

good looking

by

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"I urge you to please notice when you are happy, and exclaim or murmur or think at some point, 'If this isn't nice, I don't know what is.'"

-Kurt Vonnegut

EXT. ROMANTIC FOUNTAIN - GLORIOUS AFTERNOON

An attractive middle-aged COUPLE sits on the edge of an elaborately carved stone FOUNTAIN, holding hands and warmly looking at the camera. Their names are PAUL and ELIZABETH, and they are telling their LOVE STORY.

After this brief scene, Paul and Elizabeth won't appear in the script again, because this is a COMMERCIAL.

The tone is like the tone of those eHarmony commercials - perhaps bordering on saccharine, but this is definitely a REAL COUPLE, not actors.

PAUL

Going to bars and being set up on blind dates never worked, but I always knew there was somebody out there for me.

ELIZABETH

I had tried dating services and dating sites, but they never seemed to get it right. I was starting to wonder if I was the problem.

PAUL

Then a friend told me about Good Looking. It sounded too good to be true, but I figured what did I have to lose? Of course I wanted to know who my soulmate was.

ELIZABETH

Later on, we realized that we had both gone to Good Looking on the same day.

PAUL

We were looking for each other.

ELIZABETH

And we never would have known it without Good Looking.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SPACE

The kind of borderless white room that is seemingly intrinsic to all dating commercials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the middle of the room, well-dressed and confident, is THEODORE KENT. Theodore is a Steve Jobs type - an innovator who is certain that his technology is revolutionary.

THEODORE

Hello. I'm Theodore Kent, and I'm the founder of Good Looking.

(beat)

I started Good Looking in order to solve a question that people have been asking since the beginning of time. Who am I supposed to be with? Who is my soulmate?

Theodore's voice-over continues over a MONTAGE of HAPPY COUPLES, covering the spectrum of races and religions: couples chasing each other on the beach at sundown, slow-dancing on terraces with sweeping city views, and sitting at home in the kitchen, sharing a bottle of wine.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

With over eight billion people in the world, it has always been impossible to know who your true soulmate is - until now.

Another montage: COUPLES kissing in slow-motion while the DATE THEY GOT MARRIED flashes on the screen (i.e. JOHN + MICHELLE, MARRIED JUNE 18th).

Some of the couples are combinations we wouldn't naturally expect - a South American GAUCHO with a bleach-blond CALIFORNIA GIRL, for instance.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Decades in development, Good Looking has come up with a formula that guarantees we will match you to your soulmate.

The screen shows a clip of an ASIAN WOMAN at the airport holding a sign that says AMEET. An INDIAN MAN nervously emerges from the terminal, looks at the sign, looks at the Asian woman, and EMBRACES her hugely.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Good Looking has a 100% success rate in putting people together, and we've done it over 300 million times. So what are you waiting for? Stop into your local Good Looking office today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Theodore smiles at the camera.

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
 (company motto)  
 Good Looking... because there is  
 somebody for everyone.™

[Note: Whenever there is a trademarked Good Looking tagline, a small 'TM' should pop up in the corner of the screen.]

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JAMAICA PLAIN, BOSTON - A HALF-BEAT IN THE FUTURE

This is Jamaica Plain, Boston, which is a trendy part of Boston filled with young professional-ish apartments in three-decker apartment buildings.

In this story, Boston is pretty much exactly the same as it is now - with some differences that let us know we're a FEW YEARS IN THE FUTURE.

For instance, the CARS all look advanced compared to modern vehicles - more hybrids - and cell phones are different, built straight into Bluetooth-esque devices. That sort of shit.

EMMA (O.C.)  
 When you rolled over on me last night, I had a dream that I was being suffocated by David Bowie.

WILL (O.C.)  
 Compared to a lot of vegetarians, I'm not that thin.

And in one of the apartments in this neighborhood, OUR HERO and his FIANCEE are starting their day.

EMMA (O.C.)  
 I feel like your whole body is turning into one, big elbow.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Meet WILL HARWICH (early 30s), a fit man whose interests are highbrow - you could talk to him about Cy Twombly's graffiti paintings, but you wouldn't take him kickboxing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will is standing in the bedroom putting on a TIE, and through the open bedroom door he can see...

EMMA SMITHSON (early 30s) in front of the television, wearing TIGHTS, bouncing on one of those HUGE INFLATABLE BALLS that somehow help people exercise.

EMMA

It's like sleeping with a hairy Karen Carpenter.

WILL

Karen Carpenter actually was hairy at the end of her life. Anorexics grow fuzz so their bodies stay warm.

EMMA

I feel like I need body hair to keep me warm in bed. What time were you up until last night?

WILL

Three.

EMMA

You should just get it over with and become a vampire. I love a man in velvet.

WILL

I'm not sure I could deal with the blood.

EMMA

You wimp. It's only a couple of little neck-holes.

THEODORE (O.C.)

And here's another Good Looking success story...

Another Good Looking commercial comes on the air.

WILL

Has anyone you known done that?

EMMA

Good Looking?

WILL

I'm tired of hearing about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMMA

Everybody I know has done Good Looking. Julie is living in Zimbabwe with a freedom fighter.

(beat)

Without the service, she would have never known he was the guy for her.

WILL

I hear it's expensive.

EMMA

I think people are chalking it up to a one-time investment.

WILL

Then I'm glad we get to save the money.

EMMA

Aw. You're sweet.

(beat)

I'm sorry we argued last night about the dance floor. I know you think hardwood would be classier.

WILL

But you want it to light up like Saturday Night Fever.

EMMA

I just want it to light up like Saturday Night Fever.

WILL

Then it will. It's your wedding.

EMMA

Our wedding.

Will clips an old-school CASSETTE TAPE PLAYER to his belt and searches a rack of classical CASSETTES - Mozart, Brahms, Schupert - until he finds the one he wants. *Caprice No. 24* by the great Italian violinist PAGANINI.

The tape player is super out of place in this hyper-modern age.

Emma KISSES Will again. We see that she is wearing an ENGAGEMENT RING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I love you. Have a great day.

WILL

Love you too.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

SWEEPING VIOLIN MUSIC plays in Will's headphones as he walks to the FOREST HILLS SUBWAY STATION.

HAPPY WOMAN (V.O.)

Faster! Mush!

Out of the corner of his eye, Will sees a HAPPY WOMAN piggybacking on a THICKLY BUILT MAN wearing a business suit, who is running down the street with a huge GRIN on his face.

THICKLY BUILT MAN

Smile for the camera!

The Happy Woman blows a KISS at a CAMERA mounted on a LAMP POST.

In this modern world, SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS are mounted EVERYWHERE.

PASSERBY

(yelling to Happy Woman)

You went to Good Looking?

HAPPY WOMAN

(yelling back)

Best decision I ever made!

The Happy Woman and her new man disappear around a corner. Will continues to walk.

In front of the entrance to the subway station, a DOZEN COUPLES are saying goodbye to each other, KISSING and EMBRACING and whispering DIRTY THINGS.

All people who have found TRUE LOVE.

Will hears the sound of the train.

WILL

Excuse me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will PUSHES through the lovers to make sure he gets on. Many people miss the train because they are making out. They don't care.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

All over the place in the train, there are COUPLES HOOKING UP.

Will looks at a long LCD SCREEN above the windows. It contains an image of a gray-haired couple on a beach at sunset:

MAKE YOUR GOLDEN YEARS PLATINUM WITH GOOD LOOKING!

EXT. DOWNTOWN CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

The epicenter of Boston. Will stops at a coffee stand where a COFFEE GUY is working.

In the background, there is a LONG LINE of people outside CITY HALL. Women in WEDDING DRESSES and men in RENTED TUXEDOS.

It's like everybody in the world is getting married, all at once.

WILL  
(ordering coffee)  
...No sugar and a bit of cream,  
please.

A red-eyed BRIDE-TO-BE approaches the coffee stand.

BRIDE-TO-BE  
(to coffee guy)  
Do you have any napkins? I can't  
stop crying because I'm just so  
happy!

Will waits impatiently as the coffee guy hands the bride-to-be some napkins. The bride scurries away, dabbing her eyes.

COFFEE GUY  
Happens all the time.

Will takes his coffee into a plain-looking building, and his workday begins.

INT. FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES - MOMENTS LATER

Foster's and Associates is a mid-sized private equity firm, like a thousand other companies that push money around.

The analysts - of which Will is one - work in glorified cubicles. These are desks out in open space that don't have actual walls, but still... they're cubicles.

Will takes a seat at his desk, where his neighbor HENRY (30s) is looking at a TOPLESS GIRL on his WAFER-THIN COMPUTER.

Henry is an alpha male - husky but handsome. He gets laid a lot by trashy girls. He is eating a MANGO.

HENRY

God I love mango.

(re: topless girl)

Tits, man. If they were anywhere else on a woman's body... I mean, shit. Shoulder-tits? Ass-tits? Wouldn't be comfortable for anybody. Crap I love women. Women and mango.

(beat)

Speaking of women-

WILL

-Were we speaking of women?

HENRY

You should see tonight's special lady.

WILL

I'm going to set a ground rule that I get to finish my coffee before you start talking about women.

HENRY

Fine. Have your coffee. Slurp it up.

Will sips his coffee. He stares at photograph of the CROATIAN COAST attached to his computer, which he clearly tore out of a magazine.

Beneath the picture of the coast is a picture of a VIOLIN in a GLASS CASE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Below that is a picture of a YOUNG PICASSO standing on top of a PARISIAN ROOFTOP in 1902.

HENRY (CONT'D)

She's insanely hot. I'm afraid she'll singe my pubes.

(beat)

Scratch that - I'm hoping she'll singe my pubes.

(beat)

By the way, Emma called.

WILL

I just left home.

HENRY

(shrugs)

She called.

Will picks up his phone and dials. It rings on the other end.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Emma is putting on an OFFICER UNIFORM. She is a COP. INTERCUT Emma and Will as they talk.

EMMA

It still shocks me that you don't have a phone. How is that even possible in today's world?

WILL

I don't want a phone.

EMMA

If mine made money and vibrated better I wouldn't need you.

WILL

What's going on?

EMMA

I need you to pick up some boutonnières from J.P. Flowers on your way back from work, so we can decide what your groomsmen are wearing.

WILL

But the wedding isn't for three months.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is the wrong thing to say to a bride-to-be.

EMMA

I know. I'm *behind* on my planning.  
(beat)  
Do you have Mad Cow Disease? Is  
your brain decomposing?

WILL

I'll get the boutonnières.

EMMA

Oh, and I hate to do this to you,  
but I need you to pick up my  
grandmother's ring pillow from the  
upholsterer. You NEED TO DO IT,  
because she's going away.

WILL

Got it.

EMMA

(beat)  
You also need to research wedding  
bands. Make sure they're upbeat  
because I hate ballads. I want to  
dance.

WILL

Dancing wedding band.

EMMA

And don't forget the pillars.

WILL

So you want free-standing roman  
columns like they have on the  
Parthenon.

EMMA

That are at least six feet tall. We  
talked about this.

WILL

We talked about how you didn't know  
what you wanted them for.

EMMA

I'll come up with something. Maybe  
I'll sacrifice a virgin to the  
wedding Gods on top of one or  
something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL  
You're not going to find any  
virgins among your friends.

EMMA  
Maybe I could go back in time five  
years and sacrifice you.

WILL  
(stung)  
That's inaccurate.

EMMA  
Don't forget any of this stuff.  
Love you.

WILL  
Love you too.

Click. Behind Will, Henry carefully examines a mango.

HENRY  
You know, if you gave it a nipple,  
a mango pretty much is a breast.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - AFTERNOON

Will stands in front of a travel agency whose window display  
is promoting trips to exotic places: SEE THE BEACH IN MALTA!  
WITNESS THE WONDER OF BRAZIL'S IGUASSU FALLS!

Through the window, he sees several LAUGHING COUPLES sitting  
with their TRAVEL AGENTS, planning trips.

INT. UPHOLSTERER - LATER

Will picks up Emma's grandmother's RING PILLOW from an  
athletic-looking female UPHOLSTERER. The Upholsterer is  
wearing KHAKI SAFARI CLOTHING.

UPHOLSTERER  
(looking at bill)  
That'll be... two thousand dollars.

WILL  
Not bad.

UPHOLSTERER  
I gave her a discount because I  
love weddings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will takes a few BILLS out of his wallet and hands them to the Upholsterer.

In the near future, INFLATION has kicked in, in a big way.

EXT. ARNOLD ARBORETUM - LATER

Will takes a walk home through Arnold Arboretum in Jamaica Plain, holding the ring pillow.

All over the place, WOMEN in WEDDING DRESSES are having twilight PHOTOGRAPHS taken with their NEW HUSBANDS.

A young FEMALE DJ wearing a neon tanktop runs up to Will with her NEW BOYFRIEND - an older TWEEDY ACADEMIC.

FEMALE DJ  
We just got engaged!

Will looks back and forth between the odd couple.

WILL  
That's great.

TWEEDY ACADEMIC  
Can you take our picture?

WILL  
Sure...

Will puts down the pillow. The Tweedy Academic hands him an advanced-looking CAMERA, which looks almost like a pencil-sized WAND.

TWEEDY ACADEMIC  
Hit that button so we can bring up the scent of the flowers.

Will clicks a BUTTON marked OLFACTORY and snaps the PHOTO...

...When all of a sudden a MISCHIEVOUS COUPLE runs by and STEALS THE RING PILLOW.

MISCHIEVOUS FEMALE  
(triumphant)  
Bonnie and Clyde!

WILL  
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISCHIEVOUS MALE

It's ours!

The Mischievous Couple RUNS AWAY with the pillow, howling and laughing.

FEMALE DJ

(fondly)

Aw. That's cute.

WILL

What's cute? Stealing the pillow?

FEMALE DJ

But they did it together.

TWEEDY ACADEMIC

They found each other.

Will watches the couple running away with the pillow, whacking each other and whooping it up.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Will nervously enters the apartment holding a half dozen BOUTONNIERES, as ordered. He tries to play things off like everything is fine.

Emma walks into the room with her NIGHTSTICK.

EMMA

(seeing flowers)

Aha! Excellent.

WILL

(wary)

I see you brought your club home.

EMMA

I cracked it today breaking up a protest, and I need new one. But I thought I could keep this one around the house in case you get out of line.

Emma studies the boutonnières.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ooh, I like the red ones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

I was thinking the cream-colored ones might be a little more subtle.

EMMA

Who cares about subtle? A wedding is a celebration.

WILL

I'm giving you the Saturday Night Fever floor. You can bend on the boutonnières.

EMMA

No way. I'd have your groomsmen wearing atomic bombs if I could.

WILL

My friends aren't the kind of guys who like to stand out.

EMMA

Henry is.

WILL

Henry's a different species.

EMMA

*Fine.* How about we drape your groomsmen in cloaking devices so that *nobody* sees them? When they give you the ring, it'll just be *floating* in the air above the altar, and we'll blow the minds of everybody in the vineyard.

WILL

(beat)

I thought we were getting married in a church.

EMMA

(oh yeah)

Right. I didn't tell you. We're having it at a vineyard now.

WILL

But I don't drink.

EMMA

It's a beautiful spot. The pictures will be stunning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

You forgot to tell me where I was getting married?

EMMA

You should feel lucky I didn't switch you.

WILL

You'd have better pictures if you did.

EMMA

Don't think I have haven't thought about it. Bring in some square-jawed stuntman for a couple of snaps.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - LATER

In a half-bedroom that is essentially just a glorified nook, Will is standing in front of a WORK BENCH.

On the work bench are various intricate-looking TOOLS and pieces of WOOD, along with cans of VARNISH and a selection of STRINGS. A shelf filled with books on STRADIVARI hangs above the bench.

Will is finishing up ASSEMBLING A VIOLIN. He slides a TUNING KNOB into place. Done. He picks up a bow.

[Note: Will is not a good violinist. He took lessons when he was a kid and knows what they should *sound* like, but he isn't proficient. This isn't *Sweet and Lowdown*. Our actor will not have to learn an instrument.]

Will presses play on a STEREO - a tape of a STRADIVARIUS being played sounds. He shuts it off.

He bows his violin. It sounds fine, but it isn't the same as the Stradivarius.

WILL

Damn.

He picks up the bow to try again, but then loud music - i.e. Pink Floyd's "Run Like Hell" - blasts from the other room, drowning him out.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma is dancing while she SEARCHES for something. She sees Will. He gives her the sign for *Turn it Down!*

EMMA

Sorry. I know you hate Pink Floyd.

(beat)

I was looking for where you put the ring pillow.

Will winces.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You forgot the ring pillow.

WILL

It was... stolen.

EMMA

How was it stolen?

WILL

I put it down on the ground to take a picture of a professor and a DJ.

EMMA

Down on the *ground*? I just had it re-upholstered! There's no five-second rule for family heirlooms! Did you run after the guy?

WILL

It was a couple. I think they were bonding over their love of stealing.

EMMA

You didn't even run after them.

WILL

I was in my... suit.

(beat)

I did pick up the boutonnières.

EMMA

(freaking out)

Oh God. Ok. Maybe the upholsterer remembers the pattern and she can make me a new pillow so my family doesn't realize what happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA (CONT'D)

(remembering)

No. Wait. The upholster is going out of town to Africa for six months. She was squeezing me in before she left tonight. Oh God. What are we going to do?

WILL

(mumbles)

Maybe we should go to Africa.

Uh-oh.

EMMA

Did you say maybe we should go to Africa? That's your solution?

WILL

I just... I was walking by a travel agency tonight.

EMMA

Because you were planning our honeymoon? Were you flying in a calypso band for the reception?

Will says nothing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You lost my pillow and you forgot to research upbeat wedding bands. I'm going to kill you.

WILL

I was there... and just... thinking about the whole three months to the wedding thing, and I've been wondering if maybe we needed a few more adventures-

EMMA

-I can't believe you're bringing this up now-

WILL

-Before we settled.

EMMA

(foreboding)

Settled?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

I mean, do you feel like you've experienced enough to *know* that this is where we should be? Maybe we should be trying new things.

Emma stares at Will. She doesn't seem to agree.

EMMA

I don't know Will. While we're in Africa, maybe I can think about it while the cheetahs help me feed our new babies bushmeat and you're out hunting your passions with a FAT SPEAR.

WILL

Emma...

EMMA

I'm thirty-one years old. I've had plenty of adventures with all sorts of *adventurous adventurers*. But now, I want to get married and I want to start a family, and I hope that's what you want too.

Will pauses. He shouldn't have paused.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(burning)

Oh, get out.

WILL

That pause wasn't meant to indicate-

EMMA

*Out!*

WILL

Ah, crap Emma!

Emma grabs the NIGHTSTICK and ADVANCES, holding it above her head.

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay okay okay! I'm leaving!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Will picks up a PAYPHONE. A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA records him making the call.

PAYPHONE  
 (robo voice)  
*Please... insert... thirty...  
 six... dollars.*

Will scans a combination ID CARD/DEBIT CARD over the phone and dials a number. It rings on the other end. Henry picks up.

Will hears Henry cracking up and the sound of a WOMAN GIGGLING.

HENRY (O.C.)  
 (on phone)  
*Hah hah hah! Stop it!*  
 (lewd)  
*You really want to put that there?*

WILL  
 Henry?

HENRY (O.C.)  
 (on phone)  
 Will? What's going on?

WILL  
 I'm at a payphone.

HENRY (O.C.)  
 (on phone)  
 They still have payphones?  
 (beat; to girl)  
*And what do you call that move?  
 Come on, you're not a teenager  
 anymore...*

WILL  
 Emma kicked me out, and I was  
 wondering if I could stay with you  
 tonight.

HENRY (O.C.)  
 (on phone)  
 Ah, Will. Shit. One sec.  
 (beat; to girl)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY (CONT'D)

*My friend Will wants to know if he  
can come over. What do you think?*

GIRL (O.C.)

(in background)

*What does he look like?*

HENRY (O.C.)

(on phone)

*He's aging poorly. He should  
moisturize more.*

WILL

There's nothing wrong with my-

GIRL (O.C.)

(in background)

*I want to see his flaky dry  
crocodile skin!*

HENRY (O.C.)

(on phone)

Alright man, looks like you're in.  
But I can't be held responsible if  
this girl gets weird on you.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will knocks on the door. Henry opens it looking like he is  
having the BEST TIME OF HIS LIFE.

HENRY

You are about to see a great  
victory by a great man.

GIRL (O.C.)

That's not fair!

Henry walks into the apartment, and sees the GIRL that he has  
been hearing in the background. Her name is AMINA (30). She  
is a phenomenal looking MOROCCAN WOMAN.

AMINA

I'm out of practice.

She is sitting in front of a CHESS BOARD that only has a few  
pieces remaining. What Will thought was debauchery was just  
the sound of Will and Amina having the time of their lives  
while PLAYING CHESS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Out of practice my ass! This woman -  
Henry meet Amina -

AMINA

Hello.

HENRY

-Was Morocco Junior Champion!

AMINA

I came in ninth place.

HENRY

And I, lowly president of the  
Cornell Chess Club, am on the verge  
of ruining everything she ever  
loved.

WILL

(to Henry)

You play chess?

HENRY

Every Sunday afternoon.

AMINA

He switched a knight and a rook  
while I was in the bathroom.

HENRY

(winking at Will)

These crimes of which I'm accused!

Will is confused. He has never seen Henry get along with a  
woman, never mind a woman like *this*.

The remnants of a nice DINNER lay on the dining room table.

A bottle of nice WINE sits on the windowsill, where Henry and  
Amina had obviously been sitting.

A collection of ASIAN BIRD PRINTS - cranes, loons, etc. - is  
spread out on the coffee table, like Henry had been showing  
them off.

WILL

What's with the Asian bird prints?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

You didn't know I collected Asian  
bird prints? Have been for years.  
You don't come over here much.

Will is thunderstruck.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(moving rook into place)  
And that... is checkmate!

AMINA

I demand an investigation!

HENRY

The FIDE rejects your appeal!

AMINA

The FIDE lost credibility with the  
Kasparov-Short scandal in 1993! I  
don't recognize them!

Henry and Amina CRUMBLE INTO LAUGHTER at this inside joke.

[The FIDE is chess's governing body, but Will has no idea  
what the hell they are talking about, which is fine.]

HENRY

Amina laid out a blanket and pillow  
for you on the couch. I asked her  
to call her sister to keep you  
warm, but she wouldn't do it. I  
said her brother would also be  
fine.

AMINA

I'm sorry you had a tough night.  
Things will get better.

HENRY

Look at that. Comforting. Bad at  
chess. From the jungle.

AMINA

Morocco is mostly desert.

HENRY

The perfect woman.

Henry walks not-so-inconspicuously into the BEDROOM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I can't sit with you longer. I need to walk over here to my bedroom. I have to feed my cockatoo.

AMINA

You have a cockatoo?

HENRY

I have bird art, don't I? Of course I have a goddamn cockatoo.

Will watches Amina stand. She is smart and funny. She is exotic and beautiful. What the hell is she doing with Henry?

HENRY (CONT'D)

Will, if you need anything to eat or drink, help yourself. Tea, bleach, Drano, whatever.

AMINA

Nice meeting you.

WILL

Nice meeting you too, Amina.

Amina disappears behind Henry's bedroom door. Will lies down on the couch, wondering what he just witnessed. And then...

AMINA (O.C.)

That's not a cockatoo!

HENRY (O.C.)

(just whipped it out)

That is the finest cockatoo in the word.

Amina howls with laughter. Will tries to sleep.

INT. FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES - THE NEXT MORNING

Henry sits with his forehead on his desk, in the same clothes as he was the night before.

He stands up and gets some coffee. Looking out the window, he sees HENRY AND Amina walking towards the office building, HOLDING HANDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They blend in with all the other HAND-HOLDING COUPLES around, some of whom are pushing advanced-looking BABY CARRIAGES with built-in screens playing CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MOMENTS LATER - Henry BURSTS into the office, full of life and energy.

HENRY

Good morning good morning!

Henry SIDESTEPS his way over to his desk, Fred Astaire-style.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Does the office smell like pine trees to anybody else? It's like if you had a pine tree whose bark was made of cinnamon.

Henry sees the bags under Will's eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Whoa, raccoon boy. Apologies if Amina and I kept you up last night. We were creating a master race of humans made of pure love.

Will goes back to his computer.

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - EARLY AFTERNOON

It's lunchtime, and the hordes are filing out of their buildings to find something to eat.

Will wanders down the street eating a CREPE, his mind somewhere else.

And then, he sees Henry sitting alone at a CAFE, scribbling something. There is no food or drink in front of Henry.

WILL

Not eating?

HENRY

I'm stuffed. With breastmilk.

WILL

I'm pretty sure Amina isn't lactating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Fine. But I had them in my mouth a lot.

WILL

What are you doing?

HENRY

(proud)

Writing a letter to her.

WILL

You've never written a letter in your life.

HENRY

I am now. I'm not sure the lunch break is going to be long enough.

Henry goes back to writing.

WILL

Henry, can I ask you a question?

HENRY

Of course.

WILL

Where the *fuck* did you find her?

HENRY

What, Amina?

WILL

No offense, we've known each other a long time, but you're by far my *most sleazy* friend. You've never had relationship last longer than a month, you read books on picking up women, you've had the clap three times.

HENRY

Twice. That last one was something else.

WILL

So where did you find a beautiful, intelligent Moroccan girl who seems to *adore* you?

Henry looks at Will like he's an idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

Where the hell do you think I got her? I went to Good Looking.

WILL

But you've never wanted to settle down.

HENRY

I thought I would give it a shot to find out what "soulmate sex" was like and then move on to the next girl, but I really *like* her for some reason.

(beat)

You know, you should call them.

WILL

I'm not going to call.

HENRY

You're not even curious about it?

WILL

I already found the woman I'm supposed to be with.

HENRY

And that's great! I mean, as long as you're sure...

(beat)

Because - if you're *not sure* - what a tragedy. To only have one life and not be able to spend it with the person you're supposed to be with.

Will looks at Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying. It might be worth a call.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will walks through the door and sees on the couch, watching RED HEAT staring Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.

It is the opening scene, where Schwarzenegger fights a group of bearded Russians in a unisex foundry steam bath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHWARZENEGGER  
(on screen; indecipherable  
Russian gibberish)  
Zabboo dabboo zabboo!

WILL  
Hey.

EMMA  
Hey.

WILL  
(re: movie)  
Commando?

EMMA  
Red Heat.

WILL  
(holding up bag)  
Thai food.

EMMA  
Ate.

WILL  
Stayed late at the office.  
(beat)  
You alright?

EMMA  
Bad day. Shootout.

WILL  
Oh.

EMMA  
Yeah, somebody else got to shoot  
the guy.

WILL  
(heard this before)  
You'll get to shoot somebody  
eventually.

Will tries to message Emma's shoulders, but she pulls away  
from him.

EMMA  
I'm okay, Will. Thank you. I think  
I just want to watch the movie and  
have some quiet time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

On screen, Schwarzenegger throws a BEARDED RUSSIAN out the window of the steam bath into a PILE OF SNOW.

SCHWARZENEGGER  
Zaboo daboo!

...Not a "quiet time" kind of film.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM

Will sits at his work bench staring at his imperfect violins, finishing his container of Thai Food.

MOMENTS LATER - Will coats the neck of an incomplete violin with a varnish. In the other room, he can hear Schwarzenegger.

SCHWARZENEGGER (O.C.)  
(real line from Red Heat)  
I do not want to touch his ass! I  
want to make him talk!

Will can't concentrate. He grabs his coat and exits the small room, heading for the front door.

EMMA  
Where are you going?

WILL  
Just for a walk.  
(beat)  
Do you want to come?

EMMA  
I think I'm going to watch some  
more of the movie.

WILL  
Will you be up when I get back?

EMMA  
No.

Will nods. He exits.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Will walks down the street, which is JAM PACKED with hand-holding couples out for LATE-NIGHT STROLLS. All of whom are crazily in love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the (slightly advanced-looking) cars driving past - it seems like virtually every car has JUST MARRIED or some variation thereof SOAPED onto the back window.

He sits down on a BENCH. A couple sits down next to him and are immediately ALL OVER EACH OTHER. He gets up and walks away.

Finally, he sees a SOLITARY MAN walking ALONE down the street. Will nods at him.

WILL

I think you're the only other person walking alone tonight.

SOLITARY MAN

(gruff)

I got divorced today. My wife went to Good Looking.

WILL

I'm sorry.

SOLITARY MAN

All of these couples getting together means a lot of couples are falling apart. People gotta come from somewhere.

WILL

I'm sure it will be okay. Keep your head up.

SOLITARY MAN

Nah, I'm looking at the ground because I dropped the number for Good Looking, and I want to make an appointment.

WILL

Oh.

SOLITARY MAN

Me and my wife were never right for each other anyway. I hope they give me somebody prettier.

WILL

(not sure what to say)

Well, good luck with your search.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will continues on his way. Halfway down the block, he sees something stuck in a SIDEWALK CRACK. He picks it up. It is printed with this:

L  
GOOD  
O  
K  
I  
N  
G

**MATCHMAKERS - Boston Branch**  
**617 755 5575**

It's the card the solitary man was looking for.

WOMAN (O.C.)  
Mmm... Ooo...

Will looks over at a COUPLE that are hot and heavy on the HOOD OF A CAR.

INSIDE the car, a hand SLAPS the window - not only is there a couple making out on the hood of the car, there is a couple getting it on in the BACK SEAT.

The world has gone MAD WITH LOVE.

Will stares at the card, thinking.

EXT. PAYPHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Will exhales, and DIALS the number on the card. It rings.

VOICE  
Um. Good Looking.

WILL  
Oh... Hi... A friend of mine...

VOICE  
What do you want.

WILL  
Well, I guess- I mean, I'm not sure...

VOICE  
Just kidding. If you're calling, there's only one thing you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
I was just-

VOICE  
What's your name?

WILL  
Will Harwich.

Will hears the sound of TAPPING COMPUTER KEYS.

VOICE  
From Jamaica Plain? Or the rapist  
from Waltham?

WILL  
Jamaica Plain. Definitely that one.

VOICE  
Alright. Come in tomorrow, five  
o'clock.

WILL  
Where... are you?

VOICE  
Newbury Street, across from Urban  
Outfitters.

Click. The person on the other end hangs up.

Will looks at the phone, wondering what the hell just  
happened.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Emma is already in bed when Will guiltily sneaks into the  
bedroom. She is SNORING LOUDLY, in that strange pug-like way  
that girls snore.

He crawls under the covers next to her.

EMMA  
(asleep)  
Mmmpf.

She curls up next to him. He stares at the ceiling.

INT. FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES - THE NEXT DAY

Will keeps glancing at the wall clock. Henry notices his odd behavior, and grins.

HENRY

You animal. You called Good Looking.

WILL

No I didn't.

HENRY

You're jumpy, you're looking at the clock. What time are you supposed to go in?

WILL

I just had too much caffeine.

HENRY

You just had your face splooged in a shot of *possibility*, is more like it.

(beat)

You'll wish you had done it years ago.

WILL

I'm not doing anything.

HENRY

I can always tell when you're lying because you open your eyes like you're a lost, beautiful deer.

The phone RINGS. Will JUMPS.

WILL

(on phone)

Will Harwich speaking.

EMMA (O.C.)

(on phone)

It's me.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Emma leads a handcuffed CRIMINAL into a holding cell while talking on her CELL PHONE. She has some blood on her SHIRT. The criminal has blood in his HAIR.

INTERCUT Will and Emma talking.

EMMA

(on phone)

I was wondering if you could pick up some detergent on your way home. I have blood on my shirt from an arrest.

CRIMINAL

I was *jaywalking*.

WILL

(on phone)

What brand? Cheer?

EMMA

Wisk.

(beat)

How was your walk last night?

WILL

(lying)

Uneventful. Your sleep?

EMMA

Equally uneventful.

(beat; flirtatious)

Unfortunately.

WILL

(catching on)

Miss Smithson, are you suggesting you would have liked me to wake you up?

Emma shoves the criminal into the cell with her FOOT.

EMMA

It wouldn't be ladylike for me to suggest such things. But I'm thinking we could maybe *work off* some of this recent weirdness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
You were inspired by that steam  
bath scene in Red Heat.

EMMA  
Who wouldn't be?

WILL  
Cheer?

EMMA  
Wisk.

WILL  
I'll be home. I'm sorry.

EMMA  
I'm sorry too. Love you.

WILL  
Love you too.

Will hangs up the phone. Henry gives him another KNOWING NOD.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Stop nodding at me like that.

HENRY  
I bet Good Looking is going to put  
you together with a silverback ape  
or something. You're one of those  
quiet guys who's totally into crazy  
shit.

EXT. FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES - AFTERNOON

Will looks at the wall clock. It's 5:05.

He isn't going to his Good Looking appointment.

The phone rings.

WILL  
Hello?

VOICE  
Um. You're late for your  
appointment.

WILL  
How did you get this number?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE  
(chuckling)  
Ooo, tough to do.

WILL  
I... decided not to come in.

VOICE  
And why is that?

WILL  
It's not for me.

VOICE  
Come on. Your fiance won't be home  
for another couple of hours.

WILL  
How do you know I have a fiance?

VOICE  
A lot of people we deal with have  
fiances.

WILL  
That's disheartening.

VOICE  
Not really. Sometimes they come in  
for the peace of mind that they're  
with the right person.

Will thinks about this.

WILL  
How long does it take? The  
appointment, I mean.

VOICE  
No time at all. There's a line  
outside, but I'll take you in.

WILL  
How do you know what I look like?

VOICE  
We know everything about you.  
(beat)  
Come on in. I'll be here. It's the  
easiest thing you've ever done.™

EXT. NEWBURY STREET - NIGHT

Will stands in front of Urban Outfitters. There are signs in the window for various items for sale in the store (i.e. LEVI'S STOVEPIPE JEANS - NOW ONLY \$2600!)

Across the street is a smart looking building with an awning marked GOOD LOOKING.

There is a LINE AROUND THE BLOCK with people waiting to get in, and looking through the window, it's clear the inside of the office is PACKED.

WILL

You've got to be kidding me.

Will gets in the back of the LINE, where he stands behind a man on CRUTCHES, wearing an AIR CAST on his LEG.

WILL (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

INJURED MAN

Girlfriend broke my leg. Need a better one.

Will nods. Makes sense that this guy would be in line.

All of a sudden, a NERDY-LOOKING MAN approaches Will in the line.

BENJAMIN

Um. Will Harwich?

WILL

Yes?

BENJAMIN

I'm Benjamin. We talked on the phone.

INT. **GOOD LOOKING** - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby of the Good Looking offices is crowded - every seat is occupied by NERVOUS INDIVIDUALS, some of whom are taking off their WEDDING RINGS.

A service window in the lobby is marked with a sign that says GOOD LOOKING BUYS RINGS! CASH FOR GOLD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TRASHY YOUNG WOMAN slides her cheap-looking wedding band to the RING BUYER, who weighs it and hands her back some CASH.

RING BUYER

There you are - nineteen thousand dollars.

TRASHY YOUNG WOMAN

(indignant)

That's all?

WILL

(re: ring selling)

That's a depressing sight.

BENJAMIN

It never takes long for people to get new ones. Right this way.

Benjamin leads Will through a DOOR into the BACK ROOMS of Good Looking. He stops in front of an OFFICE.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Will steps inside the office and Benjamin shuts the door behind him.

INT. GOOD LOOKING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the door clicks shut, Will sees that he and Benjamin are NOT ALONE. Behind the desk is a gray-haired man whose confident face Will has seen before...

BENJAMIN

Will, you're the recipient of a rare honor.

(dramatic)

I'd like you to meet Theodore Kent. The founder of Good Looking.

THEODORE

(warmly)

Hello, Will.

WILL

What... are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEODORE

I was in town to inspect the office, and I was walking past Benjamin when I heard him talking to you. I don't get much face time with clients any more - an unfortunate by-product of our success - but I thought perhaps I could allay some of the doubts you seem to be having.

WILL

I'm not having 'doubts,' I just don't think I want to do it.

THEODORE

And why is that?

WILL

I think it might be a scam, and you're ruining a lot of lives.

THEODORE

We have a 100% success rate with putting people together.

WILL

But how many divorces have there been because you said a husband or wife was supposed to be with somebody else?

THEODORE

We've improved many more lives than we've ruined, and we offer a Half-Price Spouse Special™ to clients whose husbands or wives have left them after visiting Good Looking.

WILL

Generous.

THEODORE

And there is always a reason those spouses came to us in the first place. Like you did.

Will says nothing.

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

THEODORE (CONT'D)

I understand. You don't know how my company works, and if you don't want to do it, that's completely fine. We have enough customers.

(beat)

But before you go, I'd like to do something different: I'd like to give you a tour of our facilities, which I think might answer some of your questions.

BENJAMIN

(concerned)

Dr. Kent...

THEODORE

It's fine, Benjamin. We know that Mr. Harwich is able to keep secrets.

(wink)

Unless it's lying to work about being sick, which you did eleven times last year, if I'm not mistaken.

(smiles)

Come on. Let me show you around downstairs.

WILL

(wary)

Alright.

INT. **GOOD LOOKING** - CONTINUOUS

ELEVATOR DOORS open up into the NERVE CENTER of GOOD LOOKING.

The operation consists of SEVERAL ROOMS, each of which is stuffed with DOZENS OF TELEVISION MONITORS. The televisions are all picking up CAMERA FEEDS from ALL OVER THE WORLD:

A FRENCH WOMAN dining alone in the LEFT BANK OF PARIS... A GELATO STORE EMPLOYEE zoning out in Little Italy in New York City... A sexy JAPANESE GIRL wearing a modified HAUTE COUTURE dress as a fashion statement in Tokyo's HARAJUKA DISTRICT.

TECH GEEKS man workstations in front of the monitors. The COMPUTERS in front of them are flashing PATTERNS OF INFORMATION - think "The Matrix."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theodore begins his tour, leading Will and Benjamin to a BANK OF MONITORS.

THEODORE

I started Good Looking in London in the 1990s, when cameras were installed all over the city to deter crime. Benjamin, pull up London please.

Benjamin taps a few keys and starts FLICKING through different cameras, showing different city scenes in London - HUSTLERS in Soho, a COUPLE on a stroll in Kensington Gardens, DINERS in Notting Hill.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

London's CCTV cameras ran on a series of individual networks that I tapped. It seems almost quaint compared to today's world, but if you lived in London at the turn of the century, you were captured on camera more than 400 times a day.

Various SURVEILLANCE IMAGES flash on the screen as Theodore rattles off samples of what CCTV is recording.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Where you went.

- A YOUNG WOMAN walking into a screening of BULLIT

THEODORE (CONT'D)

What you bought.

- A YOUNG MAN buying a biography of STEVE MCQUEEN

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Where you sat when you were alone.

- An OLD MAN fishing from the banks of the THAMES...

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Where you went when you wanted to be with people.

- An OLD WOMAN sitting on a Thames BENCH with her FRIENDS

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Who you went home with when you had a one-night stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- A MAN and WOMAN furiously MAKING OUT as they get into the back of a CAB

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
What time you snuck back into your own bed.

- The WOMAN doing the walk of shame back to her home

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
How often you laughed when you were with friends.

- A BLOKE raising a pint with his buddies, in a great mood

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
How often you prayed.

- A JEWISH WOMAN entering a synagogue

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
And whether or not those prayers were answered.

- The Jewish Woman's lost LABRADOR RETRIEVER comes home. She throws her arms around it.

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
I called the company Good Looking because I had access to the cameras, and anything that CCTV knew, I knew.

WILL  
God.

THEODORE  
Pretty much.

SMASH CUT TO:

ANOTHER ROOM in the Good Looking complex. COMPUTERS are everywhere. A POWERFUL DATA SERVER stands like a sentinel in the middle of the room.

THEODORE (CONT'D)  
...There was so much information coming in from the cameras that I needed a way to organize it all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THEODORE (CONT'D)

So I wrote an algorithm that allowed me to take information on people and put it into profiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THEODORE'S APARTMENT - LONDON

CAPTION: 2001

A COLLEGE-AGE THEODORE furiously scribbles an MATHEMATICAL ALGORITHM on a CHALK BOARD, and then looks solemnly at surveillance photo of GWYNETH PALTROW pinned to a BULLETIN BOARD.

THEODORE (V.O.)

Once I had these profiles, I was able to match them to other profiles, finding people who complemented each other perfectly.

Theodore turns his attention to his COMPUTER, punches in some information, and watches as the computer runs through COMPLEX CALCULATIONS until it produces an image of CHRIS MARTIN.

He nods, satisfied.

CUT BACK TO:

The present. Benjamin hands Theodore a JUICE BOX, straw already inserted.

WILL

Like a dating site?

THEODORE

Oh, we've put all of those out of business. The problem with dating sites is that people *lie* about who they are, or only show what they want other people to know.

BENJAMIN

With our system, we *know* who they are. For instance, if you're on plushies kick and you want to dress like Scooby-Doo, you probably won't mention it in a public profile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEODORE

But we'd take those things into account when we match you up.

WILL

But there's so much data to compile...

THEODORE

Think of Google, which also handles huge amounts of data. Yet it allows you to search for *exactly* what you want. That's what we do.

CUT TO:

FOOTAGE FROM VARIOUS CITIES AROUND THE WORLD

Berlin, Stockholm, Moscow, Kathmandu, La Paz - all of them are having state-of-the-art surveillance systems installed.

THEODORE (V.O.)

In the years after I started the company, more and more cameras were installed in cities and towns all over the world.

A group of GAMBIAN TRIBAL VILLAGERS sit around a COMPUTER in their village - part of one of those Microsoft computers-for-everybody programs.

The tribal villagers look at a SECURITY TECHNICIAN installing a CAMERA in the center of the village.

THEODORE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pretty soon, the cameras were just a tiny part of it, because people kept incorporating increasingly powerful technology into their everyday lives. I made sure that where there was technology, there was Good Looking.

CUT BACK TO:

GOOD LOOKING

Theodore finishes his juice box, and hands it back to Benjamin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEODORE

But I was frustrated because I couldn't be as accurate with the matchmaking as I wanted. So I hired technicians like Benjamin to come up with ways to gather and organize more information.

BENJAMIN

We can go into computer data servers to track individual IP addresses to see what people have looked at on the web, see what library books they've checked out, what movies they've rented, what they've bought on their credit card, anything.

THEODORE

It all helps us create the profiles. We not only look for people who match up, but for people who really complement each other.

WILL

Is this legal?

THEODORE

(smiles)

If you think I'm watching people, you have no idea how many people are watching me.

WILL

But with that kind of power, aren't there better ways to make money than matchmaking?

THEODORE

(smiles)

I was Good Looking's first customer. I was miserable until I met my wife, and every day since I found her has been more than I could have ever imagined. I can't think of a better gift to the world than giving people that kind of happiness.

WILL

For a price.

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

THEODORE

We have a lot of overhead, as you can imagine.

(beat)

I'm one of the good guys, Will. This is what I have devoted my life to.

WILL

What about people who live in remote regions?

THEODORE

(proud)

We have ways of gathering information that you can't even believe.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A cluster of SATELLITES marked GOOD LOOKING float through the heavens.

We see what one of the satellites is looking at - a beautiful MONGOLIAN WOMAN traveling on horseback through the ZAVKAHN REGION of the country. One of the most isolated places in the world.

Back on Earth, we see that a Good Looking computer is transcribing everything she is doing, for future reference. A bored Good Looking employee looks at the readout:

2:30:01: Riding Tuwinian Horse.

2:31:07: Eating dried boar

2:24:14: Stopping to use restroom - third time today

Each of the satellites is effortlessly monitoring millions of such individuals at a time.

After all, in the near future, computer power is nearly limitless.

CUT BACK TO:

GOOD LOOKING

THEODORE

...But some of those are company secrets. Let's just say that in today's world, there are no remote regions.

WILL

(beat)

But this is all math, and you use the word soul-

THEODORE

(expecting question)

-How would you define a soulmate? Somebody who understands you better than anyone in the world? Somebody who you feel like you've met before? Somebody who fulfills something within you, is your best friend, makes you feel alive?

WILL

Yeah...

THEODORE

We find that person. Our business model doesn't work unless we are perfect, so we get it right. Every. Time.

Will thinks about this. Theodore is sure convincing.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Now let's get you started. It's eight million dollars for the service.

Will visibly reels at the price, but Theodore and Benjamin are nonplussed.

BENJAMIN

You have the cash in your checking account. HSBC, I believe.

WILL

I'm sorry, again. But I don't think this service is for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEODORE

Now why is that?

WILL

Emma is the woman I'm supposed to be with for the rest of my life.

BENJAMIN

Then eight million dollars is nothing at all to pay for peace of mind.

Will thinks about this. He doesn't want to know, but he does want to know.

WILL

Actually, it's quite a lot to pay for peace of mind.

BENJAMIN

Your friend Henry seemed happy with his results. So did your sister Megan.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CITY SIDEWALK - THE DAY AFTER HALLOWEEN

Will's sister MEGAN is doing the WALK OF SHAME after spending the night at a random's house. She is wearing a PINK FLAPPER DRESS and STILETTO HEELS.

Walking towards her is a MAN who is also doing the walk of shame - wearing the same PINK FLAPPER DRESS and a LARGER PAIR OF STILETTO HEELS.

They smile at each other. It's a funny situation.

CUT BACK TO:

GOOD LOOKING

WILL

Megan went to Good Looking? I always thought it was *fate* or something for her to meet John.

THEODORE

That's what we do. We find fate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will can't argue with that. He takes out his WALLET and hands a CARD to Benjamin, who shuffles away.

Theodore sits there smiling blankly at Will.

WILL  
(making smalltalk)  
Nice neighborhood.

THEODORE  
Great vegetarian.

WILL  
I'm a vege-

THEODORE  
I know.

Benjamin returns, and hands back Will's card.

BENJAMIN  
Money went through with no problem.

Benjamin takes a POST-IT out of his pocket and gives it a quick glance.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
(nonchalantly)  
Let's see here... It looks like the  
woman you're supposed to be with  
is... do do do...  
(beat)  
...Sophie Miller.

And with that, Will's world is ROCKED.

He is supposed to be with a woman other than his fiance.

Benjamin hands him the POST-IT.

WILL  
That's it? No file, no picture, no  
nothing?

BENJAMIN  
I wrote her address at the bottom.  
She's local.

WILL  
Does she know I'm coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THEODORE

Of course not. You're the one who paid for the service, not her. Don't worry. You'll click. People always do.

WILL

You don't even provide an introduction?

THEODORE

If you can't get up the nerve to introduce yourself to the person you *know* you're supposed to be with, then you shouldn't be with anybody.

This is too much for Will to take. He is angry. He **SHOVES** the post-it in his wallet.

WILL

Great scam you have here, gentlemen. Thank you for wasting my time.

Theodore and Benjamin don't react. They've seen such outbursts before.

THEODORE

Sophie Miller is the one.

WILL

You're *wrong*. I'm supposed to be with Emma.

Will storms out of the room. On the way out, Will passes the CONFERENCE ROOM, where two GOOD LOOKING EMPLOYEES are handing a NEW CUSTOMER the same kind of POST-IT that Will received.

The new customer reads the NAME on the post-it.

NEW CUSTOMER

(perplexed)

But I'm not gay.

GOOD LOOKING EMPLOYEE

(skeptical)

In the porn you like, it's never just a girl. You always need four, five dicks around. Why do you think that is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEW CUSTOMER

I just thought it was... porn.

GOOD LOOKING EMPLOYEE

(solemn)

You have no idea how gay you are.

EXT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will pays a CABBIE and walks to his front door, holding a BAG.

He leans his head on the door - heavy with guilt - before he goes inside.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Will enters the apartment. Emma is on the couch, watching OVER THE TOP starring Sylvester Stallone.

She looks great, in her pajamas, huddled under a blanket.

SYLVESTER STALLONE

(line from Over the Top)

I always wanted to be a milkshake.

WILL

Hey beautiful.

EMMA

(smiles)

That's nice.

(beat)

Were you at the office?

WILL

Things have been bad this week.

(re: bag)

I bought Cheer and Wisk because I couldn't remember what you wanted.

EMMA

I'll use them both eventually.

(beat)

I made a salad for you. It's in the fridge.

WILL

Do you have room under that blanket for another person?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Depends on who it is.

WILL

What if it's your long-term boyfriend who you met at a bookstore when you were waiting for an ancient Steven Seagal to sign his album for you.

EMMA

(pleasant memory)

*Songs from the Crystal Cave.*

Hanging on the wall is a framed copy of Steven Seagal's *Songs from the Crystal Cave*, featuring Seagal holding his guitar. It is signed - *To Emma. Suite 301 at the Four Seasons. All best, Steven Seagal.*

EMMA (CONT'D)

Is this the same boyfriend who somehow got us into the Museum of Fine Arts after hours so he could give me a private tour of the Magritte exhibit?

WILL

I'm not sure, but that sounds like quite a classy guy.

EMMA

Then it must be the boyfriend who came on a ride-along in my police car, and had a long discussion with a mugger about acoustic theory.

WILL

It sounds like your boyfriend has a natural empathy for the criminal class.

EMMA

Would this also be the boyfriend who is the best thing that has ever happened to me?

WILL

I hope so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMMA

Though he's distant sometimes. And forgets things that I consider important.

WILL

I didn't recognize him until now, but that's the guy. Definitely.

EMMA

Well, if he doesn't mind huddling up with a bitch, he's more than welcome to join.

Will gets under the blanket with Emma.

WILL

What are we watching?

EMMA

*Over the Top*. Sylvester Stallone plays a truck driving arm wrestler trying to heal his relationship with his moron son.

WILL

That sounds really awful.

EMMA

(pleased)

It is.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SPARE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Will is in his makeshift workshop, carefully GLUING the ribs of a violin in place. It requires his full concentration, which is being interrupted by the sound of Emma SNORING in the other room.

Emma SNORTS abruptly, and then stops snoring. A moment later she enters the workshop, bleary from sleep. She hangs herself over his shoulders.

EMMA

You're up later than usual.

WILL

I wanted to try something new.

EMMA

How have the violins been sounding?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
Hopeless.

EMMA  
You're going to do it, baby. I know  
you will.

WILL  
Men have been trying to replicate  
Stradivarius violins for 300 years,  
and nobody has succeeded.

EMMA  
I'm sure that even Stradivarius  
never thought his instruments  
sounded right.

She kisses the back of his neck.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Come to bed. You need sleep.

WILL  
Be right in.

EMMA  
I love you.

WILL  
I love you too.

Emma returns to the bedroom. Will finishes gluing. Emma's  
SNORING starts up again.

INT. FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES - DAY

Caption: THREE DAYS LATER

Henry stands at the WINDOW waving down at Amina, who is on  
the street below blowing him KISSES. Henry plucks her kiss  
out of the air and puts it in his shirt pocket.

Henry walks over to his computer and sits down, grinning  
hugely. His BOSS stops by his desk.

BOSS  
Henry, I meant to tell you - *great*  
work on the Koslow account.

HENRY  
Thank you sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOSS

It's remarkable how many deals  
you've been closing recently.  
You've never been more productive.  
How do you feel?

Sitting at his desk nearby, Will rolls his eyes.

HENRY

I feel like I could fuck a dragon,  
sir.

BOSS

Good good. Keep it up.

The boss walks away. Henry's phone RINGS.

HENRY

(on phone)

Hello?... No, I love you. *J'taime*.  
I'm working on my Moroccan accent.  
(beat)

No, you're *my* single serving of  
sugar. You say bye. Bye.

Henry hangs up the phone.

WILL

You're going to kill me.

HENRY

Slain by the sword of love. How did  
things go with Good Looking?

WILL

I never went.

HENRY

That's ridiculous. You've got the  
money. There's no reason-

WILL

(snapping)

-I'm not doing it!

HENRY

Alright! Shit!

(beat)

Well then, would you and Emma  
consider going on a double date?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Amina wants to meet some other couples, and it will give me a chance to show you what real love-fire looks like.

WILL

Love isn't a competitive thing.

HENRY

That's right, it isn't anymore. Thanks to a certain company.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KOREAN BARBECUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A busy Korean Barbecue place. COOKS work at a sizzling griddle. SERVERS rush around with steaming plates.

Will and Emma sit across a table from Henry and Amina.

It is a tableau of a couple newly in love vs. a long term couple: Henry and Amina have their legs pointed at each other and are constantly touching, while Will and Emma are simply sitting in their chairs, facing forward.

AMINA

It was amazing. I was at the Japanese woodblock exhibit at the Asian Cultural Center, when this amazing man walks up to me and starts talking to me about Hokusai Katsushika-

HENRY

-I've always loved Katsushika-

AMINA

-And then when he asked me out, he said he knew a place that made great *Tajine of Kefta*-

HENRY

-I had it once when my family went to Rabat on vacation when I was young-

AMINA

-Which my grandmother used to make-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

-It was good.

AMINA

It was really good.

HENRY

It was really good.

Henry and Amina kiss. Will and Emma watch them.

AMINA

I'm sorry. I usually never talk about relationships, but it's hard not to. It's like Henry was built for me in a workshop.

HENRY

I think you're the *built* one.

Amina smacks Henry's leg playfully.

AMINA

You're bad.

(beat)

So how long have you two been together?

HENRY

Three-

EMMA

-Four and a half years.

AMINA

That's amazing.

(beat)

How did he propose?

The question causes Emma's mood to change. This is a good memory.

EMMA

(wistful)

There's an inn near the beach in Penobscot, in Maine, that had been in my family for a hundred years. We had to sell it, but I used to go there when I was a little girl, and I used to love how *remote* it felt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMMA(CONT'D)

It was always like the rest of the world had exploded, and all that was left was this little inn, and me. And so Will-

WILL

-I rented out the whole place-

EMMA

-And he had the employees leave for the weekend, so that I could feel that perfect isolation again.

(beat)

He proposed to me on the porch.

AMINA

That's amazing.

EMMA

It was.

AMINA

Unfortunately, I'm a novice when it comes to incredible relationships.

HENRY

(killing the moment)

I'll make you a veteran.

AMINA

Can I get a long term contract?

HENRY

I'll give you a girthy signing bonus...

Amina and Henry kiss again, for a long time. Will and Emma watch them. Will crunches the ice from his drink.

EXT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will and Emma walk down their street to their apartment building.

EMMA

Were we like that? We were, right?

WILL

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA  
Like Henry and Amina.

WILL  
Henry and Amina are in the first  
two weeks of their relationship.  
Give it time.

EMMA  
(beat)  
They do seem perfect for each  
other. So happy. I think it might  
last. And it's *Henry*.  
(beat)  
There really is somebody for  
everyone.

Henry looks at his fiance.

WILL  
Absolutely.

Will leans in and KISSES EMMA.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

A scene that is nearly identical to one we saw earlier in the script: Will is standing in the bedroom putting on his tie, while Emma is in the living room bouncing up and down on her huge exercise ball.

Emma is watching DAYS OF THUNDER on television. TOM CRUISE is in the middle of the climactic FINAL RACE.

TOM CRUISE  
(intense)  
I'm going to draft Wheeler! Make  
him pull me around!

EMMA  
Punch it Tom!

Cruise PUNCHES it and his race car ZOOMS. Emma switches to push-ups, her eyes still on the screen.

WILL  
Days of Thunder. This is one of  
your desert island movies, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

No. If I was on a desert island, I would bring *Cast Away*. It's the only thing that would make sense, because Hanks has already figured everything out for you.

WILL

That's true. The existence of *Cast Away* renders moot the desert island movie discussion.

(beat)

I'm leaving. Do you need me to pick up anything?

EMMA

Actually, I do. Remember what I was saying about the centerpieces for the tables?

WILL

You wanted them to be filled with seaglass.

EMMA

But I don't know what *color* sea glass.

Will realizes what Emma is suggesting.

WILL

Oh, come on...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CARSON BEACH - AFTERNOON

A hidden treasure in South Boston, completely deserted at the moment. Will walks along the shore staring at the SAND.

He spots a piece of RED SEAGLASS tangled in some seaweed. He reaches down to pick it up. It's beautiful. He holds it in his hand, running his finger over it.

There is also a person with a METAL DETECTOR on the beach. It's an awesome metal detector - all sleek lines and blipping computer lights.

The Metal Detector-er is looking at the sand, the same as Will. They are walking towards each other, but don't know it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will and the Metal Detector-er nearly crash into each other, but disaster is averted when the BOTTOM OF THE METAL DETECTOR lightly taps Will's ANKLE.

WILL  
Oh, I'm sorry-

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
-No no, it's my fault! I didn't  
even see you!

The Metal Detector-er is a WOMAN, and when Will raises his eyes to look at her, he is temporarily caught off guard.

METAL DETECTOR-ER (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I zone out pretty hard when  
I'm using my metal detector.

The woman looks like a flapper - short hair, easy grace, and stunning.

METAL DETECTOR-ER (CONT'D)  
Seaglass hunt?

She has spotted the red seaglass Will is holding.

WILL  
I just found it.

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
You're lucky. Red is rare.

WILL  
Is it?

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
Brown, white and green are the most  
common, and red and orange are the  
hardest to find.

WILL  
I'm surprised there isn't more  
seaglass around. When I was a kid,  
this was the place to go.

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
(smiles)  
It still is. I just stole it all.

WILL  
Cornering the market?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
I sell it at my shop. You have no  
idea how popular it is.

WILL  
I might. I need a ton of it.

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
For what?

WILL  
For-

For some reason, Will stops himself and makes one of those  
inexplicable split-second decisions.

WILL (CONT'D)  
-an art project.  
(beat)  
I'm going to glue them. To wood.

METAL DETECTOR-ER  
I've got more than you could ever  
want or need. You should come in.

The woman hands Will her BUSINESS CARD, and one look at it is  
all it takes to knock the wind out of him.

*THE STONE STORE*  
*Proprietor: Sophie Miller*

This is the woman Will is supposed to be with.

WILL  
(barely able to speak)  
I'll... stop by.

SOPHIE  
Good luck with the rest of your  
search.

WILL  
(struggling)  
Good luck with finding. Whatever  
you find.

SOPHIE  
I dig up a lot of wedding rings.  
The beach wants to marry me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILL

(beat)

I'm sure.

Sophie smiles at Will, and puts on her metal detector headphones.

Will watches her as she walks away, scanning the sand.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FANEUIL HALL - LUNCHTIME

Will sits across from Henry at a table outside a health food restaurant.

HENRY

It's *fate*. You can't fight it.

(beat)

That said, I am disappointed that you lied to me about going to Good Looking. I thought we were past lies.

WILL

I don't know what to think about this.

HENRY

Then let me help you out... YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WITH THIS SOPHIE WOMAN.

(beat)

I mean, I love Emma. I do. Really not my type, but I appreciate she's been there for you.

WILL

Emma's amazing.

HENRY

But you're NOT SUPPOSED TO BE WITH HER. It's not anybody's fault - it's just how it is. Let me see the card.

Will takes out Sophie's business card and hands it to Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*The Stone Store.*

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY (CONT'D)

Man, that means she's a *freak* in bed. I love it.

WILL

What could possibly be your rationale for that?

HENRY

Are you kidding? Surrounded by all these rock hard rocks all day. Rocks that look like obelisks and pink geodes and-

WILL

That's idiotic.

HENRY

Have you ever seen a crystal? It's basically a cave dick.

WILL

I've never even *thought* about stones. I mean, maybe if I was skipping them...

HENRY

That's the *point*, though. Sophie's going to be interested in all this stuff that will complement all the shit you know, and you'll get interested in it too.

WILL

Is that what happened with you?

HENRY

Hell, yeah. I found out I love dressing like a sultan. I never would have even thought about doing that before-

WILL

-Why does Amina make you dress like a-

HENRY

Good Looking knows its shit, my friend.

(beat)

I'm thinking of popping the question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL  
You're kidding me.

HENRY  
I'm not.

WILL  
You've known her less than a month.

HENRY  
Longest relationship I've ever had.

WILL  
But still.

HENRY  
There's no sense in waiting if I  
know I'll never meet anyone as  
good, right?

Will has no argument. Makes sense.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
You need to at least talk to  
Sophie.

WILL  
I feel incredibly weird about it.

HENRY  
That's natural.

WILL  
I haven't approached a woman in  
years.

HENRY  
You already *have* approached her,  
you just didn't know you were doing  
it.

WILL  
What should I do about Emma?

HENRY  
Do you love her?

WILL  
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HENRY

Then think about HOW MUCH MORE  
you'll love Sophie!

(beat)

This is a no-lose situation, my  
friend.

WILL

Unless I lose my fiance.

HENRY

One-loss situation.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE STONE STORE - BROOKLINE - AFTERNOON

The Stone Store is a little shop set back from the road in a forgotten corner of Brookline.

As might be expected, there are a few FANCY ROCKS in the front window, along with some RUNE NECKLACES.

Will stands across the street from the store, getting up his nerve. Finally, he begins the walk to the front door.

INT. THE STONE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The store is filled with more geology-oriented stuff. FOOL'S GOLD, various FOSSILS of SKELETAL FISH and ancient FOOTPRINTS, bricks of JADE, and so forth.

SOPHIE stands behind the counter, engrossed in a biography of the Italian violinist PAGANINI. Which Will finds interesting.

WILL

(surprised)

Huh.

Will browses through some POSTERS - mostly TOPOGRAPHY MAPS and ROCK CLASSIFICATION CHARTS.

He flips to the last poster, which doesn't fit with the others - it is a COOL HAND LUKE promotional one-sheet.

WILL (CONT'D)

Does Paul Newman count as a rock?

Sophie looks up from her book and sees Will. She recognizes him from the beach and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

I think so.  
 (beat)  
 I'm glad you came in.

WILL

You promised me seaglass.

SOPHIE

Behold. The nation's strategic  
 seaglass reserve.

Sophie spreads her arms to a huge glass VASE that is chock-a-block FILLED with seaglass. It looks like a layer cake - all the glass is organized by COLOR.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm almost reluctant to sell you  
 any. I only finished filling the  
 jar last week.

WILL

It's so... precise.

Sophie laughs.

SOPHIE

Scary, right?

WILL

So if you found a piece of brown-

SOPHIE

-I would pour out the entire jar to  
 add it to the bottom level with the  
 other pieces of brown.

WILL

And then you put them all back in,  
 by color.

SOPHIE

I don't know if you noticed, but I  
 own a stone store. I have the time.

Will laughs.

WILL

How *did* you get into stones?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE  
(sincere)  
I like things that are permanent.

WILL  
(re: Sophie's book)  
Paganini is great. I listen to  
*Caprice Number 24* on my way to  
work.

SOPHIE  
I cook to *Caprice Number 24*.

WILL  
What do you cook?

SOPHIE  
Vegetarian stuff.

WILL  
Love of animals?

SOPHIE  
Health reasons. If cows were made  
of plants, I'm sure I'd eat them.

WILL  
I wish I could hunt wild soy to  
feel what it's like at the top of  
the food chain.

SOPHIE  
(offering hand)  
I'm Sophie. I gave you my card, but  
I never properly introduced myself.

WILL  
Will.

SOPHIE  
Your hands are like space heaters.

WILL  
It's from my grandmother.

SOPHIE  
Warm hearted?

WILL  
Part devil.

Sophie laughs again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOPHIE  
Then that would make you...

WILL  
(computing)  
One-eighth devil.

SOPHIE  
That's nothing compared to most  
guys I date.

Will thinks that might be a HINT, but he lets the moment pass. He hasn't asked a woman out in forever.

WILL  
So. Seaglass...

SOPHIE  
Wait. Something happened there.

WILL  
I'm not sure what-

SOPHIE  
-You wanted to ask me out just  
then. Or at least move in that  
direction.

WILL  
Excuse me?

SOPHIE  
I've been asked out five thousand  
times since I turned fourteen years  
old. I know what it looks like when  
somebody is about to do it.

WILL  
That's presumptuous.

SOPHIE  
I think I'm right.

WILL  
Alright. Maybe.

SOPHIE  
You should do it. I might say yes.

WILL  
Do you... want to get dinner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SOPHIE

No. But I will drink coffee and walk across the park with you.

WILL

(huh)

Sure. Let's go.

SOPHIE

I wasn't talking about right *now*.

WILL

What were you thinking?

SOPHIE

Saturday morning at 3:30?

WILL

In the morning?

SOPHIE

Sorry. Afternoon. I'm a night person, so I sleep late on the weekends, and sometimes 3:30 *feels* like the morning.

WILL

I'm a night person too. We'll have to do something late next time.

SOPHIE

I'm pretty sure we haven't even had a first time.

WILL

(smiles)

I'll meet you here Saturday.

Sophie waves goodbye and goes back to her book. Will exits.

EXT. THE STONE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Will walks away from the store grinning like an idiot... and then he remembers what he has done. A mixture of feeling triumphant, and like complete shit.

WILL

Good Looking, I hope you know what you're doing.

SMASH CUT TO:

WHITE SPACE

We're back in another COMMERCIAL like the one we saw in the beginning of the story, with Theodore looking straight at us.

THEODORE

One of the things we hear all the time is, "Good Looking, I hope you know what you're doing." I can assure you that we do. But if you're one of those individuals who has doubts, well, I'd like you to listen to Damian and Mary's story.

CUT TO:

CAPTION: DAMIAN & MARY. WASHINGTON D.C.

Articulate black-clothing wearing Goth DAMIAN sits on a park bench next to the pretty, pretty MARY, holding hands (in all of these commercials, the couples must always be holding hands).

DAMIAN

The first time I saw Mary, I honestly couldn't believe she was the woman I had been matched with. She seemed so *different* from me.

MARY

(southern accent)

I was the president of the Bible club at Boston College.

DAMIAN

And I was... not. When I saw Mary walking out of her Jesuit study group-

MARY

-A great lecturer came in to talk about the Epistle to the Ephesians-

DAMIAN

-I almost walked away, because I figured there was *no way* this was the right girl. But then I just said to myself, 'Good Looking, I hope you know what you're doing,' and I walked up to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

I've always liked it when guys dye their hair black, I've just never been around many who do, aside from old guys at church.

(beat)

It was really was love at first sight.

DAMIAN

And every sight since.

As Damian and Mary kiss, a CAPTION appears at the bottom of the screen: DAMIAN + MARY: MARRIED MARCH 21st.

CUT BACK TO:

WHITE SPACE

Theodore smiles at the camera.

THEODORE

There is an old saying that the heart is blind. And to that I respond: let Good Looking be its eyes.

(wink)

Good Looking... Because there's somebody for everyone.™

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE STONE STORE - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

As scheduled, Will waits outside the The Stone Store. He's nervous about this.

And then... she appears. Holding two cups of coffee.

SOPHIE

(handing Will coffee)

Here. Large with cream. No sugar.

WILL

That's how I drink it.

SOPHIE

I figured. You don't look like a sugar man.

EXT. LARZ ANDERSON PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Lars Anderson Park. Well-manicured fields that used to be owned by the Ambassador to Japan, but are now public.

WEDDING PARTIES are everywhere - NEWLYWEDS posing for pictures underneath trees, running through the long meadows, being cheesy, etc.

Will is wearing a funky shoulder bag.

SOPHIE

Are you wearing a big purse?

WILL

I was hoping it wasn't purse-ish.

SOPHIE

What do you have in there? If there's a hand grenade or a ratchet set, it might be more masculine than I think.

Will opens the bag, revealing a six pack of SMIRNOFF ICE. The bottles look like snazzy torpedoes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit. You brought Smirnoff Ice. I didn't know they still made that.

WILL

I don't drink, but the woman behind the counter said it was lemony, and I like Sprite-

SOPHIE

No. That's fine. I like Smirnoff Ice. I don't care what people say.

WILL

What do people say?

SOPHIE

They say... it's intense.

WILL

(not kidding)

I thought it seemed stronger than beer because of the vodka.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

It is.

LATER...

Will and Sophie sit next to a JAPANESE GARDEN. Will reaches into this bag and takes out the pieces of a PICNIC SET, which he screws together to make a TABLE.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(intrigued)

Whoa. Where did you get *that*?

WILL

I bought it from one of those SkyMall catalogues they have on airplanes.

SOPHIE

No way. Nobody has ever bought anything from SkyMall.

Will spreads his arms over the table - *the proof is before you.*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I used to think that they kept all the things in the SkyMall catalogue in the back of the plane.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - SOPHIE'S BRAIN

A scene of what Sophie used to think.

Sophie sits in her seat, holding the SkyMall catalogue up to a FLIGHT ATTENDANT. She POINTS to something, and the attendant walks into the rear cabin.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Like, if you wanted a bigfoot garden sculpture, they would just have it right there.

The flight attendant struggles to drag a huge BIGFOOT SCULPTURE out of the back of the plane. It must weigh 200 lbs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sophie takes a look at the bigfoot and SHAKES HER HEAD NO.  
The flight attendant starts dragging the bigfoot away.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. LARZ ANDERSON PARK - PRESENT

Sophie sips her Smirnoff Ice.

WILL

So you thought that around 90% of  
the plane was devoted to SkyMall  
product storage. Pet beds, massage  
chairs-

SOPHIE

-Decorative firepits, you name it.  
(beat)  
Your turn. Give me a misconception.

WILL

(beat; confessing)  
When I was a kid I thought that a  
vagina was called a Virginia.

Sophie laughs.

SOPHIE

So when you looked at a map of  
America-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - WILL'S BRAIN

YOUNG WILL (9) stands in front of the MAP on the wall,  
staring at the boldly labeled, strangely shaped state of  
VIRGINIA.

He looks horrified.

WILL (V.O.)

I couldn't believe someone would  
name a whole state after something  
like that.

Young Will looks at his TEACHER'S SKIRT, concerned about what  
might be under there, and runs out of the room.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. LARZ ANDERSON PARK

SOPHIE

...It certainly wouldn't be a puritanical thing for the Puritans to do.

WILL

Maybe they figured it was their country, so they could do what they wanted.

SOPHIE

I think you and I have a strangely similar way of looking at things.

WILL

I guess that means you're not going to make a run for it.

Silence.

SOPHIE

I prefer to travel rather than stay at home.

WILL

I stand outside of the same travel center every day.

SOPHIE

I'm agnostic.

WILL

Me too.

SOPHIE

I hate cats.

WILL

So do I, but I only like big dogs.

SOPHIE

Same here. I want a dog that can pull me out of the snow.

WILL

St. Bernard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

Ideally.

(beat)

I'm afraid of old people.

WILL

I always picture death standing  
next to them.

SOPHIE

I cut people in line at the movies.  
And at supermarkets. Anywhere.

WILL

(beat)

I don't do that, but I think I  
would like it.

SOPHIE

It's weirdly thrilling.

Sophie drinks some more of her Smirnoff Ice, enjoying  
herself. Then:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're not married, are you?

WILL

That's sudden.

SOPHIE

Sorry. I've done this with married  
guys before.

WILL

Talked about Confederate states  
named after hoo-hahs, you mean.

SOPHIE

No, the hoo-hah conversation will  
always be ours.

WILL

(beat)

I'm not married.

SOPHIE

Are you close? To being married?

WILL

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will looks at Sophie. She smiles, taking this as a flirtatious remark, though it wasn't intended as such.

SOPHIE

Who does?

It's a natural kiss moment... which SPOOKS Will, who LETS IT PASS.

WILL

Wait. What time is it?

SOPHIE

I don't carry a cell phone.

WILL

Neither do I. I'll ask somebody...

SOPHIE

Or you can lift me up and I'll see if there's a clock in that building over there.

Nearby is the LARZ ANDERSON AUTO MUSEUM, housed in an crazy old CARRIAGE HOUSE.

Lifting Sophie up seems like a good, beverage-influenced idea. They walk over to the building, and Will HOISTS Sophie up so she can look through a WINDOW, but she only gets a BRIEF GLIMPSE inside before they both come crashing down.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Twenty to six.

WILL

I'm not as strong as I once was.

SOPHIE

From that performance, I'm not convinced you were ever strong.

(beat)

So you need to go?

WILL

Will you be okay drinking alone in a public park?

SOPHIE

It won't be the first time.

(beat)

We should do this again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILL

(beat)

We should.

SOPHIE

You know the geological wonderland  
where you can find me.

WILL

(beat)

Then I'll find you.

Will jogs down the park path in the direction of the subway  
station.

Sophie sips her drink and watches him go.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Will enters the apartment and catches Emma standing in the  
middle of the room smoking a CIGARETTE, looking mellow.

WILL

Are you smoking in the Apartment?

EMMA

It's a one-hitter. I bought it.

WILL

You're a cop.

EMMA

I know. But I never bust anybody  
for pot and I needed some.

(beat)

The caterer we wanted was shut  
down. A bridesmaid found a tooth in  
her Viennese Coffee Ball.

WILL

It's good we heard about this now  
instead of a week before the  
wedding.

EMMA

(trying not to panic)

That's right. Better now. We'll  
find somebody new.

Emma walks over to Will. She puts her arms around him and  
kisses him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA (CONT'D)

(intimate)

I just want to say that I can't wait to be with you forever, and I know the wedding is simply something that allows me to do that. So I'm sorry if it has turned me into a madwoman.

(beat)

Were you drinking?

WILL

(covering)

Henry and I had a few cocktails.

EMMA

You're kidding. What kind?

WILL

Smirnoff Ice.

EMMA

Jesus. That Moroccan girl has carved him like a block of wood. Only princesses, teenagers and statutory rapists drink Smirnoff Ice.

WILL

I liked it.

EMMA

That's because you don't drink.

(beat)

Hey. Promise no pretty Moroccan girl is going to steal you away from me.

WILL

You don't have to worry about pretty Moroccan girls.

EMMA

Good. Because I can be exotic too.

Emma starts to lead Will into the bedroom. He feels guilty and doesn't feel right about it, but he goes along...

INT. FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES - THE NEXT MORNING

...And on Monday, Will is thinking about it, and he feels worse than he has ever felt before.

HENRY  
What's wrong with you?

WILL  
I'm staring into the dark abyss of my inner life.

HENRY  
Well, here's what's wrong with *me*.  
(beat)  
Amina and I had a weird *situation* last night.

This gets Will's attention.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
It was the first time we slept together.

WILL  
(confused)  
But I thought that all along...

HENRY  
Nope. We've done other stuff, but I was holding off on boning. I mean, I was *lying* to everybody that we were, but I figured, why rush, we've got the rest of our lives.

WILL  
Which isn't like you-

HENRY  
-At all.  
(beat)  
It was like fucking an evil gargoyle, Will.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - LAST NIGHT

Amina is ON TOP of Henry, with her hands around his THROAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMINA  
YOU LOVE BEING CHOKED!

HENRY  
(straining to speak)  
I don't... love it yet... but I  
might... learn to...

CUT BACK TO:

FOSTER'S AND ASSOCIATES

WILL  
Just because she's your soulmate,  
it doesn't mean it's always going  
to be perfect. It's still a  
relationship.

HENRY  
Perfect is what I paid for.

EXT. THE STONE STORE - EARLY EVENING

Will waits outside The Stone Store at closing time. Sophie  
steps outside, locks the shop door, and sees him.

SOPHIE  
(good-natured)  
Now if this isn't a stalker moment,  
I don't know what is.

WILL  
I thought you might like being  
kidnapped.

SOPHIE  
What girl doesn't?

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Emma gets home from a long day of work, still wearing her  
police uniform. She is exhausted.

EXT. THE INTERESTING PERFORMANCE SPACE - LATER

Will and Sophie approach a small THEATRE. There is a half-  
block LINE to get in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sophie CUTS to the front of the line, acting like she is in a RUSH. Will follows, going with it.

SOPHIE  
 (to person behind her;  
 hurried)  
 Sorry... vultures... exterminators.

PERSON IN LINE  
 Oh. Go ahead, please.

Sophie and Will hand over their tickets to the ticket-taker and are quickly inside.

WILL  
 You didn't even explain what the vultures were doing.

SOPHIE  
 People don't listen to the words, they respond to the emotion.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Emma has changed into more comfortable clothing. She picks her discarded police uniform up off the floor, along with a pair of Will's PANTS.

She feels something in the pocket of the pants... and removes the GOOD LOOKING business card. *Matchmakers - Boston.*

EMMA  
 What the...

INT. THE INTERESTING PERFORMANCE SPACE - LATER

This is a small performance space that has replaced the chairs with COUCHES of various sizes and degrees of cleanliness.

Will and Sophie sit on one such couch, watching a STRING QUARTET with the rest of the audience.

Sophie WHISPERS to Will. She is holding a crumpled PIECE OF PAPER.

SOPHIE  
 I just found a permission slip in this couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

What is it giving permission to do?

SOPHIE

(reading slip)

'Please allow Summit to go to the Museum of Science with his class this Friday.'

(beat)

Who the hell names their child Summit?

WILL

Preppy people. I've met a Summit before.

SOPHIE

What if the kid turns out to be short? You can't name a short guy Summit.

WILL

I feel worse for this couch than the kid. Imagine the life it had before it came here.

SOPHIE

Tea parties on Beacon Hill. Martini spills. Pillows being re-upholstered.

Will winces at "pillows being re-upholstered" - memories of Emma's ring pillow.

Sophie reaches into the couch again and removes a REMOTE CONTROL.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(re: remote)

Check it out. We should try to find the television it goes with. I need a television.

WILL

You don't have a television? What do you do at night?

Sophie looks at Will, and raises a suggestive eyebrow.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Emma dials the number on the Good Looking business card.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)  
(on other end of line)  
Good Looking.

EMMA  
Hi, I'm due to meet Will Harwich in a few minutes, and I've misplaced his number. I was wondering if you had it in your system...

BENJAMIN (O.C.)  
(on phone)  
I'm sorry, I'm not allowed to give out information about a client.

Emma's face says it all - a client?

EMMA  
Then could you give him a message for me in case he checks in?

BENJAMIN (O.C.)  
(on phone)  
Um. Sure.

EMMA  
Great. Tell him that if he comes home and can't find me, it's because I've made a bonfire out of all his belongings, and I'm using it to keep warm while I fuck every member of the Boston Blazers lacrosse team.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)  
(repeating what she says as he writes it down)  
...Fuck... the Boston Blazers. Got it. This is Sophie?

EMMA  
It's Emma.

BENJAMIN (O.C.)  
(realizing what he's done)  
Oh shit.

EXT. THE INTERESTING PERFORMANCE SPACE - LATER

The string quartet performance is over. Will and Sophie make their way to a CAB.

SOPHIE  
That was great. Where to now?

WILL  
(waffling)  
I need to get back home. I have work tomorrow.

Sophie rolls her eyes. She's not stupid.

SOPHIE  
You have a girlfriend.

WILL  
(long beat)  
Yes.

SOPHIE  
(disappointed)  
Of course you do. From now on I'll have to remember to couple that particular question with my *are you married* question.

WILL  
But-

SOPHIE  
This should be interesting. What's the *but*?

WILL  
I think I'm supposed to be with you.

SOPHIE  
I'm sure that makes your girlfriend feel good.  
(beat)  
Will. You seem like a wonderful man. We haven't even kissed yet, so your *honor*, or whatever it is, is pretty much intact. I would love to see you again. But I won't be the other woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sophie gets into the cab.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
 And for the record, I feel like I'm  
 supposed to be with you too.  
 Goodnight.

The cab drives away.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Will enters the apartment. Emma is sitting on the couch in front of the television, but the TV isn't on.

WILL  
 Hello.

Emma HOLDS UP the Good Looking business card.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (caught; low)  
 Crap.

EMMA  
 Now *that* is a telling reaction.

WILL  
 Emma...

EMMA  
 I know you better than anyone,  
 Will. I've already imagined every  
 possible thing that you might say,  
 so you don't need to say it.

WILL  
 This isn't anybody's fault. You've  
 talked about it yourself - Good  
 Looking is always right.  
 (beat)  
 We're meant to be with other  
 people.

EMMA  
 I see.

WILL  
 It means there is somebody out  
 there who will make you happier  
 than I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

And now, with this limited time offer, you can upgrade your spouse for a one time payment of-

WILL

-Emma, I love you... but I'm supposed to be with her.

EMMA

Fuck off, Will.

Emma puts her ENGAGEMENT RING on the table. Emma picks up a packed bag and LEAVES.

And that's the end of the relationship.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - SPARE ROOM - LATER

It is four in the morning. Will can't sleep, so he's working on a violin. He delicately sands a piece of figure-eight shaped wood - the back of the instrument.

He pauses and listens. The apartment is completely silent - no SNORING. Which makes him sad.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Will tries to sleep on his side of the bed, even though the other side of the bed is empty. He could spread out if he wanted. He doesn't.

INT. WILL AND EMMA'S FLAT - MAIN ROOM

Will TAKES DOWN framed photos of he and Emma together:

Riding a TANDEM BIKE in the countryside. At a BALL, looking elegant in dress clothes. At the top of a FERRIS WHEEL, acting goofy.

There is a picture of Emma standing on the PORCH of a BEACHFRONT INN. She looks amazing. This is the spot where Will proposed to her.

Will leaves the photo up.

EXT. THE STONE STORE - EARLY EVENING

It's closing time. Will waits outside The Stone Store. Sophie emerges from the store and locks the door behind her.

She sees Will, and walks over to him. She knows.

SOPHIE

Yeah?

WILL

(sorta sadly)

Yeah.

Sophie smiles. She puts her arms around him and KISSES HIM, and he returns in kind.

For a first kiss, it's a great kiss.

WILL (CONT'D)

What now?

SOPHIE

Should we go to your place?

Will thinks about the current state of his apartment.

SMASH CUT TO:

RAPID SNAPSHOTS OF WILL'S APARTMENT

- BOXES of Emma's stuff that Will hasn't yet given back

- A CRATE of Emma's BODY CREAMS and LOTIONS and various SHOWER MISCELLANEA

- And a few framed PICTURES that Will hasn't yet taken down - including the one of Emma at the beachfront inn

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE STONE STORE

Will and Sophie together.

WILL

I might need a couple of days to get my place to where I'm okay with you seeing it. It's a mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE  
 (believes him)  
 I understand.

WILL  
 What about your place?

Sophie thinks about this.

SMASH CUT TO:

RAPID SNAPSHOTS OF SOPHIE'S APARTMENT

- BRAS, PANTIES and BOXERS lying in EVERY CONCEIVABLE PLACE in the apartment... on the WASHING MACHINE, in the TRASH COMPACTOR, in a KITTY LITTER BOX, etc.

- A NAKED MAN lying on a bed with GEOLOGICAL CHART BLANKETS

- A thick CRYSTAL from the Stone Store lying on a TABLE

- A GEODE filled with tubes of ASTROGLIDE

- A BATHROBED MAN cooking some BACON

- A bunch of ground-up TRILOBITE FOSSILS, cut into LINE - it looks like somebody was SNORTING THEM

Henry was right - Sophie is a FREAK.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE STONE STORE

Will and Sophie together.

SOPHIE  
 My apartment needs a couple of days too.

WILL  
 That's fair.

SOPHIE  
 It's still early. We could find something else to do.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - LATER

Will and Sophie linger outside of a THEATRE, looking at their choices.

The only film playing is an ACTION MOVIE called *BOOM!* starring an elderly VIN DIESEL (or an equivalent modern action star who is young-ish now, but wouldn't be young when this story is taking place).

WILL  
Should we see BOOM?

SOPHIE  
If it's the only thing playing.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - LATER

Will and Sophie sit side-by-side watching Vin Diesel in *BOOM!* Vin Diesel is holding a BABY while firing a FLAMETHROWER at a horde of CYCLOPSES.

ELDERLY VIN DIESEL  
(cool)  
Conjuncti-bite-this.

Will smiles at the terrible movie. He looks over at Sophie, who ISN'T ENJOYING IT ONE BIT.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - LATER

Will and Sophie walk away from the theatre, towards a bunch of BARS.

SOPHIE  
You'll have to show me how to appreciate bad movies.

WILL  
I think you have to look at it from the perspective of the universe having balance. So every time a bad movie is made...

SOPHIE  
Something good happens somewhere. Like a dumpster baby is adopted by a rich family or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

Exactly.

Approaching them, heading to the next bar, are HENRY and AMINA. They seem happy together, playing around and flirting.

Henry sees SOPHIE for the first time, and a huge GRIN spreads across his face.

Amina is a little confused - this isn't the woman they had dinner with - but Henry gives her a look to let her know it's fine.

HENRY

William! Who the hell is *this* winsome companion?

WILL

Sophie, this is my degenerate co-worker Henry, and his girlfriend Amina.

HENRY

I'm actually keeping her firmly at "special friend" status.

Amina smacks Henry.

WILL

Henry is a bad human being, but Amina is changing him.

HENRY

We're going to the bar. You're coming. I need to know this beautiful woman I will never have.

AMINA

Henry!

WILL

We're actually-

HENRY

Bar time! Let's go!

INT. BAR - LATER

Will and Sophie are sitting across from Henry and Amina. Will drinks a bottle of COKE. Sophie drinks WINE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

(drunk)

-I'M THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE. Look  
at this WOMAN I'm with...

Amina rolls her eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to lie. It took me a  
little while to get used to some of  
Amina's *techniques*...

AMINA

Henry! Shut up!

HENRY

But then, lying there after she  
really scared me once, I started  
thinking about *The Exorcist*, and I  
just thought, at *some point* that  
priest needed to learn how to  
exorcise the devil, and then it  
probably got more natural for him  
as he did it over and over.

AMINA

(embarrassed)

Oh God.

HENRY

(re: Will)

And THIS guy - and MAN I love him -  
he's been a reserved intellectual  
guy for so long that it's nice to  
finally see him taking *risks!*

(beat)

I mean, not that it's a risk to go  
to Good Looking, but still...

Sophie looks at Will.

SOPHIE

You went to Good Looking?

WILL

(beat)

Yeah.

SOPHIE

So the seaglass thing... You  
planned?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL  
No, actually. I was just there.

AMINA  
(chiming in)  
It was fate!

Sophie takes this in. It's big news.

SOPHIE  
Wow. Holy shit. I mean... It's you.

WILL  
I'm afraid so.

HENRY  
(low)  
Sucks, right?

Sophie leans in and KISSES Will.

SOPHIE  
(happy)  
I'm glad it's you.

As Sophie and Will kiss, Henry looks up at a TELEVISION hanging above the bar, where a GOOD LOOKING COMMERCIAL is playing.

SMASH CUT TO:

WHITE SPACE

As always, Theodore Kent is breaking it down for us.

THEODORE  
People sometimes ask me how long it takes to fall in love with somebody. There's no cut-and-dry answer to this question, but we find that our clients tend to fall in love very quickly indeed...

CUT to a RAPID MONTAGE of Good Looking COUPLES in different settings (at the rodeo, at Comic Con, in mid-air while tandem skydiving, at a Raffi concert, etc.)

Each of the couples SPEAK IN UNISON:

RODEO COUPLE  
It was love at first sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMIC CON COUPLE  
Love at first sight.

SKYDIVING COUPLE  
(yelling over wind)  
Love at first sight!

RAFFI CONCERT COUPLE  
Right away. Love at first sight.  
Definitely.

CUT BACK TO:

WHITE SPACE

THEODORE  
Here at Good Looking, we don't like  
to guarantee love at first sight...  
(wink)  
...But we'll pretty much guarantee  
love by third sight.  
(beat)  
Good Looking... Because there's  
somebody for everyone.™

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE FARMER'S MARKET - CAMBRIDGE - DAY

Will and Sophie walk together through the vendors and crowds  
of the Central Square Farmer's Market. They pass a pair of  
women pushing BABY CARRIAGES.

SOPHIE  
No. Way.

WILL  
You don't want kids?

SOPHIE  
Maybe in an abstract sense - you  
know, the Lion King circle of life  
and that crap. But I feel like I  
need to have a few more adventures  
before I have kids.

WILL  
I hear that.  
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL(CONT'D)

But I'm sure that baby clock thing  
will kick in with you eventually.

SOPHIE

I'm not sure. There are so many  
jerks in the world, when I see a  
baby, I start thinking - when you  
look at the statistics - the baby  
is probably going to be a dick when  
he gets older.

WILL

Which makes the baby less cute.

SOPHIE

Right. I sometimes see them as  
little, balding insurance agents  
who cheat on their wives.

(beat)

So I'm glad you want a few  
adventures first too.

Will nods, but there's something about the look on his face  
that seems unsure.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Speaking of adventure...

One of the Boston DUCK BOATS rolls past, filled with  
tourists.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, hell yes we're doing it.

INT. DUCK BOAT - LATER

Will and Sophie ride in a DUCK BOAT that is heading towards  
the choppy CHARLES RIVER. The boat has been retrofitted a  
SOLAR SAIL to power it along.

The boat is crowded with COUPLES celebrating their HONEYMOONS  
and LOVERS all over each other, sitting on each other's laps,  
feeling each other up, paying no attention to the tour, etc.

Will and Sophie are sitting up front in the exposed 'splash'  
seats.

SOPHIE

Is the Charles polluted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

My dad used to swim it.

SOPHIE

And he didn't grow any extra appendages or anything?

WILL

He did have a little nubbin of a sixth toe.

SOPHIE

Then the river made him radioactive and he sprouted a nubbin.

WILL

I can't prove it didn't.

SOPHIE

Excellent. I'll grow a third boob and you'll get another dick, and we'll make movies.

(to driver)

Damn the torpedoes! Faster!

The boat steams forward and SPLASHES down into the Charles River. Torrents of water SPRAY over Will and Sophie. They are DRENCHED. Sophie HOWLS with laughter.

Once the boat is in the river, it floats calmly along. Sophie wipes water out of her face and looks at Will.

He looks at her. Her makeup is smudged and she is smiling hugely... it's one of those moments that SHOULD make him go, *I love this girl* - a perfect moment.

But for some reason... he isn't feeling that.

And he is aware of it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

I think we got the worst of the splash.

WILL

(throwaway)

I think so...

Will looks out at the river, letting the moment PASS. He seems confused.

INT. BOSTON MUSEUM OF SCIENCE - NIGHT

Will and Sophie walk up to the TICKET VENDOR at the Museum of Science.

WILL  
Two please.

TICKET VENDOR  
Do you want combination tickets?  
They include the Planetarium.

Will and Sophie look at each other.

WILL  
Combination tickets would be great.

Sophie slides a PIECE OF PAPER to the ticket vendor. It's Summit's permission slip that she found in the couch.

SOPHIE  
This is his permission slip, in case you need it.

TICKET VENDOR  
That'll be thirteen hundred dollars.

WILL  
What's playing at the Planetarium?

TICKET VENDOR  
Same thing that always is.

INT. BOSTON MUSEUM OF SCIENCE - PLANETARIUM - NIGHT

Will and Sophie are lying on their backs in the Museum of Science's PLANETARIUM, beholding the LASER PINK FLOYD SHOW.

Lasers dance across the theatre's curved ceiling, accompanied by the band's "Goodbye Blue Sky."

Will and Sophie watch.

SOPHIE  
Man. Pink Floyd sucks.

WILL  
I can't stand Pink Floyd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

I'm not a drug person, and this doesn't work without drugs.

WILL

We should lick the toads in the amphibians exhibit.

SOPHIE

Who the hell would come to this willingly?

Will knows who would come to Laser Pink Floyd voluntarily. And really enjoy it.

That feeling of uneasiness creeps into him again...

WILL

Let's get out of here.

INT. WILL (AND NO LONGER EMMA'S) APARTMENT - NIGHT

All traces of Emma have been removed from the living room - it looks like Will just shoved anything that had to do with her in the corner and threw a SHEET over it to hide it.

Will and Sophie are on the couch, MAKING OUT like we haven't seen them make out before.

SOPHIE

(in between kisses)

I'm so happy it's you. My friend went to Good Looking and it turned out she was supposed to be with the lead singer of a Queen cover band.

WILL

What Freddy Mercury did she get? Moustache and jean shorts? Unitard?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIRTY NIGHTCLUB

A glorious FREDDY MERCURY IMPERSONATOR - overbite and everything - is on a too-small stage. He is wearing one of Mercury's skin-tight unitards held up by skinny SPAGHETTI STRAPS, and exposing a lushly hairy CHEST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A PRETTY WOMAN watches him adoringly from the crowd, mouthing along with the words to "Under Pressure."

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
Unitard. But she loves him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WILL (AND NO LONGER EMMA'S) APARTMENT

WILL  
To each their own...

Sophie takes off her dress.

SOPHIE  
(naughty)  
...Occasionally I lend mine out.

WILL  
Did you ever think of going to Good Looking?

SOPHIE  
I think I was searching for the right person in my own way. I made a lot of mistakes.

WILL  
"Nothing is more intolerable than to have to admit to yourself your own errors."

SOPHIE  
Who said that?

WILL  
Beethoven.

SOPHIE  
I think that's the first time anybody has slapped me with a Beethoven quote when I was half naked.

WILL  
Have you been slapped with other things?

SOPHIE  
Oh, God yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
You're hilarious.

SOPHIE  
I'm in love with you.

This takes Will by surprise.

WILL  
(hedging)  
Happened... quick...

SOPHIE  
You should point me somewhere I can  
make myself more comfortable.

WILL  
There's no way you could get more  
comfortable.

SOPHIE  
You have no idea how comfortable I  
can get.

Will points behind him towards the bedroom. Emma climbs off  
of him and heads in that direction. She disappears.

Will sits on the couch and takes a deep breath. And then...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What is this?

Will gets up from the couch and sees that Sophie has walked  
into his WORKSHOP, instead of the bedroom.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in here?

WILL  
I build violins.

SOPHIE  
I've never seen so many books on  
the subject.

WILL  
I taught myself how to do it.

She stands half-dressed, looking at the violins hanging on  
the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE  
Do you sell them?

WILL  
I haven't got one right yet.

SOPHIE  
How will you know when you've got one right?

WILL  
I'm... trying to replicate the sound of a Stradivarius.

Sophie BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

SOPHIE  
Come on. Nobody has done that in three centuries. That's the reason they're priceless.

WILL  
I think I can do it.

SOPHIE  
I've read about this. They can't be replicated because those instruments were made from wood that grew under weird weather conditions in the 1600s. No matter what you did, you'd never get it right.  
(beat)  
I'm afraid you need to give it up.

Will looks at Sophie curiously.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

The scene we saw earlier in the WORKSHOP, with Emma hanging over Will's shoulders late-night as he worked.

EMMA  
You're going to do it, baby. I know you will...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE PRESENT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Will examines Sophie's face.

And in this moment, Will knows that he has royally fucked up.

SOPHIE

Don't look so stricken. You just need a new hobby.

(beat)

And I may have a suggestion...

WILL

(beat; low)

I think... you... should leave.

SOPHIE

Somebody is sensitive about his violins.

WILL

It's not that. Well, in a way it is, but- I'm sorry. You need to... go.

SOPHIE

You're kidding.

WILL

I... made a mistake.

SOPHIE

(perplexed)

But we're supposed to be together. Good Looking says-

WILL

-I know it does. And I'm perfectly, outrageously compatible with you - I mean, the fact that you've read *extensively* about Stradivarius violins says something. Without question, Good Looking did its job.

SOPHIE

So what's the problem?

WILL

(realizing it as he speaks)

I'm not going to fall in love with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SOPHIE

(beat)

How is that possible?

WILL

You and I are perfect for each other.

(beat)

But I love my imperfect Emma.

Sophie takes this in. She's hurt.

SOPHIE

If I'm supposed to be with you, but you want to be with somebody else, then what do I do?

WILL

I think that's the way things used to be for everybody. Before Good Looking, I mean.

SOPHIE

I was born in the wrong time. Think about how much simpler things were in, like, 2010.

Will nods. Nothing left to say, Sophie LEAVES the apartment.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Will CALLS Emma on his HOUSE PHONE. It rings.

WILL

Come on...

He gets her VOICE MAIL.

EMMA

(voice mail)

*You've reached Emma's phone. Leave a message and I'll get right back to you. Unless it's Will, in which case, you know how I never shot anybody? YOU will be my first. You leave a message, you get shot!*

Beep. Will hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Will enters the police station and approaches the front desk, where a FEMALE OFFICER is standing.

WILL

Hi. I was wondering if Officer Smithson is working tonight. She usually pulls night shifts on the third Friday of the month.

FEMALE OFFICER

And your name is...

WILL

Will Harwich.

FEMALE OFFICER

Oh. Jesus. You're Will.  
(serious)  
She's not working.

WILL

But she usually-

FEMALE OFFICER

She's ON LEAVE.  
(beat; low)  
She hasn't taken your breakup well.

Will looks at the OTHER OFFICERS behind the desk. All of them are SHAKING THEIR HEADS.

OFFICER #2

She's on leave.

OFFICER #3

Needed to go on leave, man.

WILL

How do I know you're telling me the truth?

FEMALE OFFICER

I hear you're not good with truth.

WILL

(beat)  
Is there a payphone in here?

INT. SMALL ELECTRIC CAR - LATER

Will rides through a BAD NEIGHBORHOOD in the passenger seat of Henry's SMALL ELECTRIC CAR. Henry drives.

Will sees three TOUGH LOOKING GANGBANGERS through the window.

HENRY

I can't believe you broke up.

WILL

She was the most compatible person for me in the world. But I wasn't going to love her.

HENRY

You should have at least got a handjob.

(concerned)

Why are we here again?

WILL

This neighborhood is Emma's beat. Stop the car.

Henry STOPS the car. The gangbangers reach into their COATS, ready to take out guns. Will rolls down the window.

WILL (CONT'D)

Excuse me there!

The gangbangers look at each other.

GANGBANGER #1

Where you from? Who you with?

WILL

A private equity firm.

The gangbangers walk over ominously.

GANGBANGER #1

Private equity?

WILL

I'm looking for information.

Will hands several ten-thousand-dollar bills to the gangbanger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)

There's an officer that sometimes works this neighborhood. Smithson.

The gangbangers recoil at the name.

GANGBANGER #1

(concerned)

Oh, shit. Officer Smithson was crazy a few days ago. Like some sort of *banshee*.

Gangbanger #1 gestures to the HEADS of his two buddies. They are wearing BANDAGES on their SCALPS.

GANGBANGER #2

That's a pretty lady with an ugly club.

GANGBANGER #3

(concerned)

Hope you not Will.

GANGBANGER #1

(re: his buddies)

She kept calling them Will while she was beating on them.

WILL

I am. Will, I mean.

GANGBANGER #3

That bitch needs to go on leave.

GANGBANGER #1

(throwing back money)

Take that money back. We ain't messin' with Officer Smithson.

The gangbangers walk away from the car. Henry drives away down the street.

HENRY

(matter-of-fact)

Emma's angry.

WILL

This is all your fault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENRY

Look. If you want to find Emma,  
there's one place to go. You might  
have to pay for it though.

EXT. GOOD LOOKING - LATER

Will and Henry are parked outside of the Good Looking office  
on Newbury Street.

There are still LIGHTS on inside the office and HORDE of  
people outside, drinking and laughing.

CUSTOMERS exit Good Looking triumphantly holding pieces of  
paper with the names of their soulmates on them. Some are so  
excited they announce the names to the throng.

MALE CUSTOMER

Kathleen Constantino!

The mob ROARS its approval. Another customer exits the  
building.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Robert Holt!

The mob ROARS again.

Will and Henry watch from the car.

HENRY

Good Looking attracts a night  
crowd.

WILL

Go out, have a few beers, stumble  
in, find out your soulmate. It's  
our generation's equivalent of the  
drunk tattoo.

Will stares at the Good Looking office, thinking.

HENRY

They've got all the information in  
the world. Go in and ask them where  
she is.

Will continues to stare at the office. And then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

(beat)

Henry, can I use the car?

HENRY

You're not going in?

WILL

I don't need to.

HENRY

The car is Amina's, and she uses it to get to work. I'd have to tell her it was stolen, or she would kill me.

WILL

Would you do that for me?

HENRY

Sure.

(beat)

Where are you going?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROUTE ONE - DAYBREAK

Will drives the car down Route One towards MAINE.

EXT. BEACHFRONT INN - MAINE COAST - MORNING

Emma is sitting on the porch of a beachfront inn we recognize from the photograph. This is the place where she and Will got engaged. The beach is huge and empty. She is in her pajamas with a bathrobe wrapped around her, looking out at a whale in the ocean through some high-tech BINOCULARS.

Then, she hears the sound of a CAR.

Emma focuses the binoculars in the direction of the back road that is the only way to get to the inn, and sees the car coming. Through the windshield, she sees that Will is behind the wheel.

She puts down the binoculars and takes a sip of her morning tea. She puts down her cup and then picks up her trusty GUN, lying on the table nearby.

Will's car gets closer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emma takes aim...

And POP POP POP! Emma BLOWS OUT the FRONT TIRES of the electric car.

The car swerves off the road into a SAND BANK.

Satisfied, Emma takes another sip of her tea.

Will cracks open the WINDOW of the car and climbs out, dazed and bruised and bloodied. He stumbles up the beach towards the inn, his hands above his head in surrender.

WILL  
Emma! Hold on!

Emma FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS at Will's feet, SPRAYING SAND all over him.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Christ! Come on Emma!

EMMA  
(calm)  
Did you not get my message about me shooting you if I saw you again?

Will tentatively walks closer to the porch.

Emma fires again - POP POP POP! - and Will DANCES to get out of the way.

WILL  
I got the message! I got it!

EMMA  
And yet here you are.  
(beat)  
What, did you have your friends with the cameras track me down?

Will spreads his arms to the open beach.

WILL  
No cameras here.

EMMA  
Well, then tag I'm it, I suppose.  
(beat)  
You can go now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

I made the biggest mistake of my life.

EMMA

Computer geek tell you to say that?

WILL

I don't need technology to tell me what I know. And what I know - what I've always known - is that I'm supposed to be with you.

(beat)

I am so, so sorry that I doubted my certainty of that.

Emma seems touched - or at least, touched enough to PUT DOWN THE GUN. And then, we hear FOOTSTEPS.

WILL (CONT'D)

(confused)

What's that sound?

With that, a MUSCULAR HANDSOME MAN walks out of the front door of the inn, also wearing a BATHROBE. He SNIFFS Emma's hair and kisses her on the top of the head.

MAXIMILIAN

Who is zis?

EMMA

It's Will.

MAXIMILIAN

(Belgian accent)

Nooo. Zis is *the Will*?

EMMA

It is.

Maximilian makes a *tsk tsk tsk* sound.

WILL

Who's that?

EMMA

I figured that if you had such luck with Good Looking, maybe I would give them a call.

WILL

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA

Will, this is Maximilian.

(beat)

He was Jean-Claude Van Damme's  
stunt double on Universal Soldier.

MAXIMILIAN

Universal Soldier 7.

EMMA

That's right. Universal Soldier 7.

Maximilian looks Will over, unimpressed.

WILL

I don't care. Good Looking can tell  
us who we're supposed to be with,  
but it can't tell who we'll love,  
and I'm in love with you. I'm  
sorry. For everything.

(beat)

I just want you back.

Emma takes this in.

EMMA

Maximilian, go inside and do some  
push-ups. I'll be right in.

MAXIMILIAN

Yell eef you need me.

Maximilian goes inside the house.

WILL

I can't believe that's your  
soulmate.

Emma looks at Will for a long time. She smiles, sadly.

EMMA

He's not.

(beat)

You are. I don't care what anybody  
else says.

Will is moved. He gets down on ONE KNEE and takes out the  
ENGAGEMENT RING.

WILL

Will you marry me, again? Please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Emma hesitates.

EMMA

You promise you're not going to run off to Burma or something looking for adventure?

WILL

If you say yes, I'm sure the next few months will be all the adventure I ever need.

EMMA

What about the wedding?

WILL

I'll help plan it.

EMMA

(emotional)

And the boutonnieres?

WILL

I will cover myself in them. I will wear them in my hair, if that's what you want. I'll eat them. I don't care.

EMMA

(breaking down)

Okay. Yes. But you're such an idiot.

Will puts his arms around her.

WILL

I know. I'm sorry. I'm an idiot...  
I'm an idiot... I'm an idiot...

They KISS - and then Emma notices MAXIMILIAN staring at them through the window with a SAD EXPRESSION on his face.

EMMA

What should I do about Maximilian?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SCENIC VINEYARD - AFTERNOON

The WEDDING RECEPTION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The VINEYARD where it is all taking place is immaculate, with rows of vines extending forever in all directions.

Dozens of Will and Emma's friends and family are milling around, eating and dancing on a floor that lights up like SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER.

Henry stands in the center of the reception with Amina, drinking wine and taking it all in. He is wearing a boutonniere that verges on being TECHNICOLOR.

AMINA

This is really nice.

HENRY

It *is* really nice, but let me point some things out for you...

Henry gestures at a SHORT BUS parked nearby.

HENRY (CONT'D)

A short bus to take the guests to the reception? What kind of message does that send? And look at that...

A GUEST quietly spits her vegetable hors d'oeuvre into a NAPKIN.

HENRY (CONT'D)

*Bok choi* hors d'oeuvres? Nobody wants that healthy crap at a wedding. And check it out...

Henry points to the BAND that is playing for the guests. It's an excellent, lively wedding band, with a half-dozen VIOLINISTS jammed into the act.

HENRY (CONT'D)

A band with six people fiddlin'? This is Boston. We don't have hootenannies.

(beat)

All parts of the wedding that Will planned.

AMINA

Everybody knows you should never let a man help plan a wedding.

(beat)

They do look perfect together though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

On the DANCE FLOOR, Will and Emma are whirling wildly to the music, having the time of their lives. They look incredible.

WILL  
Mrs. Harwich.

EMMA  
Mr. Smithson.

Will pulls her close, and whispers to her.

WILL  
I'll be a good guy, I promise.  
(beat)  
Ain't gonna do nothing wrong. I  
ain't gonna leave no hair in the  
sink or nothing like that.  
(beat)  
I think this is gonna be great, you  
know that?

Emma thinks about what Will has just said... and she gets an odd look on her face.

EMMA  
Wait. Is that from Rocky II?

WILL  
One of your favorites.

EMMA  
You're sweet.

WILL  
We should do this more often.

EMMA  
Get married?

WILL  
Dance.

EMMA  
(re: the band)  
You've made it easy. The violins  
sound fantastic.

WILL  
They're not perfect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA

(smiles)

But they still make a lovely sound.

We pull out on Emma and Will as they hold each other and dance and generally have the time of their lives, and we...

FADE OUT.

AND THEN FADE BACK IN:

WHITE SPACE

Theodore once again fills the screen. His demeanor is SERIOUS.

THEODORE

Allow me to be candid for a moment.

(solemn)

A peculiar situation has come to the attention of Good Looking, in which we made a match, yet a member of the pairing decided to stay with his previous partner.

(beat)

In light of this unprecedented circumstance - which in no way affects our 100% success rate, given that this couple was in fact perfectly matched - Good Looking will now be offering a free Second-Chance Guarantee™ to anybody jilted in this manner, such as this couple...

EXT. FOUNTAIN - DAY

Another fountain, much like the one from the commercial at the beginning of our story.

But this time it's MAXIMILIAN and SOPHIE who are sitting on the edge of the fountain, holding HANDS.

SOPHIE

With Good Looking's new Second-Try Guarantee™, I was given a free session when the man to whom I was matched married somebody else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXIMILIAN

I too had lost a woman who vuz  
supposed to be mine, but vith  
Sophie, I have love.

SOPHIE

(kidding, maybe)  
Not to say he isn't a little  
muscular for my taste...

MAXIMILIAN

(kidding, maybe)  
And she does not vant to see my  
movies, though I vould like her  
to...

SOPHIE

(kidding, maybe)  
And I'm not sure what he's saying  
all the time, but I'm glad to be  
with somebody so close to ideal.

MAXIMILIAN

Eet is true vat they say...

Sophie goes in for a quick peck of a kiss on Maximilian,  
while goes in for some open-mouthed French action, and they  
press their faces together awkwardly.

SOPHIE

(back to camera)  
...There's somebody for everyone.™

A final trademark 'TM' pops up in the corner of the screen,  
the commercial turns off with a quick ZZZZT! and with that  
we...

BLACK OUT.

THE END