Hello?

He listens. He checks his watch.

BRAD (CONT'D)

...No, no, we'll be there!

He hangs up and books it towards the door, the rest of the guys watching after. Brad doubles back.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I didn't think that needed explaining: they found us a flight!

Off they go.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Cam trudges in, passing Linda.

CAM

Hi, Linda.

LINDA

Your friends have arrived.

CAM

No way. I can't believe they didn't text. Thanks, Linda.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Cam hurries in, following the sounds of conversation and laughter in the other room.

He throws the door open, finding not his friends, but **three strippers at the ready.**

STRIPPER 1

Is this our bachelor?

STRIPPER 2  
Surprised?

STRIPPER 3  
Don't be scared. You're in good hands.

But before he can find out just how good, he bolts back out.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kelly sits broodingly at her computer. Her phone rings.

KELLY  
Hello?

She listens, a slowly smiling in spite of herself.

KELLY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
You know, you don't have to make up  
outrageous lies about strippers;  
you can just ask to come over.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT

CAM  
Like the rest of this weekend, I  
couldn't make it up if I tried. And I  
genuinely hate intruding on your work.

KELLY  
It's fine, I'll just wake up early.

The space is quaint and cozy, yet impressively orderly.

She vanishes into her room and reappears with a change of  
clothes for him.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Would you prefer to sleep on the  
couch or in the bed?

She stands directly in front of him, only the pile of loaned  
clothes separating them.

CAM  
(Careful...)  
Is it too forward to say the bed?

KELLY  
Not at all.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

She flips on the light, and he follows cautiously behind. She leans just far enough out of the way to let Cam slide in beside her - so close...

But Kelly cuts to the chase:

KELLY

Bed's right there. Extra blankets  
up in the closet and if you need to  
adjust the AC it's that knob.

With lightning speed, she pulls a pillow from the closet and thrusts it into his hands.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need anything -  
I normally pass out by eleven  
thirty but I'm a light sleeper.

She hugs him goodnight, then closes the door behind her. He stands awkwardly, wind taken out of his sails.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door. She makes it all of two steps before stopping: **the horrifying realization hits her like a ton of bricks as she replays the moment in her mind.**

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Cam settles into bed, looking similarly horrified.

CAM

So that's the time I met a cool girl  
and made her sleep on her own couch.

With a sigh, he reaches over and clicks the light off.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The guys sprint for their plane.

INT. JESS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jess scrolls through old photos of her and Cam, finally revisiting their text chat - all those unanswered texts...

She pulls up a new message, but hesitates.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Cam wakes to the L going by. The room lit soft with daylight.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He pokes his head into the common area - empty. He paces, uncertain of what to do with himself. Kelly nowhere in sight, he pokes around.

- Her laptop open to editing software; a sketch - starring her! - paused on the screen.

- Several self-help books - he flips through one; from start to finish, several phrases are underlined or highlighted.

-Some awards: speech meet medals for best monologue, singles tennis, swimming, etc...

-Perhaps not surprisingly, a consummately organized day-by-day schedule.

-A photo: Kelly and a few friends sunbathing in Central Park. He feels stupid - so presumptuous.

At last, the jangling of keys. Kelly appears in running gear.

KELLY

Hey. I wondered if you'd be awake.

She hands him a coffee and a bagel. Cam holds up the bagel.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(Re: bagel)

They're not as good.

He gestures to **the New York photo**.

CAM

I didn't realize--

She shrugs.

KELLY

Do you have anywhere to be? I have a little downtime before work.

CAM

You? Downtime?

KELLY

I have a precious two hours before work during which I typically do some reading that I'm willing to set aside for this occasion. If you have no standing public appearances or interviews, of course.

His phone buzzes - but without looking, he ignores, sending straight to voicemail.

CAM

We're good.

KELLY

Great. I got you a surprise.

INT. ADLER PLANETARIUM - MORNING

Stars swirl overhead. They have the place to themselves.

CAM

How'd you arrange this?

KELLY

I told them I was bringing someone incredibly famous.  
(End sarcasm)  
My ex's friend runs the events.

CAM

Ah. Your ex, huh?

KELLY

Nothing recent, don't worry.

CAM

I would never.  
(Switching)  
So you want to talk about the park yesterday?

KELLY

Ugh. I haven't seen those girls - those *women* - since high school. When I was very orderly and type-A. Drama club president, voted most likely to succeed by my classmates.

CAM

Okay...

KELLY

So it was only slightly mortifying to bump into them and their families in my tour boat uniform.

CAM

There's no shame in working on a tour boat.

KELLY

I know there's no shame in working on a tour boat, and it's certainly less shameful than letting a child with impressive facial recall take the fall for the sake of my ego, but I don't know how to reconcile a lifetime of other's high expectations of me with how far behind I've fallen.

CAM

You haven't fallen behind--

KELLY

I have. I went to college on an acting scholarship. I was the first one in my class to book a job out of school. Everything was going to plan, and then the worst thing happened.

CAM

What?

KELLY

I fell in love with my director - classic Hollywood move. He was older, had a few music videos under his belt, thought highly of himself, and - because he liked me - I didn't question his taste. He'd make fun of my friends' "frivolous" commercial auditions, or "classless" one act plays, so I started turning them down. But when "real" opportunities like auditions came along, he was always too busy to help, and then one day I woke up and he was packing all of his stuff.

CAM

What?

KELLY

A friend of a friend of a friend  
set him up with a meeting in LA and  
he had to go for it.

CAM

That's terrible.

KELLY

The real terrible part is that the  
same day he moved out, I got an  
invite for my ten-year high school  
reunion. Ten years out, and nothing  
to show for it - no job or a  
boyfriend or even a community  
theater production. So I skipped  
the reunion, and made the move to  
New York promising that within a  
year I'd have at least one  
legitimate credit under my belt.

CAM

And?

KELLY

You met me on a tour boat in Chicago,  
right? Took the year. Got rep and a  
few callbacks, but didn't book.  
Scrapped it. Back to square one.

CAM

A year isn't a very long time by  
New York standards. You should try  
again. Stick with it longer.

KELLY

Spoken like a New Yorker. Always  
talking about how mean and cold and  
tough it is, and in the same breath  
how much you love it. Classic  
Stockholm Syndrome.

(Beat)

Beautiful in autumn, though.

He laughs - great save.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I blew it once already by getting  
distracted. I'm out of time to  
waste.

She nods.

CAM

Well. I don't think anyone is where they imagined they'd be ten years earlier. You deserve more credit than you're giving yourself. You are fun and welcoming and somehow manage to wake up at the crack of dawn to go running. You are so impressive your classmates are invested in your acting career more than ten years after you all graduated. Their kids remember you from one tour. If you're as good at acting as you are at your day job it's only a matter of time.

KELLY

You're very impressive too. You've been here for two days and have a better run of the city than I do.

CAM

I had a lot of help from the city.

Their eyes lock for a shining moment - which Kelly cuts short by darting her eyes back upwards, he follows suit, their hands so tantalizingly close...

EXT. PLANETARIUM - MORNING

A quick photo with the box office assistant outside the planetarium, and they depart. Kelly begins to descend the stairway, but Cam stops and pulls her back towards him.

They kiss.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN - DAY

They pass through, smirking. Some passersby stop them.

PASSERBY

Hey! You're that lonely Chicago dude! Lemme get a sad picture?

He thrusts the phone to Kelly.

KELLY

Alright, everyone together. One, two, three...

She examines her work, looks **to Cam, who grins like an idiot.**

KELLY (CONT'D)  
 Okay, let's do one more.  
 (Mouthing)  
 Look *sad!*

CAM  
 (Mouthing)  
 I'm trying.

He tries to relax- he cannot stop smiling. Nor she.

KELLY  
 One, two...

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

They slow their gait at the hotel's entrance. Cam turns to face Kelly, looking like there's something on the tip of his tongue. She eyes him curiously.

KELLY  
 What?

CAM  
 Nothing.

KELLY  
 You're staring at me like a weirdo,  
 just say it.

CAM  
 I was thinking...

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The heavy rapping of palms and knuckles on the glass beside them: **the guys are all eating brunch in the hotel lobby.**

EDDY  
 (Through the glass)  
 We alive, emmer-effer!

CAM  
 (Yelling back)  
 Fine, thanks! How are you?  
 (To Kelly)  
 Those are my friends!

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Cam runs in, slammed by hugs from the guys.

CAM  
 (To Linda)  
 These guys giving you a hard time,  
 Linda?

LINDA  
 Harmless so far.

CAM  
 When did you guys get here? And  
 when did you last bathe?

BRAD  
 You need to sign an NDA before we  
 unpack the past seventy-two hours.

They break apart.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 Did you get any of our texts?

CAM  
 I haven't been checking my phone.

He pulls his phone out. Numerous notifications, not least of  
 all a **missed call from Jess.**

Sure enough, Cam looks up, totally agape. There, at the hotel  
 entrance, is **Jess, who waves timidly.**

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The guys sit defensively in their booth, watching like hawks,  
 mimosas in hand. Kelly has joined them on the edge. All watch  
 the tense conversation between Cam and Jess at the lobby bar.

SAM  
 She's probably coming for his  
 sperm. Her stance, clarity of her  
 skin, all indicators of ovulation.

DAVE  
 You can tell that?

Kelly tries to look comfortable beside Brad.

BRAD  
 I'm sure it's just an amicable  
 closure conversation.

KELLY  
 That's optimistic of you.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

JESS

It feels silly, but the thought of you out here on your own, moving on so fast after so many years together--

CAM

That's not what was happening.

JESS

Well I know that now that I see the guys are here. But I didn't realize you weren't here alone before--

CAM

Because you wouldn't respond. I had to get out and keep busy or I was going to go insane.

JESS

Keep busy, but not moving on?

Cam considers, Kelly just across the room...

JESS (CONT'D)

Cam?

CAM

No. It wasn't like that.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY RESTAURANT - SIMULTANEOUS

...and Brad and Kelly both clock it. Kelly quickly hides her sadness with a genial smile.

KELLY

I'm actually going to head out. Local tip: go to Clark Pizza, put your name down on the waitlist, go around the corner to Junior's, have a beer for forty-five minutes, check back in at CP. Your table will time out perfectly.

She slides out and away.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

JESS

(Having gotten her answer)  
I realize I was unfair. But I'm  
ready to have a conversation now.

Her hand finds his...

JESS (CONT'D)

Maybe we could take the chance to  
get on the same page.

He struggles...

JESS (CONT'D)

'A second chance opens the door to  
a clear heart and resolved mind.'

INT. HOTEL, RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Cam and Jess approach.

CAM

Jess is going to stay for a little  
bit, so we can talk through things.

JESS

I appreciate you all making space  
in your weekend and in your minds  
for me this weekend.

He can't help but notice Kelly is gone.

CAM

Jess, you're probably hungry - maybe  
you can order some food. I just need  
to check something really quick.

Cam steps away, looks around, pulls out his phone...

KELLY (V.O.)

(Via VM recording)

You've reached Kelly. Please leave  
a brief message.

INT. HOTEL, FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

CAM

Hey, Linda. Did you see my friend  
leave? The one I walked in with?

LINDA

Yes. She left a message on her way out.

She reads from the pad.

LINDA (CONT'D)

"If Cam asks tell him I hope he gets what he wants out of this weekend. Actually, that sounds meaner than I thought, just say I had to finish some work before my show. Thanks."

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Cam returns to the group.

RONALD

According to the itinerary, the game starts in an hour. Shall we?

EDDY

Cam. We have so much lost time to make up for. Any Insta invites we can take to upgrade this sitch?

Cam, **surrounded**, pulls out his phone.

I/E. WRIGLEY FIELD, BOX - DAY

The gang watches a Cubs game from the best seats in the house. Jess looks disinterested.

EDDY

Cam, we are not worthy.

CAM

Couldn't do it without you guys.

DAVE

You are literally only doing it because you were without us.

A knock - a stadium employee pokes his head in.

STADIUM EMPLOYEE

Cameron?

BRAD

(Pointing to Cam)  
Present.

The employee steps through fully, loads of Cubs gear in hand.

STADIUM EMPLOYEE

We wanted to give you a proper welcome, and to also invite your friends to sit on the third-base line while you throw out the first pitch.

EDDY

Um. Hell yes?!

STADIUM EMPLOYEE

I'll be back to take you down.

The door closes, and the guys all celebrate.

CAM

Oh my God, what if I blow it?

BRAD

Then you'd rank competitively for a team that's gone a hundred years between World Series wins.

Cam clocks Jess, looking less thrilled. He sits beside her.

CAM

What's up?

JESS

I just... I didn't bring any sunscreen.

CAM

There's a shop outside, we can grab some on the way down.

JESS

And then we just sit down there, where everyone is all angry about the game and close to me?

CAM

They're fans.

JESS

Right. Sure. That's fine.

Cam tries to convince himself that it is, in fact, fine.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD, PITCHER'S MOUND

Cam stands on the mound, totally surreal.

## ANNOUNCER

Let's give a warm welcome to the  
groomsman you know as Chicago for  
One, Cam Chambers! And a warm  
welcome to the bachelor party.

He looks to the jumbotron - the camera on the guys cheering.  
And Jess, shielding her squinting face from the sun: not fine.

Cam pushes the distraction down, throws with all his might...

## EXT. BOOZE CRUISE - EVENING

A stunning yacht circles Navy Pier on Lake Michigan, the  
skylight twinkles against the sunset behind.

Eddy raises a glass before the rest of the guys.

## EDDY

To Brad. After this trip, marriage  
will be a breeze.

They party clinks and downs their shots. Cam looks around.  
Jess sits at the end of the bar alone. Cam approaches.

Up close, we see that Jess is bright red.

## CAM

Did you want to come have a drink  
with the group?

## JESS

I'm fine here with my own drink.

**BUZZ.**

Cam's phone goes off: incoming call from **Kramer.**

## JESS (CONT'D)

In fact, maybe we could take a  
minute inside to have a quiet talk?  
It's a bit cold on the sunburn...

**BUZZ.**

Another call from Kramer.

## CAM

Sure, maybe after the guys--

**Buzzzzzzzzzz.**



CAM  
What do you mean?

BRAD  
Cam, who'd you come to Chicago for?

CAM  
You?

BRAD  
No. I invited you, and Ashley incentivized you, but you decided to come. And you became an internet sensation and won over the city of Chicago on your own. And you let it all get derailed by... a hiccup.

Cam looks at Jess, shivering with the breeze on her burn.

CAM  
But Jess came here for me.

BRAD  
*Planning* a trip and leaving her New York bubble the moment you're having fun without her? C'mon, Cam. She didn't come here for you. She came here for her.

Across the way, Jess holds her champagne glass up with an unsteady, cold hand for an Insta pic of her own. With a sigh, Cam throws one more look to the Chicago skyline, where the Planetarium drifts past. Emboldened, he marches back...

EXT. BOOZE CRUISE, BAR - CONTINUOUS

...straight to Jess.

JESS  
Ready to go inside?

CAM  
No. I'm ready to get on the same page. Jess. What are we doing?

JESS  
What?

CAM  
Look at us, we are not a happy couple. Not here, not in New York, not living apart, not living together.

JESS  
Living together?

CAM  
I was going to ask you to move in together, but you dumped me before I could.

JESS  
Because of your gaslighting, exploitative corporate job.

CAM  
Yes. Because of my job. Because I want to chase new opportunities and progress in my job and be proud of my work. And I don't think that's the path you see laid out for yourself. I don't really know the path you see laid out for yourself. I don't know you know the path you have laid out for yourself. And I suspect you're comfortable with that, but I'm not.

JESS  
Well. I guess I did come to Chicago to have a talk after all.

She stands. To his surprise, she hugs him.

CAM  
Good luck with everything.

She grabs her drink.

JESS  
'Shallow people believe in luck. Strong people believe in cause and effect.'

And with that, she heads inside. Brad appears once more.

BRAD  
I'm proud of you, man.

But Cam is off again. Brad hurries after.

CAM  
I gotta get off this boat.

BRAD  
Okay, let's talk through this. Breakups are hard, but that looked--

Cam whirls around.

CAM  
I have to apologize to Kelly.

BRAD  
(Relieved)  
OH. Sure. Let me come with you!

CAM  
I can't do that. This is your bachelor weekend.

BRAD  
Yeah, chasing down a cool girl my friend likes would totally be a lowlight of my big weekend - especially after crying myself to sleep for the last two nights at the Newark Sweet Dreamz Inn. C'mon.

Cam smiles. But before they can take off--

EDDY (O.S.)  
Hey!

Eddy and the pack close in.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
What gives?

CAM  
Guys, I'm so sorry, I know your weekend has been terrible, but Brad has offered--

BRAD  
Cam needs to see about a girl!

Eddy stares in disbelief. Cam readies for hell to rain down.

EDDY  
Cam. What are you thinking? This is the bachelor party.

CAM  
I know. And I don't mean to barge in on Brad or your time with him--

But Eddy throws a hand on Cam's shoulder.

EDDY  
No. Cam. *This--*

He gestures to himself, Cam, and the guys.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Is the bachelor party - what are you thinking not calling upon us in your time of need?

Cam looks at the other guys, who stand strong in agreement.

CAM

Okay.

Cam grabs at his pockets.

CAM (CONT'D)

She's got an improv show--

Cam pulls the **flyer** that she gave him from his coat pocket, holding it up victoriously. The guys cheer.

But before he can unfold it, the **wind rips the flyer from his grasp**. They fall silent as the paper flutters into darkness.

DAVE

So. What do we do?

Ronald steps up. Best Man's time to shine. He spits orders like his weekend plans were never derailed to begin with.

RONALD

Alright. Cam. You mentioned an improv show. Do you have any ideas of the theater she's with? The improv group she's in?

CAM

Yes!

He pulls up the pre-Malort selfie from the night out with Kelly and her improv friends.

RONALD

Perfect. Surely, with your new thousands of followers and all eyes on you someone can help you out.

CAM

What?

RONALD

Social media, Cameron, keep up!

Oh! Cam pulls the picture up into Instagram and types.

RONALD (CONT'D)

In the meantime, surely, this show is  
on land. We gotta get back to shore.  
We need a life raft, or dinghy.

EDDY

Or a reason to turn this ship  
around.

Before anyone can object, Eddy jumps to the front of the  
yacht. He stands on the very edge - Leo-in-Titanic-style.

EDDY (CONT'D)

GET ME BACK TO SHORE IMMEDIATELY OR  
I WILL JUMP!

The crowd on board boos, but Cameron furiously finishes  
typing and hits **post**. A second later, the photo is up, along  
with the caption, which we hear in **VO**:

*CAM (V.O.)*

*Dear Chicago, this weekend has been  
a blast from start to finish.  
You helped turn a moment of panic  
into the funnest time.*

EDDY

I'M NOT JOKING, HERE! IF WE DON'T  
TURN THIS SHIP AROUND RIGHT NOW--

*CAM (V.O.)*

*But there's one particular person  
whom I owe special thanks before  
leaving.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOZE CRUISE, DOCK - NIGHT

The boat is back at the dock. The guys flee as Eddy sits in  
handcuffs on shore, a swarm of upset partygoers jeering from  
the decks.

EDDY

Fly, my pretties!

The guys start to run, but Sam stays behind.

DAVE

Sam?

SAM  
I'll hang back for Eddy; see if any  
of my connects at the FBI field  
office can have a word with these  
officers.

DAVE  
FBI?!

RONALD  
C'mon, Dave!

Dave runs on with the remaining bachelor party.

CAM (V.O.)  
*Someone so great, you forget you're  
all alone for the first time in a  
strange city.*

EXT. CHICAGO STREET

The group pauses to orient themselves.

RONALD  
Alright, Cam. What do we have?

Cam scrolls through the comments underneath his newest post.

CAM (V.O.)  
*Kelly's team, Middle Children, is  
putting on what is bound to be a  
killer show tonight. I'd love tips  
on how to get to it!*

CAM  
(Aloud, reading the  
comments for info)  
The show starts soon - and the  
theater is too far.

Brad looks on his phone.

BRAD  
Twenty minute wait for an Uber?

Cam thinks... *Aha!*

(Intercut:)

INT. HOTEL, FRONT DESK

LINDA

Yello.

CAM

Linda! It's Cam. Listen, we need a car at Millennium Park.

LINDA

I can get you one that'll meet you at Riverwalk.

CAM

We'll take it.

The guys take off - behind them, the Blue Cross Blue Shield building emblazons a message: BREAK A LEG KELLY & TEAM!

CAM (V.O.)

*Maybe you could help me thank her by joining me to cheer her on.*

-INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Elliot and Jackie reading off.

JACKIE

Our favorite groomsman calling for help getting to an improv show...

-EXT. CHICAGO STREET

Cam pauses as the guys run - Portillo's! Cam dashes in.

-INT. CLUB

Aaron scrolls on his phone in a panic. He turns to all the table service folk.

AARON

This place is officially lame! We gotta get to this show!

-INT. CAR

The clerks from the Bears game post from the backseat.

CLERK 1

We're crashing this show, too!



INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Brad and Cam pile into the van, the driver looking around for anyone on his tail.

CAM  
Sorry there's not room for us all.

DAVE  
No apology necessary, here.

RONALD  
We'll reconvene at the hotel later.

Brad closes the door. Meanwhile, the driver pulls rubber gloves on.

DRIVER  
You were right about Chicago - definitely worth the detour.

BRAD  
Please don't credit me for your being here.

He hands more gloves back to Brad and Cam.

DRIVER  
Either of you allergic to latex? I might need you to hold some cargo.

Brad buckles up, knowingly. Cam follows suit.

I/E. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The van screeches as it tears around the corner.

-EXT. WHIRLYBALL RINK

A post from the whirlyball clerk, surrounded by the teens from their game, recording themselves.

WHIRLYBALL CLERK	TEENS
We wanna see the show!	See you at the show!

I/E. VAN

Cam and Brad, surrounded by flapping birds and scaly creatures, watch the road in terror. The van comes up quickly on a drawbridge, lights flashing as it is about to raise.

CAM

Um. Um?!

BRAD

We need to stop.

DRIVER

Why? Seatbelts are on, right?

He guns it, the van hitting the ramp and getting air. Brad and Cam close their eyes and scream as the van launches into the air...

And lands on the other side with a thud, screeching to a halt and falling silent - feathers float about as they settle. Save for Brad and Cam, who keep screaming, even after they finally open their eyes and look around.

Only after fully surveying to make sure that they are, indeed, still alive do they stop screaming and start laughing - they should never have doubted...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Cards on the table, I wasn't sure that was gonna work.

He starts the van back up - Brad and Cam no longer laugh.

INT. IMPROV THEATRE

Kelly looks out at the crowd inside.

KELLY

Holy shit.

EXT. IMPROV THEATRE

The van screeches to a halt before a massive crowd gathered in front of the theatre.

CAM

Holy shit.

INT. IMPROV THEATRE, LOBBY

Brad and Cam push their way through the crowd, packed into and overflowing from the box office.

CAM

Excuse me. So sorry.

BRAD

Pardon us. Friend on a mission.

A Will-Call Agent calls out to them before they can reach the door.

WILL-CALL AGENT

Excuse me! You can't go in there.

CAM

Please, it's important. We're trying to see someone in the show.

WILL-CALL AGENT

The show just started. Sorry.

BRAD

But he's Chicago for One!

The crowd lets out a small **cheer!** for him.

WILL-CALL AGENT

And we're sold out for the early show. You'll have to wait for the next show.

CAM

We'll stand if we have to!

The crowd rallies, shoving ahead...

INT. IMPROV THEATRE, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The group bursts through. Every seat is filled, and the actors are already on stage, Kelly included - all stunned.

Kelly, mid-pantomime, is still fixated on Cam. What. Is. Happening. Cam, noting her frozenness, settles, sitting in the aisles, getting the audience to ease with him.

LAURIE

(Pushing onward)

Well I love your memoir.

A long pause. Kelly still stares in shock at Cam. Cam stares back, unable to offer anything to say.

KELLY

My memoir?

LAURIE

Yes. About your semi-famous formative years being known as the girl who threw up in grade school?

CAM  
 (Under his breath)  
 Come on.

KELLY  
 Yes. Yeah, it was a real labor of  
 love. You could say it just poured  
 out of me.

LAURIE  
 The book or the vomit?

KELLY  
 Exactly.

To everyone's relief, laughter at the joke.

LAURIE  
 What was it called again?

KELLY  
 Ah, *What Goes Down Must Come Up*.

More laughter.

LAURIE  
 Yes. I read all the rave reviews.

KELLY  
 Two enthusiastic throws up --  
 thumbs up.

She fake gags on the "mistake". More laughter and applause,  
 as the scene changes.

The show goes on: *flashes of brilliant one-liners from the  
 group - specifically, Kelly - met with laughter.*

At last, the team takes its bow - uproarious cheers.

EXT. IMPROV THEATRE - NIGHT

The crowd swarms Kelly, who graciously takes the compliments.  
 Across the way, she locks eyes with Cam, who waves timidly.  
 She points - *meet over there?* Cam acknowledges and moves.

EXT. IMPROV THEATRE, ALLY - NIGHT

Kelly whips around - less happy than hoped for.

KELLY  
 What are you doing?

CAM

I wanted to support you!

KELLY

By crashing my show with yet  
*another* change of heart?

CAM

I guess it felt more romantic in  
theory than in practice.

KELLY

You went from being dumped to being  
back in a long-term relationship to  
declaring your feelings for someone  
you didn't know three days ago all  
within twenty-four hours.

CAM

I mean, when you say it like that.  
All accurately...

KELLY

Look, this was an unexpected  
weekend for both of us, and--

She gags on the words as dramatically as he choked on Malort.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I like you.

CAM

I like you, too--

But she holds him back.

KELLY

But you are hurt and confused, and  
it's making you act hurtful and  
confusing. Are you single? Working  
on it? Like, what's happening?

CAM

Well, things with Jess - but then  
with you...

KELLY

This isn't an either-or scenario,  
you know that right? It's not a  
true or false test.

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

I think you need, like, four months of being totally single -- and then six to eight more months of purely casual dating -- before even considering anything serious. But I can't...

KELLY (CONT'D)

Slow down again.

CAM

Slow down again.

He nods, not satisfied. She looks like she wants to implore further, but resists, turning away.

But Cam struggles - something coming up inside him...

CAM (CONT'D)

Hey.

He seems surprised by the fact that he is talking.

CAM (CONT'D)

I just want to say... something.

She's listening.

CAM (CONT'D)

I admire your unflappable dedication to this timeline you've set for yourself. But that's not how life works. It has setbacks and surprises and whirlwind weekends that introduce you to impressive people! And maybe those things don't look like part of your plan - but they're allowed. And sometimes they're worth going off-script for. I don't say this hoping you'll change your mind about me - you don't owe me that. I'm saying it because you deserve all that you planned for yourself and more.

She cannot locate an internal protocol for this Hail Mary.

But her friends appear around the corner.

CHARLIE

Kelly, come on! We're pouring wine!

KELLY

I should get back. Get home safe.

She starts to walk away, but turns back.

KELLY (CONT'D)

There's construction on the departures terminal, so give yourselves extra time when you head to the airport. Fifteen minutes. Twenty if you're checking bags.

She returns inside, making room for Cam to exhale. Brad emerges and places a hand on Cam's shoulder. They slink off.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cam pauses, turns to Brad.

CAM

Let's never mention any of this again.

BRAD

Mention any of what?

Exactly. They step inside.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The boys party raucously with the long-forgotten strippers, who don borrowed Chicago swag. Drinks and glitter abound.

EDDY

THERE HE IS!

STRIPPER 1

Finally!

RONALD

How'd it go?

CAM

Oh, I--

BRAD

(Butting in)

Hold up. I thought we said no strippers.

EDDY

No, you said no strip *clubs*, and they're not in a strip club, they're in a hotel room, where they've been waiting for thirty hours to celebrate the bachelor, so get. In. Here.

Brad and Cam put on a happy face to join, the tops of Chicago landmarks twinkling outside their penthouse window.

FADE TO:

INT. NYC SUBWAY - MORNING

Cam stares out the window at the Empire State Building - less admiringly, more scrutinously.

Cam lets his eyes drift to his neighbor's crossword, filled with several telling words:  
 "Fired"... "Transition"... "Chaos"

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Cam steps off the elevator, bracing himself. But it is a calm, pleasant morning.

MIMI

Morning!

Cam glances around, but everything... seems... tame?

MIMI (CONT'D)

Disappointed the place didn't go up  
 in flames while you were gone?

But Steve appears as well, much to Cam's exhaustion.

STEVE

Cam. Craziest thing - I was looking  
 at your Instagram--

CAM

Steve, are you harassing me with  
 information you got while digitally  
 stalking me on company time?

STEVE

I--what?

CAM

HR could decide - Mimi would be my  
 witness.

MIMI

Hell yeah I would.

Steve, baffled, hurries away.

MIMI (CONT'D)

Did someone kill Cam in Chicago and  
 replace him with a badass clone?

CAM

Just no time for BS.

KRAMER (O.S.)

Cameron!

Sounds about right.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, KRAMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cam braces himself as he steps in.

KRAMER

I see you're back.

CAM

I'm sorry, sir. I should have been honest with you instead of dodging the truth. By now I'm sure you've heard more about the real reason for my absence, and if you'd like to discuss I will be totally transparent.

A long pause as Kramer takes this in. At last:

KRAMER

(Barely a whisper)  
So it was ebola?

CAM

I-- what?

Cam looks on Kramer's desk: right where he left it, albeit under a couple coffee cups - **his resume and presentation.**

CAM (CONT'D)

You didn't... do anything with the print-outs. You didn't even look--?

Kramer snaps his fingers.

KRAMER

Know what? It slipped my mind. I'm sure Tanya sent it over if it was important. You were saying - ebola.

Mimi pokes her head in.

MIMI

Josh Keller's office on hold--

Cam holds a threatening finger up, silencing her.

CAM

After all the 'busy season' talk,  
after I rearranged my life for this  
project, it slipped your mind. Oh,  
my God, that *is* corporate  
gaslighting!

KRAMER

Excuse me?

He reaches over knocking the coffee cups aside, holding his  
resume up.

CAM

I left my application for the  
liaison job on your desk with the  
print-outs, and you didn't even  
notice! I was freaking out half the  
time I was in Chicago - *during busy  
season* -

KRAMER

Cameron, *Cameron*.

Kramer stands to meet him.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

I know.

CAM

You-- what?

Kramer pulls some newspaper and magazine clippings from his  
drawer, the top reading: **NY Advertising Exec's Viral Chicago  
Trip.**

KRAMER

Everyone knocks print, but they get  
the most important stuff that  
happens. I've gotten more calls  
this past week than I have in the  
past five years - including Slick  
Saw. I was thrilled to talk next  
steps - projects or promotions. Of  
course, now that I know about this  
resume you left...

Cam and Mimi watch, frozen, as Kramer mulls over. At last:

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Right. Follow me. Both of you.

MIMI

But Keller's office--

But Kramer need only snap again, and she joins.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, CREATIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They follow the hall. Kramer breezing past Steve's desk.

STEVE

She's not--

KRAMER

That's fine.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, CREATIVE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mimi, Kramer, and Cam stand before Tanya's desk.

TANYA

Hi - Cam, welcome back. We--

KRAMER

We have an urgent matter on our hands. Cameron has given me his application for the digital job, which illuminates a concern that he has outgrown his role as my assistant. I believe we should transition him out of it.

TANYA

Why are you telling me this?

KRAMER

Because I think it would be best for HR to receive two recommendations for him - one from you and one from me. He has a firm grasp on numbers - he could whip a bid up for me if I ever asked. And it seems he's even managed to launch a successful viral campaign of sorts for himself recently, proving he has great instincts when it comes to the world of digital.

Cam looks up: say what?

KRAMER (CONT'D)

And despite my reluctance to let Cameron move on, I believe Mimi has proven herself a formidable replacement. We can start getting Cam on location assignments immediately and Mimi can step into his role.

(MORE)

KRAMER (CONT'D)

And between the two of them, someone will teach me how to sync my e-calendars.

Cameron and Mimi exchange looks, then nod in agreement. Outside, Steve looks peeved - rad.

TANYA

Great. Done.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING, HR HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Kramer and Cameron walk back down the hall.

CAM

Thank you for that.

KRAMER

Cameron, it is not my intention to hold anyone back. It just happens that when you find something that works for you, it's easy to get comfortable. If you want to move on all you had to do was say so.

So it seems.

INT. NY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Cam clears his desk as Mimi slides in.

Steve approaches, just as Mimi flips the name tag over on her desk - **Assistant to T. Kramer** - stopping Steve in his tracks.

Meanwhile, Cam walks down the hall to the digital office, where Tanya greets him with a handshake.

INT. PLANE - DAY

**Quick cuts:** Cam looking out the window at **various skylines.**

INT. BAR/ CAFE/ RESTAURANTS

**Quick cuts** of Cam visiting local haunts, making new friends, trying local wares, snapping pics as he goes. Seasons change. Time passes. Until months later, we revisit:

EXT. CHICAGO TOUR BOAT - DAY

Cam looks - alas, the tour guide on the boat is not Kelly.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT- DAY

Cam waits in the taxi line, eyes drifting to the word game the person in front of him is playing on their phone.

His phone buzzes: **@KellBell88 has tagged you in a post.**

He clicks: a photo of none other than **New York from above: 'My buddy tells me I owe this place a second chance. @ChicagoforOne'**

Another, time stamped only five minutes ago, in **Central Park.**

He dashes for a cab, but before he can jump in feels the wrath of New Yorkers in queue.

CAB PATRON 1

CAB PATRON 2

Whoa, whoa, whoa, we're all waiting here!

Nice try, buddy!

He changes his approach...

INT. BUS - LATER

Another notification from Kelly: **Battery Park, looking out at the Statue of Liberty.**

Panicked, he tries to dash off the bus, floundering against wave of people boarding like a salmon swimming upstream.

BUS RIDER

BUS RIDER 2

Watch it!

Wrong door!

EXT. STREET - LATER

He huffs and puffs, gets another notification: **Times Square.** Desperate, he throws a hand up.

CAM

Taxi!

Naturally, he gets splashed by the passing cab.

ONLOOKER (O.S.)

Try Uber, idiot!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - EVENING

At last, he arrives at Times Square. The creepy crowd of people in furry costumes parts, revealing Kelly.

CAM  
You... move quickly.

KELLY  
Or do I post slowly?

They look around.

CAM  
No place like it, right?

KELLY  
There's *really* not.

Where to begin?

CAM  
How have you been?

KELLY  
Fine. I quit my job.

CAM  
I know-- I was just in Chicago for work.

KELLY  
I saw that you travel for work now.

CAM  
Yeah, I switched roles. You were right - Omaha is a great city.

A beat. Who wants... to say it first...?

CAM (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. And I'm single. That was a weird jump. I just mean you were right, about taking time for myself.

KELLY  
You were right, too, about me. I took some small detours outside of my plan, and I met someone.

CAM  
I bet he's nice.

KELLY

He was.

CAM

Was?

KELLY

We broke up. Because I was planning on coming out here.

CAM

Really.

KELLY

Apparently some troupes and reps out here saw posts of our team's *unusual* show in Chicago - the one you and your buddies stormed - and were interested in meeting.

CAM

That's great! I mean, I'm sorry. I mean-- Are you here long?

KELLY

Maybe - gonna see how it goes with this new team.

CAM

Well, maybe I could repay the favor and show you some of my favorite spots. Make a case for New York.

KELLY

I would like that.

Hand in hand, they move off - #NewYorkforTwo - leaving Times Square, it's flashy billboards and its tourists taking selfies with its weirdos in costume, all behind.

PRE-LAP: The **ding!** of a notification:

EPILOGUE:

Close on a phone screen: **@BradBoBrad tagged you in a post.**

**Click.**

We are redirected to a photo of *Brad and Ashley's first kiss as bride and groom.*

Scrolling down, we note several congratulatory sentiments populate the comment section underneath.

We stop at: **@AllDayEddy - At least share the video!**

We click Eddy's user name. It takes us to his profile, where we find posted a video. With a click, we view:

*The groomsmen perform their burlesque moves for the crowd.*

Beneath, we read the caption: **@ChicagoforOne Don't worry, we'll teach you.**

We scroll further, to see a posted album, which we slide through photo to photo. **Cam pouring shots, the guys all raising shots, the guys all gagging on the shots. The final photo: Cam holding an ominous liquor bottle.**

The caption: *Babies' first Malort!*

**Ding!** *@KellBell89 liked your post.*

With a click on the username, we're taken to Kelly's profile.

We scroll on: a photo of Cam and Kelly - his wedding date!

We slide over to her tagged posts and select a video: *The bouquet toss... caught by Kelly, looking slightly mortified.*

At last, we scroll one last time to a photo of Cam and Kelly nose-to-nose in the middle of the crowded wedding dance floor bouquet in Kelly's grasp.

THE END.