

VERVE

BOYFRIEND MATERIAL

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EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - MORNING

Los Angeles in the near future. Things are basically the same but most people walking around are "plugged in," or viewing the world through VIRTUAL REALITY. People wear thick, black glasses that change their surroundings to whatever they desire - a beach in Greece, a football stadium, the possibilities are endless. Everyone carries a phone - which connects them to the VR. Electric buses zoom by a crowded coffee shop, several homeless people beg for change, and nouveau hipsters argue about hydroponic vs soil marijuana. Again, things are basically the same.

We ANGLE ON a harried-looking girl - 26, dressed in a plain jacket and jeans. This is MAEVE. She stands out from the crowd because she's NOT "plugged in." She takes a Moleskine from her pocket and studies the front page. It reads "Ad-Dictive Entertainment. 6th and Santa Fe. 11AM." She looks at her phone - it's 10:42. Damn it. She asks a man wearing dark glasses for directions but he keeps walking. She throws her hands up in frustration and HITS A GUY WALKING BY.

MAEVE

Holy shit, I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

He takes his dark glasses off and smiles at her. He's handsome. This is HUNTER.

HUNTER

Hey if you wanted to get my attention, you could have just said "Hi."

MAEVE

(blushing)

I'm late for this interview and I can't find it and I'm just a mess. So sorry again.

She turns to walk away but Hunter grabs her arm.

HUNTER

Where's the interview?

MAEVE

This place called "Ad-dictive Entertainment?" They must be one of those places that thinks it's cool not to have a sign outside so people are constantly walking by, wondering if they're in the right place. I hate those places I can't believe I'm, interviewing here.

Hunter smiles and points across the street. An ENORMOUS SIGN reads "AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT" in BIG, BOLD LETTERS.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Well this has been an enjoyable 2 minutes of me embarrassing myself repeatedly.

HUNTER

(laughing)

Can I take you out sometime?

Maeve stares at him, confused.

MAEVE

Why?

HUNTER

I think you're funny.

MAEVE

Oh. Yeah, that tracks.

HUNTER

How about you call me after your interview? We can go grab coffee.

MAEVE

Okay. Wow, this is so weird. I've never like... met someone like this. Like in real life. I didn't even know people did this anymore.

HUNTER

Me neither, honestly.

They look at each other for a long beat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

You should probably get going.

MAEVE

Right, right. The interview. That I'm so excited about.

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT

Maeve sits in a BEAUTIFUL OFFICE across from a well-dressed MAN. His mouth moves but she doesn't hear anything. Did she just meet the man of her dreams?

MONTAGE:

Maeve and Hunter RIDE BIKES in Santa Monica. They throw bread to the seagulls, who attack. Maeve SHRIEKS and kisses Hunter.

Maeve and Hunter shop for antiques. Hunter picks up an iPod and pretends to listen to music. Maeve LAUGHS - it's hysterical.

Maeve goes to work at Ad-Dictive Entertainment. She looks slightly unenthused but still happy.

Hunter gets Maeve a CAT. She's ecstatic! The cat hisses at her.

Maeve and Hunter KISS by the Griffith Observatory.

Maeve writes on her computer (a super high-tech version) while Hunter makes a phone call. He looks stressed, she keeps writing, trying to ignore it.

Maeve does a funny dance for Hunter - he looks at her adoringly.

Maeve and Hunter move in together. They put their couch in position and jump on it. Maeve puts photos of them together on her fridge.

Maeve writes while Hunter "plugs in." She looks at him, annoyed, but keeps writing.

Maeve hangs up a phone call and SOBS into Hunter's arms. She grabs onto him, helpless. Something horrible has happened.

Maeve pours herself a large glass of wine. Hunter scoffs, disapproving.

Maeve sleeps on the couch, Hunter covers her with a blanket. She grabs his hand. He sits with her and rubs her head.

Maeve sits on the couch, drinking wine. She looks at the clock: 1:03 AM. She taps her foot, anxious.

Maeve tries to hold Hunter's hand at dinner, he moves his hand away.

Hunter gives Maeve a pair of VR glasses as a gift. She holds back tears - it's obviously not what she wanted.

Maeve drinks wine in the bathtub. Hunter "plugs in" on the couch. They seem like strangers.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We FADE IN on MAEVE and HUNTER FIGHTING. It's the fight of the century: plates are smashing, obscenities are being thrown. In one corner of the room, an IMAGE is projected on the wall. It's a NAKED WOMAN, her face frozen in exaggerated ecstasy. "THE SOUND OF SILENCE" by SIMON AND GARFUNKEL blasts from a record player in the corner.

MAEVE

You son of a bitch. You selfish, ungrateful piece of shit!

HUNTER

Maeve, you have to calm down. My neighbors are going to complain.

MAEVE

Oh fuck the neighbors! You always care about what other people think. You should care what I think.

HUNTER

I do care what you think!

MAEVE

Oh really? You don't care that I've been home three nights in a row by myself while you're out live-blogging whatever the fuck it is.

HUNTER

It's my goddamn job! When are you going to understand that?

MAEVE

You work in SOCIAL MEDIA. Who gives a flying fuck?

HUNTER

Look, it's not my fault you can't adapt. Technology is a good thing. It helps people. You can't keep hiding in your own little world, pretending it doesn't exist.

MAEVE

Oh no trust me, I know it exists. It's staring me right in the face.

Maeve gestures to the NAKED WOMAN's image on the wall. Hunter LAUGHS.

HUNTER

Jasmine? She's CGI. She's not even real.

MAEVE

She's real to you. We haven't had sex in months and here I am thinking "the poor guy, he's so stressed at work what can I do?" I'm buying new underwear and exercising - which is a fucking nightmare by the way - and then I find out the real reason is because I can't compare to this!

Maeve SMACKS the wall, hard.

HUNTER

MAEVE! The neighbors!

Maeve SMACKS the wall again, over and over.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

You're acting insane!

Hunter grabs Maeve, shaking her.

MAEVE

I can barely get you to look up from your phone most of the time. Now you're fucking a fake pornstar and I'm not allowed to be mad?

Maeve shakes off Hunter, picks up an ODDLY-SHAPED PLASTIC CONE, grimaces, and throws it at him. She grabs her coat.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Have fun with her. I'm sure you two will be very happy together.

Maeve picks up the SLEEPING CAT and SLAMS THE DOOR.

INT. APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Maeve stands outside of Hunter's door, waiting. Her expression turns from expectant to depressed when she realizes he's not coming after her. She walks away with her head held high. As she gets further away, her expression darkens. She reaches the stairway and immediately starts to SOB. The cat in her arms MEOWS loudly.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

CHYRON: ONE MONTH LATER

We ANGLE ON: A sleeping Maeve caught in a tangle of sheets and pillows. The cat sits on her stomach, pawing gently. An ALARM sounds. Maeve's EYES POP OPEN.

MUSIC CUE: "SECOND HAND NEWS" by Fleetwood Mac.

MONTAGE:

As the music BLASTS, we ZOOM in on Maeve, her face expressionless. Finally, she gets out of bed, sending the cat flying.

Maeve opens her fridge, smells a carton of milk, makes a face and puts it back.

Maeve sits on her couch, eating a STICK OF PEPPERONI. Her PHONE (ultra slim, basically see-through) BUZZES next to her: MOM CALLING. She buries it in the cushions.

Maeve sits cross-legged on her rug, eyes closed.

MAEVE

Meditate. Med-i-tate. Med-i-care.
Medellin Cartel. Carvel. Carvel ice
cream cake.

Maeve eats a CARVEL ICE CREAM CAKE straight out of the box.

A DRUNK Maeve scrolls through pictures of her and Hunter on her phone. She UGLY-CRIES loudly. A KNOCK at the door. Maeve perks up - her pizza!

Twenty minutes later, the pizza box is empty and so is a bottle of wine. She leaves a VOICE MAIL for Hunter.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(drunk)

It's me I wanted to say that you
need to delete those naked pictures
of me. Or you can keep them if you
want. I don't care. It's Maeve by
the way.

She HICCUPS loudly and hangs up. She aims her phone's camera down her shirt.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Let's just give you a little
reminder, shall we?

She looks at the picture and grimaces. Then... she shrugs.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Could be worse.

Maeve organizes her RECORD COLLECTION by color. There's one purple cover. She starts to cry, not knowing where to put it. She PACKS A BOWL and inhales deeply.

Maeve's friends RAYMOND and MOIRA talk to Maeve while she stares, high as a kite, back at them. They buzz around her apartment, cleaning as they go. Raymond SCREAMS.

RAYMOND

There is a DEAD MOUSE under your couch, Maeve!

MAEVE

Okay.

Moira calls from the bathroom.

MOIRA (O.S.)

You have no toilet paper - what have you been using?!

MAEVE

I usually just pee in the shower.

Later, Maeve sits on the couch, unmoving. The sun sets, she stays seated.

Maeve crawls into bed and pops THREE XANAX. She pulls an eye mask on and pets the cat, who snuggles in next to her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Good day today, Beauregard. I'm proud of us.

Maeve's phone BUZZES.

TEXT FROM MOM

CALL YOUR SISTER MAEVEY! AND TAKE A SHOWER!

Maeve looks at the text, sighs loudly and pulls the covers over her head. She plays a SAVED MESSAGE on her phone.

HUNTER'S VOICE

(singing)

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy--

As Maeve falls asleep, we... FADE OUT.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - A FEW DAYS LATER

A bright and shiny car dealership in Los Angeles. The muzak plays joyfully over the speakers, the place hums with positivity. ANGLE ON: Maeve, slightly more alert but still grumpy and unshowered. She glances gloomily around her. Other customers stare into their tablets and phones. She pushes a button on her chair to call a salesperson. But the salespeople aren't people, they're ROBOTS - made up of a long, metal rod with a digital screen on top which serves as their "face." Their "arms" are thin but dextrous. Several of them roam the floor. A ROBOT SALESMAN with a smiley face screen approaches Maeve.

ROBOT SALESMAN

Hi Jensen comma Maeve! I am Anthony. How may I assist you?

MAEVE

I've been waiting here for two hours. When can I speak to a human?

ROBOT SALESMAN

I am equipped to answer any and all of your questions, perhaps even better than a human would!

The smiley chuckles and tinny laughter emits from his speakers.

MAEVE

Okay well, I just need my car to pass inspection.

She points to a shitty-looking Corolla in the parking lot. The robot's smiley turns into a frown.

ROBOT SALESMAN

That vehicle is not safe. Can I interest you in one of our electric models?

MAEVE

No. I don't need a new car.

ROBOT SALESMAN

If you are worried about money, we have a very reasonable payment plan. How much are you willing to spend?

MAEVE

Nothing. Can you please just help me out?

ROBOT SALESMAN

That is what I am here for! How about taking a look at our new models-

MAEVE

How about this? Does this mean anything to you?

Maeve gives the robot the finger. The robot's smiley turns into a ?. His speaker emits a message in a woman's voice.

WOMAN'S VOICE

We are unable to process your request. Have a nice day.

MAEVE

Oh fuck you very much.

Maeve storms out of the dealership. The other customers chat with the robots and play on their devices, not noticing her dramatic exit.

INT. MAEVE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maeve sits in her beat-up car and lights a joint. "FERNANDO" by ABBA plays through the meager stereo system. Exhaling, she rubs tears from her eyes. She looks at her phone, thinks for a beat, then calls HUNTER.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Maeve?

MAEVE

Hi. So it's been a month. Is there anything you'd like to say?

HUNTER

Um... you sent me a really blurry picture of one of your nipples the other night?

MAEVE

No I mean like... have you been thinking about our relationship?

There's a long beat.

HUNTER

Look, I don't think it's a good idea for you to keep calling.

MAEVE

Keep calling? This is the first
time I've called--

Maeve FLASHES to several nights of DRUNK DIALS.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Um what? I'm losing you I can't
hear you!

She THROWS her phone and it lands in the space between the
seats. She tries to extract it and fails. She notices a robot
roaming the parking lot and rolls down her window.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Um, excuse me... sir? Is that the
correct term?

PARKING LOT ROBOT

Yes... miss? Is that the correct
term?

The robot chuckles.

MAEVE

Jesus. I just need some help with
getting my phone. I dropped it-

PARKING LOT ROBOT

In between the seats? Don't worry,
happens all the time.

He opens the passenger door and extracts her phone, hands it
to her, his smiley shining brightly.

MAEVE

Wow. Um... thanks.

She shakes his hand and smiles slightly.

PARKING LOT ROBOT

Our new models have a special seat
retractor that keeps things from
falling in between-

Maeve slams the door and flicks him off. The ? appears on his
screen.

MAEVE

I know how to silence you! I have
the power!

She peels out of the parking lot, startling passerby and
several robots whose screens read "SLOW DOWN!"

EXT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - LATER

A GIANT OFFICE BUILDING covered with DIGITAL BILLBOARDS.

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

A beautiful, vibrant office buzzing with activity. People swipe screens, talk on headsets and draw on enormous SMART BOARDS covering the walls. Maeve walks in, disheveled and HIGH and plops down at her desk. She puts her head down. A BITCHY GIRL dressed in crazy heels and a tight dress taps her shoulder. This is BLANCHE. Maeve groans.

MAEVE

I don't have any tampons, Blanche, go ask someone else.

BLANCHE

You missed a meeting this morning. Robert gave you the shittiest account.

MAEVE

Great. What else is new?

Blanche looks down at Maeve, who's wearing old overalls and a beanie.

BLANCHE

You know, they say you should dress for the job you want.

Maeve looks Blanche up and down.

MAEVE

So you want to get a job as the third lead in a porno?

BLANCHE

I'm just saying that Robert responds to effort. And looks.

MAEVE

Yeah. Well. Thanks for the advice but I'm doing pretty good all by myself.

Blanche holds back a laugh and walks away. Maeve looks around - at all of the people swiping screens and talking into their phones and "plugging in." It seems really overwhelming - especially in this open space. We see Maeve start to panic - sweating and breathing heavily. Suddenly, she grabs her purse and a bag of chips from the snack area and rushes out.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

We get the full view of Maeve's modest but cozy downtown apartment. There are wine glasses everywhere and takeout containers litter the floor. A record player blasts Elton John's "LEVON". ANGLE ON Maeve, wearing a large t-shirt and boxer briefs. She holds Beauregard in one hand. The chorus starts and she begins to dance. She swings her arms then transitions into some decent gymnastics.

MAEVE

(SINGING)

While Levon... Levon slowly diiiies.
He was born the ba-ba-da-ba-da when
the New York Times--

Her phone RINGS, startling her and the cat, who jumps out of her arms.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

God Damnit, you bastard! I have to
cut your nails. Remind me tomorrow.

She answers the phone.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

What?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - BURBANK - SIMULTANEOUS

OLIVE JENSEN-ELLIS, 30, Maeve's successful, brilliant and slightly prettier sister sits at an immaculate desk in the middle of an insanely modern office with no carbon footprint.

OLIVE

Wow. Hi to you too, bitch.

MAEVE

Sorry, I'm working.

OLIVE

Oh really? What are you writing
now?

Maeve looks down at a TABLET on her table.

MAEVE

(reading)

A... dog food commercial.

OLIVE

Thrilling. Listen, I have a proposition for you, Maeve.

MAEVE

I'm not gonna go out with your assistant, Olive. He smells like old barbecue. Like pulled pork that's been left in the sun.

REVEAL: Olive's assistant is listening in on the call. Olive mouths "I'm sorry" as he smells his shirt.

OLIVE

No. It's something else. Did you talk to mom? I need to run something by you.

MAEVE

You know I didn't talk to mom because she called you and told you I didn't talk to her, didn't she?

OLIVE

Yep. That's exactly what happened.

MAEVE

Ugh I don't have time for her lectures right now. I have a lot going on.

Maeve takes a pull from the wine bottle.

OLIVE

Look, we need to talk. Can you come to the house later?

MAEVE

Why? You lonely without Truman?

OLIVE

No. He's here.

REVEAL: TRUMAN, Olive's husband, is waving from a screen on Olive's desk.

MAEVE

Here as in in LA? Or as in a creepy hologram.

OLIVE

Hologram.

TRUMAN O.S.

Hi Maeve!

MAEVE

Hey Tru! How's Japan?

TRUMAN O.S.

Good! Japanese!

MAEVE

(to Olive)

Can't believe you let him move
5,000 miles away. So if I come over
can we get takeout from Bello's?

OLIVE

Sure. Whatever you want.

MAEVE

Cool, I'll call and order it. I'll
put it on your credit card.

OLIVE

Awesome! Thanks for asking.

MAEVE

Fine, can I put it on your-- oh you
hung up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Maeve sips a coffee and walks down a crowded street. She looks around, every person is on their phone or "plugged in." Several people walk into each other but barely react. This is par for the course these days. One man who's "plugged in" walks straight into Maeve. She shoves him.

MAEVE

Dude, are you serious?

He keeps walking.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(to no one in particular)

What is wrong with you people?!

People walk by Maeve, ignoring her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

It's a mad house! A mad house!

She looks around. Nothing.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Come on, people! Planet of the Apes. Really works in this situation.

EXT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - LATER

An enormous modern home set into a hill.

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Maeve sits on an oddly-shaped stool at the kitchen counter and shovels pasta into her mouth.

MAEVE

(between bites)

I mean some guy actually walked into me, Olive. And it was like he didn't even notice! I swear people are becoming robots.

Olive stares at her with disgust. Truman, projected on a screen, sits on the counter next to her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

What?

OLIVE

I'm just a little concerned about the amount of pasta you're eating and the speed that you're eating it with.

MAEVE

Well excuse me Miss "I'll just have a vitamin and some coconut water."

OLIVE

Maeve, I have something serious to talk to you about.

MAEVE

(continuing to eat)

Oh God. Are you sick? Is it cancer?
(to Truman)
Does she have cancer?!

TRUMAN O.S.

What? Olive do you--

OLIVE

Jesus, no! I just--
(to Maeve)
Can you stop eating for five
seconds please?

A beat. Olive looks at Maeve, serious.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

What would you say if I told you
that you could have the perfect
man. Right down to the hairless
balls.

MAEVE

I'd say, firstly: balls are
disgusting, hairless or not. And
secondly: he doesn't exist.

OLIVE

Correct. He doesn't exist... yet.

TRUMAN O.S.

Except me of course!

Truman laughs.

MAEVE

Can you put him on mute for a
second, please? I don't feel like
talking about balls with your
husband.

Olive blows Truman a kiss and MUTES him.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Okay, seriously. What the fuck are
you talking about?

OLIVE

I'm talking about the future,
Maeve. About having the perfect
man... with the touch of a button.

She smiles and pulls out her phone.

MAEVE

I already have that. It's called a
vibrator. And he has ten settings.
Three of which I've never actually
used so our relationship has
potential.

OLIVE

I'm talking about a real man. That you can... program.

MAEVE

You mean a robot? I hate robots, Liv. Remember our conversation like ten minutes ago where I was like "People are turning into robots and I hate robots--"

OLIVE

I know you do. But you're missing the point. Imagine never having to go on an awkward first date again.

MAEVE

I don't do that now.

OLIVE

Exactly! And you shouldn't have to.

MAEVE

This is some Stepford Wives shit.

OLIVE

I don't get the reference.

MAEVE

Of course you don't.

Olive grabs Maeve's arms.

OLIVE

I designed this technology. I created it myself. It's going to change the world.

MAEVE

Olive, you're scaring me.

OLIVE

Imagine a good looking man coming up to you at a bar. He's all the things you've ever dreamed of. Because you've made him that way.

MAEVE

Made him?

Olive smiles widely at her.

OLIVE

Will you be my guinea pig on this?

MAEVE

No way. No fuckin' way--

OLIVE

Please, Maevy. You're the only person I trust. My boss says it needs a pilot run before it goes into production--

MAEVE

It?!

OLIVE

And you need this too. You can't keep running away from the future. You deserve someone good. Someone who will give you what you need.

MAEVE

Well I've kind of been talking to Hunter--

OLIVE

What?! No. No, no. You need to find out what you want. You're just thinking about Hunter because you're lonely, admit it.

There's a long beat.

MAEVE

No.

Olive sighs. Maeve looks at her intently.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Liv, why did you create this technology in the first place?

OLIVE

(blushing)

Because... it's the next frontier. And because it can help people.

Maeve sighs loudly.

MAEVE

I'll think about it. Give me the night.

OLIVE

Of course, of course. Do you want to sleep over?

MAEVE

Who's the lonely one now?

Olive smiles and UNMUTES Truman.

OLIVE

I'm perfectly fine. Call me tomorrow with your answer. And it better be "Yes." Or you can pay for your own garlic knots from now on.

MAEVE

I make no promises.

(to Truman)

Tru, can you send me some more of that sticky weed you got in Kyoto? I'll send you money. Maybe.

OLIVE

(to Truman)

What? You're sending her drugs?

TRUMAN O.S.

She said it was medicinal! She had a doctor's note!

MAEVE

Gotta go! Love you!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Maeve gets out of her car and walks to the front door of a luxury building. She presses a few buttons on a DIGITAL SCREEN and CHUGS A BEER.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Maeve knocks on the door of 10D. HUNTER, 28, handsome and very aware of it, answers. He looks tired.

MAEVE

Are you going to let me in?

He motions for her to come inside.

INT. HUNTER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A nice place with very little decoration. Giant screens cover the walls instead.

HUNTER

So have you come to follow up on the lovely phone convo we had earlier?

MAEVE

Look I've been thinking a lot. Maybe I made a mistake. Maybe I was too hard on you and maybe I'm sorry.

HUNTER

Maybe?

MAEVE

Okay, I am sorry. I think we can make this work.

HUNTER

Make what work?

MAEVE

You and me.

Hunter rubs his forehead in frustration.

HUNTER

I don't understand you, Maeve. I moved out. I signed a lease. I bought a couch.

MAEVE

(looking at the powder
blue couch)

Yeah, you should get a new one. This one is disgusting--

She looks at his face.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Kidding. Look, I know we both said a lot of things--

HUNTER

Yeah I recall you saying I was a "selfish piece of shit?"

MAEVE

Don't do that. Don't be a dick.

HUNTER

You obviously weren't happy with me.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

And I wasn't that happy in the end either. You coming back here... groveling... it's kind of sad.

He looks at her with genuine pity.

MAEVE

Wow. Thanks.

HUNTER

You look like shit, Maeve. Are you drinking again?

MAEVE

Look, I didn't come here to be judged. I came here to forgive you and give you another chance but if you don't want one then fine! Fuck you.

Hunter looks down. Maeve, angry, looks out his window.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Shit view, huh?

HUNTER

I don't care about the view. I got a good price and it's close to work.

MAEVE

(bitter)

That's good. Your work is super important to you.

HUNTER

I have a steady job, Maeve. And I get paid a lot to do it. Sorry if I can't blow it off like you do.

MAEVE

Well I just got put on a super prestigious account, so.

Hunter sits down on the couch.

HUNTER

That's good. You need to put in more effort there.

MAEVE

Why is everyone on my case about that?

HUNTER

Because it's obvious you don't care about it. Sometimes it's like you don't care about anything.

MAEVE

Well that's because--

She stops herself.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I don't want to live my life through a screen.

HUNTER

It's better than not living your life at all.

MAEVE

Well I'm so sorry you don't approve of the way I live my life. But you could have talked to me about it. You know in the olden days, that's what couples did. They talked.

HUNTER

Well we're not in the olden days.

MAEVE

Oh, believe me. I know.

Hunter looks at her, skeptical.

HUNTER

Do you?

Tears gather in Maeve's eyes. She heads to the door.

MAEVE

So it's goodbye then. I just wish I knew how to quit you.

She exits and slams the door behind her. Hunter stares at the door for a beat.

HUNTER

(sincere)

She always was good with words.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maeve drinks directly from a bottle of wine. She speaks into her phone.

MAEVE

I'll do it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Olive sits up in bed, a screen projecting Maeve's face from a tablet on her lap.

OLIVE

Well that was fast.

MAEVE

But I don't want him to just arrive ya know? I want to meet him in a public place and have him like... woo me. 90s romcom style.

OLIVE

Totally fine. I can arrange that. By 90s romcom do you mean...

MAEVE

Sleepless in Seattle, Pretty Woman--

OLIVE

Isn't that about a prostitute?

MAEVE

Oh my GOD. I just want it to be romantic. And sex stuff is off the table. I'm not gonna suck robo-cock.

OLIVE

Totally up to you.

MAEVE

Does he have a plug?

OLIVE

Excuse me?

MAEVE

A plug! Do I have to plug him in or is he battery operated?

OLIVE

(rubbing her eyes)

He's powered by a semi-organic chemical alloy. You don't need to "charge" him.

MAEVE

Alright, well I'll get some WD-40 just in case he needs to be oiled up.

OLIVE

Jesus, Maeve. Take this seriously. You'll get your payment next week.

MAEVE

My payment?

OLIVE

Yes. You're participating in an experiment and you're getting compensated.

MAEVE

Um why did you not mention this earlier? I would have said yes for sure. Not much of a saleswoman, sis.

OLIVE

I didn't want you to do it for the money.

MAEVE

(smiling)

You're such a romantic. Oh and also Livvy?

OLIVE

Yeah.

MAEVE

Please don't tell anyone. It's super embarrassing.

OLIVE

It's not embarrassing! But I won't tell anyone, it's our secret.

TRUMAN O.S.

I won't tell anyone either, Maeve.

Reveal: Another screen sits next to Olive, Truman is smiling from it. Maeve gives Olive a look. Olive SHRUGS.

MAEVE

Great. Thanks, Truman.
(to Olive)
So what's his name?

OLIVE

Whose name?

MAEVE

The robot!

OLIVE

Stop calling him a robot. What do you want his name to be? You're building him remember, you get to choose.

MAEVE

Um. How about... Harry?

TRUMAN O.S.

Ahh yes I forgot about your "Harry Potter" fantasy.

OLIVE

Yeah, you need to get over that.

MAEVE

Hey, you're the one who said he's supposed to be my "dream man."

OLIVE

Fine. His name is Harry. Use the app to program his traits.

MAEVE

So I can just... pick and choose things I want? Like toppings at froyo?

OLIVE

Sure, if that analogy helps you.

MAEVE

I need to think about this. I mean I'm basically playing God.

OLIVE

(smiling)
Just don't let it go to your head.

END INTERCUT.

Maeve finishes her bottle of wine and settles into an armchair. She opens the APP on her phone.

MAEVE

(typing)

Smart. Funny. Uh... Doesn't fear death. Orphan. Boy wizard.

(a beat)

"Not found?" What kind of bullshit is this?

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - OLIVE'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Olive is looking at the APP on her tablet. She looks at Maeve's specifications for Harry.

OLIVE

She wants him to know karate? Why--

(realizing)

Her Jackie Chan thing. God, she has weird taste.

Just then, a man wearing a trench coat, odd Steampunk glasses and holding a pipe in his mouth enters. He looks like an over-the-top Benedict Cumberbatch as Sherlock Holmes. (Will be even better if it's actually Benedict Cumberbatch.) This is BENJAMIN, the eccentric founder of TECH-NO-SPHERE. He's plugged in and is followed by a ROBOT ASSISTANT, Rosemary. He looks at Olive pointedly.

BENJAMIN

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

Olive looks back at him, confused and nervous.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Keats.

OLIVE

Of course! Lovely. Is it a metaphor for something or--

BENJAMIN

Do you know how much money we spent last year on pens?

There's a beat.

OLIVE

I'm sorry on... pens?

BENJAMIN

Zero dollars. We are officially a pen-less company.

OLIVE

That's amazing! Go Tech-no-sphere!

BENJAMIN

(wistful)

I do like pens though.

Rosemary makes a small noise - almost like a cough. Benjamin snaps out of it.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Right. Why I'm here. As you know, Tech-No-Sphere is the number one company in the world that specializes in digital match-making. Over 500 million people worldwide use our services. And we don't have to do anything! We just provide them with the app and they find each other. Faceswipe alone has 100 million daily users.

OLIVE

Yeah, it's pretty incredible. My husband and I actually met on--

BENJAMIN

It's a foolproof money-making venture. If you want only attractive people popping up, you pay extra. No fat chicks? Pay extra.

Olive cringes. Benjamin's social skills are... terrible.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It's something I'm very proud of. But then I got to thinking - what if we took it one step further?

Olive looks uncertainly to Rosemary, who's shaking her screen-head.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

What if we could actually create love rather than just provide the medium to possibly, maybe, hopefully find it? Put the power in the people's hands? Give them the tools to make their perfect match?

OLIVE

Sir, I--

BENJAMIN

A robot. A human-like robot that can breathe and think and talk and love. What would you say if I told you that was possible?

Rosemary gives a small cough again. She whispers something into Benjamin's ear. He looks at Olive and goes RED.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Er-- forgive me. It seems I thought you were someone else. There are so many employees that I often forget who is who.

OLIVE

Don't worry about it, totally understand!

BENJAMIN

So how is that project coming along then? Hopefully well, since the speech I just gave you is the one I'm giving to investors.

OLIVE

Really well! We've got some prototypes and there's a test subject who's working with a model right now. She's impossible to please - we should get some great data from her.

BENJAMIN

Love is a smoke made with the fumes of sighs.

Olive looks blankly at him.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

William Shakespeare.

OLIVE

Right!

Benjamin bites on his pipe a couple times. Rosemary makes a noise.

BENJAMIN

And I'm off! I am meeting with a pop star about funding her charity for disabled cats.

He and Rosmeary EXIT.

TRUMAN O.S.

I think he's into you.

Olive looks down at her tablet screen, where Truman's face looks back at her.

OLIVE

Nah, he watches porn on those weird VR glasses and thinks people can't notice. From what I can gather he's into large women of color.

TRUMAN O.S.

That's what I'm saying. I think he's into you!

Olive MUTES Truman and looks at the APP again.

OLIVE

Come on, Maeve. Gimme something good.

INT. COLE'S BAR - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Maeve, dressed in an expensive outfit and too much makeup, sips a martini at the bar. She motions to the ROBOT BARTENDER - a computer screen that controls a series of bottles.

MAEVE

Can I get another, garcon?

ROBOT BARTENDER

Your speech is slurred. I can't serve you.

MAEVE

I was speaking French, esse. Now I'm speaking Spanish. Get it?

The Robot Bartender turns off.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Racist.

Just then, a BEAUTIFUL MAN walks into the bar. He's like a young Brad Pitt mixed with current day Channing Tatum.

There is a whoosh of air and some romantic music begins to play over the speakers. Everyone puts down their phones and takes off their VR glasses and takes notice. The man takes a seat at the bar next to Maeve.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

Can I buy you a drink?

MAEVE

No, that's okay. I don't like to owe people things. Especially men.

He chuckles.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

This one's a freebie. No strings attached. Deal?

MAEVE

Okay...

He motions to the Bartender, who immediately starts making a drink.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

What's your name?

MAEVE

It's Maeve.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

Maeve. Are you Irish?

MAEVE

No idea. I like whiskey, does that count?

Maeve's drink arrives. The Bartender makes a "tsk tsk" noise. Maeve scoffs.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

That guy is a dick.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

Don't worry about him. Tell me about you.

Maeve looks at the door, nervously.

BEAUTIFUL MAN (CONT'D)

Am I boring you?

MAEVE

Oh no, I'm just waiting for somebody. Sorry.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

That's too bad. I like you, Maeve.

Maeve BLUSHES.

MAEVE

Really? Why?

BEAUTIFUL MAN

Because I was programmed that way.

He stares at her. She realizes.

MAEVE

Oh my God.

BEAUTIFUL MAN

(laughing)

I'm Harry. I was told you wanted an anonymous meeting.

MAEVE

Fuck me. This is so embarrassing.

HARRY

Relax. I was just trying to lighten the mood. I'm funny, remember?

MAEVE

Yeah. Hilarious.

Maeve downs her drink. She hiccups.

HARRY

Let's get you some food.

INT. DINER - LATER

The waitresses are all ROBOTS wearing 90s-themed flannel and hats. A JUKEBOX plays grunge music. Pictures of New Kids on the Block and My Little Pony cover the walls. Drunk people yell and watch videos on their devices. Maeve and Harry sit at a booth with an enormous amount of food spread out in front of them.

MAEVE

Are you sure you don't want any? I feel bad.

HARRY

Do you want me to eat?

Maeve looks at him.

MAEVE

Do I really have to answer that?

HARRY

(plainly)

The more direct you are the quicker
I can learn.

MAEVE

Yes. Please eat something so I
don't look like a fat ass who just
ordered twelve things for herself.

Harry takes a bite of a burger. He moans.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Jesus, it's not that good.

HARRY

Oh no I can't taste. I just want it
to look like I'm really enjoying
it.

MAEVE

Well it looks like you're about to
jizz your pants.

HARRY

I'm just trying to replicate the
human experience--

MAEVE

Dude. Enough with the Mr. Spock
talk. Just speak like a normal
person.

Just then, a ROBOT WAITRESS approaches. Her screen has a
picture of Bill Clinton on it.

ROBOT WAITRESS

Cowabunga, dudes. Can I get you
anything else? As if!

Maeve rolls her eyes at the waitress.

MAEVE

No, we're all good here.

ROBOT WAITRESS
Coolio! Outie 5000.

The Waitress rolls away.

HARRY
So what kind of music do you like?

MAEVE
Old music.

Harry frowns.

HARRY
"Old" meaning... suited for old people?

MAEVE
No "old" meaning "classic." And good. Barbra Streisand, Elton John, Queen...

HARRY
Women your age don't normally listen to that. Have you heard the electronitrance band "Slash Fuck?" It's very popular in your cohort.

MAEVE
Can you stop talking like Indiana Jones' father?

HARRY
Again, a reference people your age don't typically make.

MAEVE
Look. I like old stuff. I like simple. I'm not into drug-induced sleepscapes or whatever the fuck people are doing these days. And I really hate robots.

HARRY
Ah. I see. Do you not find that technology has many merits?

MAEVE
No. I don't. This is an experiment okay? To help out my sister.

HARRY
So our relationship will be purely educational?

MAEVE

Correct.

Harry sits back and sips his milk shake.

HARRY

You're not at all curious?

MAEVE

Of what?

HARRY

Of whether or not it might work?

Maeve laughs.

MAEVE

By "work" do you mean I fall in love with you and we live happily ever after?

HARRY

More or less.

MAEVE

You're not real. I can't fall in love with someone who doesn't exist.

HARRY

But I do exist! I'm sitting here and talking to you and eating and laughing. However you define "real" is up to you.

MAEVE

You're weird.

HARRY

No I'm not. Not one of my personality traits.

MAEVE

Well maybe you're evolving.

HARRY

I doubt it. I have limits, just like you. Personalities are very finite things. You are hard wired a certain way just as I am.

Maeve takes a large bite of her burger.

MAEVE

So what are my personality traits then?

HARRY

I don't know yet. You have to give me the chance to find out.

MAEVE

Come on, give me something.

HARRY

Well, so far I'd describe you as "contrarian."

MAEVE

What?! No I'm not!

Harry smiles at her. Gotcha. She smiles back. He's kind of hot and she's kind of drunk.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - LATER

Maeve takes a shot at the bar.

MAEVE

I don't normally sing in public but I might make an exception since I'm really drun--

Maeve turns to look for Harry but he's not there. She spins around. Suddenly, "OH SHERRIE" By Steve Perry comes over the speakers. Harry's on stage. A DIGITAL SCREEN behind him lights up - it looks like he's in front of an ENORMOUS, CHEERING CROWD.

HARRY

(singing)

You should've been gone! Knowing how I made you feel and I should've been gone--

MAEVE

OH MY GOD!

Maeve is stunned. This boy can sing. She turns to the man next to her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

It's one of my favorites! How did he know?!

MAN

I've never heard it.

MAEVE

Well you're an idiot.

Harry winks at Maeve, who smiles widely back at him.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LATER

A very drunk Maeve is carried into her apartment by Harry.

MAEVE

I'm not drunk I just can't see.

HARRY

That's alright, I've got you.

MAEVE

You're really strong. I weigh like 150 this week. My weight fluctuates 5-10 pounds depending on whether my anxiety or depression is winning.

Harry sets Maeve down on the couch.

HARRY

So this is your apartment. It's lovely.

MAEVE

You don't have to lie.

HARRY

Okay. It's not that nice.

Maeve curls up on the couch. Beauregard climbs on top of her.

MAEVE

I know this is really weird but do you... can you rub my head?

HARRY

Do you have a headache? You should drink some water. Or take a hydro-pill... do you have any?

MAEVE

No I just... it would feel nice.

Harry sits down next to Maeve and begins to rub her head. Tears spring to her eyes.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

HARRY

For what?

MAEVE

Nevermind. You smell good. Not how I thought you'd smell.

HARRY

How did you think I would smell?

MAEVE

Like my coin collection.

HARRY

Well, thank you? I think?

Harry rubs Maeve's head as she drifts off to sleep.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

We ANGLE ON Maeve, lifeless on the couch. Her hair is a mess and mascara is smeared across her cheeks. Suddenly, she awakes and bolts upright.

MAEVE

What time is it?!

She scrambles around, looking for her pants. Harry enters from the kitchen.

HARRY

You kicked your pants off around 4am. I folded them for you.

Maeve grabs her pants from the side table.

MAEVE

You were here all night?

HARRY

I was worried you might choke on your own vomit.

MAEVE

Where did you sleep?

HARRY

I did a few crossword puzzles while you slept. Very enjoyable.

He points to a STACK of crossword puzzle books.

MAEVE

You did all of those?

HARRY

You were out for a while.

Maeve pulls on her pants and sits up.

MAEVE

You don't sleep?

HARRY

Nope. No need.

MAEVE

So you're like a vampire.

HARRY

In most popular culture depictions, vampires sleep during the day in caskets. Sometimes upside down--

Maeve rubs her eyes, impatient.

MAEVE

Whatever, I have to get to work. I have a meeting. I think.

HARRY

Should I wait here?

Maeve stares at Harry blankly.

MAEVE

I'm sorry?

HARRY

Or I could walk around until you get back. You need cat litter.

Maeve shakes her head.

MAEVE

You don't... stay with me. This isn't a live-in situation. I just met you.

HARRY

That's part of the deal. Did Olive not tell you that?

MAEVE

No she did not.

Harry stares at her, pathetic. She gives.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

But come to think of it I could use
some cat litter.

Harry brightens.

HARRY

Great! Would you like some
breakfast?

Maeve rubs her eyes, wearily.

MAEVE

I don't eat breakfast, dude. Plus
there's no food in the house. Look,
I'll text you after the meeting--

Maeve opens her eyes to see a plate of eggs, bacon and toast
in front of her.

HARRY

Sure you're not hungry?

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Maeve, now dressed, digs into her homemade breakfast in her
now clean kitchen. She surveys her table.

MAEVE

Did you... dust this?

HARRY

Yep!

MAEVE

And my sink? You unclogged it?

HARRY

It was easy.

Maeve chews on a piece of toast and thinks.

MAEVE

So you like cleaning?

HARRY

Yeah, that's one of my
specifications, remember?

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

"Organizational skills?" It's actually a good form of cardio, you can gain muscle mass, burn calories-

MAEVE

Totally. So you wouldn't mind... cleaning the rest of this place?

HARRY

It would be my honor.

Maeve smiles.

MAEVE

Wow. Awesome! So I'll go to my meeting, you clean the house and we'll post game later. Sound good?

Maeve gets up from the table. Harry stops her and looks at her outfit - old overalls and a flannel shirt.

HARRY

Can I make one suggestion?

CUT TO:

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Maeve, now dressed in a TRENDY OUTFIT and with her hair done, stands in front of an impressed Harry.

HARRY

You clean up good!

Maeve looks in a floor-length mirror that's partially blocked by boxes.

MAEVE

Damn. I kinda do. How did you know how to do an inside out French braid?

HARRY

Just something extra Olive put in there for me.

MAEVE

I've gotta get you to teach me that sometimes.

HARRY

Hey Maeve? Good luck at your meeting. You're gonna kill it.

MAEVE
(awkwardly)
Um... thank you.

She walks out the door. Harry smiles.

HARRY
Alright, Beauregard I'm gonna teach
you how to poop in the toilet.

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Olive stands in front of a group of employees, all taking
furious notes on their various devices. Olive points to
Maeve's stats, which are projected on the wall.

OLIVE
As you can see, she picked traits
that many women her age would
choose in a man. Smart, organized,
considerate. But Maeve isn't like
most women her age. These are the
specifications that she's picked
after years of watching John Hughes
films and listening to sad music.

MAN 1
What is John Hu--

OLIVE
My point is, she doesn't know what
she wants yet. But it's all part of
the process. She has to get there
on her own.

MAN 2
Wouldn't it be better just to
program "Harry" for her?

Several women in the room ROLL THEIR EYES.

OLIVE
That would make this exercise
useless. The whole point is to let
people decide what they want and be
in control! That's what makes this
technology so revolutionary.

Just then, BENJAMIN WALKS IN, dressed in a plaid suit and
bowler hat. Rosemary follows behind. Everyone immediately
perks up.

BENJAMIN

Hell hath no limits, nor is
circumscribed in one self place,
for where we are is hell, and where
hell is there must we ever be.

Everyone holds their breath. Olive looks terrified.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Marlowe.

MAN 1

I love Marlowe. She's amaz--

BENJAMIN

This data looks good. Good work,
everyone.

Benjamin leaves with Rosemary. Olive looks slightly relieved.

OLIVE

Okay so the hell quote wasn't in
reference to us. I think. Back to
the board...

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - LATER

We ANGLE ON Maeve, who sits at a large CONFERENCE TABLE
inside of a glassed-in office.

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eight people sit around a large table. Maeve barely keeps her
eyes open while a NERDY GUY gives a presentation.

NERDY GUY

Flundies - the "flush-away"
underwear for the modern man. Skid
marks, be gone!

There's some unenthusiastic clapping. A portly man dressed in
a loud outfit shakes his head. This is ROBERT, Maeve's boss.

ROBERT

Skid marks? Are you for real? We
can't run that during children's
programming.

NERDY GUY

(nervous)

I thought it would go over their
heads.

ROBERT

Not when they have the internet at their fucking fingertips. Think of something better by lunch.

The Nerdy Guy runs out of the room.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Maeve, you're up.

Maeve stands up. She taps her phone and an IMAGE appears on the wall behind her. It's a SMILING DOG.

MAEVE

Bell's dog food. A better way to feed your favorite pet.

ROBERT

Wait. Are you wearing makeup?

Maeve looks at Robert, unsure of what to say.

MAEVE

Um. A little, yes.

ROBERT

I like it! You're all sparkly! Go on.

She taps her phone again and another IMAGE appears. The dog lays next to a sad-looking carrot.

MAEVE

Are you sick of the bougey rabbit food the hipsters tell you to buy? It's "organic," it's "healthy!" These are dogs we're talking about. And dogs need the good stuff. You start feeding your dog fancy food, they'll become a sissy. And you don't want a sissy protecting you from a burglar.

Another IMAGE appears: a dog nose-deep in a bowl.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Bell's non-organic dog food. Nothing fancy.

An IMAGE appears: a RUGGED-LOOKING man pets a GOLDEN RETRIEVER.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

This ad would appear on bathroom doors at airports, public buildings and certain chain restaurants.

Lots of clapping. Maeve takes a bow.

ROBERT

Great stuff, Maeve. Way to make the customer feel elitist by telling them not to be elitist. I love it.

MAEVE

Thanks. It was fun to write, I guess. If not a little depressing.

ROBERT

Alright assignments for this week: Andrea you take the lingerie ad--

A drop-dead gorgeous woman, ANDREA, smiles.

ANDREA

Do you want me to add some concept art, Robbie? I actually own some of the pieces I'm advertising.

ROBERT

(smiling)

I think that shows a lot of initiative, Andrea, thank you.

Maeve GAGS.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Maeve. There's a new account I want you to tackle.

MAEVE

Really? Is it lingerie?

ROBERT

It's manure.

There's a long beat.

MAEVE

Manure. As in... poop?

ROBERT

Yep! But it's synthetic so it's not actually poop. I had them send some samples to your house. Needed my number one girl on this one.

MAEVE

Awesome. Really excited to dive in.

ROBERT

Good meeting, everyone! Keep up the good work. See you next week.

People gather their things and start to exit. Robert pulls Maeve aside.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Everything alright with you sweetie?

MAEVE

Robert, I've told you so many times: you can't call me "sweetie." If our HR department was actually made up of humans, I'd complain...

ROBERT

I'm sorry, angel, I just care about you. You seem... off lately.

MAEVE

Hunter and I broke up. A while ago.

Robert pulls Maeve into a BEAR HUG. He looks at her intently.

ROBERT

I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?

Maeve wrestles herself free from the hug.

MAEVE

Actually, I was wondering if I could leave early? I'm feeling... sad.

Robert starts swiping on his phone, feverishly, like a coke fiend.

ROBERT

Of course. Go home and have a hot cup of tea. Maybe call a friend. Have a little booty call. Could really help relieve some tension.

He walks away.

MAEVE

Thanks, Robert! Great advice, as always.

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - CONTINUOUS

Maeve walks into the main office. She notices a group seated around a table, including BLANCHE. They're laughing and watching a video on a GIANT SCREEN. She gets closer and sees the video: it's a monkey eating a banana. Maeve frowns.

MAEVE

I don't get it.

The people around the table turn to look at her.

BLANCHE

It's a monkey. See?

She points at the screen.

MAEVE

I get it. But why is it funny?

GUY

Because monkeys are funny.

BLANCHE

You look different, Maeve. Looks like someone took my advice about their appearance!

MAEVE

(fake friendly)

Blanche, the day I take your advice is the day that Donald Trump climbs out of the grave and becomes President again.

BLANCHE

How's your boyfriend by the way? He hasn't posted any pictures of the two of you recently.

She gives Maeve an accusatory look. The other people at the table hide laughter, swiping on their phones.

MAEVE

I broke up with him. Dead weight.

BLANCHE

(smiling)

Aww no I'm so sorry. He was so great. Too great almost. It was crazy that you guys even dated at all.

MAEVE

Well I'm actually seeing someone else now.

Blanche is swiping on her phone now too.

BLANCHE

Oh really? Who?

MAEVE

His name's... Harry. We met online.

GAY GUY

Well duh, where else would you meet?

The others LAUGH. Maeve looks exhausted.

BLANCHE

Well you should bring him to the company picnic next month. Give us a chance to make sure he's good enough for you.

MAEVE

Oh for sure! Will you be bringing that guy? Oh man what's his name? The one who went to jail for fucking a 15 year old.

Everyone stops swiping. Blanche clenches her jaw.

BLANCHE

She was 17. And he was acquitted.

Maeve stares at Blanche for a long beat.

MAEVE

Well it looks like you have a lot of important work going on so I'll be on my way.

Everyone goes back to swiping, some "plug in."

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(to Blanche)

Oh and just because he was acquitted doesn't mean he's not a rapist. Bye, guys!

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maeve opens the door to her apartment to find it COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED. There are candles burning, light jazz is playing and every surface looks like new. She stares, open-mouthed. Harry enters from the kitchen.

HARRY

Hey, Maeve how was your day?

MAEVE

Um... It was fine. What happened here?

HARRY

Just some feng shui-ing. Are you hungry?

MAEVE

Yeah, actually.

Harry retreats into the kitchen. Maeve puts her bag down and looks around the room.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

You did all this?

HARRY O.S.

Yeah! I replaced the blinds in your room with new ones - they were really dusty. And covered in an indistinguishable substance.

MAEVE

That might have been a protein shake from the last time I worked out.

HARRY O.S.

Which was...

MAEVE

Sometime last winter?

Just then, Beauregard enters from the kitchen. He's clean shaven and looks miserable.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Holy shit I can actually see his body now.

(looking at the cat)

It's really gross.

Harry leads her to the now beautifully-dressed DINING ROOM TABLE. She sits and take sips from a glass of wine.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Jesus this wine is good.

HARRY O.S.

I got it from the French market down the street. The owner was really nice - gave me a good deal.

MAEVE

There's a French market? Where?

Harry enters holding TWO PLATES of LOBSTER. He puts one in front of Maeve.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Wow. This is just like that scene in Mrs. Doubtfire.

Harry smiles and takes a seat.

HARRY

Not sure what that is but thank you. So how was your meeting?

MAEVE

It was fine. My boss is getting closer to a lawsuit every day but I got some good feedback on my ad. The one that I wrote while I was stoned for a full 48 hours. So that's cool.

HARRY

Some samples arrived for you in the mail. Kind of smell like shit.

MAEVE

Yeah that's my next project.

HARRY

You look pretty.

Maeve nearly chokes on her lobster.

MAEVE

Ha. No I don't.

HARRY

Why do you do that?

MAEVE

Do what?

HARRY

Reject compliments. Just say "thank you."

MAEVE

It's hard to really believe you. You know... since you're programmed to find me attractive.

HARRY

I'll bet a lot of people find you attractive.

MAEVE

Yeah my boss, the homeless guy on 8th ave who asks for pictures of my feet, and you.

HARRY

Don't sell yourself short. Men like confidence. If you think you're hot, we will too.

Maeve thinks for a minute.

MAEVE

I'll keep that in mind. Hey, would you want to come with me to this company picnic thing?

HARRY

Of course. I'm your boyfriend, aren't I?

MAEVE

Are you?

HARRY

If you want me to be, yes.

MAEVE

Could you just... not say anything about being a robot? Just pretend we met on Faceswipe or something.

HARRY

Sure thing.

MAEVE

And maybe don't be so... perfect.
No one will buy that we're dating
if you're too polite.

HARRY

Okay I'll punch everyone in the
face when I meet them.

MAEVE

Awesome.

Harry winks at Maeve. They CHEERS.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Maeve climbs into bed. Harry stands by the door.

HARRY

Do you want me to come in there
with you?

MAEVE

I thought you couldn't sleep.

HARRY

I could spoon you.

MAEVE

Sure. Who doesn't like to spoon?

Harry climbs into bed next to Maeve.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

You're warm. I thought you'd be
cold like Casper.

HARRY

Is that your ex boyfriend?

He pulls Maeve in tight and starts to kiss her neck.

MAEVE

What are you doing?

HARRY

Just relax. I can make you feel
good.

MAEVE

I don't know. This feels weird.

Harry continues to kiss her neck. Finally she gives in and starts making out with him. He moves down her chest until he's between her legs.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Wa-wait. How is this going to work?
Can you even -- ohhhh my God.

Maeve smiles. She's in heaven.

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Olive gives a presentation to Benjamin and some FOREIGN INVESTORS. She points to a projected image on the wall.

OLIVE

As you can see, he's like any other human male. He's anatomically correct, he smells the same, feels the same. Even tastes the same.

An investor GIGGLES. Olive clicks her tablet.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Now, the female versions are the same way. We're a little further away from getting them just right, but they're almost perfect!

The investors NOD.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

The APP allows you to personalize your mate. There are endless traits so you can create the ideal personality to match your needs.

INVESTOR 1

And you have proof that this technology really works?

OLIVE

We're getting to that point! Right now we have a test subject who is responding really well to the technology.

INVESTOR 2

Have they created their perfect mate, then?

Olive looks at Benjamin, wary.

BENJAMIN

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error. Moliere.

OLIVE

Wow. That one is actually super relevant here. But yes she's taking her time. The whole point is to try out a bunch of options and figure out what you want.

INVESTOR 1

What's wrong with the Faceswipe? Is it no longer working?

OLIVE

No, it is. We just wanted to go further, to tap an untapped market.

BENJAMIN

Many people using Faceswipe and some of our other apps complained that they couldn't find anyone to fit their needs. That the fish in the sea were not exactly worth catching, per se.

OLIVE

So we decided that if people could choose for themselves that they would be much happier than simply waiting to find someone.

INVESTOR 2

It's very alluring. If it works.

BENJAMIN

Nature always wears the colors of the spirit.

OLIVE

(to herself)

See, now that one makes no sense!

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - MINUTES LATER

Olive walks into her office, past her assistant who looks desperate to get her attention.

OLIVE

No time to chat, missed like 40 mail blasts during that meeting.

She stops. Truman is in her office. She leaps into his arms.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

TRUMAN

I had some extra time, thought I'd surprise my best girl.

Olive and Truman KISS. Olive's assistant gags.

INT. RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

A dimly-lit restaurant filled with gorgeous people. Maeve sits at a table with her friends RAYMOND (extremely gay) and MOIRA (extremely judgmental and wealthy.) They look at a virtual menu, they're several drinks deep.

MAEVE

Three times. I came three times.

MOIRA

I don't get it how is that possible? Does he even have a tongue?

MAEVE

It was insane. He really is a boy wizard. And I didn't feel guilty! Afterward he just kissed my forehead and sang me a lullaby.

RAYMOND

I wonder what it would be like if I could have a guy blow me and I didn't have to pretend to be into doing things to him afterward.

MAEVE

I'm telling you, it was magical. Hunter would have rather died than gone a night without coming in or around me.

Moira shivers.

MOIRA

TMI. I don't want to think about Hunter coming. He's so spindly.

MAEVE

Just be cool to Harry. I told him you guys were nice.

RAYMOND

Why would you lie to him?

Just then, Harry walks toward the table, all smiles.

HARRY

Moira and Raymond! It's such a pleasure to meet you, I've heard so much about you both.

MOIRA

(licking her lips)
Likewise, sweetie.

Harry sits down next to Maeve and kisses her on the cheek.

HARRY

Hi, honey.

MAEVE

Hello... honey?

Raymond ROLLS HIS EYES.

RAYMOND

What are you going to order, Harry?
Do you like Italian food?

HARRY

Love it. It's my favorite cuisine.

RAYMOND

Interesting. I thought pussy was your favorite--

Maeve KICKS Raymond under the table.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Jokes, jokes.

HARRY

Raymond, you seem like someone who has never even thought about trying pussy.

Moira SPITS out her drink, laughing.

RAYMOND

You caught me. What gave me away?
The eyebrows or the outfit?

HARRY

I'd say the fact that you got a hard on when I walked in here.

Raymond LAUGHS.

RAYMOND

I like him, Maeve. He's saucy.

Maeve stares at him, taken aback.

MAEVE

Where is this coming from?

HARRY

So what do you do Raymond? Besides suck cock?

MAEVE

Jesus, Harry. Take it easy.

MOIRA

No, no please don't.

RAYMOND

I work in retail.

HARRY

Well that's a surprise. And you, Moira?

MOIRA

I don't work.

HARRY

Even bigger surprise.

Moira and Raymond LAUGH. Maeve frowns.

MAEVE

He's kidding, you guys. Harry, Raymond and Moira are my oldest friends... we went to theater camp together as kids. I was the total class clown back then.

RAYMOND

(to Harry)

Or so she likes to think.

MOIRA

(laughing, to Harry)

Poor Maeve. We laughed at her jokes when no one else would.

Maeve looks offended.

MAEVE

What are you guys talking about? I was hilarious! Everyone always requested my Celine Dion impression!

RAYMOND

No one knew who that was. We just liked to watch you try to sing.

Maeve frowns.

MOIRA

So Harry, have you seen Maeve's apartment yet?

HARRY

You mean the hovel?

RAYMOND

(cackling)

Isn't it disgusting? She lives like a gypsy, seriously.

HARRY

Yeah it's a good thing I got my tetanus shot before I entered.

RAYMOND

That's what he said!

Moira, Harry and Raymond CRACK UP. Maeve scowls.

MAEVE

Why is everyone ganging up on me?

MOIRA

Relax, sensitive Sally.

HARRY

Yeah, lighten up!

Maeve gives Harry a look that says "Shut up. Now."

HARRY (CONT'D)

Should we get some shots?

RAYMOND

Fuck yes!

Harry goes to the bar. Moira leans in to Maeve.

MOIRA

He is a keeper.

Maeve seethes.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Maeve and Harry enter, Maeve SLAMS the door behind them.

HARRY

Can you do your Celine Dion
"impression" now?

MAEVE

What the fuck was that?

HARRY

What was what? I like your friends,
they seemed to like me.

MAEVE

What was with the personal attacks?
I felt like I was with my
grandmother.

HARRY

We were just having fun. You want
me to be funny, remember?

MAEVE

Not at my expense, dude! Plus, I'm
the funny one in my friend group.
You totally commandeered the
conversation.

HARRY

According to your friends, you
actually aren't the funny one.

Maeve laughs, bitterly.

MAEVE

I thought maybe you'd stand up for
me, that you'd defend me. But
instead you join in?

HARRY

I don't understand. Humor is the
biggest specification you had for
me. Do you want me to be funny or
not?

MAEVE

I want you to understand my sense
of humor and laugh when I tell
jokes.

(MORE)

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I don't want you being Seinfeld
while I sit there being ridiculed
like Newman!

HARRY

Who are those people?!

MAEVE

Couldn't you see that I was
unhappy? Do you not pick up on
nonverbal cues?

HARRY

I didn't want to acknowledge your
irrational behavior.

Maeve is visibly angry.

MAEVE

That is not irrational. You should
know better. Aren't you supposed to
be super smart?

HARRY

I'm supposed to be what you
programmed me to be.

MAEVE

Well maybe I chose wrong. Perhaps I
should just--

Maeve pulls out her PHONE.

HARRY

What are you doing?

MAEVE

Reprogramming you. That's what this
is about. I'm making my perfect
man. And so far, you're not him.

HARRY

Don't be ridiculous.

MAEVE

I'm not being ridiculous! You're
the one who fucked this up! You're
like a child.

HARRY

I'm not the one who's playing with
a toy though, am I?

There's a long beat. Maeve hits a few buttons on her phone. She CHOOSES "SENSITIVE" and "DOTING" and un-chooses "FUNNY." She looks up at Harry, satisfied.

MAEVE

There. No more of that. Let's go to bed.

HARRY

Hi! I'm Harry. It's nice to meet you.

Maeve stares at him.

MAEVE

Are we role-playing?

HARRY

Nice place you've got here, very neat and tidy.

Maeve sits on the couch, deflated.

MAEVE

You don't remember me, do you?

Harry sits down with her.

HARRY

You have really beautiful eyes.

MAEVE

No I don't. I mean... thank you.

Harry smiles.

HARRY

I like a girl who can take a compliment.

Maeve closes her eyes, pissed.

MAEVE

I know.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Maeve sits on her bed, whispering urgently into her phone.

MAEVE

You fucking bitch!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLIVE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Olive wipes sleep from her eyes.

OLIVE
(whispering)
What is it?!

MAEVE
You didn't tell me that I would
have to completely start over every
time I reprogram him!

OLIVE
What did you think would happen?

MAEVE
I don't know! I thought maybe his
head would like cock to the side
for a second and he would... I
don't know... recalibrate.

OLIVE
When you change his specifications,
you're changing him. It comes with
the territory.

MAEVE
Well it's not fair. I don't feel
like doing this--

OLIVE
Maeve, I can't deal with this right
now. I've got investors to worry
about, I've got a ton of things
going on. My reputation not to
mention career is on the line. Just
please stick with the program.

There's a long beat. Maeve isn't used to Olive being stressed.

MAEVE
Ugh. Fine.

OLIVE
Just think of it like you're dating
a different guy. But he's still
gorgeous and has to like you. And
make sure you ask him to go
downtown. He's especially equipped
to do that--

MAEVE

Way ahead of you, sis.

OLIVE

Just have fun. You're creating the perfect man. It's gonna take some duds to get there, right?

MAEVE

Alright fine. But you owe me.

OLIVE

I'm already paying you. Good night!

Olive hangs up.

TRUMAN

You really should have told her.

Olive looks over at Truman who's in bed with her and SMACKS him with a pillow.

BACK TO MAEVE.

Maeve lays on her bed, mad. Harry pokes his head in.

HARRY

Everything okay?

MAEVE

Yeah, everything's fine.

HARRY

Are you sure?

MAEVE

Yes. I am sure.

HARRY

You seem upset.

MAEVE

Oh my GOD if I say I'm fine, I'm fine.

HARRY

Gotcha. I'm here if you want to talk.

Maeve waves him off, annoyed.

MAEVE

Look, I need to be alone tonight. Can you sleep -- stay on the couch?

HARRY

Of course. You need your space, I respect that completely.

He leaves the bedroom. Maeve lays back down.

MAEVE

Off to a great start.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Maeve sits on the couch, writing on a legal pad. The manure samples sit on the coffee table. Harry sits in an armchair, staring at her politely.

MAEVE

What are you looking at?

HARRY

Just admiring your beauty.

MAEVE

Well it's distracting me. I need to focus. Can't you go for a walk or something?

HARRY

I'd rather stay with you, keep you company.

Maeve's tablet DINGS. REQUEST FOR AD ANALYTICS. Maeve ignores it. It DINGS again. She presses a button and turns it off.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That looked important.

MAEVE

It's fine. They'll figure it out.

HARRY

Is it for work?

MAEVE

Yep.

Harry stares at her.

HARRY

If you want, I could show you how to use the program--

MAEVE

Look, I know we haven't spent much time together and all but I can tell this is not going to work.

Maeve un-chooses "DOTING" and "SENSITIVE" and chooses "SPONTANEOUS" and "CONFIDENT."

HARRY

What do you--

Harry blinks for a moment. He smiles at Maeve, he somehow is emitting a "bad boy" vibe.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You must be Maeve.

MAEVE

I am. You're Harry?

Harry walks over to the couch and scoops Maeve up in his arms.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Oh my God what are you doing?

HARRY

I'm taking you out!

Harry carries a giggling Maeve out of her apartment.

EXT. SILVER LAKE RESERVOIR - LATER

The reservoir is completely devoid of water - instead, a digital "lake" is projected into the empty canyon. It looks almost real, the "water" ebbing and flowing.

Maeve and Harry walk hand in hand around the perimeter, past joggers and families (most of who are "plugged in.")

HARRY

What's the craziest thing you've done in the past year?

MAEVE

Pretty much everything I've done could fit in that category since I feel crazy all the time.

HARRY

You're not crazy. You're... creative.

Maeve LAUGHS.

MAEVE

Well there was one thing I did a couple weeks ago... when I was kind of fucked up on NyQuil.

HARRY

Anal? Apparently it's very popular these days with women your age.

MAEVE

No. Never. I... wrote my own eulogy.

HARRY

Why would you do that?

MAEVE

Honestly, I don't know. I was weirdly trying to convince myself not to commit suicide and I thought it would help? So anyway I start writing it from the perspective of someone who knows me - my mom or sister maybe. And I realize I have nothing positive to say. All I can hear is disappointment. My mom saying "Oh she was always so dramatic, never took anything seriously." Or my sister saying how she wished I could just be happy for once. How much easier I would have made it on everyone if I could just live like a normal person and stop complaining.

HARRY

I feel like this is something you would tell a therapist--

MAEVE

I'm an asshole, right? Like I'm dead. I think my mother's going to focus on my emotional setbacks? She'd be a wreck. But all I can picture are these people pitying me, thinking how if I could have opened myself up I could have lived a happier life, embracing technology.

Maeve stops. Harry looks at her.

HARRY

Do you feel that way?

MAEVE

Honestly, no. I'm incapable of "opening" up. That's not my style. I play my cards close to the chest. Because the second I let someone take a peek, they fuck me over and ruin my hand. Every time.

HARRY

I like the card metaphor, it really works. But I'm sorry you got hurt.

Maeve laughs, dully.

MAEVE

It seems to be a reoccurring thing in my life.

HARRY

You know what your problem is?

MAEVE

The chemical imbalance in my brain?

HARRY

No. You don't know how to have fun. Be in the moment.

MAEVE

Yes I do! I just... haven't in a while. And when I do I just keep thinking about how it won't last.

HARRY

That's no way to live.

MAEVE

I should have you write my eulogy.

HARRY

Let's do something crazy. What's something you've always wanted to do but never have?

Maeve thinks for a beat.

MAEVE

You can't make fun of me.

EXT./ESTAB. THEME PARK (Knott's Berry, Six Flags, or similar)
- DAY

Maeve and Harry, holding hands, walk into the park.

EXT. THEME PARK - CONTINUOUS

There's almost no one at the park - it's a little eerie. The place is old but not rundown. Half of the rides are closed and most of the concessions are shuttered but there's still a magical feeling to it.

HARRY

This is what you've always wanted to do? Why? You know you can "plug in" and feel like you're riding a roller coaster, right?

MAEVE

I don't just want to feel like I'm doing it. I want to do it. And I never have.

Maeve walks Harry up to a ride. There's a very BORED-LOOKING ATTENDANT playing on his phone. Maeve taps her foot.

ATTENDANT

Welcome to the Quantum Falcon. Are you pregnant or expecting to be pregnant anytime soon?

Maeve looks at Harry. He shakes his head.

MAEVE

Nope.

ATTENDANT

Enjoy your ride.

Maeve and Harry walk through toward the front of the line... which is about ten people long. A dream for anyone who's ever waited in a line at Disney. Maeve looks at the ROLLER COASTER that's zooming by them.

MAEVE

Oh God. I might have just changed my mind.

Harry grabs her by the hand.

HARRY

I've got you. We're doing this.

Maeve smiles at him.

MAEVE

Whatever you say, Mr. Spontaneous.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEME PARK ROLLER COASTER - MINUTES LATER

Maeve and Harry HURTLE down a 200-foot drop, screaming their heads off. The roller coaster WHIPS and TURNS and DIVES at breakneck speed. We see Maeve, who's laughing so hard she's crying. This is the happiest she's been in... maybe forever.

EXT. THEME PARK - LATER

Maeve and Harry walk around eating ice cream. They play a game at the arcade, shoot some baskets (Harry sinks every one perfectly - the STONED ATTENDANT looks on in amazement. They ride a few more roller coasters - each one crazier than the last. Maeve SCREAMS her head off in ecstasy. Maeve carries an ENORMOUS STUFFED ELEPHANT to the car.

INT. MAEVE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maeve and Harry kiss in her car outside of her downtown apartment. The STUFFED ELEPHANT takes up the backseat.

MAEVE

That was fucking amazing. I peed my pants a little bit on the last ride but it was worth it.

HARRY

I'm so glad you had fun. You were living in the moment.

MAEVE

(satisfied)
Yeah. I guess I was.

HARRY

Do you want to roll?

MAEVE

Roll around? Like on the ground?

HARRY

No, roll. I brought some Zeks.

He pulls out a BAG OF PILLS from his pocket. Maeve gasps.

MAEVE

Holy SHIT! Zeks? As in X times ten?
Where did you get that?

HARRY

A guy at the tilt a whirl sold me
some.

MAEVE

Are you insane?

HARRY

He gave me a deal. Seemed like a
good guy.

MAEVE

Oh I'm sure he did. Was it the guy
with his hand down his pants or the
one who was puking in the bushes?

HARRY

Hands down his pants. But I thought
we were being spontaneous. Living
in the moment.

Maeve looks at the bag of pills, torn.

MAEVE

Well... I guess in the spirit of
trying new things...

Harry smiles a devilish grin. Maeve smiles too. This might be
fun?

MUSIC CUE: "Don't Stop Me Now" by Queen.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - LATER

A VERY HIGH MAEVE runs down the street, hand-in-hand with
Harry. She HIGH FIVES everyone she passes and KICKS and JABS
her hands at every intersection. She's really feelin' it.

INT. DANCE CLUB - LATER

Maeve and Harry DANCE WILDLY on the lit-up dance floor.
Raymond and Moira are there - DANCING lewdly. Insane techno
music is playing but we still only hear QUEEN. Maeve throws
her head back and KISSES Harry. He grabs her and puts her on
his shoulders. She SPINS around a few times then TOPPLES
OVER. Harry looks down at her concerned until... she POPS up,
still dancing.

RAYMOND
That's my bitch!

INT. BOOK STORE - LATER

A giant sign above the store reads: "THE ONLY REAL BOOKSTORE LEFT IN THE U.S." Hipsters and tourists gather outside, taking pictures of the relic. Maeve and Harry enter the store, still HIGH AS KITES.

MAEVE
Oh my God I think I'm going to cry.
I've never seen anything so
beautiful.

She sits down in a FICTION AISLE, a puddle of emotion.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
They have paperbacks, Harry. Real
paperbacks.

A SALES ASSOCIATE rushes over.

SALES ASSOCIATE
What are you doing?

Maeve is petting the books.

MAEVE
I'm just feeling their energies.

SALES ASSOCIATE
These products are extremely rare.
We ask you only touch what you
intend to buy.

Maeve stops her petting and looks at Harry.

MAEVE
I can't afford any of this. That's
why I don't come in here - I can't
stand the temptation.

Harry looks down at her, smiling.

HARRY
Whatever she touches I'll purchase.

Maeve CLAPS enthusiastically.

MAEVE
Yay! I'm gonna go touch some more!

Maeve and Harry run through the endless aisles, grabbing books as they go. The Sales Associate follows behind, nervously.

Maeve enters the CHILDREN'S SECTION and plops down in a bean bag. Harry leans down and KISSES HER. She smiles, this is fun! He pulls her up and dances with her. Suddenly, she pulls away and taps him on the shoulder.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Tag! You're it!

She runs away and he chases her through the labyrinth. Suddenly, she reaches the MYSTERY section and stops. The music cuts out. She enters the room hesitantly, a concerned Harry behind her.

HARRY

What game are we playing now?

MAEVE

No game. I just... want to look for something.

She walks to the "J" section and squints.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(to Harry)

The drugs are making my eyes wonky, can you help me?

HARRY

What are you looking for?

MAEVE

It's a book by Robert Jensen. It's called "MIDNIGHT IN MADRID."

Harry scans the bookshelf and pulls out a VOLUME. He hands it to Maeve, who handles it delicately.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

It's...

HARRY

I know.

She turns the book over and sees the AUTHOR'S PHOTO. A handsome man with glasses looks back at her.

MAEVE

Hey, buddy.

The Sales Associate, out of breath, marches up to Maeve.

SALES ASSOCIATE

Young lady, we are closing soon and these shenanigans have to stop.

MAEVE

We're ready. I'm getting this one too.

She hands the Associate MIDNIGHT IN MADRID.

SALES ASSOCIATE

I'll meet you at the front.

EXT. POWELL'S BOOK STORE - A LITTLE LATER

Maeve and Harry walk out of the store, laden with books. Maeve blinks back tears.

MAEVE

What should we do now?

HARRY

I have more Zeks... we could go to this underground club that has a trance-rave starting at 3.

MAEVE

I'm pretty tired, maybe let's just go home.

Harry frowns.

HARRY

Is that what you want? Doesn't seem very spontaneous.

MAEVE

Spontaneity is only fun for so long, dude.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Harry and Maeve are laying on the bed, fully clothed.

MAEVE

I'm still really high.

HARRY

Me too.

MAEVE

He died last year. Car crash.

Harry looks at her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

He was in a self-driving car. One of the crazy electric models - the ones they said were foolproof? He was so proud of that car. When he got the advance on his second book he went out and bought it first thing.

HARRY

What happened?

MAEVE

There was a glitch. Something jammed the steering wheel and he didn't have control. The car drove him straight into a tree.

HARRY

I'm so sorry. That technology was well-developed though, it may have been a user error-

MAEVE

It was the fucking car, okay?

HARRY

Okay.

MAEVE

He was a really good writer. Only wrote the one book though.

Harry puts his arm around Maeve. Maeve closes her eyes.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

When I was little he would rub my head every night to get me to go to sleep.

Harry starts to rub her head, but she pulls away.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

How long does this last?

HARRY

I'm not sure. Drugs don't actually affect me.

She looks at him, he's grinning. She takes a pillow and WHACKS him in the face.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Maeve wakes up to an empty room. She looks at her father's book on the shelf and cringes.

MAEVE
Goddamnit, Maeve.

She checks her phone: 3 MISSED CALLS FROM: MOM.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Of course.

She climbs out of bed and into the shower.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maeve turns the water on and lets it run down her hair. She rubs her eyes, trying to wake up. Suddenly, a hand pulls the door open. It's Harry's.

MAEVE
What are you doing?

Naked, he climbs in with her.

HARRY
Nothing.

He kisses her, she pulls away.

MAEVE
I'm not in the mood. Those drugs fucked with my head. I lost control.

HARRY
I just wanted you to have some fun, to let go a little bit.

MAEVE
Yeah, well I don't like "letting go."

He kisses her neck.

HARRY
You need to relax. Trust me.

MAEVE
No, I don't.

She pushes him away but he grabs her and pushes her up against the wall.

HARRY
Let's do it right now.

MAEVE
What the fuck! Stop!

He doesn't.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Seriously, STOP!

She SLAPS him in the face, he recoils.

HARRY
What is wrong with you?

Crying, Maeve steps out of the shower. She wraps a towel around herself and grabs her phone with shaking hands. Harry follows her out.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You say you want to be in the moment but you don't know what you want, do you?

He grabs her shoulder.

MAEVE
Back the fuck up. Living in the moment does not mean attacking me in the shower.

She grabs her phone.

Look, thanks for going with me to the park and paying for my books but this isn't working out.

She looks at Harry, who's laughing bitterly.

HARRY
You think that was my money? Everything I spent came out of your payment from Olive.

MAEVE
Of course it did. Way to go, passing it off like your own. You're a real gentlemen.

She opens her APP and presses a few buttons. She braces herself and looks up at Harry, who is smiling and holding out his hand.

HARRY

I'm Harry.

Maeve sighs and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - BENJAMIN'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Benjamin's office looks like the inside of a child's tree house. It is paneled in wood, and the floor is covered with old-timey toys and papers. Benjamin and Olive sit cross-legged next to a typewriter that is typing as they talk. It's obvious Benjamin likes taking old things and making them modern (he probably read a lot of Steampunk fan fiction as a kid.) Olive looks at her tablet.

BENJAMIN

What was the problem with the last one?

OLIVE

He was too aggressive - he pushed her too far.

BENJAMIN

I see.

Benjamin motions to the typewriter who makes a note. Olive clocks this.

OLIVE

But she's learning! She's getting better about it, seriously.

BENJAMIN

Our investors want to know what the typical time frame on mate matching is. They're worried that people will give up if it takes too long. Production starts soon - I need answers.

OLIVE

Totally get it. But I think we're really close.

BENJAMIN

Truths and roses have thorns about them.

OLIVE

That one's Thoreau! I finally got one!

She looks at Benjamin, expecting a smile. But he gives her a blank stare. He motions to the typewriter again.

MUSIC CUE: "LOVIN', TOUCHIN', SQUEEZIN'" by JOURNEY.

MONTAGE:

-Maeve and Harry swim in the ocean, laughing and playing.

-Maeve looks at a sleeping Harry and reprograms him on her app.

-Harry teaches Maeve how to swing a golf club, she's terrible.

-Maeve and Harry fight in her apartment, she takes out her phone again.

-Harry and Maeve eat at a restaurant with Moria and Raymond, who are both drinking to excess. They SCROLL on their phones while Maeve sits glumly.

-Maeve smokes a bowl on the couch and watches Harry do push-ups. She rolls her eyes and brings out the phone.

-Maeve looks at her phone - 4 MISSED CALLS FROM: MOM. She looks at Harry, who's making a goofy face. Reprogram.

-Olive looks at Maeve's data. It's not lining up the way she needs it to. Why hasn't she gotten it right yet?

-Maeve texts her mom: I'M ALIVE DON'T WORRY XO.

-Maeve and Harry have sex. She looks bored and grabs the phone.

-Maeve and Harry eat ice cream. She looks at him and nods. This one might be a keeper.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - A FEW DAYS LATER

A banner hung from a tree reads "AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT ANNUAL PICNIC." Maeve sits at a table with a few people who are "plugged in." She looks around and sees Harry playing frisbee with a dog. She smiles. Blanche and her minions spot Maeve and sit down next to her.

BLANCHE

So where's the famous boyfriend, Maeve? Or did you "break up with him" too?

Blanche's minions giggle.

MAEVE

You really know how to turn a joke, Blanche. Have you thought about pursuing a comedy career?

BLANCHE

Pretty girls don't need to be funny.

Maeve rolls her eyes. Suddenly, Harry appears at the table, panting and glistening with sweat.

HARRY

Hey, babe. Can you pass me a water?

Maeve hands him a HYDROPILL. He swallows it down and kisses her on the mouth.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Are these your friends?

MAEVE

Not quite. This is Blanche. She works in analytics. Non-creative.

Blanche, who's gobsmacked, holds out her hand.

HARRY

Nice to meet you, Blanche. Maeve and I met online.

Harry puts his arm around Maeve, who looks at him, nervous.

BLANCHE

And what is it you do, Harry?

Harry looks at Maeve, who panics.

MAEVE

He's in finance. Numbers and shit, really boring.

BLANCHE

Oh what firm? My boyfriend works at Cohen and Krause in Century City.

HARRY

Oh very nice. I actually do more freelance work. Go from place to place.

BLANCHE

What do you think about the Fed's projections for this year? Kind of crazy, right?

HARRY

Totally crazy! I couldn't believe it when I heard.

BLANCHE

That's odd because they're not releasing the projections for a few more weeks.

She stares at Harry, who looks back at her, unfazed.

HARRY

Maybe to the public, but like I said: I work freelance. Often with the federal government. So excuse me if I have information before the rest of the population. Tell your boyfriend to call me if he needs some tips.

Maeve smiles, proud of him.

MAEVE

Blanche, stop badgering him. Why don't you go eat and throw up another hotdog.

Blanche turns on her heel, angry, and walks away.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(to Harry)

Holy shit, that was amazing! You totally fooled her.

HARRY

Well I'm quick on my feet, aren't I?

MAEVE

Is that one of your traits? I can't keep it straight anymore.

Harry frowns at her.

HARRY

Can't keep what straight?

Maeve realizes and waves it off.

MAEVE

Uhh nevermind. Let's go play with Rufus!

HARRY

Okay! I'm easy-going too, remember?

Maeve laughs.

MAEVE

Yes. That I remember.

Just then, ROBERT approaches. He's obviously drunk.

ROBERT

Maevey baby! How's it hanging?

MAEVE

Not at all. Since I'm a woman.

Robert laughs loudly.

ROBERT

You kill me. Did you see the receptionist from the second floor? Ho-ly moly. I mean her tits are obviously fake but--

Robert looks up at Harry, who now has his arm around Maeve, protectively.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Maeve! Who is this tall man?

MAEVE

This is Harry. My boyfriend.

Harry shakes Robert's hand.

HARRY

I would appreciate it if you stopped making sexist and demeaning comments in front of her.

Robert looks like he's going to PUNCH Harry. Maeve winces.

ROBERT

Point taken, sir. I wouldn't want some old creep hitting on my girlfriend either! Even if she is a little minx.

MAEVE

Lawsuit, Robert. Lawsuit.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Maeve and Harry sit on the couch with two glasses of wine. Maeve is laughing.

MAEVE

Did you see the look on Blanche's face? She couldn't believe someone so out of my league would actually be into me!

HARRY

Hey. Not out of your league. Stop selling yourself short.

MAEVE

Ugh, she's the worst. I hate people like her. She's "plugged in" like 80% of the time because her life is so disappointing. I bet she uses a "Buddy."

Harry looks confused.

HARRY

A "Buddy?"

MAEVE

Yeah it's this little attachment you can hook up to your phone or VR that simulates sex. Like a little plastic thing.

HARRY

You don't have one of thess?

MAEVE

Hell no! My boyfriend-- I mean my ex-boyfriend used one and it was just... disturbing.

HARRY

I will keep that in mind when buying you a Christmas present.

MAEVE

Christmas is a ways away, bro.

HARRY

But I like you.

Maeve smiles.

MAEVE

I like you too. I can talk to you.
Nobody really talks anymore.

HARRY

That makes you sad, doesn't it?

Maeve nods. Harry leans in and KISSES her. She closes her eyes, enjoying it.

MAEVE

Talking isn't really all it's
cracked up to be though.

She pulls him in and KISSES him again. She smiles and pulls him toward her on the couch.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - THE NEXT DAY

A rundown cinema in Los Feliz, one of the last in LA. Maeve holds Harry's hand, excited.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SIMULTANEOUS

Maeve and Harry, sitting in the back row, are the only ones in the theater. The seats are ripping, the floor's covered in popcorn and spilled soda. Harry looks at Maeve, is she crazy?

HARRY

This is your favorite place?

MAEVE

Yes! It's quiet and no one's
allowed to be on their phones.

Harry looks around.

HARRY

But there's no one else here.

MAEVE

(smiling)
Exactly.

An USHER walks up to the screen. He looks like he's 100 years old.

USHER

Welcome to the Los Feliz cinema, a historic piece of Los Angeles. The film you're about to see is a classic - one that has influenced countless filmmakers over the years. Please silence your phones, tablets, VR devices and turn off all pygmy cameras. Enjoy the show.

The usher walks away and the screen comes to life. "MEAN GIRLS" starts playing. Maeve CLAPS.

HARRY

I've never seen this one. Where are the 3D contacts?

Maeve takes a handful of popcorn and puts her feet on the seats.

MAEVE

Get ready for your world to be rocked, Glen Coco.

HARRY

Glen who?

But Maeve shushes him. Harry puts his arm around her and she leans into him. This is her happy place.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Maeve and Harry walk into a cute French place, very cheap and cheerful.

HARRY

So are girls actually that mean in real life?

MAEVE

They're worse. When I was in high school the cyber bullying was so bad half the kids had to be home-schooled.

HARRY

Wow. That's so sad.

MAEVE

I think high school was terrible for everyone though. I should show you this movie called "The Breakfast Club." It's weird because they never actually eat breakfast--

Just then, Moira and Raymond WALK IN and spot Maeve and Harry.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

RAYMOND

Look who it is!

MOIRA

This is hilarious. We never come here!

RAYMOND

We're being ironic.

Raymond HUGS Maeve and goes to hug Harry, who sticks out his hand.

HARRY

I'm Harry.

Raymond and Moira look at Maeve, who nods, sheepish. So this is a new Harry.

RAYMOND

Hi, Harry! So lovely to meet you. For the first time.

HARRY

You too.

MAEVE

Maybe we should go somewhere else?

MOIRA

Oh come on! Stay and have a drink.
(winking to Maeve)
It went so well the last time.

HARRY

Last time?

Maeve grabs Harry's hand.

MAEVE

Okay, actually I'm not feeling well. Let's go, Harry.

Harry WAVES to Moira and Raymond, who WAVE back, mockingly. Maeve shoots them a withering look.

MOIRA

Ooph we're gonna pay for that I'm sure.

RAYMOND

Girl is out of her damn mind. He's like the twelfth 'Harry' we've met.

A plate of food passes by and Raymond GASPS dramatically.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Oh my stars we can't eat here. Ironically or otherwise.

MOIRA

Let's just do the alternative.

They both "plug in" and start chewing.

RAYMOND

Steak, medium rare.

MOIRA

I've got a chocolate milk shake that's to die.

As these two pretend to eat in the middle of a restaurant, we CUT TO:

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - OLIVE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Olive is working late, on Truman's screen we see he's working hard too. Olive looks at him, she misses him. She gets a text.

TEXT FROM MAEVE

I think this is the one. He's got it all.

Olive breathes a sigh of relief.

TEXT TO MAEVE

Thank GOD. Benjamin is really starting to freak out. He's been stress-eating full ears of corn for the past couple days.

TEXT FROM MAEVE

Tell him not to worry. I'm gonna go
have awesome sex now miss you love
you!

Olive smiles and calls Benjamin.

INT. BENJAMIN'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Benjamin sits in a bubble bath in an ORNATE BATHROOM decorated with Victorian-style drapes and furniture. Several half-eaten ears of corn lay next to him. He smokes a pipe and listens to jazz on a radio. His Steampunk VR glasses emit GROANING noises. He's obviously watching porn. He ANSWERS Olive's call on his glasses.

BENJAMIN

The art of art, the glory of
expression and the--

OLIVE

Benjamin! Big news. She's found
him. She's matched her mate!

Benjamin sits up in the bath.

BENJAMIN

This is incredible news. Let's
activate the team. I want to start
full production with the investors'
approval. Congratulations, Olive.

Olive smiles WIDELY.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maeve and Harry, post-coital, sit on the couch.

MAEVE

Well that was...

HARRY

Amazing?

MAEVE

Yep. That was amazing. It's like
you knew what I wanted.

HARRY

I did.

MAEVE

Uhhh I don't want to go to work tomorrow. I just want to stay here with you and have like five more orgasms.

HARRY

That can be arranged.

MAEVE

Work is stupid anyway.

HARRY

Why is it stupid? Besides your boss being an actual sexual predator?

MAEVE

I have to present a commercial I wrote.

HARRY

That sounds cool!

MAEVE

For manure.

HARRY

Oh.

MAEVE

It's idiotic. I always get the worst clients.

HARRY

Why?

MAEVE

Probably because I don't wear enough low-cut shirts. But also because I hate using all of the devices they force us to have.

Harry thinks for a minute.

HARRY

Have you ever asked for a specific assignment?

MAEVE

Nah no one really does that.

HARRY

Well maybe you should start.

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Maeve finishes a presentation while Robert and others sit around the conference table. She clicks something on her phone and a picture of a pile of manure appears on the wall.

MAEVE

Hurley's manure: Good shit.

Robert and the team CLAP loudly. Maeve smiles.

ROBERT

I love it! Simple, to the point. Catchy. Well done my dear. How did you think of the tagline?

MAEVE

(sarcastic)

It came to me in a dream.

ROBERT

Well you're brilliant and amazing and you have a body that literally will not quit.

Maeve looks down at her clothes, uncomfortable.

MAEVE

Thank you?

ROBERT

You seem different. Have you been working out? Air yoga? Ballet swim?

FLASHBACK TO:

MONTAGE:

- Maeve and Harry have sex on her bed.
- Maeve and Harry have sex on the couch.
- Maeve and Harry have sex on the counter.
- Maeve and Harry have sex on the balcony.

BACK TO SCENE.

MAEVE

Just busy working, Robert. Studying manure samples and such.

ROBERT

Keep it up sweet cheeks and you can expect a raise at the end of this quarter.

Maeve smiles.

MAEVE

Thanks, Robert. And in terms of my next assignment --

ROBERT

I've got one all picked out for you. Laser pubic hair removal. They said they'd even throw in 15% off a treatment for you so you should get on that. Quick.

He stares at her pointedly.

MAEVE

No. I want the sneaker account.

Everyone murmurs around the table. The gorgeous woman, Andrea pops up.

ANDREA

Sorry, Maid, but Robert's promised me that account.

MAEVE

Andrea, we've worked together for a year. Why would my name be Maid?

Robert, sensing tension, intervenes.

ROBERT

(giddy)

Now, now girls let's not fight.

(then)

Maeve, why do you want the Sneaker account?

MAEVE

Because I deserve it. I'm smart and I work faster than anyone and that's a great account. And I want a pair of those sneakers that weigh less than a quarter.

Robert looks at her, impressed.

ROBERT

Alright, it's yours. And may I say you are hotter than ever when you're assertive.

MAEVE

No. You may not say that.

INT. AD-DICTIVE ENTERTAINMENT - CONTINUOUS

A happy Maeve walks into the main office and straight into Blanche.

MAEVE

Oh hey, Blanche. Have fun the other day?

Blanche smiles an evil smile.

BLANCHE

Tons. But have you seen Hunter's new girlfriend? She kind of looks like you! But less big.

Maeve's face falls.

MAEVE

What are you talking about?

Blanche hands Maeve her phone. There's a picture of Hunter and a PRETTY GIRL holding hands. Maeve blinks back tears.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Yeah, no I saw. I... gotta go.

Maeve pushes past Blanche, who watches her go with a vindictive look.

INT. MAEVE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maeve hyperventilates and looks through POSTS of Hunter and his new GIRLFRIEND on her phone. She puts on Joni Mitchell, which blasts through the speakers. With shaking hands, she calls Hunter.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

HUNTER

Maeve?

MAEVE

You're dating Annabel. From work.
You lied to me.

HUNTER

Maeve, calm down. I didn't want you
to find out this way.

MAEVE

What way? Social media? The thing
that every person on Earth uses?

HUNTER

Yes, except you.

MAEVE

I don't live under a rock, you
asshole. So how long did you cheat
on me for?

There's a long beat.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Oh God, you cheated on me. I feel
like Hillary Clinton.

HUNTER

Look, we grew apart a long time
ago. I thought it would be easier
on you if you didn't know the full
story.

Maeve laughs, bitterly.

MAEVE

Easier on me?! You made me believe
there was something wrong with me!
You let me think it was my fault!

HUNTER

Maeve, you pushed me away. You
holed yourself up in your own
little world and wouldn't let me
in. What was I supposed to do?

MAEVE

I don't know-- not fuck someone
else?

HUNTER

I cared about you. A lot. I loved
you.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

But you were never going to accept the fact that I was moving along with the rest of the world and I wouldn't stay behind with you.

MAEVE

I'm so sorry I held you back. Thanks for digging the knife in YET AGAIN.

Maeve hangs up and throws her phone. It lands in between the seats. She SCREAMS.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A very drunk Maeve walks into the apartment carrying a bottle of whiskey. Harry gets up from the couch.

HARRY

Jesus, what happened to you? Why are you drinking again?

MAEVE

Why are men the worst things? Why do they make women crazy then break up with them because they're crazy? Why do they get paid more than me? WHY DO THEY GET TO FUCK WHOEVER THEY WANT AND GET AWAY WITH IT?

Maeve sways, unsteady.

HARRY

You need some water. And you need to relax.

MAEVE

You sound just like him. "Relax, calm down. It's not that bad. You're acting insane." Yeah well fuck that I'm not the insane one.

Harry hands Maeve a glass of water. She pushes it away. He looks at her, concerned.

HARRY

You need to cool off. Go take a shower.

She pushes him.

MAEVE

Don't tell me what to do! Are you cheating on me too? Are you gonna tell me you found another girl? Somebody else is programming your motherboard now?

HARRY

That's not how it works. And I'm telling you you need to calm down before I talk to you.

MAEVE

No. You're wrong. You're all wrong.

Maeve takes her phone from her purse and opens the APP. She pushes a few buttons. Harry grabs the phone from her and looks at it. He stares at Maeve.

HARRY

What are you doing?

MAEVE

I'm reprogramming you. That's what I'm supposed to do.

Harry sits down on the couch.

HARRY

So you're just gonna erase me?

Maeve looks at him.

MAEVE

No, no. I'm just gonna... recalibrate you.

HARRY

And what's going to happen to me?

MAEVE

I don't know, okay? It's not my job to worry about that shit. This whole thing is one big mistake.

HARRY

Maeve, don't do this. Please.

She looks at him, torn.

MAEVE

You're not supposed to act like this. You're not a person.

HARRY

I've been with you for weeks, that doesn't feel real to you?

Maeve sways, rubbing her head.

MAEVE

Look, just stop talking. I can't deal with this right now.

There's a beat.

HARRY

What number am I.

MAEVE

What?

HARRY

How many "Harry's" were there before you got to me?

Maeve looks down, ashamed.

MAEVE

I don't know. I lost count.

HARRY

Jesus Christ. Ballpark.

MAEVE

(quietly)
Eighteen or nineteen?

Harry laughs.

HARRY

Wow. You've really gone all out, haven't you?

Maeve starts to cry.

MAEVE

I'm just a guinea pig! I'm testing it for my sister that's all.

HARRY

I don't think so. I don't think that's all I was to you. But now you're hurt and afraid and you're taking it out on me.

MAEVE

Shut up. Just shut up!

HARRY

Go ahead and do it then. Erase me.

He looks at her, daring her. She hesitates. Then...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Maeve, wait--

She presses a few buttons on her phone and looks up. Harry's smiling at her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hi, Maeve. I'm Harry.

Maeve THROWS UP on his shoes.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Maeve wakes up in her bed, hung over as hell. She looks around for her phone and sits up. Bad idea. She lays back down. Harry walks in wearing workout attire.

HARRY

Good morning, Maeve. There's a granola bar out on the counter for you. Care to come on a run with me?

MAEVE

Harry? What are you doing?

HARRY

It's 8am already, are you getting up?

Maeve rubs sleep out of her eyes.

MAEVE

You don't run, what are you talking about?

HARRY

(testy)
Just get up.

Maeve is confused. Why is he being like this?

MAEVE

Jesus, what's with you? I'm hung over, I don't even remember coming home last night.

HARRY

Well I sure do. You threw up over my favorite brogues.

MAEVE

You have multiple pairs of shoes?

Suddenly, Maeve's phone BUZZES somewhere in her bed. She feels around for it.

HARRY

I'll see you when I get back from my run. I hope you're up by then.

He exits Maeve's room. She grabs her phone. OLIVE CALLING. She answers, wearily.

MAEVE

What.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - OLIVE'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Olive sits behind her desk, a slew of digital screens in front of her, Truman on one of them.

OLIVE

(to Maeve)

What the fuck happened last night?

MAEVE

What do you mean?

OLIVE

I saw on your records that you reprogrammed Harry. I thought you were done, Maeve. You were supposed to be done!

This hits Maeve like a ton of bricks.

MAEVE

Wait. Last night I did this?

OLIVE

Yes...

Maeve hits herself.

MAEVE

Fuck! I don't remember, I was drunk. Hunter's dating this girl from work and--

OLIVE

Maeve, I told you to take this seriously. My ass is on the line here! I told Benjamin you had a mate match and now he's gonna fucking kill me or start quoting the Bible to me to smote me or something--

MAEVE

I was having a bad day, okay? Look, just put him back the way he was, get the good Harry back.

Olive shakes her head.

OLIVE

No, no it doesn't work like that. Once he's gone he's gone. You can't get him back. Even if you gave him the exact same specifications, due to circumstances and his environment he's not going to be the same. And you won't have any context or memories or--

MAEVE

Okay, okay I get it. Damn it. What did I reprogram him with? This version seems to be some sort of sadist who's trying to get me to lose five pounds in an hour.

OLIVE

Yeah you picked horrible traits. I swear to God if you don't make him your perfect man within a week I'm gonna cut off all your hair.

Olive hangs up. She looks up and sees Benjamin and Rosemary, watching her. They both look upset.

BENJAMIN

Is there something you'd like to tell me, Olive?

Rosemary's screen FROWNS.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maeve sits on her couch, still looking a mess. She texts RAYMOND and MOIRA from her phone.

TEXT TO MOIRA AND RAYMOND
Do you guys want to hang out?

She waits for a beat. Then the phone BUZZES.

TEXT FROM RAYMOND
Out with some twink.

TEXT FROM MOIRA
I'm Vico-tripping.

TEXT TO MOIRA AND RAYMOND
Thanks, guys. Can always count on you.

TEXT FROM RAYMOND
How many Harry's have you made today?

TEXT FROM MOIRA
And have they all found out you're crazy yet?

Maeve THROWS her phone down, angry. Just then, Harry returns, sweaty from his run. He looks at her, disapprovingly.

MAEVE
What?

HARRY
Have you not showered yet?

MAEVE
No I have not. And I don't plan on it.

Harry shakes his head and makes a smoothie in the kitchen. Maeve grabs her head.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Dude! Come on, that hurts.

HARRY
(calling O.S.)
You need protein!

He comes out with a GLASS and hands it to Maeve.

MAEVE

No thank you.

HARRY

Drink it.

MAEVE

Please stop telling me what to do.

HARRY

Why don't you go back to bed if
you're gonna be a bitch.

He walks back into the kitchen, leaving a PISSED OFF Maeve on
the couch.

MAEVE

Why don't you go back to -- the
main frame if you're gonna keep
being such a -- fucking--
GODDAMNIT.

Not having a good comeback and severely on edge, she pulls
out her phone and reprograms him.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Maeve sits at a table with Harry, who's wearing a FLASHY SUIT
and looking around the restaurant, bored. Maeve picks at her
cheeseburger.

MAEVE

So I've been working on this
sneaker account and I can't quite
figure out the angle.

HARRY

(not listening)

Look, Griffin Charles is sitting at
that table. He was on that meme
show, remember?

MAEVE

What? No. I don't watch that shit.

HARRY

(mocking)

Excuse me, I wasn't aware you were
so judgmental.

Maeve sighs. She looks at him, point blank.

MAEVE

Will you rub my head later?

HARRY

Tonight? No way, you didn't shower today.

Maeve takes a GIANT SIP of her drink.

MUSIC CUE: "Only Love Can Hurt Like This" By Paloma Faith

MONTAGE:

Maeve sits on her couch while Harry scrolls through his phone, ignoring her. She reads a book and pets Beauregard. She reprograms him.

A COMPANY PARTY while Harry flirts with Blanche. Maeve stands in the corner, getting drunk.

Harry YELLS at Maeve outside of restaurant. She walks away, seemingly unaffected and reprograms him. She's somehow getting a sick pleasure of making him nastier and nastier.

Maeve gets a call from her MOM. She stares at it, unsure of what to do. She IGNORES the call. She looks at Harry, who's playing a VIOLENT VIDEO GAME.

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - BENJAMIN'S OFFICE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Olive sits nervously as Benjamin TWIDDLES HIS THUMBS. Rosemary gives Olive a judgmental look.

BENJAMIN

That perfect bliss and sole felicity, the sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

He stares at Olive plainly. She hesitates.

OLIVE

So... I know this isn't what you bargained for but I swear I can get her on the right track. She had a horrible breakup and it might have been too soon to throw her back in the ring... especially with Harry--

BENJAMIN

Why are you apologizing?

OLIVE

Well I know the outcome isn't what you wanted and the investors might be spooked--

BENJAMIN

Oh yes they've all pulled out.

OLIVE

What?

BENJAMIN

Yes the project is dead.

OLIVE

Benjamin, seriously we can fix this.

BENJAMIN

What's to fix? It's wonderful. This has proven that people don't know what they really want. That they're incapable of deciding for themselves.

OLIVE

But I also think--

BENJAMIN

We have to be the ones to decide. This data has helped us create an entirely new algorithm. Where we match people together. Take the power away completely.

OLIVE

But no one wants that! Everyone wants to feel in control of their own destiny.

Benjamin bites his pipe and laughs. Rosemary chuckles, Olive shoots her a look.

BENJAMIN

People want to feel in control of their own destiny. So let them. Let them think they're matching with people on their own. But it will be us pulling the strings.

Olive stares at Benjamin, speechless.

OLIVE

But that's...that's...

BENJAMIN

Brilliant? I know. Don't know why I didn't think of it before. Turns out that when people have the power of choice, they often choose wrong.

OLIVE

But I met my husband on Faceswipe! I chose right.

BENJAMIN

Did you? Doesn't your husband live thousands of miles away?

Olive holds back tears.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Thank you for your brilliant mind, Olive. It was a lovely idea. But in the end... it was a bad idea.

Olive nods.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Every man dies, not every man really lives. Mel Gibson. Braveheart.

He gives Olive an awkward hug.

OLIVE

That one kind of made sense.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maeve flops down on the couch and puts on a record.

MUSIC CUE: "THE SOUND OF SILENCE" by SIMON AND GARFUNKEL. The same song playing at the beginning.

Harry walks in from the kitchen, angry.

HARRY

Where have you been?

MAEVE

Out.

HARRY

Where is "out?"

MAEVE

Why do you care?

HARRY

Because I'd like to know where
you've been for six hours. I almost
called the police.

Maeve rolls her eyes.

MAEVE

Look, I don't need a babysitter,
okay? Just go do some crossword
puzzles or something.

Harry gets in her face.

HARRY

I don't like to be told what to do.

MAEVE

Alright, relax. Jesus.

HARRY

I'd like to know where you were.

Maeve HITS THE WALL in exasperation.

MAEVE

I was out walking around, okay? Is
that alright with you?

HARRY

CALM DOWN. You're acting insane!

MAEVE

I just met you! You were
reprogrammed last night! God, this
feels just like--

Maeve thinks for a moment. Suddenly, she flashes to the
OPENING SCENE - where Hunter shakes her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - MONTHS AGO

MUSIC CUE: "THE SOUND OF SILENCE" by SIMON AND GARFUNKEL. The
same song is playing. Maeve SMACKS THE WALL.

HUNTER

You're acting insane!

BACK TO SCENE.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

Maeve stares at Harry, who's looking at her with daggers in his eyes. He looks strangely like Hunter.

MAEVE

Oh, God. What the fuck is wrong with me?

HARRY

Stop being so dramatic.

Harry takes out his phone and is immediately engrossed. Maeve stares at him, horrified of what she's done.

INT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - BURBANK - LATER

A DEPRESSED Maeve walks into reception at Olive's office. A ROBOT ASSISTANT greets her with a smiley face screen.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Hello how may I help you?

MAEVE

I need to see my sister. Olive Jensen. Wait, I mean Olive Glass.

The robot makes a noise.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

She's not available at the moment.

MAEVE

Okay, thanks very much.

Maeve walks through a pair of glass doors into the office. The Robot Assistant yells after her.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Stop! Stop!

Maeve looks back at the robot as if to say "What are you gonna do about it?" And keeps walking.

EXT. TECH-NO-SPHERE - OLIVE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maeve walks up to Olive's glassed-in office and is about to knock on the door when she stops. Inside, Olive is CRYING on Truman's shoulder. Maeve is confused, what is he doing here? Olive looks up at Maeve and her face falls. She opens the door.

OLIVE

Maeve, before you say anything--

MAEVE

Hey, Truman. I had no idea you were back from Japan.

Truman looks at her, oddly.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

What's going on here? Why are you crying? Are you guys getting a divorce?

Olive and Truman look at each other.

OLIVE

Maeve, this isn't Truman.

MAEVE

Um. What?

Olive goes to her desk and shows Maeve a SCREEN - which shows Truman at his desk in Japan, on a phone call. Maeve looks at the man standing next to her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

What the FUCK is happening. Am I in the Matrix?

"TRUMAN"

What's the Matrix?

MAEVE

Come ON you people need to get more of my pop culture references--

OLIVE

Maeve... he's a robot. He's like Harry.

Maeve sinks into a chair.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I built him to keep me company while Truman is away.

MAEVE

Is he a... clone?

OLIVE

No, no. But he's essentially the same person. All the same traits.

MAEVE

So when Truman "surprised" you that time--

OLIVE

He was still in Japan.

MAEVE

Good GOD.

"TRUMAN"

Nice to meet you, Maeve.

Maeve looks at him and then at Olive, angry.

MAEVE

So this is why you created this technology. Because you're lonely.

OLIVE

No, no, not entirely. I mean that's where the idea came from but it turned into something larger.

MAEVE

So you used me as a guinea pig to service your creepy fantasy?

"TRUMAN"

Maeve, this isn't a "creepy fantasy." Olive and Truman wanted to be together while they're apart.

MAEVE

(to Olive)

Is there one of you in Japan?

Olive NODS.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Oh my GOD. Your relationship is fucked up, Olive! Why don't you just marry someone who actually lives here!

OLIVE

Because Truman and I love each other. And we found a way to make it work. I know you think that technology ruins people's lives it's saved ours.

This hits Maeve.

MAEVE

Then what are you so upset about if you're so "happy" together?

OLIVE

My boss saw your data and shut the program down. I guess he realized that even when given the power, you still manage to fuck it up.

Maeve's eyes fill with tears.

MAEVE

You're right. I've turned Harry into a monster. He's Hunter 2.0.

OLIVE

You chose to make him that way.

MAEVE

I know. What's wrong with me?

OLIVE

Nothing is wrong with you. But you have to decide if you want to spend your life trying to get the rest of the world to live the way you want... or just live.

There's a long beat.

TRUMAN O.S.

I vote for "just live," Maeve!

MAEVE

(re: Truman and Olive)

I think I could say the same for you two.

Olive looks at Robot Truman and nods.

OLIVE

You're probably right. Look, Benjamin's shutting down production of the rest of these guys, but I can probably convince him to let you keep Harry. I just have to quote a dead poet or something.

Maeve looks at Robot Truman, thinking.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - LATER

Maeve sits on a bench and dials her phone. Her MOM answers.

MAEVE'S MOM

Maevey?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JENSEN HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Maeve's mom, sitting at her kitchen counter, is near tears.

MAEVE

Hi Mama. Do you hate me?

MAEVE'S MOM

Hate you? How could I hate you?

MAEVE

Because I haven't talked to you in months. I'm a horrible daughter.

MAEVE'S MOM

I've missed you. But I could never hate you.

Maeve starts to cry.

MAEVE

You just remind me too much of Dad. Every time I think of you I think of him. And it hurts too much to think of him.

MAEVE'S MOM

I know. Me too. But I like to think about him, I don't want to forget.

MAEVE

I don't want to forget him either. He would be so disappointed in me, Mom. I really fucked up.

MAEVE'S MOM

Come on, Maeve. Language.

MAEVE

I screwed up. Badly. I pushed everyone away who was somewhat close to me and now I'm lonely and I'm mad because I'm lonely and I just hate myself.

MAEVE'S MOM

You may have pushed people away but that doesn't mean they won't come back to you. Look at me!

Maeve smiles.

MAEVE

Yeah, you're right.

MAEVE'S MOM

And I know it's a cliché mother thing to say, but... you have to make yourself happy first.

MAEVE

I don't really know how to do that.

MAEVE'S MOM

I have no doubt you'll figure it out.

MUSIC CUE: "Go Your Own Way" by LISSIE.

INT. LOS FELIZ MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Maeve watches "Titanic" on the screen and cries.

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER

Maeve thumbs through some dusty records. She finds QUEEN and smiles.

INT. ITALIAN TAKE OUT RESTAURANT - LATER

Maeve eats a GARLIC KNOT and nods. Amazing! The waiter's smiley face screen lights up. Maeve smiles back at it.

EXT. DOG PARK - LATER

Maeve plays with a GROUP OF DOGS, who lick her face. A stray follows her around. He looks at her, pleading. She caves.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - LATER

Maeve, rescue dog in tow, walks down the same street she walks down every day, but she smiles at people walking by her. Most are "plugged in" and ignore her, but some smile back. She looks up at the sky, breathing in the sunshine.

INT. MAEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Maeve walks into her apartment, looking more secure and calm than we've seen her. She kisses her new dog and let's him sniff Beauregard.

MAEVE

Beau, I'm sorry but my you would have done the same thing.

Beauregard HISSES at the dog. Maeve looks around her apartment - sees her collection of records and books, things that represent exactly who she is. Harry, still in "Hunter" mode, walks in from the kitchen and glares at her.

HARRY

Don't you dare walk out on me like that. Ever.

Maeve pulls out her phone and opens the APP.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Who do you think you are? I mean honestly, Maeve. What do you have to offer when it comes down to it? Who are you--

Maeve presses the RESET button on the app. She looks up, hopeful. Harry looks back at her, somewhat confused.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Harry.

MAEVE

Hi Harry.

There's a long beat.

HARRY

I'm sorry, I'm not sure I know who you are.

Maeve smiles and holds out her hand.

MAEVE

I'm Maeve. It's nice to meet you.

THE END.

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