

13 EXT. SODA BAR - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

13

Brannigan is looking at Stefani's phone. Ethan and Sage continue to schmooze in the background.

### Sc.1 Start

STEFANI

I should have a million followers by the end of the year.

BRANNIGAN

And that helps us, *how?*

An awkward beat. Brannigan turns his body slightly, and lowers his voice.

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

I'll rephrase: What are you bringing to the table that is of value to Ethan.

STEFANI

We're in love.

BRANNIGAN

(nearly spits out his drink)

Is *that* what y'all call it?

Stefani is taken aback.

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Let me give you a nickel's worth of free advice: when our nine-figure deal closes next week, the one thing Ethan *won't* be in need of is love.

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

You wanna' stay relevant? Find a way to make yourself useful to *Private Car*. Not next year, not next month, now.

Stefani looks over at Ethan, who continues on with Sage, oblivious. A HOT YOUNG WAITRESS (early 20's) asks to take a selfie with Ethan, who happily obliges. Stefani grimaces.

### Sc.1 End

DISSOLVE TO:

14 OMIT

14 \*  
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29 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - EVEN LATER 29

Ethan's house is a gaudy McMansion with a yellowing lawn now lit partially by moonlight. A handful of PLASTIC FLOWERS sit outside in a vase.

30 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS 30

As he enters, all lights are off. He flips them on, and a HUGE *D Magazine* cover of HIMSELF, in an ORANGE VELOUR TUXEDO, holding a Top hat and cane with the magazine cover tagline, "The Showman", is lit via spotlight.

## Sc.2 Start

On the couch sits Stefani, glass of red wine in hand, crying.

STEFANI  
My phone died! I'm sorry.

ETHAN  
Let me ruin your life, and I'll consider us even.

Ethan puts his stuff down, seething.

STEFANI  
I was trying to *help* you. Get you some media attention.

ETHAN  
I didn't *need* media attention. I needed my acquisition to go through. Remember that?

STEFANI  
(weakly)  
All press is good press?

Ethan glares at her.

STEFANI (CONT'D)  
I actually thought they'd be looking at *me*. I mean - I was basically topless...

ETHAN  
Well, they weren't.

Beat.

STEFANI  
You're the one who wore it.

ETHAN

You were dancing right there next to me.

She gives him a look.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh, whatever. There were fifteen guests. That I've known for *twenty* years!

STEFANI

So it's okay to be racist in private?

ETHAN

It's not *racist!*

STEFANI

Okay, then what's the problem?

ETHAN

Oh Jesus, Stefani, if you can't understand how destructive that was, if you can't process how *insanely idiotic* that decision was, I honestly don't know what we're doing here.

STEFANI

Which decision?

ETHAN

Get out.

She startles.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

She stands up, composes herself, and then with a quiet calm:

STEFANI

You're the biggest fraud I've ever met. And everybody knows it.

Milli Vanilli's "Blame it on the Rain" plays softly in the background.

She then **THROWS THE RED WINE** all over his white couch, and walks out.

STEFANI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 And for the record, Zebra print  
 makes you look *fat*.

**Sc.2 End**

CUT TO:

31 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING 31

Ethan is cleaning up the wine damage with a toothbrush and a white wine/baking powder paste. Diggy sits opposite him.

After a beat, he steps back, and the stain is REMOVED.

ETHAN  
 Voila!

DIGGY  
 Now that's amazing.

ETHAN  
 Right? The power of the internet.

DIGGY  
 Let's just hope its as effective  
 when it comes to replacing a CEO.

Ethan makes a face.

ETHAN  
 Do you think Zebra print makes me  
 look fat?

Diggy doesn't say anything.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 Never mind.

Ethan plops on the couch.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 Go back to that Tomika person.

Diggy clicks a few buttons.

DIGGY  
 (reading)  
 Tomika Robinson, 38. MBA Harvard.  
 2 years VP Marketing, Waze. 4  
 years VP Sales, Postmates. Seems  
 good?

Ethan hesitates.

Ethan looks at Dotty, "I don't even want to know."

CUT TO:

97 EXT. SODA BAR - ROOFTOP - A LITTLE LATER

97

Ethan and Dotty are trying to weave their way out of there. This time it is Ethan who smoothly dodges the obstacles -- drunk party girls and half dressed baristas -- and Dotty who struggles to keep up.

### Sc.3 Start

Just then a HUGE push happens in front of them and a woman DIVES out of their way. As she turns we see it is STEFANI.

When she sees Ethan, she looks like she has seen a ghost. She immediately tries to DUCK out of there.

ETHAN  
Stefani, wait!

She stops. But doesn't turn. Ethan quickly follows her through the bar, leaving Dotty behind.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(loudly, over music)  
I just wanted to say I'm...sorry.

She turns slightly.

STEFANI  
(screaming back)  
Ethan Cox apologizing? Is it the  
zombie apocalypse?

A mass group of heavily energized twenty-somethings nearly RUNS THEM OVER. Stef pulls Ethan inside a quiet-ish haven near the bar. She looks at him.

Beat.

ETHAN  
I know you didn't *intend* to hurt me  
and I just should have...handled it  
better. Treated you better.

STEFANI  
Well, I shouldn't have posted it.

ETHAN  
I shouldn't have worn it.

STEFANI  
 (laughing)  
 Okay, you win.

Beat.

ETHAN  
 I guess I also just wanted to thank  
you.

Beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 Because if you *hadn't* posted it,  
 I'd still be making all the same  
 mistakes.

She nods, albeit a little sadly.

STEFANI  
 Looks like Brannigan's plan worked  
 perfectly, after all.

Now, Ethan's the one who's confused.

STEFANI (CONT'D)  
 Considering it ~~was his~~ idea for me  
 to post in the first place.

Ethan is silent. He didn't know that.

Just then DOTTY re-emerges. She looks like she's been  
 through a WAR.

DOTTY  
 There you are! Lord!

Stef sees her, straightens.

STEFANI  
 (to Ethan)  
 Well, anyway. If you ever need...  
 (not sure what to say)  
 some *good* PR -- you know where to  
 find me.

ETHAN  
 Thanks, Stef.

Stefani disappears back into the chaos. Ethan looks after  
 her, wistfully.

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Sc.3 End

Then he turns to Dotty.