Chapter 1: “TEXT ADDICT”

EXT. RESTAURANT - SOHO, NYC - DAY

In the outside seating area, Sara sits texting on her blackberry. She’s got huge, dark sunglasses on. She’s slim, on the short side, and baby-faced.

Thomas walks up, he’s also slender and tall. He’s wearing a tailored suit.

THOMAS
Serendipity double-oh-seven?

SARA
That’s me! LoveMD?

THOMAS
(sits)
Yep. Sorry I’m late. Traffic.

FROM THIS POINT, SARA TEXTS - NEVER LOOKING AT THOMAS

SARA
That’s alright.
(pause)
Wow. How tall are you?

THOMAS
Six-two - You order already?

SARA
No. Just enjoying some merlot.

THOMAS
Cool. Hey, I was late, lunch is on me.

SARA
Okay.

She nods with approval, then smiles. He smiles back. (Everything’s cool so far).

SARA
So this is weird...

THOMAS
I know, right?

A long pause.

THOMAS
I’m so relieved.

SARA
Relieved?

THOMAS
Yeah – you actually look like your picture. Better, actually.

She looks up from texting.

SARA
Of course I do. And ditto to you! Had a bad experience with that, huh?

THOMAS
If you only knew. And the funny thing about it is that when I showed my sister one woman’s profile picture, she said it was a promo picture of Vanessa Williams, the actress. And I didn’t even pick up on it.

She goes back to texting.

SARA
That’s funny. You couldn’t tell?

THOMAS
No. Just flew right over my head.

She points her camera towards Thomas.

SARA
Wait, hold still.

She takes a picture of him with her cell phone.

THOMAS
Why’d you take a picture of me?

She begins to text again.

SARA
(playful)
Because I wanted to.

He raises his eyebrows: *wow.*

SARA
So you’re a med student?

THOMAS
...Yeah.

SARA
What’s med school like?

THOMAS
A lot of studying and writing.

SARA
...Really?

THOMAS
Yep.

SARA
Okay.

He stares at her for a long moment as she continues to text.

A perky WAITER walks up, places a menu in front of Thomas.

WAITER
Hello. Welcome to Joe’s. What can I start you off with to drink?

Sara takes a sip of her wine.

THOMAS
A glass of merlot sounds good.

SARA
I'll have another.

Thomas looks at her perplexed.

WAITER
Gotcha. Coming right up.

THOMAS
Thanks.

SARA
You copycat.

She feels him staring at her. She looks up from her phone.

SARA
What?

THOMAS
Can you do me a favor?

SARA
What?

THOMAS
Sorry, not to be an asshole, but can you stop texting? Honestly it's annoying and a little rude.

SARA
(not genuine)
Oh I'm sorry. You're right.

THOMAS
And how about the sunglasses? Kinda feel like I'm talking to a Martian. It'd be great to see your eyes. I'll bet they're chestnut brown.

SARA
Absolutely not! A Martian? Are you kidding! These are Guccis, my dear. They complete my look.

THOMAS
Okay.

SARA
I look good in them, right? It’s funny, I’m mistaken for a celebrity all the time.

THOMAS
Really?

SARA
Oh yeah, I get J-lo a lot.

A glass of wine is placed in front of Thomas, then in front of Sara.

THOMAS
Thanks.

WAITER
Can I get you guys anything, or... Do you need a few more minutes?

SARA
Yes for my appetizer I’ll take calamari - do you have calamari?

WAITER
We do.

SARA
Okay, yes that. For the main course I’ll have your grilled lobster tails - that comes with a house salad, right?

WAITER
Yes, ma’am.

Thomas glares at her.

THOMAS
I’ll take a tuna on multigrain.

WAITER
Lettuce, tomato?

THOMAS
Sure. Hold the mayo, thanks.

WAITER
Alrighty, be right back.

The Waiter leaves.

THOMAS
Um, Lobster tails for lunch?

SARA
Yeah. Why not? I only eat once a day anyway.

THOMAS
Oh...

Long pause. Her phone rings.

SARA
Can you hold a sec? Gotta get this.

She answers her phone.

SARA
(into phone)
Yeah - why didn’t you text me? Oh. Right. At lunch. Yes. Yep. Sitting right in front of me.

She looks at Thomas. Thomas sighs.

SARA
Yeah - more like Denzel though.
(laughs)
I know! Maybe. Yep, I’ll send it to you. Gotta go, girl. Text me. ‘Kay bye.

She hangs up.

THOMAS
You're gonna send that picture to her?

SARA
What picture?

THOMAS
The one you took of me.

SARA
...No. Does it matter if I do? You know how girls are. They gotta know everything.

He shakes his head.

THOMAS
You know what? I'll leave it alone.

SARA
Good, 'cause you're losing points fairly quickly, sweetie.

She smiles. He smiles back. She peeks down at her phone.

SARA
So, now I'm bored. Talk to me.

THOMAS
I bore you?

SARA
I didn't say that.

He laughs. Frustrated, she sighs and goes back to texting. He stares at her for a long moment.

SHE TEXTS ON HER PHONE NEVER LOOKING AT HIM FROM HERE OUT.

SARA
So tell me about yourself.

THOMAS
I was pretty thorough in my emails.

SARA
You're from Philly by way of England?

Refresh my memory, sweetie.

After watching her for a long moment:

THOMAS
Excuse me, I gotta go to the restroom.

SARA
‘Kay.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW Thomas as he walks into the darkness of the main dining area. He stops another WAITER.

THOMAS
‘Scuse me. Where’s your bathroom?

WAITER
Straight back and on your right.

THOMAS
Thanks. Is there another entrance to this place?

WAITER
Yeah straight back. Lets you out onto Broadway.

THOMAS
Thanks. Love the décor by the way.

The Waiter leaves. Thomas looks around. It’s crowded. He walks out the other entrance.

EXT. RESTAURANT (BROADWAY) - DAY

Thomas steps to the curb.

FREEZE FRAME ON HIM, SUPER:

“LOVEMD”

He hails a cab then hops in. The Cab HONKS as it gets back into traffic.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Sara is still texting.

FREEZE FRAME ON HER, SUPER:

“SERENDIPITY007”

She grins from ear to ear.
THE END.