

**Whitney**

"Fly Me with Balloons"

by  
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**COLD OPEN**

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALEX SITS ON THE COUCH WORKING FRANTICALLY. HE'S SURROUNDED BY BOOKS AND LEGAL PADS FULL OF NOTES. THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE ROOM IS FROM THE COMPUTER ON HIS LAP.

WHITNEY ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM AND STRIKES A SEXY POSE.

WHITNEY

I brushed my teeth.

ALEX'S EYES NEVER LEAVE HIS WORK.

ALEX

That's good.

WHITNEY

And I shaved this morning.

ALEX

Uh huh.

WHITNEY

And I'm not just talking about my legs.

ALEX  
(STILL IGNORING)

Okay.

WHITNEY SIGHS. THEN,

WHITNEY

Alex, don't you want to come to bed?

WHITNEY GIVES SEXY EYES AND BITES HER FINGER.

ALEX  
(NOT LOOKING UP)

I can't, Whit. I have way too much  
work.

WHITNEY CLOSSES HIS LAPTOP. HE LOOKS UP AT HER.

WHITNEY  
(SEXY VOICE)

I think you can come to bed for...  
(THINKING, THEN) let's be realistic.  
Two, three minutes tops.

ALEX CHUCKLES.

ALEX

I can't. I need a beta version up by  
morning. I'm gonna have to pull an all-  
nighter.

WHITNEY

Wouldn't you prefer if I pull  
something all night?

ALEX

Trust me, that sounds awesome. But I  
can't get distracted right now. I'm in  
the zone.

WHITNEY

Sure you don't want to be in my zone?

ALEX

The Fun Zone?

WHITNEY

Uh-huh.

ALEX CONSIDERS IT FOR A BEAT.

ALEX

I'm sorry. I need to focus.

WHITNEY

Fine. You keep working.

WHITNEY PICKS UP THE TV REMOTE CONTROL AND OPENS THE BACK.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I'm just going to borrow the batteries  
from the remote.

ALEX LAUGHS.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

**ACT ONE**

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - MORNING

NEAL LOOKS OVER ALEX'S SHOULDER AT THE LAPTOP. ALEX AND THE APARTMENT ARE DISHEVELED.

NEAL

This app looks amazing. You though,  
not so good.

ALEX  
(FACETIOUS)

Really? I've been programming for  
twenty-four hours straight. Does my  
hair not have its usual bounce and  
shine?

NEAL

Oh, it's... shiny...

WHITNEY ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM CARRYING A BOX OF CLOTHES.

NEAL (CONT'D)

... like...

WHITNEY

Don't even think about saying my face.

(THEN) If my face is a little shiny  
it's because I worked up a sweat  
organizing the closet and going  
through all my clothes. And no Neal,  
there's nothing in here your size.

NEAL

I'm gay, not tacky.

WHITNEY  
(RE: BOX)

Look at all these clothes I borrowed  
from Lily and Roxanne over the years.  
SHE PULLS OUT A TINY SKIRT AND HOLDS IT UP.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
Is this a skirt... or a belt?

ALEX  
Whit, check out this prototype of our  
app.  
WHITNEY RESTS HER CHIN ON ALEX'S SHOULDER.

WHITNEY  
Looks really good. Hey, here's an idea  
for you guys -- how about an app that  
just keeps your phone on vibrate.  
ALEX PONDERES THEN GRABS HIS CELL PHONE.

ALEX  
Is that why it says I called you  
thirty-seven times last night?  
WHITNEY'S FACE SAYS BUSTED. SHE GRABS THE BOX AND STORMS OUT.

INT. ROXANNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOTHES HANG OUT OF THE BOX. ROXANNE AND LILY WEAR TOPS TOO  
SNUG AND STRUGGLE TO GET JEANS ON.

ROXANNE  
I'm sucking in as much as possible but  
there's still a love handle in the  
way.

LILY

I did it. I got my pants on. But now I can't breathe.

MARK SITS ON THE COUCH COVERING HIS EYES.

MARK

Can I open my eyes yet? I have a lot of mental audio I can play back later but I need some visuals.

LILY

No. You wouldn't like what you'd see. Trust me.

MARK

That's where you're wrong. No matter what size, shape or color, I'm attracted to all females. Well except for the ones in the red light district that have penises.

MARK OPENS HIS EYES.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh wow, I just remembered I'm supposed to be on patrol right now.

THE GIRLS SHRIEK AND TRY TO COVER THEIR MIDRIFFS.

MARK LOOKS THEM OVER AND THEN PANTOMIMES TAKING A PICTURE WITH A CELL PHONE. HE EVEN MAKES A CLICK SOUND EFFECT.

MARK (CONT'D)

Mental picture.

MARK EXITS.

ROXANNE

How did my favorite pair of comfy  
jeans turn into hipster skinny jeans?

LILY

Is it possible that Whitney washed our  
clothes in hot water every day for the  
last three years?

ROXANNE

Nope, (SNIFFING) this top still smells  
like Tommy Girl... and desperation.

EXT. HOT AIR BALLOON PARK - DAY

WHITNEY WEARS A BLINDFOLD. ALEX HOLDS HER ARM AND CAREFULLY  
LEADS HER TO A HOT AIR BALLOON BASKET.

ALEX

I've been really busy lately with the  
app and I wanted to make it up to you.

WHITNEY

Well the blindfold is a good start...  
because I've been very naughty,  
master. (THEN) Oh, and let's have my  
safe word be... cowabunga.

THEY STOP IN FRONT OF THE BASKET.

ALEX

You ready?

WHITNEY  
(SEXUAL FRENZY)

Oh yes. The buildup is killing me. Do  
with me what you may.



ALEX REMOVES HER BLINDFOLD.

ALEX

Tada.

WHITNEY

What's this?

ALEX

A hot air balloon ride.

WHITNEY

What happened to the dungeon of love?

ALEX

We were never going there. Look, this is going to be awesome. You can drink champagne, take panoramic pictures and even spit on people below.

WHITNEY

But you know I'm deathly afraid of heights.

ALEX

I do?

WHITNEY

Yeah. (THEN) You don't remember? Oh my god. Last year you wanted to take me to the top of the Sears Tower.

ALEX

The Skydeck, yeah, with the glass ledge you can stand on and look down at the city.

ALEX PANTOMIMES DANCING ON THE GLASS LEDGE AND LOOKING DOWN.  
WHITNEY SHUTTERS IN FEAR AT THE THOUGHT.

WHITNEY

Stop. Just thinking about it makes me  
want to hug the ground.

ALEX

I remember now, we got out of the line  
to go up. I thought it was because you  
hate tourists.

WHITNEY

I do. (BEAT) But I hate one thing more  
and that's visiting the ozone layer.  
If we were meant to be that high up in  
the sky we'd be born with parachutes.

ALEX

Whit, trust me, this is totally safe.

WHITNEY

That's what they used to say about  
lawn darts.

WHITNEY PARTS HER HAIR TO SHOW A SCAR.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT ROLLS UP IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

All aboard.

WHITNEY

And who are you?

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

The pilot, you idiot.

WHITNEY IS TAKEN ABACK.

WHITNEY

Excuse me?

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

I said, I'm the pilot, you idiot.

WHITNEY

No need to be rude tough guy.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

Get your flabby butt on board so we can take off.

WHITNEY

Look Ice Man, nothing personal but I wouldn't get in this floating death trap if it was being flown by Captain Sully Sullenberger himself.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

You're ugly.

WHITNEY

(PISSSED OFF)

Yeah, well you're ugly on the inside.

And I'd bet that the only friend you have is a fake account you created on Facebook.

ALEX

(PLEASE CALM DOWN)

Whit.

WHITNEY

And I hope you and your weather  
balloon get lost and you end up back  
in The Land of Oz.

WHITNEY THROWS HER HANDS UP, BRING IT.

ALEX PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER. SHE CALMS DOWN AND THEY START  
TO WALK AWAY.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

Your face is shiny. Do you butter it?

WHITNEY STOPS. HER WHOLE BODY CLENCHES WITH ANGER.

WHITNEY

(TO ALEX)

Cowabunga.

END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO**WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

ROXANNE SIPS WINE AS WHITNEY PACES BACK AND FORTH.

ROXANNE

A little person called you a butter  
face?

WHITNEY

Not exactly. (THEN) But you're missing  
the point. Alex doesn't really even  
know me. We've been together for four  
years and he doesn't even know I  
suffer from severe height-aphobia.

ROXANNE'S FACE SAYS, HUH?

ROXANNE

Does he know you also suffer from  
severe dictionary-aphobia?

WHITNEY

It's as if Alex has been sitting in  
class every day, but not taking notes.

ROXANNE

I suspect that after the first week he  
ran out of paper.

WHITNEY

Maybe. (THEN) I just get upset because  
I know for a fact (IMPLYING) that his  
pen has not run out of ink.

ROXANNE

Not sure if I know what that means.

And not sure if I want to.

ALEX ENTERS.

WHITNEY  
(FACETIOUS)

Oh, hey Alex. Ready to take me  
skydiving?

ALEX

Ha ha.

ROXANNE STANDS UP.

ROXANNE

Well, I'll let you two get back in the  
octagon.

ROXANNE POUNDS HER WINE AND PUTS THE GLASS DOWN. SHE PAUSES  
FOR A MOMENT THEN POURS HERSELF ANOTHER GLASS AND POUNDS THAT  
ONE TOO. THEN SHE EXITS.

ALEX

I'm sorry, Whit. I've been so busy  
building this app that my brain has  
gone to mush and I totally forgot that  
you're afraid of heights.

WHITNEY

I don't think you actually knew that.

ALEX

Of course I did.

WHITNEY

Well then what else am I afraid of?

ALEX PREPARES TO ENUMERATE ON HIS FINGERS.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Besides marriage, commitment, kids and  
weddings.

ALEX  
(THINKING, THEN)

Spiders?

WHITNEY GESTURES, REALLY?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

ROXANNE AND LILY SIT ON THE COUCH.

LILY

Starting next week I am going to jog  
to and from work.

ROXANNE

But you work from home.

LILY  
(ALMOST CRYING)

I know. What am I doing? Last night I  
ate a box of Thin Mints. Both  
sleeves... (TOUCHING ARM FAT) and now  
I barely fit into mine.

ROXANNE

I got so depressed last night I ate an  
entire pizza. I think they call that  
the South Beached Whale Diet.

LILY

That's it. We'll go on a diet together. We'll be like the Thelma and Louise of calorie cutting.

ROXANNE

You know how that movie ended, right?

LILY

(TOO DEEP)

They say... you are what you eat.

ROXANNE

Well then no more muffin tops or cottage cheese. (GRABBING BOOBS) But a lot more melons.

INT. LOCAL PUB - NIGHT

ALEX AND NEAL SIT AT A SMALL TABLE. THEY BOTH HAVE THEIR LAPTOPS OPEN. ALEX EATS WINGS.

NEAL

So why are we having a business meeting in a bar?

ALEX

Whitney's still mad at me. And because I love wings.

ALEX LICKS HIS SAUCE STAINED FINGERS.

NEAL

The client decided to use the app for, are you ready? Day spas.

ALEX

What's that?



NEAL

Aw, spoken like a true straight guy...  
with chicken wings in his teeth.

ALEX WIPES HIS TEETH.

ALEX

Sorry.

NEAL  
(PITCHING)

Day spas: a soothing experience where  
one can get a mani, a pedi, a back rub  
and a skin treatment.

ALEX

They cut your nails and wash your  
face?

NEAL

Basically, but they also serve  
champagne, play soothing music and  
charge an arm and a leg.

ALEX

And we're going to be getting a cut?

NEAL

Ten percent when anyone makes a  
purchase via the Day Spa Now App.

THEY CHEERS.

ALEX

I love you.

MARK

Oh my god, I'm too late. You converted him.

MARK APPEARS IN FULL UNIFORM.

MARK (CONT'D)

I knew you were on the fence Alex, the hair, the computer stuff, dating a girl that thinks like a dude.

ALEX

Mark, I'm not gay.

MARK

Oh thank god.

MARK HUGS ALEX AND KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK.

MARK TAKES A SEAT NEXT TO ALEX AND PICKS UP A CHICKEN WING.

MARK (CONT'D)

No offense, Neal. I just need my  
(FEEDING CHICKEN WING TO ALEX) wing  
man.

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WHITNEY EATS ICE CREAM IN FRONT OF LILY. LILY'S MOUTH IS OPEN AND HER EYES FOLLOW THE SPOONFUL OF ICE CREAM

WHITNEY

He didn't even know that I'm allergic to dolphin meat.

LILY

Probably best that conversation never came up.

WHITNEY

He knows stuff on the surface but he  
 doesn't know what really counts,  
 (POINTING AT HER HEAD) what's going on  
 in here.

LILY

Again, probably best.

WHITNEY PUTS THE BOWL OF ICE CREAM DOWN AND WALKS TO THE  
 KITCHEN. SHE SEARCHES IN THE FRIDGE.

LILY SNEAKS A BITE OF ICE CREAM... AND ANOTHER.

WHITNEY  
 (FROM THE KITCHEN)

So tell me about this diet you and  
 Roxanne are on.

LILY

(MOUTHFUL) It's a-- (SWALLOWS, THEN)  
 It's a no sugar, no carb diet.

WHITNEY

That's gonna be tough.

LILY KEEPS SNEAKING SPOONFULS OF ICE CREAM.

LILY

It's been pretty easy so far.

WHITNEY

Sugar's in everything. (THEN READING  
 CHOCOLATE SYRUP'S LABEL) Ah!  
 Especially this chocolate syrup.  
 (MAKING HER WAY BACK) And carbs are  
 like crack rock.

(MORE)

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you what I did one  
time for a loaf of pumpernickel?

LILY  
(MOUTHFUL)

Uh-uh.

WHITNEY PICKS UP THE BOWL AND LOOKS INTO IT. A BEAT. THEN SHE  
TURNS IT UPSIDE DOWN AND SHAKES IT... EMPTY.

LILY GESTURES, I DON'T KNOW.

INT. LOCAL PUB - NIGHT

MARK'S EYES CLOSE AND HE DRIFTS TO SLEEP.

ALEX

Mark. The chicken wings are not a  
pillow.

MARK STRAIGHTENS UP.

MARK

Sorry, just so tired. Chicago's really  
cracking down on crime so I had to get  
up early and visit my bookie.

NEAL

You gave him a heads-up?

MARK

Oh no. I just took out all my money. I  
didn't want to do anything illegal.

ALEX GETS UP AND PACES.

ALEX

Okay, Neal, we need to focus. How can  
we get those costs down? And don't say  
a Groupon.

NEAL

I got it. I can have my cousin build the database for half the cost.

MARK

That's so cool. Your guys' little company is outsourcing to India.

NEAL

My cousin lives in Tulsa.

MARK

Oh. (THEN) Is that near Bombay?

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

ALEX PRESSES BUTTONS ON HIS CELL PHONE.

ALEX

And we are live. (TALKING TO HIS PHONE) Hello Day Spa Now. Yes, I would love to make a reservation. (TYPING) Whitney Cummings. Manicure, yes. Pedicure, yes. Waxing, I would like that very much but she would say... no.

HE PRESSES CONFIRM AND PUTS THE PHONE IN HIS POCKET.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(SELF-SATISFIED)

I know my Whitney.

INT. SHADY MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

A NEON SIGN FLASHES "DEEP TISSUE MASSAGE." AT THE FRONT DESK, A FAT BEARDED MAN READS A NEWSPAPER.

WHITNEY WALKS UP TO THE FRONT DESK, TRIES TO GET HIS ATTENTION, THEN RINGS THE BELL.

WHITNEY

Hello there. I am ready to be treated like a queen.

FAT BEARDED MAN  
(GLANCING OVER NEWSPAPER)

You're working in booth five tonight.

WHITNEY

Oh, no. I'm here for the Sugar and Spice and All That's Nice Treatment.

FAT BEARDED MAN PLACES THE NEWSPAPER DOWN.

FAT BEARDED MAN

Normally I'd say that's twenty bucks extra, but I don't know what you're talking about lady.

WHITNEY

That's the body treatment my boyfriend signed me up for... (WAVING CELL PHONE) with the app he built. He's pretty tech savvy.

FAT BEARDED MAN

Well then you'd think he'd have Googled this place and known our specialty is rub and tug. (BEAT, THEN) Four stars on Yelp.

WHITNEY LOOKS AROUND AND STARTS TO REALIZE WHAT TYPE OF ESTABLISHMENT SHE'S IN.

GIRLS AND SHADY PATRONS ENTER FROM THE BACK ROOMS.

WHITNEY  
(RE: GIRLS)

Oh, so those massage therapists  
probably aren't licensed.

POLICE SWARM IN.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Police! Everyone put your hands up.

EVERYONE PUTS THEIR HANDS UP. WHITNEY, CONFUSED, RAISES ONE  
HAND.

WHITNEY

I have a question.

THE OFFICER STARTS TO HANDCUFF WHITNEY.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Pretty girl like you could do so much  
more than this.

WHITNEY

Yes, exactly. This is a giant  
misunderstanding. I came here thinking  
it was a Day Spa. I don't actually  
work here.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT IS BEING ESCORTED OUT BY AN OFFICER.

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT  
(RE: WHITNEY)

She's lying.

WHITNEY

Balloon Boy?

ERIC THE BALLOON PILOT

See. She knows me.

THE COP TIGHTENS HER HANDCUFFS AND ESCORTS HER OUT.

WHITNEY

No. This is a huge mistake.

MARK ENTERS.

MARK

Whitney?

WHITNEY

Mark! Tell them you know me.

MARK

I know her... but not because I come here on Thursday afternoons.

WHITNEY

Mark!

MARK

I knew the photography business wasn't going so well but this? You should have let me know, (THEN DISCREETLY) I could have introduced you to some classy high end clients.

END OF ACT TWO



**ACT THREE**

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALEX ENTERS SHAKING HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF. WHITNEY FOLLOWS WITH SOFT STEPS AND HER HANDS CLASPED -- SHE'S TOO CALM.

ALEX

I am so sorry.

WHITNEY  
(EERILY CALM)

It's fine. Mistakes happen. And besides, I might get a job out of this... the guy who took my mug shot said they're hiring.

WHITNEY FORCES A BIG FAKE SMILE AND SITS ON THE COUCH.

ALEX

I feel so bad.

WHITNEY

Do you know if the school down the street is more or less than one thousand feet away? Because we might have to move now that I'm registered.

ALEX

Mark said he cleared everything up so we should be fine.

WHITNEY

That's good. (BEAT) Hey, do you think I should stop stealing magazines from the neighbors now that my fingerprints are on file?

WHITNEY HOLDS UP HER INK STAINED FINGERTIPS.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

And what crimes can I commit with my feet?

ALEX

See, I'm glad we can make jokes about this. Ha ha ha. I'm telling you, we're going to look back on this night and laugh. This will be our message story that didn't have a "happy ending." Ha ha ha. Get it?

WHITNEY MAINTAINS A BIG FAKE SMILE.

WHITNEY

That's funny.

ALEX

Would you please just yell at me?

WHITNEY

There's nothing to yell about. It's all just a giant misunderstanding.

ALEX

Exactly. We obviously have some problems with the database in our app.

WHITNEY

Well I'm just happy I could help you and Neal find all the bugs.

WHITNEY PRETENDS TO PULL A LOUSE FROM HER HAIR.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Oh wait, here's another one. (BEAT,  
THEN POINTING AT HER CROTCH) And let's  
hope they don't move downstairs.

INT. ROXANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ROXANNE SETS HER DINNER TABLE FOR ONE.

LILY KNOCKS AS SHE ENTERS.

ROXANNE  
(SURPRISED)

Lily?

LILY  
(SHOT OUT OF A CANNON)

Oh my god, Roxanne, this no-carb diet  
is giving me so much energy it's  
insane. It's like my brain is all  
(PANTOMIMING SYNAPSES FIRING) pyu pyu  
pyu and my body is all yah!

ROXANNE  
(LYING)

Totally, yeah. I know exactly what  
you're talking about. It's like my  
body is all (THINKING, THEN ROBOT-  
LIKE) beep boo beep boop beep.

LILY  
Yes, yes. It's like we're robots. No-  
carb robots with full batteries and no  
desire for bread or pasta or  
potatoes...

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

LILY (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

ROXANNE

Oh no, no, no. Let me.

ROXANNE OPENS THE DOOR TO A PIZZA MAN WITH A LARGE ORDER.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)

Wrong apartment.

ROXANNE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

LILY

Was that a pizza delivery man?

ROXANNE

Nope.

LILY

But he had a pizza.

ROXANNE

The Mormons will do anything these  
days to get you to convert.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

LILY

Are you going to get that?

ROXANNE

I didn't hear anything.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

LILY PUSHES PAST ROXANNE AND OPENS THE DOOR.

PIZZA MAN

Family meal for Roxanne.

ROXANNE

No family here. Just a single woman.

Clearly the wrong apartment.

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WHITNEY LIES ON THE COUCH. ALEX FILLS UP A KETTLE IN THE KITCHEN.

ALEX

What else can I get you besides tea?

WHITNEY

A blanket, a pillow and my favorite sweater.

ALEX

You got it.

ALEX EXITS TO THE BEDROOM.

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALEX TALKS TO HIMSELF AS HE GRABS THE ITEMS.

ALEX

Blanket, check. Pillow, check.

Favorite sweater...

ALEX OPENS THE DRAWER -- IT'S FULL OF SWEATERS. HE CRINGES.

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S BEDROOM - LATER

THE BED IS COVERED IN SWEATERS. ALEX HOLDS THEM UP ONE AT A TIME.

ALEX

Favorite sweater? Hm... Well this one is green, which means it matches here eyes. (BEAT) This one is argyle which she says makes her look smart.

ALEX PICKS UP A RED AND GREEN STRIPED SWEATER.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And this one... belongs to Freddy  
Krueger.

ALEX HOLDS UP A FEW MORE SWEATERS THEN SNEAKS A PEAK INTO THE  
LIVING ROOM. WHITNEY LIES ON THE COUCH READING A MAGAZINE.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Why is she being so patient? That's  
not like her.

THEN SOMETHING OCCURS TO HIM AND HE SMACKS HIS OWN FOREHEAD.

INT. ROXANNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ROXANNE AND LILY STARE AT A TABLE FULL OF FOOD: PIZZA, BREAD  
STICKS, STEAK FRIES AND PASTA.

ROXANNE

What should we do with all this food  
we're not going to eat?

LILY

We could give it to the homeless guy  
on the corner.

ROXANNE

I don't know if he eats this well  
usually. (BEAT) I'd hate for him to  
develop a fine-tuned palette and  
starve to death.

LILY

We can't let it go to waste. Maybe I  
could take it to Mark's or Neal's so  
that you won't be tempted.

ROXANNE

Or I could take it.

LILY

Or I could take half to Neal's and you  
could take half to Mark's.

ROXANNE

That works.

INT. ROXANNE'S APARTMENT - LATER

ROXANNE SLIDES MOST OF THE FRIES TO HER SIDE.

ROXANNE

Mark loves potatoes.

LILY

So does Neal.

LILY SLIDES THEM BACK.

ROXANNE

Yeah, but Mark's Irish. His people  
lived solely off of potatoes for  
hundreds of years.

ROXANNE SLIDES THEM BACK BUT ONE FALLS TO THE GROUND.

AS ROXANNE BENDS DOWN TO PICK IT UP LILY POPS ONE IN HER  
MOUTH.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)  
(RE: FALLEN FRY)

Throwing this away would be wasteful.  
Don't you think?

LILY  
(FRY IN HER MOUTH)

Mmhmm.

ROXANNE

And I can't put it in Mark's food  
because that would violate the five  
second rule, right?

LILY  
(FRY STILL IN HER MOUTH)

Mmhmm.

ROXANNE

Are you okay?

LILY

Mmhmm, mmhmm.

MARK BURSTS IN. LILLY AND ROXANNE ARE STARTLED.

MARK

You'll never guess what happened!

LILLY BEGINS TO CHOKE. SHE HOLDS HER THROAT AND POINTS AT HER  
NECK.

ROXANNE

Oh my god, she's choking... on air.

MARK GETS BEHIND HER AND PERFORMS THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER. A  
FRY FLIES OUT OF HER MOUTH.

LILLY GASPS FOR AIR.

LILY

Mark, you saved me. Thank you.

MARK KEEPS PUMPING HER FROM BEHIND.

LILY (CONT'D)

Mark, that's enough.

MARKS STILL PUMPING.



MARK

We can never be too sure.

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALEX PLACES A TRAY WITH TEA AND CONDIMENTS IN FRONT OF WHITNEY. THEN HE HOLDS UP AN UGLY SWEATER.

ALEX

Here's your tea and your favorite sweater.

WHITNEY SPRINGS TO LIFE.

WHITNEY

Aha! I tricked you. I don't have a favorite sweater. (THEN) And if I did it would definitely not be this one.

ALEX

But this is your favorite sweater and I can prove it.

ALEX PREPARES WHITNEY'S CUP OF TEA.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Your dad gave it to you for graduation over a decade ago and you've never worn it.

WHITNEY

Exactly. Because it's ugly.

ALEX

Yet you can't bring yourself to throw it away.

ALEX PETS WHITNEY'S FACE WITH THE SWEATER. SHE SNATCHES THE SWEATER FROM HIM AND CUDDLES WITH IT.

WHITNEY

It's the only gift my dad gave me that wasn't men's socks.

ALEX HANDS WHITNEY HER TEA AND SHE SIPS.

ALEX

I also know that when you're upset you like chamomile with a spoonful of honey and a squeeze of lemon.

WHITNEY

Aw. Maybe you do know me.

ALEX

I know you too well. And I know that you don't like to let me, or anyone, know your vulnerabilities or fears or weaknesses.

WHITNEY

I don't have any weaknesses.

ALEX

Sure. (THEN) Look, I didn't know that you were afraid of heights because you never shared that with me. I pay attention to everything you do and tell me, but I can't read minds.

WHITNEY PICKS UP A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER OFF THE TRAY. SHE READS IT:

WHITNEY  
(READING)

Whitney does not have a favorite  
sweater. She is merely testing me.

(THEN) Aw, maybe you can read minds.

WHITNEY HUGS ALEX AND KISSES HIM.

END OF ACT THREE

**TAG**

INT. WHITNEY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ALEX SIPS TEA AND NIBBLES ON A COOKIE.

WHITNEY TRIES TO SQUEEZE INTO HER FAVORITE SWEATER BUT IT'S WAY TOO SMALL.

WHITNEY  
(STRUGGLING)

I can't believe I don't even fit in my  
old sweater.

HER FACE IS PULLED BACK TIGHT AS SHE TRIES TO POKE HER HEAD THROUGH.

WHITNEY FLAILS HER ARMS AND ALEX GETS UP OFF THE COUCH AND OUT OF HER WAY.

ALEX

You can do it, Whit. Deep breaths and  
keep pushing.

WHITNEY

I'm trying.

ALEX

I'll grab you another sweater because  
this one's about to rip.

WHITNEY

What?

ALEX

Nothing.

ALEX EXITS TO THE BEDROOM.

WHITNEY

It's not gonna happen. Ugh.

WHITNEY GIVES UP AND TAKES OFF THE SWEATER.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

That's it. No more junk food. In fact,  
I'm going to join Lily and Roxanne on  
their no-sugar, no-carb diet. What do  
you think of that?

ALEX (O.S.)

Sounds good.

WHITNEY NOTICES ALEX'S COOKIE.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
(SOFTLY TO HERSELF)

Ooh cookie.

SHE GRABS THE COOKIE AND SHOVES IT IN HER MOUTH JUST AS ALEX  
RETURNS.

ALEX

What are you doing?

BUSTED. WHITNEY STOPS CHEWING.

WHITNEY  
(MOUTH FULL)

Cookies are my weakness.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW