

Crazy For You

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. SINGER/SOLOMON PUBLISHING LOBBY - EVENING

ZOEY (mid-20's, half-Rachel/half-Phoebe from *Friends*) crosses the lobby of Singer/Solomon. She stops at the security desk and hoists two tote bags filled with Kind Bars onto it. RAY, the security guard, looks up.

ZOEY

I screwed up and instead of ordering the usual 20 boxes for the office, I ordered 200. This is me destroying the evidence. Your love of snacks is a key part of my cover-up.

RAY

Man, you're lucky I'm a polo shirt-level security guard and not a blazer-level because a Blazer would rat you out in a heartbeat. But me? I will most definitely do you the favor and take these shits off your hands.

Ray tucks the totes away as Zoey walks toward the doors.

ZOEY

You're a lifesaver, Ray!

RAY

Yeah, you're just lucky I like you. There better not be any bullshit flavors like Black Truffle Almond in here though. Truffle has no business in a snack bar. White people have gone too far with the truffle.

Zoey turns back.

ZOEY

You know I'd never. I may have fucked up, but I'm not a complete fuck-up.

She enters the revolving doors and spins out into the night.

INT. CLITERATI OFFICES - SAME TIME

TASHA (mid-20's, confident, effortlessly cool) works at her computer, adjusting the copy and layout of a "Which Hollywood Chris is Your Vagina" article.

Tasha scrolls past Chris Evans, Pine and Hemsworth before typing "When Your Vagina So Good It Makes Him Say 'Daaammnnnn'" and dragging a picture of everyone's favorite Hollywood Chris, Chris Tucker, into the layout.

Tasha's phone buzzes. She looks down at it and sees a new text from EMMA that reads: three siren emojis, "It came!!!!!" followed by three more siren emojis. Tasha's eyes go wide. She grabs her stuff and races toward the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Zoey, slowly and blissfully, walks down the street. It's clear she does this walk every day because people along the way seem to know her. It kind of feels like Belle's intro in *Beauty and the Beast*, minus the singing and wholesomeness.

Zoey sees a HOMELESS GUY holding a sign that reads, "Montauk Monster Ruined My Life. Anything Helps." Zoey's eyes light up; she beelines for the guy.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Tasha sprints down the street, bumping into tons of people as she looks at her phone. She spots a GUY IN A SUIT about to re-dock a Citi Bike and grabs it from his hands.

GUY IN SUIT

Hey!

TASHA

You'll be fine! You're in a suit,  
you've got the money!

Tasha jumps on the bike and speeds away.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SAME TIME

ETHAN (mid-20's, one of the very, very rare good former frat guys/current finance bros. Seriously, ask him how much money his keggers used to raise for the Susan G. Koman foundation) races through Central Park, sweating through his suit. He answers his phone.

ETHAN

I'm cutting through the park now. I think I can beat her back and stall until you get there! I'm making incredible time. Personal record territory. Pure athleticism, bay-bee!

Ethan runs over PEOPLE LYING ON A BLANKET, then gets himself tangled in the string of a KID'S kite, pulling it from the kid's hands and taking it along with him.

ETHAN (cont'd)  
Shit! Shit! Sorry!

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Zoey listens as the Homeless Guy tells her his tale of woe. They're both eating Kind Bars.

HOMELESS GUY  
...And then this monster bursts into the house, absolutely freaking out. And he's kicking and screaming, doing all sorts of damage...

ZOEY  
Holy shit. Did you have to shoot it? Did you have a gun?

HOMELESS GUY  
What? I wouldn't shoot Kyle. He did like ninety-grand worth of damage to the summer-share, which was fully in my name, and basically bankrupted me, landing me here, but he's still a pretty alright guy. Friggin' Kyle.

Zoey notices for the first time that the Homeless Guy's extremely dirty sweatshirt is actually an extremely dirty, Patagonia sweatshirt.

ZOEY  
Ok so yeah, you're talking about a human man and not some descendant of that Montauk Monster that washed ashore like ten years ago. Gotcha.

HOMELESS GUY  
Didn't they say that thing was just a turtle without its shell?

ZOEY  
Yeah, some people said that...

Zoey drops two giant fistfuls of Kind Bars for him before taking out her headphones and plugging them into her phone.

HOMELESS GUY  
Wired? Jesus.

Zoey can't hear herself getting dragged over the sound of Lizzo's "Like a Girl" playing in her ears. She continues on with the appropriate Lizzo-induced pep in her step.

INT. CAB - SAME TIME

EMMA (mid-20's, extremely driven, the type of person that took up fencing as a kid not because she loved fencing, but because she heard Yale loves fencing) sits in the backseat, a ball of frantic energy.

EMMA  
(to herself)  
Come on, come on. Drive faster, you  
giant, piece of...

The DRIVER looks in the rear view mirror, clearly having heard Emma. Emma gives a big, fake smile. The driver makes a turn.

EMMA (cont'd)  
No, don't take Tenth, you maniac!

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - SAME TIME

Zoey, still happily bopping along, checks the mail, grabbing a small stack from the box, before heading for the stairs.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Tasha uses her feet to come to a very quick stop in front of her and Zoey's building. There's no Citi Bike dock in sight so she pushes the bike off down the street. Ethan rounds the corner at a full sprint and jumps over the bike. Tasha flings the building's door open and she and Ethan race in.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Zoey lets herself into the apartment, puts her stuff down and shuffles through the mail. She pulls a fancy envelope from the bunch and starts to open it. She just about has it open when Tasha and Ethan burst through the front door.

They see the fancy envelope in Zoey's hand.

TASHA/ETHAN  
No! Don't!

But they're too late. Zoey finishes opening the envelope. Invitation confetti explodes out of it, going everywhere.

Friggin invitation confetti. But while definitely monstrous, invitation confetti is not the problem. Zoey pulls an invitation to her ex-boyfriend, Scott's wedding out of the envelope -- that's the problem.

Zoey looks at the invite, then to her out of breath friends.

ZOEY

What? No? It's fine. It's fine.  
Honestly, it's really fine.

Emma runs up, very sweaty. She sees she's way too late.

EMMA

Oh fu--

HARD CUT TO:

INT. THE SALTY MONK (BAR) - A LITTLE LATER

Zoey sits at their favorite bar with Tasha, Ethan and Emma. There are a lot of empties on their table.

ZOEY

No, truly. I am truly over Scott.

EMMA

Yeah, we know. It's been more than two years and I'm still disturbed by how amicable that split was. He invited you to his wedding.

ZOEY

It's just, we agreed to break up after college so we could focus on establishing ourselves professionally and you know, not have to make compromised decisions about our lives and stuff. He wasn't supposed to be working on getting a new girlfriend, he was supposed to be working on himself. That was the whole deal.

TASHA

Ok, and this is just a thought, but is it possible he was able to do both?

Zoey thinks about that for a beat.

ZOEY

No, I literally have no time to date...

Zoey's friends all shoot each other looks.

ZOEY (cont'd)

...And I'm all in at my job and I'm just barely gaining any traction. The other day I asked if there was any sort of creative work I could take on, just like anything more than ordering K-cups and Post-it notes, and my boss just stared at me for like a full minute and then... walked away so... I guess no? And now with this Kind Bar fuck-up...

EMMA

Wait, what?

Ethan looks up from his phone, cutting Emma off.

ETHAN

Yeah, Scott was able to do both.

Ethan shows them Scott's LinkedIn. Zoey grabs Ethan's phone in disbelief, zooming in on Scott's latest job title.

ZOEY

VP?! How is that even possible? I've been grinding away at Singer/Solomon for years now and I'm still decidedly entry-level. Part of my job is to stay an hour later than everyone so I can fluff the farts out of Gregory Singer's sofa. That's one of my daily tasks. Every time he has to fart, he gets up from his desk and sits on his couch, using it like a fart silencer. And it's not enough for me to just open the windows at night. I have to really work those cushions. There's something about the fabric. It just traps a fart. Oh my god, I'm a professional fart wrangler. I'm a professional fart wrangler who can't multitask her life so she's going to die unsuccessful and alone.

Zoey takes a long swig from her beer.

TASHA

Yeah... we've actually been meaning to talk to you about...

ZOEY

Also, who's raw-dogging invitations into the world? I mean, right? How about a Save the Date, buddy? Are we just fully abandoning etiquette now?

Zoey looks at her friends who are awfully quiet for a beat.

ETHAN

(bursting)

There was a Save the Date! There was a Save the Date and Tasha threw it away! Threw it right into the trash because we've been trying to keep bad news from you for the past few months because you're in a rut and we were going to have like a rut-intervention except we weren't going to call it an intervention, we were going to call it something else TBD because "intervention" just sounds very dramatic. And look I feel like I'm allowed to say this because I'm your best friend...

TASHA/EMMA

You're not her best friend.

They both look at each other.

ETHAN

...But we're really worried about how long your downstairs business has been boarded up. If it goes much longer, the city is gonna condemn, if you know what I mean. I mean your cobwebbed va...

EMMA

Don't.

ETHAN

Right, no, yep. Babe, you're right. Sorry, that really got away from me...

ZOEY

Wow. I knew things weren't going great, but I didn't realize I was so pathetic my friends were conspiring to keep bad news from me. That's... oh my god, maybe I am a complete fuck-up.

Zoey puts her head on the table with a thud.

TASHA

No you're not. You just need a little boost outta this rut, baby boo! And we're here to boost ya! Like at work, I'm sure you have a friend there, in high places...

Tasha stares at Emma.

TASHA (cont'd)

Who could maybe help.

Tasha continues staring at Emma.

ETHAN

(to Emma)

Psst... babe, I think she means you.

EMMA

Fine. Yes. I'd maybe want to know more about this Kind Bar situation, but of course. I'll talk to Solomon for you.

Zoey lifts her head, optimism returning.

TASHA

As for dating... That's easy. You're hot and you're fun and I've seen you eat chicken wings and it's both elegant in its execution and disturbing in its quantity. You're a total catch.

ZOEY

Yeah. Right? I can get my love life back on track. I can totally get my love life back on track. How do I get my love life back on track?

ETHAN

I'll get more drinks.

Ethan heads to the bar as Tasha takes Zoey's phone and starts downloading a ton of dating apps. Like a ton.

TASHA

I'm so glad you asked. Let's get you swiping.

Zoey looks at the many, many dating apps on her phone.

ZOEY

On all of these?

TASHA

Yes! This a numbers game. You've just gotta get back out there and work those numbers.

Emma inhales sharply. Tasha looks up annoyed.

TASHA (cont'd)

What?

EMMA

Are we sure Zoey should be going the app route? I mean, I don't want to sound judgmental, but isn't online dating for desperate weirdos devoid of social skills?

TASHA

Uh, maybe the last time you were single it was, but you haven't had to give a hand-job to a random since Obama was president. You're a little out of date. Plus I think I know what's best for Zoey, I've been around since we were dumb kids way too horny for lesbian-haired Zac Efron.

EMMA

Well I've been around since the sexually formative college years when we were all horned-up for way too beefy Zac Efron and I just think Zoey should aim higher and try to meet a guy out at some respectable place, you know like I did with Ethan...

TASHA

At a frat house? I've got this.

Tasha hands Zoey's phone back to her and she starts swiping.

TASHA (cont'd)

Oo, yes to him. He works at SpaceX. That's an automatic yes, no further info needed. You're going to want space options for yourself. We're treating Earth like it's a rental.

Emma watches Zoey and Tasha having fun, swiping for a beat with the tightest smile imaginable. Ethan returns with some more beers. Emma starts grilling him.

EMMA

Which of your coworkers are single? I want names, pictures, and, ideally, salary information.

ETHAN

Can't we swipe with them? Don't you want to feel what we missed out on?

Ethan catches a guy on Zoey's phone.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Oo. Yes to him, I have questions.

Emma snaps her fingers by Ethan's face.

EMMA

Ethan. Focus. We've got work to do.

Emma starts aggressively looking around the bar as Tasha, Zoey and Ethan remain engrossed by the apps.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Zoey comes out of her room, holding the bottom of her shirt, showing it off to Tasha who is sitting on the couch.

ZOEY

What do we think of this?

TASHA

It's great. You look perfect.

ZOEY

I'm actually excited. I didn't think I'd be meeting someone so quickly.

TASHA

No this is exactly how you want to do it. You've got to meet them in person as quickly as possible. There's no point wasting time with the digital version of someone. I did an article on a girl that fell in love with a guy based purely on their text relationship, like fully this-is-my-soulmate in love, and then they finally met up and she heard his voice for the first time and... full Jennifer Tilly. The guy sounded exactly like Jennifer Tilly. That's a whole-ass mess. So much wasted time.

(MORE)

TASHA (cont'd)  
You've got to be out there meeting  
and culling. Meeting and culling.

ZOEY  
Jennifer Tilly?

TASHA  
A whole-ass mess. Alright, have fun.

Zoey heads for the door as Tasha starts clicking the remote.

TASHA (cont'd)  
Oo, I wonder if *Chucky* is on Netflix.

Zoey looks back, a little nervous now, before she heads out.

EXT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

Zoey looks at her TINDER DATE'S profile on her phone. She looks up through the restaurant's window and sees her guy. The reality matches the pictures - yay!

Zoey smiles and heads in.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Zoey walks up to her date. He smiles.

TINDER DATE  
Hey.

He has a normal voice! Zoey smiles as they head for a table.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tasha sits on the couch eating popcorn and watching *Chucky*.

TASHA  
What are you morons thinking? Run  
away. No normal doll is out here  
looking like that little dude.

Tasha hears keys in the front door. She whips her head around quick, expecting Chucky, but finds Zoey entering.

TASHA (cont'd)  
What?! It's way too early for you to  
be home! Chucky is still just a doll  
to all these dumb-asses.

ZOEY  
Yeah, the night kind of had to end early. He said he forgot he had a drinks meeting he had to get to.

TASHA  
He said what?

ZOEY  
Um, a drinks meeting. For work. He needed to rush out because he had this drinks meeting he totally forgot about.

Tasha pauses her movie.

TASHA  
Ok. Tell me exactly what happened.

Zoey plops down next to Tasha on the couch.

ZOEY  
We met up. He was cute. Looked like his pictures. Had a normal man's voice. No Jennifer Tilly.

TASHA  
Good. That's all good.

ZOEY  
And we got to talking. We had a lot of things in common. He likes Edgar Wright movies, I like Edgar Wright movies. He likes George Saunders books, I like George Saunders books.

TASHA  
Ok, a little nerdy, but still good. Always great to have things in common.

ZOEY  
Yeah for sure. We were even in Peru the same summer.

TASHA  
(a little suspicious)  
Oooook... sure. Peru.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Zoey sits with her Tinder date.

TINDER DATE

So did you hike Machu Picchu or did you take the coward's route?

ZOEY

(laughing)

I hiked it. You gotta hike it. What's the point any other way?

TINDER DATE

Exactly! You miss out on half the beauty without the hike!

ZOEY

Totally. And those stones! So perfectly cut.

Tinder date is chewing so he just gives a noise that he loves those perfectly-cut stones too.

ZOEY (cont'd)

I mean like maybe too perfectly cut, right? Like laser-sharp precision perfectly cut and the Incas were working with some pretty primitive tools, I mean historians are fairly certain those guys didn't even know about the wheel at the time of construction and you're telling me they're precision-cutting granite? With jagged tools made from other rocks? You've seen HGTV, right? You've watched the Property Brothers install granite counters in open-concept kitchens? It takes like fifteen guys and a multitude of modern, electric tools just to get one medium-sized kitchen island top installed. So something's not adding up with Machu Picchu. And I think we can both agree, it's really not so crazy to think that the equation might make a little more sense if the Incas had help from some friendly travelers from another galaxy that had advanced tools they were willing to share in exchange for...

Tinder Date just stares at Zoey.

Tasha's laughter interrupts Zoey's recap.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Tasha continues to laugh.

TASHA  
You did not bring up ancient aliens  
on a first date.

ZOEY  
It came up naturally!

TASHA  
Oh wooooow. You. Are. Rusty.  
That's... Ok yeah, this is going to  
be really, really fun. I need to call  
Emma. (Laughs) Ancient aliens.

Tasha continues laughing as she goes to call Emma.

INT. SINGER/SOLOMON PUBLISHING - THE NEXT DAY

Zoey sits at her desk, bored, ordering K-cups and post-its. She hears tapping on glass and looks up to see Emma, on the phone in her office, tapping the glass wall that separates her from the lower-level workers. Emma signals Zoey over.

Zoey heads for Emma's office. As she's walking, she looks over and catches GREGORY just as he's sitting on the couch in his office. He lifts one hip slightly, clearly letting out a fart. Zoey sighs.

INT. SINGER/SOLOMON PUBLISHING - EMMA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Zoey pops her head into Emma's office. Emma holds her finger up, then puts her call on speaker and quickly mutes it.

EMMA  
I talked to Solomon about giving you  
some more responsibilities.

ZOEY  
Oh, wow. Thanks! That's...

EMMA  
He said he'd think about it.

ZOEY  
Oh, right... sure...

EMMA

(crushing forward)

I'm really excited for you to meet Ethan's coworker, Lindsay. He's handsome, makes good money, is a nice guy, was a history major. Everything sounds great... well aside from the fact that he has a girl's name, but you can't really blame him for that, he didn't name himself. Although if it does get serious between you two, I would encourage him to start using his middle name. I'll lay the groundwork for that tonight, you guys are meeting me and Ethan for drinks after your dinner. Here.

Emma extends a stack of note cards Zoey's way. Zoey takes them, a little confused. She looks back up at Emma.

EMMA (cont'd)

Tasha told me about your Tinder date. Those are helpful suggestions for things you can talk about.

ZOEY

I don't think I...

EMMA

Stick to the cards.

Emma unmutes her call and jumps back in.

EMMA (cont'd)

No I don't think that's a good strategy at all. If you want to re-imagine *Pride and Prejudice* for the tween market either Darcy has to be some vaguely dangerous supernatural creature or Lizzie Bennett needs to be dying of cancer. Tweens don't understand love any other way.

Emma picks up the receiver.

EMMA (cont'd)

Well do you want it to be successful? Today's tweens need to be blue-balled by grief. That's their love language.

Emma waves Zoey off. Zoey takes her note cards and leaves.

INT. SINGER/SOLOMON PUBLISHING - MOMENTS LATER

Zoey flips through Emma's note cards at her desk. CHARLIE (late-20's, nerdy, but with the potential to possibly "He's All That" with some minor tweaks) approaches Zoey's desk.

CHARLIE

You'll never guess what Lori just did.

ZOEY

Ooo a Lori story, go on.

Zoey puts down her note cards.

CHARLIE

So I was fixing Paula's computer and Lori wandered over to make truly small small talk and as she's talking she reaches over and grabs a fistful of trail mix from Paula's desk and pops it into her mouth except Paula doesn't have trail mix at her desk, what Paula has at her desk is...

CHARLIE/ZOEY

A bowl of potpourri.

ZOEY

Oh my god. Lori ate potpourri.

CHARLIE

Yep. A giant fistful of it. And I don't know if she didn't realize her mistake or if she was just too embarrassed to spit it out, but she chomped it all up and swallowed.

ZOEY

Wow.

Charlie notices the note cards on Zoey's desk.

CHARLIE

You cramming for a test?

ZOEY

No, Emma is setting me up with one of her boyfriend Ethan's coworkers and these were some "safe topics of conversation" she wrote out for me.

Charlie picks up the note cards and reads from one.

CHARLIE

"The reign of marquee quarterbacks in the early-to-mid 90's"? You like football?

ZOEY

No. I actually really only know Dan Marino. And the only reason why I know him is because of...

CHARLIE/ZOEY

Ace Ventura.

They laugh.

ZOEY

Yeah, see. You get it.

CHARLIE

You should probably trash these and just be yourself, right? You can have the Lori potpourri story if you get desperate. That's my gift to you.

Charlie is about to drop the cards into the trash when they notice Emma quickly making her way toward them with a too big, we-can-see-every-tooth-in-her-mouth smile. Her eyes lock on the note cards hovering over the trash.

Charlie quickly puts the note cards back on Zoey's desk.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

(quickly)

Your friend is so scary. Good luck.

Charlie scampers off.

ZOEY

(calling after)

Coward!

INT. THE SALTY MONK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Zoey enters the bar and spots Ethan and Emma sitting at a table. She walks over... alone. Emma notices.

EMMA

Where the hell is Lindsay?

ZOEY

He said he had an early morning.

Emma whips her head around to Ethan.

EMMA  
Is that true?

ETHAN  
Well... early is relative. One man's  
early, could be another man's...

EMMA  
Ethan.

ETHAN  
No, I would not categorize his  
morning tomorrow as early.

Emma whips back to Zoey.

EMMA  
Tell me everything.

Zoey sits down at their table.

ZOEY  
We met up...

EMMA  
Did you hug him hello?

ZOEY  
Yep.

Emma nods her approval. Ethan takes out his phone, texting.

ZOEY (cont'd)  
Then we grabbed a table...

EMMA  
Did you let him pick his seat first?  
Some guys are very particular about  
where they sit. If you make certain  
guys sit with their backs to the door  
it can throw off the whole vibe of...

Ethan looks up from his phone.

ETHAN  
He said it was the "Hitler's penis"  
thing.

EMMA  
I'm sorry what?

ETHAN

Hitler's penis. He was not into that.

Emma looks at Zoey.

ZOEY

Ok so yeah. Things were going good, but I was a little nervous and there was a lull in the conversation and I'm not quite sure how I got on the topic, but yes, I did mention that I had recently read there are some historians that believe Hitler had a really messed up penis and that he maybe peed out of the base...

ETHAN

Peed out of the base? How does that even... what are the mechanics of that?

ZOEY

I don't know, I think just like...

Zoey demonstrates with her fingers how she thinks that would work. Ethan points, trying to figure it out as well.

Emma stares at them for a beat.

EMMA

Are you fucking kidding me?

ZOEY

You said he was a history major! This was about history!

EMMA

Hitler's...

Emma shuts her eyes and takes a deep breath, trying to regain her composure.

EMMA (cont'd)

Ok, nope let's forget about that and just soldier on. There are plenty of guys here tonight. Onward and upward.

Emma raises her fist in determination, then starts circling the bar, acting as the world's most aggressive wing-woman.

Ethan and Zoey watch for a second as Emma rapidly vets and tosses guys.

ETHAN

Hey, let me do your Bumble. I found you Scott in college so technically I'm the reigning "Zoey boyfriend" expert. And I mean, I get you and I get dudes. This should be no problem.

Zoey pulls out her phone and she and Ethan have some fun swiping and drinking.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Oh my god.

Ethan zooms in on a guy's pictures.

ETHAN (cont'd)

Did this guy Snapchat pretty filter all his pictures?

ZOEY

It would appear so.

ETHAN

Whoa. That sucks. Maybe I don't get dudes. (Beat) This is so fun.

ZOEY

Yeah... I feel like that's probably something only people who've never had to actually use these apps say.

Emma comes up behind them, scaring them a little.

EMMA

Not a lot of talent here at the moment.

She watches them swiping.

EMMA (cont'd)

Are you swiping yes on everyone?

Ethan keeps swiping yes on everyone.

EMMA (cont'd)

Him?! No! He's an obvious no!

ZOEY

Why?

EMMA

He grew up in Florida.

ETHAN

So did like most of the Backstreet  
Boys and you love all of them!

EMMA

That's... hmm.

Ethan may have her there. Before Emma has to figure out the Florida of it all with regards to the Backstreet Boys, Tasha enters the bar, spots the gang and beelines for them.

TASHA

Call me Marky Mark, ya Funky Bunch...

They all stare at her blankly.

TASHA (cont'd)

Cuz if there's a problem, yo I'll  
solve it.

They all continue to stare at her blankly for a beat.

ETHAN

That's Vanilla Ice.

TASHA

Really? Well don't call me that cuz  
that name fully sucks. Vanilla Ice  
sounds like a Bed, Bath and Body  
Works scent white, fifth-grade girls  
wear to their first make-out party.

EMMA

It's Bed, Bath and Beyond, or Bath  
and Body Works. Two separate places.

Tasha exhales loudly.

TASHA

Do you want to hear my solution to  
Zoey's problem or not? Ok, great.  
Cliterati was sent a press release  
today for a brand new, extremely  
niche, dating site for people who...  
believe... in conspiracy theories.

Everyone's confused -- how is this the solution?

TASHA (cont'd)

And you should join.

EMMA

What?

ZOEY

Why?

EMMA

No. No way. The regular dating apps were bad enough. She's not joining a site filled exclusively with nut jobs.

Ethan holds up Zoey's phone. He's googled the site.

ETHAN

It's called Awake. You have to join.

EMMA

Ethan.

ZOEY

Yeah, I dunno...

TASHA

Think of it as your minor league. I'm not saying you're going to find true love on there, that seems crazy, crazier than the people I assume are on the site, but what you will find are a bunch of guys all guaranteed to be weirder than you so you can get some more dates under your belt and iron out the kinks in whatever the hell is going wrong with your first date banter. Because here's the thing, you don't get asked out on second and third dates if you don't nail that first date. And I promise you, the key to a successful relationship is more than one date.

ETHAN

She makes a good point.

TASHA

Plus if anything really wild happens I can write about it for work.

EMMA

No, I don't like this.

Zoey thinks about it for a beat.

ZOEY

I mean... it doesn't not make sense.

ETHAN/TASHA

Yes!

EMMA

Oh my god.

ZOEY

Yeah. Ok. Let's do it.

Tasha and Ethan high-five. Emma drinks her full beer in one.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Zoey sits at her laptop creating an Awake profile with Tasha. She checks some boxes and boom, profile created. Zoey scrolls through the main page, which is filled with rows of profiles like Match.com.

ZOEY

Whoa. I did not think there would be so many people on here. Honestly? My first thought was no way a site like this works because conspiracy nuts would be convinced this was obviously some sort of government trap to track people who know too much.

Tasha looks at her sideways.

TASHA

Ok, Illuminati. Maybe you're right where you belong.

Zoey continues to scroll through profiles.

ZOEY

It's a lot of white guys.

TASHA

Yeah duh. Who'd you think you'd get? Shemar Moore? Black people don't have time for conspiracy theories, we know the world is sometimes shitty and unfair because the world is shitty and unfair. We don't need to make up fantasies to excuse stuff that scares us. Conspiracy theories are truly white people nonsense. No offense.

ZOEY

None taken. Oo ok, I can set preferences. Start weeding out some of the more disturbing dudes on here.

Zoey starts unchecking boxes. We see her uncheck "9/11 Inside Job," "Pizzagate," "Jews." With every box she unchecks, tons of profiles disappear until there are barely any left.

TASHA

Wow, that really thinned the herd.  
What'd you leave?

ZOEY

The classics: Aliens, Time Travel and Multiverses, the JFK Assassination, and Celebs Dead/Replaced.

TASHA

That feels right.

ZOEY

Yeah I like what we're working with.

Zoey clicks through profiles, but she's not "hearting" any of them to connect.

TASHA

Ooo do him.

Tasha points to a picture. Zoey looks at the profile and clicks it away without "hearting" it.

ZOEY

Eh.

TASHA

What about him? He's cute.

Zoey clicks his profile, but also clicks him away without "hearting." Tasha looks at her sideways.

ZOEY

What? He said his favorite author was Stephen King.

TASHA

So? You like Stephen King. I've seen you reading that scarecrow's books.

ZOEY

Yeah, but he's not my *favorite* author. That just seems a little... unsophisticated.

TASHA

Oh I'm sorry. I didn't realize we were looking for elegance... on a site that caters to people who believe in Chem trails. Girl. How many times do I have to tell you: you're trying to date the person, not the profile. That was probably just something he put just to put something. I'm sure he likes tons of authors. The goal is to match so you can go on a date and find out. Don't be out here trying to fall in love with profiles.

ZOEY

I know, I know.

Zoey scrolls down the rest of the page, not seeing anyone she likes. She clicks to the next page of profiles... and suddenly sits up straight and leans in closer.

She clicks the profile for RYAN: dream guy; gorgeous close-up on his profile pic; giant, charming smile; cue the piano at the beginning of that KC & Jojo "All My Life" song.

SNAP. Tasha snaps her finger in front of Zoey's face, abruptly ending the K-Ci & JoJo, and Zoey's reverie.

TASHA

I literally just told you not to fall in love with profiles.

ZOEY

I'm not!

TASHA

You know I can see your face, right? Open up Photo Booth so you can see your face cuz this is your face.

Tasha makes an exaggerated "in love" face, like that howling wolf cartoon: eyes huge and bulging out of her head, tongue lolling out of her mouth.

ZOEY

That's not my face, but also... that face ain't wrong.

Zoey clicks through pictures on Ryan's profile. He fine.

Zoey clicks to a picture of Ryan at the beach, in a bathing suit, reading Murakami. He is a hunky sophisticate. She and Tasha both breathe in audibly.

TASHA  
You need to smash that like button  
right now.

Without taking her eyes off him, Zoey "hearts" Ryan.

They continue to stare at his beach picture, hypnotized.

ZOEY  
It says he's a lawyer.

TASHA  
Mmm...

They continue staring.

ZOEY  
And he loves travel.

TASHA  
Travel's cool.

They're still hypnotized when a notification interrupts their trance. It's a match alert! Zoey and Ryan matched!

Zoey whips her head toward Tasha, excited.

TASHA (cont'd)  
Ok, be chill, a lot of people match  
and then never talk to you. Because a  
lot of people are assholes.

Another notification sounds. Zoey looks. A message bubble has appeared. "Hey." It's from Ryan.

Zoey whips her back toward Tasha, way too excited, like mouth-wide-open excited. Tasha whips her head toward Zoey too, also excited. Neither of them are chill.

INT. SINGER/SOLOMON PUBLISHING - THE NEXT DAY

Zoey stands at the copy machine by her desk. She has all the "doors" open and several of the important-looking internal components of the machine are currently external. It's a mess, but Zoey has a big smile on her face.

Charlie walks by and catches sight of Zoey and the exploded copy machine. He backpedals, Ferris Bueller-style.

CHARLIE

Wow. That's a pretty big smile for so much of the copy machine's insides being on the outside.

He starts helping Zoey try to fix the machine.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

I don't even think some of these pieces are meant to be detachable.

ZOEY

Yeah, Lori tried to make copies.

Charlie looks at Zoey expectantly.

ZOEY (cont'd)

She didn't know you need to remove the staple before you try to copy a stapled document.

CHARLIE

Oh my god.

Zoey hands Charlie pieces of the copier as they talk and he deftly puts them all back in place, no problem.

ZOEY

And then when she tried to solve the colossal paper jam that caused, she didn't understand the door system so she freaked out and opened everything you can possibly open and then tried to open some stuff that you can't. When I got here, I think she was about to smash through the glass.

CHARLIE

With...

ZOEY

Her fist.

CHARLIE

I think I'd maybe pay to see Lori punch a copy machine to death.

Zoey reaches for a big ink cartridge.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Oh wait, let me.

Charlie grabs the cartridge instead.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
These tend to leak and you look nice today. Unlike other days when you look super gross.

Zoey laughs.

ZOEY  
Thanks. I have a date tonight.

CHARLIE  
With that Emma set-up?

In the background, in her own office, Emma looks up like she was somehow able to hear her name from so far away.

ZOEY  
No. That... didn't work out. Long story. This a guy I met online.

Emma is now right by them.

EMMA  
You matched with someone?

Zoey and Charlie both jump at Emma's sudden appearance.

EMMA (cont'd)  
On Awake? You matched with and are meeting up with a crazy from Awake?

CHARLIE  
What's Awake?

EMMA  
An insane dating website for insane people. Show me him.

ZOEY  
Ok, but I think you're going to be pleasantly surprised.

Zoey starts typing on her computer.

EMMA  
I seriously doubt...

Ryan's profile comes up. Emma and Charlie both lean in.

CHARLIE  
Whoa.

Emma gives Charlie a look.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
 Right. I'm going to head back to my desk and rethink everything about my hair... and my face.

Charlie leaves.

ZOEY  
 And he's a lawyer.

EMMA  
 Something's not adding up. What's his deal? He an anti-vaxxer? A climate-truther? Is he a "the Denver airport is a portal to hell" guy?

ZOEY  
 What? No. He's actually a pretty normal guy...

Emma gives Zoey a look.

ZOEY (cont'd)  
 ...who is open to the idea that aliens probably exist. Which I think is perfectly reasonable. The universe is so massive, it's actually *more* insane to think aliens aren't real!

Emma clicks through Ryan's pictures.

EMMA  
 I'm suspicious. Why's a guy like this on a weirdo site like Awake?

ZOEY  
 I'm on Awake.

EMMA  
 Yeah... I know. And you're great. But this guy just seems too good to be true. Not to suggest a conspiracy, but are you sure he's real?

ZOEY  
 Umm... I was.

EMMA  
 Just be careful. I'd hate to see you get murdered.

Emma heads off toward her office. Zoey looks at Ryan; she's now a little worried and nervous. Her big smile has faded.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Zoey sits at a table, waiting for Ryan, visibly nervous.

She takes a big drink of water. Her phone buzzes. It's a text from Tasha: "Easy on the water." Zoey looks around, confused. How does Tasha know she's gulping water?

Zoey's phone buzzes again: "Behind you. Back corner. Beret."

Zoey looks and sees Tasha, in a beret and sunglasses, hiding behind a menu. Tasha lowers the menu's corner and makes "I'm watching you" fingers. She sends another text: "I gotchu."

Zoey goes to respond, but stops when she sees...

Ryan enter the restaurant: slo-mo, big smile, wind in his hair, the chorus from that K-Ci & JoJo "All My Life" song starts to play.

Ryan spots Zoey and smiles even bigger. He gives a little wave, heads to her table and sits. They smile at each other awkwardly for a beat.

RYAN

Can I just say, I'm so glad to see you are you. This might sound weird, but I kind of joined Awake on a lark and you're my first match and you were so pretty in your profile I thought that there was a good chance this had to be some sort of catfish or a scam or something.

ZOEY

I kind of joined Awake on a lark and you were *my* first match and I thought you were so pretty in *your* profile that this had to be a catfish or a scam! And I'm really happy it's not.

RYAN

Same.

Ryan smiles at Zoey. Swoon.

RYAN (cont'd)

I do think there's a woman fully spying on us though.

ZOEY

What?

Zoey looks back at Tasha.

ZOEY (cont'd)  
Oh right. One second.

Zoey gets up and heads toward the bathroom. She signals with her head for Tasha to follow. Ryan is watching all of this so Tasha pauses for a beat, trying to figure out how to remain incognito before giving up and following after Zoey.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zoey and Tasha meet up in the bathroom.

TASHA  
Oh my god, he's even hotter in person.

ZOEY  
Right?? Plus he seems totally normal.  
Like me.

TASHA  
Well, I wouldn't say you were totally  
"normal," but...

ZOEY  
I think this is going well. I'm  
definitely getting good vibes about  
him, like this could actually be  
something.

TASHA  
See, there you go being totally  
normal, finding a guy on *the* most  
insane dating site.

Zoey thinks about it for a second.

ZOEY  
You can probably head out.

TASHA  
Are you sure?

ZOEY  
Yeah, I think so.

TASHA  
Well good cuz I can't stay, bitch.  
You totally blew my cover.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Zoey returns to the table. In the background, Tasha shuffles against the wall, trying to discreetly leave the restaurant. Zoey and Ryan smile at each other as we roll into...

MONTAGE - ZOEY AND RYAN'S BLOSSOMING RELATIONSHIP

- INT. RESTAURANT: Zoey and Ryan go on several dinner dates, laughing and enjoying each other. They move closer with each progressive dinner.

- INT. ARCADE: Zoey and Ryan play skee ball. Ryan wins so many tickets. He gets Zoey an alien stuffed animal.

- EXT. ROOFTOP BAR: Zoey and Ryan party with Tasha, Emma and Ethan. Emma hands Ryan her phone to take a picture of Zoey, Tasha, Emma and Ethan all together.

- INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT: Ryan watches an episode of The Real Housewives of Atlanta with Zoey and Tasha. He's snuggled up on the couch with Zoey, but he's checking his phone, not nearly as interested in RHOA as Tasha and Zoey.

- INT. CONCERT: Zoey and Ryan dance at a concert. She pulls him closer while they're dancing; they make-out.

- EXT. ROOF - NIGHT: Zoey and Ryan lie on her building's roof, trying to look at the stars. Ryan points stuff out.

- EXT. POOL PARTY: Zoey and Ryan party with Tasha, Emma and Ethan. Emma wants a picture. Ryan goes for her phone, but Emma flags someone else down so Ryan can be in it with them.

- INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT: Ryan watches The Real Housewives of Atlanta with Zoey and Tasha. It's a reunion episode so he's basically sat through an entire season with them. He is very into it now. He has big reactions.

- EXT. CENTRAL PARK: Zoey and Ryan walk through Central Park holding hands; the leaves are changing colors.

- INT. HALLOWEEN PARTY: Zoey and Ryan go to a massive loft Halloween party with Tasha, Ethan and Emma. Zoey and Ryan are dressed like an alien and an astronaut. He's the alien, she's the astronaut. They drink a lot and have a great time, taking tons of selfies.

- INT. ZOEY'S BEDROOM: Zoey and Ryan, still dressed as the alien and the astronaut, spin into her room, making out. They fall onto Zoey's bed.

END MONTAGE

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - ZOEY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Zoey wakes up extremely hungover, like she's awake, but she can't open her eyes, hungover. She's still in parts of her astronaut costume.

ZOEY

Babe... McNuggets. We need McNuggets.

Zoey reaches out and tries to grab her phone from the nightstand, but it's just out of reach.

ZOEY (cont'd)

Nooooo. Is your phone within reach?  
We need to Postmates McNuggets to  
this bed right now and my phone is  
being a total asshole.

Zoey reaches behind her to shake Ryan awake, but she can't find him. With great effort, she rolls over to face Ryan, but Ryan isn't there. His side of the bed is perfectly made.

ZOEY (cont'd)

Oh my god, is this angel already up  
and getting me McNuggies?

Zoey looks around, none of Ryan's alien stuff is there.

ZOEY (cont'd)

Did he go as the alien?

Zoey grabs her phone. She texts Ryan the clown emoji, the chicken emoji and a "?". It takes a second to send and it sends green. We see Zoey's previous texts to Ryan sent blue.

Zoey grumbles. She gets up and heads out to the living room.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zoey finds Tasha lying on the couch, also very hungover. She flops down next to her.

ZOEY

Did you see Ryan leave? Is he getting  
us provisions?

TASHA

You sure he's not in your room? Cuz  
I've been out here puking the past  
two hours and I haven't seen him.

ZOEY  
Out here? Puking out here?

TASHA  
Yeah. Don't look in that TJ Maxx bag.  
I became a different type of  
Maxxinista this morning.

ZOEY  
Gross. Well he's for sure not in my  
room. And my text to him sent green.

Zoey shows Tasha the green text on her phone.

TASHA  
Weird. (Reading the text) Ooo.  
McNuggets. We need those right now.

ZOEY  
I know, right?

TASHA  
Ok, I'm going to pitch something  
crazy. What if you tried calling him?

ZOEY  
On the phone? Like it's 1987? You  
must be fiending for that ten-piece.

TASHA  
Oh this is a twenty-piece McNugget  
hangover, minimum. Make sure to tell  
him that.

Zoey hits Ryan's number and puts her phone to her ear. At  
the first ring, she pulls it away a little and grumbles.

ZOEY  
That ring. So rude.

She puts it on speaker. It just keeps ringing.

ZOEY (cont'd)  
That's weird. He doesn't have  
voicemail set up.

TASHA  
Do you?

Zoey has to think about that.

ZOEY  
I... don't know.

TASHA

Maybe he went to work and is on the subway?

ZOEY

Work??

TASHA

It is a Wednesday. I called us in sick by the way.

ZOEY

Right. The day after Halloween should be a national holiday. It's 11:18 though, if he went to work, he'd be there already, available for my texts and calls.

TASHA

Oh yeah. What's this guy's problem? Did you get into a fight last night?

ZOEY

No, we got into the opposite of a fight, if you know what I mean.

Zoey dances her eyebrows.

TASHA

Nice.

ZOEY

Oo, wait a sec.

Zoey walks into her room and comes back out with a business card. It's Ryan's.

ZOEY (cont'd)

Work number, baby!

Zoey calls the number on Ryan's business card and puts it on speaker. The RECEPTIONIST picks up.

RECEPTIONIST (O.C.)

Carden, Jenson, Peters, how may I direct your call?

ZOEY

Hi, Ryan Webb, please. Thanks.

There's a beat.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, there's no one here by that name. Is there someone else you'd like me to try?

ZOEY

Oh. Sorry. You probably heard me wrong. It's *Ryan Webb*. Ryan, with an "R," not Bryan with a "B."

Zoey rolls her eyes at Tasha.

RECEPTIONIST

No, I heard you right the first time. There's no Ryan Webb here. Was there someone else...

Tasha sits up a little straighter.

ZOEY

Can you check again? There's definitely a Ryan Webb there. He's my... well we haven't officially defined the relationship yet, but it's been three months so I feel pretty confident saying boyfriend, don't tell him I said that though, and he definitely works there. He talks about it all the time, he plays racquetball with Peters every Monday morning, says that guy plays dirty, but he still respects the hell out of him.

RECEPTIONIST

Peters is a woman and I promise you, I don't know where your *boyfriend* works, but it's not here.

The receptionist hangs up on Zoey, who is now very confused.

ZOEY

What the hell? What is going on?

TASHA

I'll tell you what's going on: this whole time, you've been dating an asshole.

ZOEY

What?

TASHA

Ooo, I am so mad. It's been three months. Three months! If this guy thinks he can ghost on you after *three* months, that's insane. I know our phones are making us all emotionally-detached dipshits, but that is borderline sociopath territory.

ZOEY

Wait, you think I'm being ghosted?

TASHA

Yeah, it's super obvious now: he left without a trace, probably in the dead of night; he's clearly blocked your number, that's why you're in the green zone; and now he's either got that receptionist lying for him or he *never worked there* to begin with because he is a liar.

ZOEY

I don't think that's what's happening... I mean we really liked each other. Look:

Zoey shows a picture of herself and Ryan from the night before, they're having a great time.

TASHA

Ooo, I can't stand looking at that fake! We watched Housewives together! He convinced me NeNe was a villain! NeNe! A villain! He's the villain!

ZOEY

Ok, I really don't think he's ghosting me though. He wouldn't just bail. I mean we had something special. There was a definite connection. I think... I think something maybe happened to Ryan.

TASHA

Like what? He was abducted by aliens? No, my sweet, naive Zoey. Nothing happened to Ryan. But if I ever see his ass again, something most definitely will. And he won't be walking around all cute anymore.

Zoey continues to look at pictures from the previous night. Tasha watches her for a beat before getting up.

TASHA (cont'd)

I'll go get you McNuggets. And then we'll sit here and feast on them and talk shit and you'll forget about this dickhead in no time.

ZOEY

(not listening)

Hmmm... sure.

Zoey zooms in on a picture of her and Ryan. In the background, in a sea of people, TWO WEIRD-LOOKING GUYS look directly at Zoey and Ryan. It's a Halloween party though so weird is relative. Zoey swipes to another picture and spots the same guys again. She zooms in and screenshots them.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tasha returns with McNuggets and Emma and Ethan.

TASHA

No, I get it. I just think now isn't the best time for I told you so's.

EMMA

Well I just think it's good to remember online dating has zero accountability and sketchy sites are filled with sketchy guys and those are two things I said from the start.

ETHAN

I invited him into my Fantasy Football league. That's huge. And now the whole season is totally boned.

TASHA

These are all valid points, but again, now's not the time. Zoey?

Tasha goes to Zoey's bedroom door and knocks.

ZOEY (O.C.)

Yeah?

Tasha opens Zoey's door.

INT. ZOEY AND TASHA'S APARTMENT - ZOEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zoey sits on her bed, looking at her phone, trying to play it cool.

TASHA  
Look who I found...

Zoey looks excited for a split second.

TASHA (cont'd)  
Oh wait, shit, no, sorry. It's just  
Ethan and Emma. Sorry about that.

EMMA  
Hey.

ETHAN  
Hey Zoey. We brought tequila and  
Halloween candy to unsuck the suck.

EMMA  
Yeah, sorry Ryan turned out to be the  
asshole I always knew he probably was.

Tasha shoots her a dead-eyed look. Emma mouths "what?"

ZOEY  
Yeah. Thanks. Me too. I just did not  
see this coming.

They all nod sympathetically.

Ethan shakes his big bag of candy.

ETHAN  
Don't worry. We'll sugar that  
butthead right out of your brain.

ZOEY  
Yeah, ok... I'll be right out, I'm  
just going to get changed real quick.  
I barfed in my space suit.

They leave, shutting Zoey's door behind them... revealing that the back is now covered in what is clearly the beginnings of a "Carrie Mathison Season 1 Homeland insane-person" clues wall. Ryan's business card is up there along with blurry, home-printer prints of the zoomed-in weird guys from the Halloween party and some other random things.

Zoey looks at the wall for a beat.

ZOEY (cont'd)  
Yeah... I did not see this coming,  
but I am going to figure this out.

END OF EPISODE