

Sort of a Chicago Love Story

written by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN AT MADISON - NIGHT**

Establishing.

The night before graduation.

**INT. DORM LOBBY - NIGHT**

The sound of a woman sobbing radiates.

GRACE DALTON (22) looks around.

She has long, dark hair, soul piercing eyes and an impossibly posh British accent.

Her eyes turn to AMY (22), crying loudly.

She's an All-American blonde... and impossibly drunk.

Several SORORITY SISTERS surround them.

AMY

I'll never meet anyone like him.

GRACE

There are plenty of guys out there who would kill to go out with you.

AMY

But they won't be him.

GRACE

Maybe we should go to the pub and--

Grace's eyes turn to see RIGGS COLE (22) walk in.

He's ruggedly handsome with a devil may care attitude.

Their eyes connect.

The attraction is raw, powerful... *chemical*.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(points to Amy)

You would date her, right?

RIGGS

Excuse me?

Amy stops crying and looks at Riggs. She meekly waves.

Riggs thinks for a moment.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
You could do better than me.

GRACE  
See! A cute guy thinks you're hot  
and now we can stop crying.

AMY  
It's not the same!

RIGGS  
What happened?

GRACE  
Her boyfriend cheated on her and  
she doesn't think she'll ever meet  
anyone better than him.

RIGGS  
Who's the boy?

AMY  
Chris Gaines.

A devilish smile comes across his lips.

RIGGS  
Oh yeah, it's over. You'll never do  
better than him.

Amy resumes crying.

Riggs chuckles.

The entire sorority angrily glares at him.

Grace barely contains her laughter.

Riggs waves goodbye and leaves.

She turns to her Sisters.

GRACE  
I'm going to tell him to fuck off.

Grace quickly walks after him.

Several of the sisters comfort Amy.

**EXT. DORM - NIGHT**

Riggs whistles as he walks out the door.

GRACE (O.S.)

Hey!

He curses under his breath and turns around.

Grace emerges, making a beeline towards him.

RIGGS

It was a joke.

GRACE

I know. I've been trying to find a way to get out of there.

Riggs laughs.

RIGGS

You play the concerned friend really well.

GRACE

When it's the third time this month, you know?

He nods.

RIGGS

I'm Riggs.

GRACE

Grace.

RIGGS

Normally this is where I'd ask where you've been all my life.

GRACE

That's really cheesy.

RIGGS

Did he dump her or something?

GRACE

He asked for an open relationship.

RIGGS

Both times I've met couples in them I've tried to figure out who thought it was a good idea and who cries themselves to sleep at night.

GRACE  
That one's pretty simple.

RIGGS  
Do you want to grab a drink?

Grace looks back to the dorm.

GRACE  
Do you know how bad this'll look?

RIGGS  
In forty-eight hours, will it  
really matter anymore?

Her eyes watch as Amy cries.

GRACE  
Just one drink.

Riggs smiles.

RIGGS  
I'm assuming she's got at least  
three more hours of crying in her.

Grace turns back to him.

GRACE  
I really shouldn't laugh at that.

RIGGS  
In front of her, right?

She laughs.

GRACE  
You're good.

RIGGS  
Do you think they're looking at us  
right now?

GRACE  
Probably.

Riggs looks back at the dorm.

The Sorority Sisters glare at him.

He waves hi.

One of the Sorority Sisters gives him the middle finger.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 You're definitely not going to be  
 on the Christmas card list.

She shakes her head.

Her eyes turn back to the dorm and then back to Riggs.

He smiles, motions for a beer.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 I can't believe I'm doing this.

RIGGS  
 If anyone asks, you're going to  
 tell me about all of the ways I'm  
 an asshole for the next hour.

GRACE  
 And that I made you pay for the  
 privilege of it, too.

RIGGS  
 That's... that's good.

GRACE  
 And I'm not a cheap drunk, either.

RIGGS  
 This is Wisconsin. The moment you  
 cross the border you acquire the  
 tolerance of an Irish dock worker.

They walk away together.

**INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT**

COLLEGE KIDS party their asses off.

Riggs and Grace are in a corner booth.

Several empty beers are in front of them.

GRACE  
 How did we not meet by now?

RIGGS  
 Did you come here as a freshman?

A WAITRESS drops off two beers.

GRACE  
 Of course.

The Waitress walks away.

RIGGS

So most of your friends have been  
your friends since day one.

GRACE

Plus the girls in my sorority.

RIGGS

I transferred in from a community  
college when I was a junior. One of  
the joys of transferring in is that  
all of my friends from my first two  
years are back in Chicago.

GRACE

I can kind of understand that.

RIGGS

What, you're not from Minnesota?

She rolls her eyes.

GRACE

My parents said that I should  
explore the world and I thought I  
should start here.

He takes a drink and stops.

RIGGS

Wait... you have the entire fucking  
world to explore and Madison,  
Wisconsin, is where you started?

GRACE

It made sense at the time.

RIGGS

It's a lot more romantic than mine.

GRACE

Did someone just drop you off at  
the front desk and that was that?

RIGGS

This was the only place that would  
let me in.

She takes a drink.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Do you know what happens when you don't take school seriously? You can only get accepted to UCLA.

GRACE

You make fun of me for choosing Wisconsin and yet.

RIGGS

I went to the College of DuPage, otherwise known as the University Closest to LaGrange Avenue.

Grace thinks for a moment and then laughs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

So how quickly are you driving to the airport tomorrow?

GRACE

I'm never going back to London.

RIGGS

I figured you'd be heading back so you can have some tea and binge classic "Doctor Who."

GRACE

It's my accent.

RIGGS

You all sort of sound alike.

She glares at him.

He takes a drink.

GRACE

You're supposed to say no offense after something like that.

RIGGS

Why?

GRACE

Because there are forty different variants of the British accent.

RIGGS

And yours is special?



GRACE

You know how here you can mostly tell how well off someone grew up based on what they sound like?

RIGGS

The hillbilly test.

She looks at him oddly.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

You see it in old movies. If someone is southern and poor, you can not understand a single god-damn word they say. Southern and rich means eloquent but with a bit of a twang.

GRACE

It's good to see that British classism found its way over here.

RIGGS

So your family is from... how would you say this... means?

GRACE

There are five castles that the government of England doesn't own. One of them is ours.

RIGGS

Wow.

Both take a drink.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

So what's been your favorite part of your American experience?

GRACE

Sushi.

He motions for her to continue.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Think of how old it is as a food concept... and then a chef comes here and we get new and different things they never would've made before they arrived here.

Two FRAT BOYS shove each other. Punches are thrown.

Grace's eyes spot them.

Riggs' eyes follow hers.

RIGGS  
Shall we?

GRACE  
Yes.

Grace and Riggs leave.

**EXT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT**

Two BOUNCERS are by the door.

Grace and Riggs exit.

RIGGS  
Good luck.

The Bouncers turn and look inside.

BOUNCER #1  
Fuck.

The Bouncers sprint inside.

Riggs grabs Grace's hand as they cross the street.

RIGGS  
You're in Wisconsin and telling me  
about how amazing the sushi is.

GRACE  
That's because I can't find fish  
and chips worth a damn.

RIGGS  
What's the difference between it  
back home and here?

GRACE  
The quality of the fish.

RIGGS  
Do you guys use Salmon or--

GRACE  
There's a reason why the staple of  
British dining is fish and chips.

They walk into an alley.

**EXT. COLLEGE ALLEY - NIGHT**

Rats scurry about.

Grace stops.

Riggs lightly holds her hands.

GRACE

Are you going to kiss me at some point or what?

He smiles.

They passionately make out.

**INT. DORM ROOM - DAWN**

Everything Grace owns is packed into boxes with extensive labels, neatly stacked in a corner.

A graduation cap and gown are pressed and hanging.

Six condom wrappers are on the floor.

A trail of clothes leads to Grace's bed.

Riggs and Grace are cuddled up under the covers.

He looks around.

RIGGS

You are impossibly organized.

GRACE

It makes things... easier.

Beat.

RIGGS

This is normally I ask what do we do next.

GRACE

Everything hurts so--

RIGGS

No chance.

GRACE

Thank God.

RIGGS

If we tried again a little flag is going to come out of my prick with an IOU on it.

She groans loudly.

GRACE

I'm having lunch with my parents after graduation. I would ask if you wanted to join us but--

RIGGS

I'm hitting the road ten minutes after I bounce out of here.

GRACE

You're not graduating?

RIGGS

Not walking.

GRACE

What about your family?

RIGGS

My brother's working and my dad is... indisposed.

GRACE

It's still an accomplishment.

RIGGS

And I'd rather just go home.

GRACE

I'm disappointed.

RIGGS

What're your plans afterwards?

GRACE

Once we're done here, my parents and I are driving to Brooklyn. Dad wants to see America.

He curses under his breath.

She leans up.

Riggs looks at her for a moment.

He smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What?

RIGGS

I wish you could see how beautiful  
you look right now.

She blushes.

GRACE

So this is it?

RIGGS

Life is funny sometimes.

GRACE

Yes, hilarious.

Beat.

RIGGS

If you're ever in Chicago--

GRACE

Yeah.

(beat)

If you're ever in Brooklyn--

RIGGS

Or if you're in Chicago.

GRACE

Yeah.

Riggs caresses her cheek.

They make love.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY (FIVE YEARS LATER)**

Establishing.

**EXT. FINANCIAL BUILDING - DAY**

Grace exits, her eyes looking around.

An expensive business suit is tailor made for her.

She spots a luxury sedan pulling up and walks to it.

**INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DAY**

Grace's driver HECTOR (50s) stares ahead.

Grace gets inside.

GRACE

To the hotel, please.

Hector nods and drives.

Grace takes her phone out and pulls up a short-form video hosting app.

Her fingers quickly swipe up several times.

She lands on a video called "Chicago's best hidden bar."

It showcases a jazz bar at night.

Her eyes focus on it.

Jazz music plays on her phone.

Hector taps his foot.

HECTOR

You into Jazz, Miss Dalton?

GRACE

Apparently there's a bar that TikTok is going nuts over.

The car pulls up to a red traffic light.

HECTOR

What's it called?

GRACE

It doesn't say... it literally just says "If you can find it, first round is on me."

HECTOR

If you're looking for a good jazz bar, you should hit the Green Mill.

She spots a small bar in the distance.

A jazz note is on the door.

GRACE

That'd be too convenient.

HECTOR  
Most likely.

Her eyes focus on it.

GRACE  
I think I need a drink.

Hector spots the bar.

HECTOR  
You got it, Miss Dalton.

**INT. DIVE BAR - DAY**

Several decades behind anything resembling modern.

LUIGI (50s) sits at the bar, barely able to sit on his stool.

A cardboard box with 20 years worth of items from a career in financial services is on the floor next to him.

Six empty beers and several shot glasses are on the bar.

Grace walks in, looks around.

Luigi nods.

Grace sits at the other side of the bar.

Her eyes spot a dusty menu.

She opens it up, looking it over.

Riggs walks in with an expensive bottle of scotch.

RIGGS  
The old man keeps this under lock  
and key, FYI.

LUIGI  
How come it doesn't have a price on  
the menu?

RIGGS  
Probably something like if you have  
to ask, you can't afford it.

Riggs pours Luigi a glass.

LUIGI  
Today's a fuck it kind of day.

Luigi takes a quick sip.

Grace's ears perk up.

RIGGS

I'll charge you fifty and hope it's  
the right amount.

Luigi takes another sip.

LUIGI

Worth it.

Riggs places the bottle behind the counter.

Grace turns over and spots Riggs.

She mouths "no way."

GRACE

Life is funny sometimes, right?

Riggs turns and sees Grace.

Their eyes connect.

The same attraction is there.

Luigi stumbles to the bathroom.

Riggs walks over to her.

RIGGS

So how's Brooklyn treating you?

GRACE

I'm shocked you remembered.

RIGGS

I had a bit on it that I couldn't  
quite get right.

GRACE

Of course you would.

RIGGS

I kept thinking what if you showed  
up with a kid, you know?

GRACE

I don't know what I would've done  
if that had happened.



RIGGS

I assumed the old Dyson do-over.

She shakes her head.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

It just doesn't turn off--  
(snaps fingers)  
--like that.

Grace looks around.

GRACE

I'm curious how a place like this manages to stay open in what I'm presuming is an expensive place to have a business in.

RIGGS

Money laundering, probably.

GRACE

I tried to find you on Facebook.

RIGGS

I don't really do social media. I post bits to TikTok now, to grow the brand, but that's it.

Beat.

GRACE

You seem to be doing... well.

RIGGS

A nine to five didn't work for me.

GRACE

Somehow I'm not surprised.

RIGGS

What are you doing here?

GRACE

I'm working on a merger with a company in California, so we made the choice to meet halfway.

RIGGS

How'd it go?

GRACE

They needed time to think about it.

RIGGS

I'd think the accent would just charm the money out of them.

GRACE

You would think, right?

RIGGS

What excuse did they give you in the room?

GRACE

Sounds like you've had a sales job or two.

RIGGS

We get the occasional sales guy here who wants a drink and they always want to talk.

GRACE

I've got to get back to my hotel.

RIGGS

You need me to call a cab for you?

GRACE

I've got a car service.

RIGGS

Wow.

Her phone buzzes.

She looks at it.

GRACE

Work beckons.

RIGGS

How long are you here?

GRACE

A couple of days.

RIGGS

You want to grab a drink sometime?

GRACE

This time I'm leaving with your phone number.

He hands her his cell phone.

She quickly types her number into his and texts her phone.  
Her phone buzzes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Take care.

Grace leaves.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

Everything inside is expensive and new.

Grace walks in and tosses her briefcase on the bed.

Her phone buzzes.

Grace's eyes turn to it.

"Thomas" is on the Caller ID.

She answers.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

The Manhattan skyline is visible through a bay window.

Grace's boss THOMAS (40s) sits behind an executive desk.

An email with "Severance package" is on his desk.

GRACE (V.O.)

Hey Thomas.

THOMAS

You have a minute?

INTERCUT BETWEEN GRACE AND THOMAS

Grace sits on the bed.

GRACE

In the room it was--

(mock male voice)

--we need to run it up the chain--

(normal voice)

--but this'll go through.

Thomas looks out the window for a moment.

THOMAS

Do you know Tom White in legal?

GRACE

He helped me out once dealing with all of the paperwork for my H1.

THOMAS

I get emails meant for him because Whitman and White are close.

GRACE

This doesn't sound good.

THOMAS

Human resources emailed me.

She gulps.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I fought for you but--

Grace sits down.

GRACE

Someone had to go, right?

THOMAS

You and about three hundred others.

GRACE

In order to stay here I need to have a job in ninety days.

THOMAS

You'll have one in ninety minutes if you really wanted it.

GRACE

I'm going to reschedule my flight.

THOMAS

Don't do that.

GRACE

I need to polish my resume and--

THOMAS

I don't even have official notice.

GRACE

What should I do?

THOMAS

Go out and enjoy having a business credit card in a big city. I'll see you in the office on Monday.

GRACE

I just keep thinking I need to--

THOMAS

Don't do that either.

GRACE

Is that my boss or my friend  
telling me that?

THOMAS

Whichever one helps you sleep.

GRACE

If it's over, I'd like to begin  
looking for my next job.

THOMAS

Have you seen anything in Chicago  
that isn't your hotel room?

GRACE

Not really.

THOMAS

Start with the world outside your  
hotel room and who knows what will  
happen, right?

Grace looks out the window.

**INT. DIVE BAR - DAY**

Luigi stumbles up to the bar.

Riggs pours him a glass of water.

LUIGI

I'm fine.

RIGGS

You're technically at the point  
where I can't serve you anymore.  
You don't have to go home but--

LUIGI

Who was the skirt?

RIGGS

You know how there's always one  
that got away?

LUIGI

You only get to say that about a woman when you're my age.

Luigi takes out a handful of cash and haphazardly places it on the counter.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Grace looks around.

She takes her phone out and pulls up Riggs on her Caller ID.

Her fingers quickly text him. "What's good to do tonight?"

Beat.

Riggs sends her a text: "I've got a show. You should come."

**EXT. REAR OF COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT**

Riggs paces around.

A mostly finished cigarette is in his hand.

Fellow comic VINCE (20s) walks out.

Vince is short, overweight with an epic beard.

VINCE

Quinn said we could hang with him in the green room after he's done.

RIGGS

Shot in the dark here but is there a hot brunette in the crowd?

VINCE

I haven't looked. Why?

RIGGS

I invited someone.

VINCE

Shelly isn't your type but this one magically is.

RIGGS

It's *her*.

VINCE

Who her?

RIGGS  
The bit you said was whack.

Vince thinks for a moment.

VINCE  
That bit was whack.

RIGGS  
I finally ran into her and--

VINCE  
Was she all--  
(Irish accent)  
--look it's that American that I  
banged in college--  
(normal accent)  
--or what?

RIGGS  
She's British so it's--  
(posh British accent)  
--shagged, mate.

Vince shrugs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
So I invited her and--

VINCE  
Has she heard your set?

Riggs looks around.

RIGGS  
I could do the joke about Nick Fury  
I've been working on.

VINCE  
No.

RIGGS  
It's not whack!

VINCE  
Nick Fury is not a genocidal  
maniac, pure and simple.

RIGGS  
Shield went all "hey, let's murder  
every super-powered person out  
there because of what they could  
become" and he didn't blink.

VINCE

Did we watch the same movie?

RIGGS

He was gung-ho on wiping out every one who could be a threat.

VINCE

He came around at the end and stopped it, though.

RIGGS

Only because of who was behind the trigger. He was perfectly OK with it as long as he thought it was the good guys.

(quick drag)

Ten seconds before they were about to commit a war crime he was getting his high fives ready.

(looks around)

Then I do a lap of high fives while they're laughing at it.

VINCE

Hate to prick your balloon on this one but I don't think that's going to work with this crowd.

RIGGS

Please tell me the crowd isn't into Dom's hack shit.

VINCE

You don't get to hand pick the crowd, just the jokes.

RIGGS

At least it's not a bachelorette party right?

VINCE

Right.

RIGGS

See you in a couple.

Vince walks inside.

Riggs flicks his cigarette away.

He takes a deep breath.



RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 You got this.

Riggs walks inside.

**INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT**

A mostly full crowd.

Riggs is on stage performing stand-up comedy, killing it.

A small bottle of water is on a microphone stand.

Grace is in the rear, a mostly full beer in front of her.

RIGGS  
 So I was out on a date Friday and a  
 girl I met on Tinder told me the  
 hottest thing a guy can do for her  
 is speak to her in a foreign  
 language. I knew it was over right  
 then and there. Why?  
 (beat)  
 I took German in high school.

A small chunk of the crowd laughs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 More of you would laugh if you knew  
 just how much of a buzzkill it is.  
 (beat)  
 What do you think of when someone  
 speaks French or Italian or like  
 fucking Spanish? It's romantic.  
 (Italian accent)  
 I want to exterminate the Jews.

More of the crowd laughs.

Riggs looks around.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 See! You say horrific shit in one  
 of those languages and it just  
 makes any woman swoon.  
 (beat)  
 Change that shit to German and  
 nothing sounds good.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

RIGGS (CONT'D)

You can tell a girl that she's the most beautiful woman you've ever seen, and that the world is better for her existence, but if it's in German it sounds like you're going to take over Nakatomi Tower with Hans Gruber.

A large portion of the crowd laughs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I thought maybe, just maybe, I'm doing it wrong. So I do what any normal guy does: watch German porn to see if there's a way to make it more... sexy.

(takes a drink of water)

Yeah, that worked about as well as you probably think it did.

(beat)

German is such a stern language that even its porn sounds harsh and impossibly unforgiving.

Riggs looks into the crowd.

His eyes spot Grace.

She's laughing uncontrollably.

He smiles.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

You put it on mute and it's just people having sex, right? Turn the volume up and it's--

(screaming, mock female  
German accent)

I want to lick your Weiner!

(screaming, mock male  
German accent)

Please lick my Weiner!

(screaming, mock female  
German accent)

I shall commence the Weiner licking at once!

(screaming, mock male  
German accent)

I like the way you lick my Weiner!

The crowd laughs uncontrollably.

A light flashes in the back.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

And it looks like my time is up.  
You guys have been amazing.

Riggs gets a standing ovation from the audience.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(takes a sheet of paper  
out of his pocket,  
reading)

And now I want to welcome to the  
stage the star of the Netflix  
comedy special "Ow, my balls" and  
the host of the "Snorting Comedy"  
podcast... Jerry Quinn.

The crowd cheers as famous comedian JERRY QUINN (mid 40s)  
walks on stage.

Riggs and Jerry embrace.

Jerry whispers something into Riggs' ear.

Riggs smiles and then walks off-stage.

JERRY

Let's hear it once again for Riggs  
Cole, everybody!

The crowd cheers.

**EXT. REAR OF COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT**

Riggs smokes a cigarette.

GRACE (O.S.)

I've found that many Germans can be  
very self-deprecating when it comes  
to how their language sounds.

Riggs turns to see Grace approach him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Those things will kill you.

RIGGS

Comics always die before fifty  
because it doesn't attract fitness  
buffs with clean living habits.

GRACE

Maybe that's a sign.

RIGGS

I think it means God is really a thirteen-year-old who loves dick jokes and pro wrestling.

GRACE

Hardly.

RIGGS

Every comic and pro wrestler worth their salt dies young.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

Do you know how to get to the Willis Tower from here?

RIGGS

You mean the Sears Tower.

GRACE

It says Willis on my GPS.

RIGGS

It was the Sears Tower forever and then some asshole fucked it up.

GRACE

Money and time does that.

RIGGS

It's also a tourist trap.

He lights up a cigarette and takes a drag.

She lightly cringes.

GRACE

Then why do people go visit it?

RIGGS

Why do people go see Big Ben?

GRACE

Because that's what they're shown on TV as the real London.

RIGGS

Just saying.

GRACE

So where would a real Chicagoan advise me to go?

RIGGS  
How much time you got?

GRACE  
Plenty.

RIGGS  
It'll take you more than a night to  
really see Chicago.

Riggs takes a drag.

GRACE  
I saw a bar on TikTok that's stuck  
in the back of my mind.

RIGGS  
Where is it?

GRACE  
I don't know... and they don't say,  
either, which is the worst.

RIGGS  
Do you think it's worth finding?

GRACE  
Someone is saying the first round  
is on them.

RIGGS  
It is a five dollar beer.

GRACE  
That's actually really cheap in  
comparison to the New York City  
standard twenty dollar mixed drink.

RIGGS  
(flicks cigarette away)  
We never finished talking five  
years ago, you know.

GRACE  
I'm shocked it's not a bit.

RIGGS  
It was.

GRACE  
Now I'm curious.

RIGGS  
I couldn't get it to really work.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT**

Riggs and Grace walk.

GRACE

Because I was the one that got away  
or something romantic like that?

RIGGS

I never got your last name.

She laughs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I spent two days on Facebook going  
through women named Grace.

GRACE

You never would've found me.

RIGGS

You're too cool for Facebook?

GRACE

I'm under my middle name, Madelyn,  
so that my coworkers can't find me.

(beat)

How come I didn't find you?

RIGGS

I changed my name to "Hunter  
Chunter" as a joke and now I can't  
figure out how to change it back.

She laughs.

GRACE

This explains a lot.

(beat)

Is your work OK with the comedy?

RIGGS

My boss thinks I'm funny.

GRACE

That makes one of us.

RIGGS

I get it, the first thing you tell  
your coworkers when you walk into  
the office isn't going to be the  
comic who told jokes about German  
porn but--

GRACE

As soon as I get back I'm getting  
laid off.

RIGGS

That sucks.

GRACE

That's it?

RIGGS

I've never been fired before so I  
don't know what to say.

GRACE

I'm sorry, perhaps, would be more  
appropriate than--  
(mocking Riggs' voice)  
--this sucks.

RIGGS

I said that sucks.

GRACE

Does it matter?

RIGGS

It's just a job.

GRACE

It's the only job I've ever had.

RIGGS

I'm assuming you just smile, nod  
and get a phat bag to leave.

GRACE

This wasn't my plan, to just smile  
and nod as I am escorted out of the  
building by security.

RIGGS

You know what God says about your  
plans, right?

She stops.

Riggs stops next to her.

GRACE

It was supposed to be that I get my  
boss's job next year, and by thirty  
I'm in the C suite.

RIGGS

Life happens, right?

GRACE

If I don't get a job in ninety days, my visa expires.

RIGGS

Why didn't you just become a US citizen? It's not that hard.

GRACE

I never got around to it and one of the requirements is some level of gainful employment.

RIGGS

Technically you don't have to leave if you don't want to. I saw a girl on the news bragging about how she overstayed her visa and nothing happened to her. This was during the Obama years, too, when they were setting deportation records.

GRACE

I can't work in my industry without having *that* in order.

RIGGS

Then you're just going to have to get another job, right?

GRACE

With an H1 it'll be a lot harder.

RIGGS

If I can be gainfully employed, you should be able to. Or just do what a gal at the brokerage did and just marry some guy for just long enough to qualify for a green card.

GRACE

That's all sorts of wrong.

RIGGS

I'd take it for the team but--

GRACE

That's so romantic.

RIGGS

You know what I mean.



GRACE

Telling my mother that the father of her future grandchildren tells dick and fart jokes for a living would go over really well.

RIGGS

It would if you did it in the castle, right?

GRACE

For the record staying in one for longer than an hour is miserable.

RIGGS

It's still a castle.

Grace sighs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Also, for the record, I really don't make much of a living telling dick and fart jokes. It's more of a side hustle that covers my bar tab.

She spots something in the distance.

His eyes follow her.

**EXT. BEERCADE - NIGHT**

A retro themed neon sign with obnoxious colors flashes.

Grace and Riggs stare at it.

He shrugs.

RIGGS

It's a beercade. I'm assuming they have them in New York.

GRACE

We have to.

RIGGS

Why?

GRACE

I want to do a tourist type of thing and a local beercade fits.

RIGGS

There isn't anything different--

GRACE

I've been to every single one in  
New York and they're all lame.

They walk inside.

**INT. BEERCADE - NIGHT**

Retro arcade games and nostalgia pieces from decades long  
since passed are all over.

GAMERS and BORED SPOUSES are everywhere.

Grace walks in and looks around.

Her eyes look over the games.

She smiles.

RIGGS

It's a bar with arcade games.

GRACE

So you never had a parent who  
thinks these sorts of things are  
overly ridiculous, I take it.

RIGGS

My old man let us loose here when  
it was nickel beer night.

Grace spots a pro basketball themed game.

She grabs Riggs' hand and drags him over to it.

GRACE

This is the version with the real  
Michael Jordan in it!

RIGGS

Is that special?

Grace presses start.

GRACE

He never licensed his name after  
this, so every version that has the  
Bulls in it has a generic guy who  
is great but not MJ.

RIGGS

I didn't think you cared about a  
Chicago sports team like that.

Grace plays the game.

Her eyes focus on the screen intensely.

GRACE

I'm assuming you snuck out of class  
at some point.

RIGGS

Of course.

GRACE

Most people ditch so they can  
engage in some sort of degeneracy.  
I did it so I could go to Four  
Thieves and play this game.

Riggs laughs.

RIGGS

Color me surprised.

GRACE

I asked for an Xbox for Christmas,  
and instead I got an Amazon book  
reader because that would be more  
fruitful to our future endeavors  
than a stupid game device. We  
didn't rebel much but this... this  
is how I rebelled.

RIGGS

Way to take risks.

GRACE

I had my future to worry about.

RIGGS

You ever get caught?

GRACE

A bobby asked for my ID once but  
then someone got stabbed.

Grace emphatically mashes buttons.

RIGGS

I had that happen once in high  
school except it was a--

GRACE

(yelling at screen)  
Fuck you, Patrick Ewing!

RIGGS  
What'd he do to you?

GRACE  
The plonker blocked my shot.

RIGGS  
I mean fuck the Knicks on principle  
but this is... charming.

Grace furiously presses buttons.

GRACE  
Everyone gets to have their own  
sort of stupid, right?

Riggs watches her play.

**EXT. SECOND CHICAGO STREET - AN HOUR LATER**

Riggs and Grace exit the Beercade and walk away from it.

She grabs his arm.

GRACE  
Thank you for that.

RIGGS  
That's the last place I figured you  
would want to go to.

GRACE  
Any place that has a working  
version of the six player X-Men  
game is worth it.

He takes his cigarettes out.

She lets go.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Do you have to?

RIGGS  
It's a habit.

GRACE  
A bad one.

She looks at him.

Riggs puts his cigarettes back in his pocket.

RIGGS

Fine.

GRACE

I'd assume someone would tell you that it's a disgusting habit.

RIGGS

I grew up on the south side, so this was pretty common.

GRACE

What's the difference between the south side and around here?

RIGGS

The biggest one is that a punch line is usually the line where you get punched.

GRACE

Do you have to make a joke about everything?

RIGGS

I can't just turn it off.

GRACE

You could go to therapy.

RIGGS

I wouldn't have dick to talk about on stage if I was a healthy, well-adjusted individual.

GRACE

A shrink--

RIGGS

You're not supposed to use that word anymore.

GRACE

Why not?

RIGGS

Shrink is their n-word. The correct term is Mental Health Americans.

Grace stops and glares at him.

Riggs laughs.

GRACE

You're really pushing it.

RIGGS

I hate it when people hear about  
how I grew up, OK?

GRACE

It can't be that bad.

RIGGS

How many of your family members are  
in jail right now?

GRACE

Zero.

RIGGS

My old man and a couple of my  
cousins are in Joliet right now.

GRACE

What'd he do?

RIGGS

My dad sobered up and met someone.  
She got him a job at an office and  
everything seemed to be going well.

GRACE

There's always a but.

RIGGS

Someone had an issue with him and  
kept talking shit. My father asks  
if he has a problem and the guy  
asks him to step outside.

GRACE

That happens all the time when you  
need to handle things during a  
meeting and not waste people's time  
and energy.

RIGGS

Where I grew up that meant two guys  
are about to do the man dance.

GRACE

The what?

Riggs does an old-timey boxing pose.

She nods.

RIGGS

My old man broke his orbital and got arrested. Part of him being on parole for something else meant he had to piss clean... and guess who fell off the wagon.

Grace groans.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

So he got that time and more time.

GRACE

Do you ever think about not saying any of those things?

RIGGS

I try, I really do, but sometimes it just comes out.

GRACE

Do you have any siblings?

RIGGS

My kid brother's a leatherneck on an oil rig, last time I checked.

GRACE

That sounds... interesting.

Riggs thinks for a moment.

RIGGS

That was three years ago. He did not call me after I bailed him out for a DUI.

(beat)

It was one of the four times we've spoken since I went to Madison

GRACE

Not everyone is close with their siblings. My father and his brother have a very traditional, stiff upper lip kind of relationship.

RIGGS

Murtaugh hasn't paid me back. I had assumed he would at some point.

GRACE

It's just money.

RIGGS  
That's usually what people who can  
afford it say.

GRACE  
Then why do it in the first place?

RIGGS  
He's my brother, you know?

Riggs spots something in the distance.

**EXT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

Boards cover the doors.

Riggs walks up to it.

GRACE  
I don't think they're open.

RIGGS  
For almost a hundred years this was  
one of Chicago's best theaters.

GRACE  
And right now it's what... a crack  
den or a home for rabid animals?

RIGGS  
Hardly.

GRACE  
I doubt the TikTok bar is in there.

He grabs a rock off the ground.

Riggs' hand touches it underneath.

The rock opens up, revealing a key.

RIGGS  
You never know until you check.

Riggs opens the lock on the door and goes inside.

GRACE  
I'm pretty sure it's not in there.

Grace goes to walk away but stops.

RIGGS (O.S.)  
What are you waiting for?



GRACE  
The building to fall down.

Beat.

RIGGS (O.S.)  
It's... mostly safe.

She walks inside.

**INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT**

Several older movie posters are on the walls.

Dust covers everything.

Riggs walks in, looks around.

Grace is right behind him.

RIGGS  
My mom and I used to come here when  
I was a kid.

GRACE  
Why'd you stop?

RIGGS  
She passed when I was ten and my  
dad was usually in jail or not  
sober enough to get off the couch.

GRACE  
I'm so sorry.

RIGGS  
Not everyone gets a good childhood.

She looks around.

GRACE  
What's the best movie you saw here?

RIGGS  
The one they named me after.  
(beat)  
My brother is named Murtaugh.

She thinks for a moment.

GRACE  
I give up.

RIGGS  
Lethal Weapon?

Grace shrugs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
Your dad probably loves it.

GRACE  
My father wouldn't let us watch  
those sorts of films growing up.

RIGGS  
Because they were too violent?

GRACE  
Because they were, his words, very  
and profoundly mind-numbing schlock  
masquerading as film.

RIGGS  
What did he let you guys watch?

GRACE  
Everything was always profound and  
esoteric, so that we could learn  
and expand upon our knowledge of  
the world around us.

RIGGS  
Please tell me he's some sort of  
professional clown.

GRACE  
He's a lawyer who specializes in  
complex litigation. My mother has  
been the Director of Communications  
for five different Prime Ministers.

RIGGS  
That sounds fancy.

GRACE  
Did you ever watch "The Thick of  
It" or "In The Loop?"

RIGGS  
Never heard of them.

GRACE  
My mother... how can I put this as  
delicately as she would... when the  
PM needs something done, she makes  
sure it gets handled.

He spots a poster and walk over to it.

His eyes focus on it.

The poster is for an obscure 80s action film called "Bullets through the Hourglass."

RIGGS

I can't imagine being so close to that sort of power.

GRACE

I never really thought of it that way; more like they were my mom's friends from work.

Her eyes follow his.

RIGGS

Would you ever run for office?

Grace walks over and looks at it.

GRACE

I shadowed my mother for a day once and, after that, I was cured of any political aspirations.

RIGGS

After being a comic, I don't think I could ever be a politician.

GRACE

Your country elected a TV host President. I'd think a comedian would fit in quite well.

RIGGS

He didn't have a bit on the web about Jesus Christ as a werewolf.

GRACE

Do I really want to know?

RIGGS

It was about why I could never be a filmmaker because my ideas suck.

GRACE

I don't need to hear the punchline.

He turns and looks at her.

RIGGS

The fact that it's out there probably disqualifies me from being a mover and shaker in the world.

GRACE

(points to the poster)  
What's that about?

RIGGS

A bunch of soldiers from past wars are brought into the future to kill Nazis who've taken over America.

GRACE

That sounds... awful.

RIGGS

It is... super cheap, super bad but it just has a glorious eighties charm to it.

GRACE

I was half expecting you to tell me about seeing something from like a Melville or a Scorsese.

RIGGS

Mom loved action movies and we got to see a lot of them.

GRACE

For some reason I was hoping she would've made you watch things from the Criterion collection.

RIGGS

She always said movies are there to make us forget about how shitty our lives are, if only for a couple of hours. Mom called this place "the show" because it was special.

GRACE

What's your favorite?

RIGGS

"I Come in Peace." It's got Dolph Lundgren and we saw it here--  
(looks around, spots a theater)  
--in that theater.

They walk over to it.

**INT. ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT**

A broken poster frame is on the ground, dust covering it.

Riggs walks in.

He looks around.

Grace is behind him.

RIGGS

So what movies did you watch?

GRACE

My father really loves the TV series of "Pride and Prejudice."

She walks up to him.

RIGGS

Different strokes, I guess.

GRACE

I'm not sure if I'd like it.

They look at each other for a long moment.

RIGGS

Everyone likes seeing Nazis get shot, duh.

Their hands touch.

GRACE

If you had--

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Hello?

Footsteps are faintly heard.

Riggs points to the exit door.

Grace nods.

They sprint to the rear door and exit.

Beat.

A SECURITY GUARD walks in, flashlight in hand.

**EXT. REAR OF ABANDONED THEATER**

Grace and Riggs sprint outside and into the darkness.

Beat.

The door opens, revealing the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello?

He looks around for a moment.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

They don't pay me enough for this  
bull shit.

The Security Guard turns around and walks back inside.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Riggs sprints up to a dumpster and stops.

Grace is right behind him.

Both are breathing hard.

Riggs looks at her.

She's good and pissed.

RIGGS

I really need to cut back on  
smoking, Jesus.

GRACE

You could've gotten me deported!

RIGGS

No way.

GRACE

Your government isn't a fan of  
people here on a visa being  
arrested for trespassing!

RIGGS

I'm sorry, I just thought it'd be  
kind of cool to look at this place  
before it's torn down.

GRACE

I'm assuming it wasn't your first time going there.

RIGGS

Last week they announced it's going to be turned into a parking garage.

GRACE

Because that's what the world needs now, right?

RIGGS

Right.

GRACE

Can we do something that doesn't threaten my immigration status?

RIGGS

Have you ever had a piece of Chicago style pizza?

GRACE

I've seen a meme about it being closer to Lasagna than pizza.

RIGGS

Everything you need to know about Chicago is in a proper slice.

GRACE

I've kind of grown to like the New York style.

He takes his phone out and pulls up a ride sharing service.

RIGGS

Don't say that in public.

GRACE

Why not?

Riggs quickly books a trip to Pizzeria Uno.

RIGGS

Because New York pizza is just cardboard and ketchup.

GRACE

You can fold it!

Riggs shakes his head.

**EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT**

Riggs and Grace wait on a street corner.

RIGGS

A pizza is a meal and New York  
pizza is at best a good snack.

GRACE

It's better than Papa John's.

RIGGS

That's like saying this particular  
type of roll of sushi is the best  
because it isn't a California roll.

(beat)

A good rule of thumb when it comes  
to pizza is that if you can eat it  
while walking somewhere, it's not  
really pizza.

GRACE

Now you are gate keeping.

A sedan pulls up.

They get inside.

The sedan takes off.

**INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Ride share Driver BRIAN (60s) is behind the wheel.

RIGGS

(to Brian)

We're rolling to Pizzeria Uno.

Brian nods and starts driving.

GRACE

Apparently Chicago pizza is the  
best in the world.

RIGGS

If we wanted the best, we would  
head to Pequod's. Uno is good but--

BRIAN

It's not as good as Labriola.

RIGGS

Overrated.



BRIAN

At least you're not taking her to Lou Malnati's.

GRACE

I saw that in a bodega once.

RIGGS

That's Chicago pizza for tourists.

BRIAN

And suburbanites.

RIGGS

(to Grace)

That's our euphemism for your bridge and tunnel people.

GRACE

That's not much of a euphemism.

RIGGS

This is the Midwest... we call anyone who isn't white Canadian with a descriptor in front of it.

Grace looks out the window.

GRACE

Why does pizza matter so much?

RIGGS

Every city has a thing and for us it's food. It's also why there's a lot of fat people in the Midwest.

BRIAN

My kid moved to Dallas and the first thing she wants is a box from Lou Malnati and Portillo's. I can not believe I spent one hundred and fifty bucks for three pizzas and a half dozen hot dogs.

RIGGS

Holy shit.

Grace turns back to Riggs.

BRIAN

It would've been cheaper if she just came home.

GRACE

Why don't they just open up a Lou Malnati's down there? If it can do well here, it can do just as well everywhere else.

RIGGS

I used to work at a place where one of the ladies was married to one of the managers there. She said Lou Malnati himself thought that part of what makes his pizza so good is the Lake Michigan water. It's why he never expanded beyond the greater Chicagoland area.

GRACE

That's the one thing I miss about London; the tea isn't the same.

RIGGS

It certainly isn't the food.

She glares at him.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

The British took spices from all over the world for centuries but somehow none of them wound up in the food, just saying.

**EXT. PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT**

A line of CUSTOMERS is out the door.

The sedan pulls up.

Grace and Riggs exit and walk to the back of the line.

GRACE

Five Michelin star restaurants are in London, you know.

RIGGS

What kind of food do they serve?

Grace closes her eyes and groans.

GRACE

French.

Riggs laughs.

She playfully smacks him.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If you ever visit, you have to try the fish. It's the one thing you guys just don't do all that well.

RIGGS

I'll keep that in mind.

GRACE

I'm surprised there isn't a Wimpy's around here.

RIGGS

British fast food joints don't last around here.

GRACE

Are you sure about that? A Yo Sushi would be massive in the states.

RIGGS

A video about failed fast food places came up in my YouTube feed the other day and like half of them were about bringing the British culinary experience here.

GRACE

I wonder why they failed.

RIGGS

Not enough Brits went there.

GRACE

If the food's good enough, right?

RIGGS

Anthony Bourdain said that the best way to find out how good a foreign food place is to see who's eating there. If you go into a Mexican joint and it's nothing but gringos, get the FUCK out of there.

GRACE

So I should evaluate how good this place is depending on how many real Chicagoans are going?

RIGGS

Exactly.

She looks at the line.

They're nearing the door.

AMY (O.S.)  
GRACIE!

Grace turns to see Amy drunkenly running at her.

Amy's boyfriend OSCAR (late 20s) is behind her.

He's a professional MMA fighter itching to fight someone  
*right here, **right fucking now.***

Amy tackles Grace to the ground.

Oscar shakes his head.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, I'm so sorry!

Amy helps Grace off the ground.

GRACE  
It's good to see that some things  
have not changed over the years.

AMY  
Why didn't you let me know you were  
coming here?

GRACE  
It was a last second work thing.

Amy hugs her again.

Grace looks at Riggs awkwardly.

AMY  
It's so good to see you!

GRACE  
Likewise.

Oscar and Riggs look at each other.

OSCAR  
I'm Oscar.

RIGGS  
Riggs.

They shake hands.

Amy looks over Riggs.

AMY  
MAYFLY MAN!

RIGGS  
Pardon?

Amy looks at him for a long moment.

AMY  
You said he was ruggedly handsome.

RIGGS  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
Wait... were you expecting me to be like Thor or something?

AMY  
A little bit.

RIGGS  
Chris Hemsworth is just pretty with a beard, that's all.

GRACE  
I was implying more like the Punisher from the Netflix show.

OSCAR  
I feel like I'm missing something.

AMY  
So we're all waiting in line to get our diplomas on graduation day and I ask where she disappeared to the night before. Gracie is all--  
(bad cockney British accent)  
--I let this boy get in me knickers and now I don't know what to do.

GRACE  
There's nothing worse than an American doing a British accent.

RIGGS  
The wrong one, too.

AMY

So in our group text for the last five years there's an occasional reference to Grace and her Mayfly man. It's from Sherlock.

Grace taps Riggs on the shoulder awkwardly.

GRACE

Well... he's real.

RIGGS

That's news to me.

GRACE

What?

RIGGS

I assumed I was a figment of your imagination, like in "Fight Club."

Grace playfully hits Riggs.

GRACE

So what are you doing here?

AMY

We just saw this amazing band at the Cubby Bear and I got hungry.

GRACE

The Mayfly Man wanted to show me a proper piece of Chicago pizza.

OSCAR

For that you'd need to hit up a Giordano's, not here.

Grace laughs.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Was it something I said?

RIGGS

We were talking about this in the Uber. I say Pequod's.

AMY

They're not as good as My Pi.

GRACE

Oh god.

AMY

This would make a great podcast.

A MAN IN LINE (30s) turns around.

Oscar mean mugs him.

The Man turns back around.

RIGGS

Yeah, no.

GRACE

That's something I can agree on.

RIGGS

There's too many podcasts already.

GRACE

The good thing about COVID-19 is that I got to scrub my podcast feed. At one point I had forty podcasts on the app and only listened to five.

RIGGS

How did you subscribe to so many?

GRACE

I'd see clips on TikTok and think they could be fun to listen to, when I've got the time.

RIGGS

The best ones are when the saddest middle-aged guys bring in these insanely hot and impossibly dumb women in Los Angeles to just dunk on them for clicks.

GRACE

Those are really sad.

RIGGS

I always wonder where they find these women. You'd think after the first time it's a balls in face level moment they'd smarten up.

AMY

I was on one of those shows once.

Oscar groans.

AMY (CONT'D)

What?

OSCAR

It's not something to brag about.

GRACE

Why would you go on there?

AMY

They gave us this amazing Vodka and then it all just became a blur. I was a meme for six months.

RIGGS

It's like bullfighting.

GRACE

And they're a matador.

AMY

(to Oscar)

Is he insulting me?

Oscar glares at Riggs.

Riggs gulps.

RIGGS

They drug up the bulls and then beat the hell out of them before they even go into the arena. It's not even a fair fight.

Oscar relaxes.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I bet if you didn't show up in no condition to perform, they would have looked like clowns.

Amy looks at the door.

They're at the front of the line.

AMY

Join us.

Riggs and Grace look at each other.

He nods.

GRACE

That sounds... lovely.



**INT. PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT**

A WAITRESS leads the four to a corner table.

They sit down.

                  WAITRESS  
Can I get you some drinks?

                  AMY  
I'll take--

                  GRACE  
Just some water to start, please.

The Waitress nods, walks away.

                  AMY  
What?

                  GRACE  
Moderation, my dear.

                  AMY  
I'm fine.

                  GRACE  
          (to Oscar)  
We haven't been formally  
introduced, I believe.

                  OSCAR  
I'm Oscar.

                  RIGGS  
What do you do?

                  AMY  
He's a UFC fighter!

                  RIGGS  
So we've both been punched in the  
face for money. Nice.

                  GRACE  
How did you get punched in the face  
telling jokes?

Grace and Riggs look at each other.

She sighs.

RIGGS  
 It's a good bit.  
 (to Amy and Oscar)  
 I'm a comic.

Grace shakes her head.

Riggs turns to Oscar and Amy.

He smiles.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 So I'm working on this whole bit  
 about how God is basically a child  
 and that it explains so much about  
 the last ten years.  
 (beat)  
 It's 2016 and the Cubs are in the  
 World Series. Game seven and there  
 is a rain delay. Right then and  
 there everyone in the Midwest is  
 praying to God for the Cubs to win.  
 They'll fucking say anything, too,  
 because this is fucking it. People  
 are all "Hey God, I'll show up to  
 church and be a good whatever" just  
 so the Cubs can win. God says "fuck  
 it" and a century of bullshit ends  
 with one of the most improbable  
 comebacks in baseball history. It  
 was so big of a moment that the  
 celebration was one of the largest  
 assemblies of humanity in history.

Grace takes a deep breath.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 Every other one is the Pope finally  
 visiting some country with a lot of  
 Catholics in it, so that says a bit  
 about the historical significance  
 of this moment in time. You know  
 what doesn't happen that week?

No one does.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 All those fucking pews are EMPTY!

The Waitress drops off four waters.

She goes to say something.

Grace motions no.

The Waitress walks away.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

And what does God do for all of those empty promises? He decides to smite Chicago's most favorite daughter like two weeks later to let us know what's up.

Amy sighs.

Oscar laughs.

Grace ponders it for a moment... and then playfully hits him.

GRACE

Seriously?

RIGGS

It was that or the Large Hadron Collider being activated triggering a universe where the fucking most improbable things happen, like the guy who thought the USFL should compete against the NFL in the fall should be the next President.

Amy's stomach rumbles.

She looks around.

AMY

Where's the bathroom?

Grace looks around.

Amy's eyes follow hers.

Amy's hands cover her mouth.

She jumps to her feet and sprints to the bathroom.

Grace stands up and follows her.

Two TEENAGERS set up a pair of speakers.

No one notices them.

RIGGS

So are you in the UFC or--

OSCAR

Trying to, at least.

RIGGS  
Welcome to the club.

OSCAR  
So far I don't think either of us  
are in it.

RIGGS  
I think I know the worst part about  
your life.

OSCAR  
Cutting weight.

RIGGS  
I was thinking more like having to  
explain to people you haven't quite  
made it yet.

Oscar thinks for a long moment.

OSCAR  
Amy gets it but--

RIGGS  
But what?

OSCAR  
I see the way her friends look at  
me, you know?

RIGGS  
Yeah.

**INT. PIZZA PLACE BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Grace is by a stall, tapping her foot.

Amy throws up inside it.

The toilet flushes.

Amy exits and walks up to the sink. She washes her face.

GRACE  
It's good to see that some things  
don't change.

AMY  
I just needed a little reset.

GRACE  
Or it's a sign you should stop.

AMY

A little bit of soda and a slice of pizza will get me back to normal.

GRACE

If you say so.

Amy hugs her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I already have one bruise today because of you.

AMY

It's good to see you.

(lets go)

I haven't seen anyone from back then in a long time.

GRACE

I ran into Samantha Givens on my flight here.

AMY

Is she in town too?

GRACE

She was connecting to Atlanta.

AMY

I went to Homecoming this year and stopped by the house.

GRACE

I'm assuming it hasn't changed.

AMY

What was that line from "The Office?" Our version, not yours.

GRACE

I wasn't a fan.

AMY

It was something like I wish there was a way to know you're in the good old days before you've actually left them. We had it good.

GRACE

Or you've had too much to drink.

**INT. PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT**

TEENAGERS mill about.

A DRUMMER (15) puts a drum set onto the floor.

Two GUITARISTS (both 15) and a LEAD SINGER (16) mill about, eyes darting all over the room.

Oscar and Riggs don't notice them.

RIGGS  
You're a professional badass. I  
tell dick jokes.

OSCAR  
What pays the rent?

Riggs sighs.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
That's exactly how it is.

RIGGS  
Unfortunately.

OSCAR  
When are you performing next?

RIGGS  
Next weekend I'm doing the hour.

OSCAR  
Can we get tickets?

Riggs nods.

Amy and Grace walk back over and sit down.

AMY  
Who's hungry?

OSCAR  
You sure, babe?

AMY  
I'm fine.

Grace reaches under the table and grabs Riggs' hand.

Riggs squeezes it.

AMY (CONT'D)  
You guys are really cute together.

RIGGS  
It's mainly me.

The Drummer sits down behind the drums.

The Guitarists and the Singer sprint into position.

Five Teenagers quickly take their phones out and aim them at the band.

LEAD SINGER  
What's up Pizzeria Uno?

The band plays a death metal song.

Teenagers pour out and start a mosh pit.

A teenager splashes into Amy.

Oscar stands up and punches him out.

Another teenager punches Oscar.

Amy gets up and drunkenly tries to punch him.

She hits the ground.

Punches start flying from all angles as a full on **BAR ROOM BRAWL** breaks out!

Grace and Riggs exit in the chaos.

**EXT. REAR OF PIZZA PLACE - NIGHT**

Grace and Riggs exit.

Sheer fucking chaos is heard coming from inside.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

GRACE  
Holy shit.

RIGGS  
If you ever wanted to punch out a teenager, now's your chance.

GRACE  
I'll pass.

Riggs looks inside. He shrugs.

RIGGS

Normally I'd say you got to be in the middle of a Chicago flash mob but this isn't that.

GRACE

What is a Chicago flash mob?

RIGGS

Teenagers walk into a store and rob the absolute FUCK out of it.

She looks inside.

Oscar is in the middle of a scrap, a giant smile on his face.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

There's probably another pizza place nearby.

GRACE

And here I just wanted to be a tourist for one evening.

RIGGS

This is fun, right?

A teenager is thrown outside.

Riggs looks in and sees Oscar.

Oscar nods and resumes fighting.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Eventually you'll laugh.

GRACE

All I wanted to do was be a tourist and find a stupid bar.

RIGGS

We can still do that.

The teenager gets up and runs back inside.

GRACE

Is the Willis--

RIGGS

Sears.

GRACE

--tower still open?



RIGGS  
That's a pain to get to from here.

GRACE  
Where would you suggest?

He thinks for a moment.

RIGGS  
The Buckingham Fountain isn't that far from here.

GRACE  
Swear it's a tourist thing.

RIGGS  
It is, promise.

GRACE  
Wait... Buckingham?

RIGGS  
It's a long story I can tell you on the L.

GRACE  
Fine.  
(thinks)  
What's the L?

**EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT**

Several PASSENGERS are scattered all over.

Grace and Riggs sit on a bench, waiting.

RIGGS  
Welcome to the elevated train.

GRACE  
It's cleaner than the subway but not by that much.

RIGGS  
It should be here soon.

Her eyes wander to a schedule.

Grace takes her phone out and looks at the clock.

Her eyes return to the schedule.

GRACE

That was three minutes ago.

RIGGS

That's more of a suggestion than a proper schedule.

GRACE

How do you put up with it?

RIGGS

It's just sort of the way things are, I guess.

GRACE

New Yorkers wouldn't tolerate it.

RIGGS

Is the subway always on time?

GRACE

Almost ruthlessly.

RIGGS

That must be nice.

A train arrives. The doors open.

Grace and Riggs board it.

**INT. ELEVATED TRAIN - NIGHT**

Riggs and Grace sit down.

RIGGS

It's my excuse whenever I'm late.

GRACE

You couldn't get a job in a call center, at least?

RIGGS

My mother wanted me to get a degree and leave the neighborhood. I thought it was the right path but it turns out I'm a much better bartender than I ever was a suit.

GRACE

What do you think she'd say about your current job?

RIGGS

She'd have said it's an honest living, which is a nice way of saying she was disappointed in me.

Grace looks outside.

The City of Chicago flashes by.

GRACE

Is there a reason why you don't want a real job?

RIGGS

I have a real job.

GRACE

You know what I mean.

RIGGS

I couldn't find one that was cool with me doing stand up.

GRACE

You should have a backup plan and--

RIGGS

I'll figure that out later.

He puts his arm around.

She curls up into him.

GRACE

People will understand.

RIGGS

You'd be surprised.

GRACE

You don't have to tell them you do stand up in the first place.

RIGGS

I didn't and a recruiter found a clip of me doing my Timmy D story.

GRACE

And then what?

Grace reaches up and squeezes his hand.

He smiles.

RIGGS

He told me I could do stand up or I could have a job. It was friendly advice, apparently, and I advised I wasn't quitting. I bet you can guess what happened next.

GRACE

It's just one.

RIGGS

All those types are the exact same asshole. They want you to be a certain guy and a certain type.

She turns to him.

GRACE

Is the Timmy D story that bad?

RIGGS

My mother signed my brother and me up for soccer as kids because she thought it was a good idea.

GRACE

My father thought football was not the proper avenue for us.

RIGGS

Tim Dustman was on our team. We were twelve and he hit puberty real early. This guy was like six feet, one hundred and eighty pounds of just pure fucking muscle in sixth grade. He had one real problem.

GRACE

I'm not hearing anything about whether he was good at football.

RIGGS

He was wildly uncoordinated.

GRACE

I don't know of any professional footballers like that.

RIGGS

His one actual talent was assault.

Grace sighs.

GRACE

Of course.

Riggs looks around the cabin.

COMMUTERS and other types look around.

RIGGS

He should've been at the boxing gym down the block but his mom thought team sports would be a better way to build character. One day we're playing and this coach is jawing with him. This old fuck was just talking shit to Timmy and--

GRACE

Why would he do that?

RIGGS

You'd be surprised at how classless parents get in youth sports.

GRACE

Perhaps that's why my father kept us far away from them.

RIGGS

Well Tim walks over, gets in his face and the guy tells him to take a swing if he thinks he's so tough. Tim grabs him by his hair and then feeds this mother fucker bus driver uppercuts like he was starring in a TV show called when fucking around meets getting found out.

Silence.

GRACE

Maybe I'm not the right audience.

RIGGS

It's better on stage when I can do the big punches. The old dude was lifted in the air every time he got punched, too.

She looks him over.

GRACE

I bet you'd look great in a suit.

RIGGS

Thoreau wrote about the mass of men who live a life of what he says is quiet desperation. Men will look at their lives and want to run away from them but do not because they live a life of obligations.

Grace's ears perk up in surprise.

GRACE

This is bound to be interesting.

Riggs shrugs.

RIGGS

I've read a book, so what?

GRACE

You don't seem the Thoreau type.

RIGGS

I can't tell if you're mocking me or not because of the accent.

GRACE

I'm serious... I kind of like this side of you. Please, go on.

RIGGS

Ok, well, I don't want to be that guy in his forties, sitting across from a guy like me wondering what the other path would've been if I'd just made the effort when I had the time to be able to chase a dream. I do not want to just show up every day to a job I hate, praying I don't get fired because I've got a mortgage, a kid in college and at some point would like to retire.

GRACE

That's... very surprising.

RIGGS

I had a bit on stage about it.

She takes a deep breath.

GRACE

Is there any part of your life you haven't turned into a bit?

RIGGS  
Not really.

GRACE  
I just... I can't imagine having  
all of my life out there like that.

RIGGS  
Were you ever good at anything,  
like sports or something like that?

GRACE  
I was All England in Dressage.

RIGGS  
It's the only thing I've ever been  
good at, you know?

The train stops. Grace and Riggs exit.

**EXT. BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

TOURISTS are all over.

Grace and Riggs walk around.

GRACE  
It looks terrifying.

RIGGS  
For the first five seconds I can't  
breathe. The only thing I want to  
do is turn round and run out as  
fast as humanly possible.

GRACE  
How do you keep doing it?

RIGGS  
In the sixth second I inhale and at  
that moment I know this is where I  
have always wanted to be.

She looks around.

GRACE  
The Buckingham Fountain should be  
back in London, right?

RIGGS

Well before either of us were born the sister of Clarence Buckingham gave a bunch of money to make it and the only condition was that they had to name it after him.

(beat)

They made their family fortune in grain elevators, I think, and their family still does charity stuffs.

The fountain goes off.

She watches it for a moment.

GRACE

My family is similar. Four hundred years ago someone named Dalton did something awful that was lucrative.

RIGGS

And you get to reap the rewards.

GRACE

God blessed our family, it seems.

RIGGS

Heck of a God, right?

GRACE

One who loves jokes about flatulence and phalli as well as professional wrestling, as you so eloquently stated earlier.

RIGGS

Fair enough.

They look around.

Grace spots a Hot Dog stand.

A small line of CUSTOMERS are behind it.

GRACE

I'm still hungry.

RIGGS

Ever have a Chicago hot dog?

GRACE

What's the difference between that and a regular hot dog?



RIGGS

It's all the stuff they put on it.

GRACE

Every single thing I've eaten here is just loaded with crap.

RIGGS

I'd like to think it's part of the Midwestern charm.

They walk over to the hot dog stand.

GRACE

None of it is healthy.

RIGGS

It's compensation for the weather.

The hot dog cart closes.

GRACE

It's not that bad out.

RIGGS

Now. When there's a couple feet of snow on the ground, you don't tend to want to go anywhere.

GRACE

And what, you get bored?

RIGGS

Everything that defines Chicago food started because someone had time and a loaded pantry.

GRACE

And yet somehow every time I try to eat something we wind up empty.

RIGGS

There's probably a McDonald's nearby, if you're desperate.

GRACE

I can get that back home. Either home, actually.

Riggs looks around.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I've got one rule whenever I travel. I don't eat anything there that I can get back home.

RIGGS

That's a good rule.

GRACE

Sometimes it's a great meal, other times you pay for it the next day.

**EXT. LARGE CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT**

Grace and Riggs walk.

A small video rental store is in the distance.

GRACE

I'm surprised you didn't suggest the Art Institute or a museum.

RIGGS

The Art Institute is lame and only open in the daytime.

GRACE

What's so lame about it?

RIGGS

It's full of modern art and I swear the entire era is someone shitting on the floor and everyone having to pretend that it's brilliant.

GRACE

Again with the surprise.

RIGGS

You can blame Mister Jenkins.

GRACE

Was he the floor shitter?

Riggs laughs.

RIGGS

He was my fifth grade home room teacher. Twice a year the whole school would do a field trip to a place and I never went.

GRACE

Because you couldn't afford it?

RIGGS

I used to hang out with a bunch of burnouts and none of them could ever qualify for it. I didn't go because I hated the kids who did. One day Mister Jenkins tells me that this could be something that helps to change my perspective on life and things.

GRACE

And that inspired you to tell jokes about German pornography?

RIGGS

I kept making fun of the modern art and kids kept laughing.

(beat)

And then some of the teachers.

(beat)

And then one of the artists who was there looking at his work.

(beat)

And then the girls showed interest in me for the first time.

GRACE

That I don't believe.

RIGGS

You hang with guys who play bloody knuckles and snort God knows what long enough, you know?

GRACE

Bloody knuckles?

RIGGS

You hold your hands out and hit each other until someone quits.

She sighs.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I've come a long way, right?

GRACE

Undoubtedly.

RIGGS

On the way home, Mister Jenkins  
said I should watch an Eddie Murphy  
stand-up special. Everything after  
that is, as they say, history.

(spots the video store)

My mother used to work there.

Grace looks at the video store.

GRACE

I've never seen a video store that  
wasn't in a movie.

RIGGS

They aren't that exciting, either.

GRACE

Would you mind indulging me?

RIGGS

This is a trip down memory lane and  
those are always bullshit.

GRACE

It may not be Chicago history but  
it's your history. This'll be fun!

They walk into the store.

**INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT**

Ragged movie posters are on tacked onto the wall.

A CLERK is behind the counter, half paying attention.

Riggs walks over to the action film section.

His eyes open wide, a childlike smile on his lips.

RIGGS

I spent a lifetime here.

GRACE

I'd say the same about Pound Town.

RIGGS

What?

GRACE

It's the British version of the  
Dollar Store... everything costs a  
pound and--

RIGGS  
It's called Pound Town.

He laughs uncontrollably.

GRACE  
Don't be gross.

RIGGS  
Me? I'm not the one who named a  
store Pound Town.

Riggs almost falls down he's laughing so hard.

GRACE  
Stop laughing!

RIGGS  
Pound... Town!

GRACE  
It wasn't vulgar until your country  
decided that Pound Town meant  
something entirely different.

RIGGS  
Of course... you gave us English  
and we transformed it into American  
English, which is a way better  
version of the language.

She shakes her head.

Grace spots something.

Riggs' eyes follow hers.

His eyes spot a room marked "Adult videos."

Older beaded curtains hang to the floor.

GRACE  
No way.

She walks over to it.

Riggs follows her.

Grace stops right in front of it.

RIGGS  
What?

GRACE

It feels dirty to walk in there.

RIGGS

This is boomer history.

GRACE

I want to go in but--

RIGGS

But you don't want that funk to follow you out.

GRACE

The internet makes it so much easier, you know?

RIGGS

I bet the guys behind Porn Hub do the same things as the Facebook dorks do with your data.

GRACE

Who'd want to buy that information?

RIGGS

I bet there's some money to be made catering to digital perverts.

Grace walks into the adult section.

Riggs follows her.

**INT. ADULT VIDEO SECTION - NIGHT**

Porn DVDs are everywhere.

An adult film poster from the 1970s is tacked onto the wall.

It's faded, the corners ripped off.

Grace and Riggs walk in.

She looks around.

GRACE

Part of me thought that TikTok bar was going to be in here.

RIGGS

Nope, just porn.

Grace walks up to a DVD.

She takes it off the shelf and looks at it.

GRACE  
They make Christmas porn.

Grace shows it to Riggs.

The DVD is called "MILF on a Shelf" and it stars "MILF Legend Jennifer Ann" as the titular MILF.

RIGGS  
Classy.

She puts the DVD back onto the shelf.

GRACE  
I just can't picture someone coming in here and renting this.

RIGGS  
Imagine handing that to the clerk.

GRACE  
It's 2023, why would he judge you?

RIGGS  
What if it's someone you know?

GRACE  
Isn't there a confidentiality that exists between a clerk and customer at an establishment like this?

RIGGS  
What would happen if someone posted your porn search terms on the web with your face next to it?

Grace turns bright red.

GRACE  
It's not... that bad.

RIGGS  
But it's private and you'd prefer otherwise, like everyone else.

GRACE  
Of course.

Riggs looks around.

His eyes spot a video.

RIGGS

I wouldn't want my friends to know  
that I rented--

(points at the video)

--Saturday Night Beaver or--

(looks around, spots a  
video)

--the Weekend at Bernie's porn  
parody part three--

(looks around, spots a  
video)

--or the Best of Boingo Oingo.

(shrugs)

I can keep going.

GRACE

I concede.

Riggs spots something.

His eyes focus on it.

RIGGS

There's a parody of Precious.

GRACE

No.

RIGGS

It's right there and now I'm trying  
to figure out how the fuck do you  
talk someone into making *that*.

GRACE

I'm not going to follow you to  
where this is heading.

RIGGS

I keep wondering how you can make  
that film even funnier than it was.

He motions for her to say something.

GRACE

You were about to ask what's the  
one film no one should make into a  
porn parody and then tell me it's  
Schindler's List. And then you'll  
speculate about what it would be  
called, too.

He thinks for a moment.



RIGGS  
Fuck, that's a great bit.

She turns to him.

GRACE  
Let's find some food.

**EXT. LARGE CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT**

Riggs and Grace walk.

RIGGS  
There's a great hot dog place that  
isn't far from here.

GRACE  
And maybe we can find that--

Grace stops, her eyes focused on something.

Riggs' eyes follow hers.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
--bar.

A handful of PEOPLE walk into a record store.

RIGGS  
Who goes into a record store at  
this time of night?

GRACE  
I was wondering the same thing.

RIGGS  
There are people who really want to  
buy vinyl at this hour, maybe.

GRACE  
It would totally be in a place like  
this, right?

RIGGS  
Maybe.

GRACE  
It's also very touristy.

He nods.

They walk towards it.

**INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT**

Grace walks in, looks around.

Everyone is shopping.

She sighs.

Riggs is behind her.

RIGGS  
You won't be kicking yourself.

GRACE  
Damn it.

RIGGS  
At least it's not like everyone is  
here for a new Kanye album.

Riggs spots some comedy records.

GRACE  
It's kind of hard to listen to his  
music now, huh?

Riggs walks over to the comedy records.

Grace follows him.

Riggs goes through them, Grace looking over his shoulder.

RIGGS  
On the one hand, if it takes him  
watching a Jonah Hill movie to not  
hate Jews... God bless him.

GRACE  
If only he could've picked a better  
film, right?

RIGGS  
I'm glad I'm not the only one who  
couldn't get into those movies.

GRACE  
We didn't get much American TV when  
I was a kid... and if I had to  
choose between 21 Jump Street and S  
Club 7, you know?

Riggs takes an album out and looks at it.

RIGGS  
Is S Club 7 like a knock off of 21  
Jump Street or something?

GRACE  
It was about a pop band and their  
wacky adventures being a pop band.

RIGGS  
Seriously?

GRACE  
They were insanely famous.  
(beat)  
In Britain.

He laughs.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
They had a series where they went  
to America, too.

Riggs puts the album down and laughs harder.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I should be offended.

RIGGS  
As you said, everyone gets to have  
their own stupid, but I can't  
picture you all into it like--  
(singing, dancing)  
--we're doing S club things.

GRACE  
What did you watch, then?

RIGGS  
Before my mother passed, it was the  
usual stuff. After she died, my old  
man just sort of left us to our own  
devices and... yeah.

GRACE  
I know I shouldn't ask but--

RIGGS  
Faces of Death.

GRACE  
What?

RIGGS

Usually when people say things like I shouldn't ask, it's always about the most messed up things we found.

GRACE

I'm assuming equal parts of messed up and well beyond your ability to grasp said fact as well.

RIGGS

Basically.

GRACE

What was it about?

He places the record back into the pile.

RIGGS

It was a documentary series that had real fucking deaths, like when the people died on the set of "The Twilight Zone" movie.

GRACE

How bad was it.

RIGGS

They showed everything, from the moment when John Landis yells action to the helicopter landing on Vic Morrow and the kids.

She turns away, shaking her head.

GRACE

That explains a lot.

RIGGS

And yes, it was a bit.

GRACE

At this point I assume everything has become something you said on stage at some point.

RIGGS

Not everything.

GRACE

What's so important that you can't talk about it?

**EXT. LARGE CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT**

Grace and Riggs leave the record store.

RIGGS

My ex.

GRACE

Now it gets interesting.

RIGGS

What sort of woman do you think a  
guy like me would date?

GRACE

It's not that hard.

RIGGS

It's a bit more difficult than the  
type of guy you'd date.

GRACE

What sort of man do you think I  
would be in a relationship with?

RIGGS

Someone who looks good in photos  
and your mother can say--  
(mock older English  
woman's voice)  
--your children will be beautiful.

GRACE

It's more than that.

RIGGS

The first thing you said was that I  
told dick and fart jokes for work.

GRACE

It's beer money, I understand.

RIGGS

It's also the first thing you said  
when that came up, so that matters.  
I assume lawyer, doctor, banker or  
a guy from Wall Street with Ivy  
League pedigrees and good hair.

She thinks for a long moment.

GRACE

That's... bloody accurate.

RIGGS

I don't see you swiping right on a  
guy who sells insurance and lives  
in a closet on the Upper East Side.

GRACE

Yours is just as easy.

He motions for her to continue.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Tall, blonde and laughs at your  
jokes on command.

RIGGS

Far from it.

GRACE

You prefer someone who doesn't  
think you're funny, then?

RIGGS

Gwen thought I was funny but I had  
to earn her laughter.

GRACE

So why'd it end?

RIGGS

It was her or comedy.

GRACE

And you chose comedy.

Riggs looks around.

He takes a deep breath.

RIGGS

I chose her... and my rewards for  
that was walking in on her with  
another man.

GRACE

I'm so sorry.

RIGGS

I got into my car and just drove  
for a long time. Guess where I  
wound up?

GRACE

Your mother's grave.

RIGGS  
Davenport, Iowa.

GRACE  
What was so special about that?

RIGGS  
I don't know... I just needed to think and the next thing I know I'm there, filling up the tank.

GRACE  
I'm glad you came back.

RIGGS  
Iowa is just Illinois without the city of Chicago, that's all.

GRACE  
Again, you should've seen someone.

RIGGS  
I found an open mic there and then I met her.

GRACE  
I didn't ask but--

RIGGS  
She was a working girl and we just talked. I felt like such a whore, giving up my dream for Sasha, and she gave me some words of wisdom.

GRACE  
Now I'm curious.

RIGGS  
We're all whores, honey, it's just a matter of price.

Riggs looks around.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
I thought Gold Coast Dogs was around here... could've sworn it.

GRACE  
When's the last time you were there?

Riggs takes his phone out.

He searches for "Hot dogs" on a food delivery app.

One is nearby.

RIGGS  
Do you mind walking--  
(points to his right)  
--a couple of blocks that way for a  
hot dog?

She sighs.

GRACE  
That's fine.

RIGGS  
What?

GRACE  
It's nothing.

He walks to his right.

She follows him.

RIGGS  
It's something.

GRACE  
You couldn't suggest a taxi or an  
Uber or something that doesn't  
scream "please rob me."

RIGGS  
By the time either of them show up  
we could be there.

GRACE  
I watch the news, you know, and  
Chicago isn't--

MARVIN (mid 20s, criminal) approaches them.

He has brightly colored hair and facial tattoos.

A gun is in his hand.

RIGGS  
We're not even in a bad area.

GRACE  
All of this city is a bad area.

RIGGS  
You live in New York and you're  
talking about safety?



GRACE

We don't have the violence that  
this city does.

MARVIN

And it smells like piss.

GRACE

It does not.

She turns to see Marvin.

RIGGS

I didn't say that.

Riggs turns and sees him.

MARVIN

Good evening.

Grace shakes in pure, genuine fear.

RIGGS

Hi.

Riggs' eyes focus on the gun.

MARVIN

I'm assuming the two of you know  
how this works.

Riggs looks around and then to the sky.

RIGGS

Where's the Bat signal?

MARVIN

Excuse me?

RIGGS

You look like the homeless guy's  
Joker, when they want to redo one  
of the older stories but he's in  
Arkham or something.

(to Grace)

He'd be Shecky the Clown, right?

Grace shakes her head in terror.

MARVIN

Seriously?

Riggs turns back to Marvin.

RIGGS

Are we being punked for a TikTok video or something?

MARVIN

This isn't a prank.

RIGGS

Kind of feels like one.

MARVIN

I'm going to shoot you if you do not stop making god-damn jokes!

RIGGS

I've seen enough real guns to know that's just an Air soft gun spray painted to look legit.

MARVIN

This is the genuine article.

RIGGS

How many suburbanites have just given it up because they're scared of your fake ass gun?

Marvin points the gun at Riggs.

MARVIN

Am I going to have to shoot you to get you to stop?

RIGGS

It's not real so--

MARVIN

Unbelievable.

GRACE

We should just give him our things.

RIGGS

Absolutely not.

Riggs flips him off.

MARVIN

Seriously?

RIGGS

Seriously go fuck yourself.

Marvin points the gun at Grace.

MARVIN  
She gets it if you don't.

RIGGS  
Is it water or a pellet?

MARVIN  
It's. A. Gun.

RIGGS  
Way to commit to the bit.

MARVIN  
Are you serious right now?

RIGGS  
This ain't the eighties and you're  
not a professional wrestler. You  
don't have to live the gimmick.

MARVIN  
I swear to Christ I will--

Riggs grabs the gun from him and points in the air.

RIGGS  
Shoot a fake gun. Whoop de doo!

Riggs pulls the trigger.

BANG!

A shell casing hits the ground.

Grace screams.

Riggs stares at the gun in disbelief.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
Well I'll be damned.

GRACE  
Holy shit!

RIGGS  
(to Marvin)  
You were right. My apologies.  
(looks at the gun)  
I thought it'd be louder.

MARVIN  
Fuck this!

Marvin runs away.

GRACE  
Why would you do that?

RIGGS  
Oh come on, it totally looks like  
one of those bullshit guns.

GRACE  
It was real!

RIGGS  
I didn't know that ten seconds ago.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

Grace looks around in sheer panic.

GRACE  
Oh my god, what do we do?

RIGGS  
Just wait for the cops and--

GRACE  
It's a gun!

Riggs shrugs.

RIGGS  
I'm sure we could--

GRACE  
Let's get the fuck out of here!

He tosses the gun away from him.

It bounces and lands inside a storm grate.

Grace runs towards the darkness.

He sprints after her.

**EXT. HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT**

Riggs and Grace sprint towards it.

She spots an alley next.

Grace runs into it.

Riggs follows him.

**EXT. HOT DOG ALLEY - NIGHT**

Riggs sprints in and looks around.

A dumpster is in the distance.

He sprints behind the dumpster.

She follows him.

Grace grips his hand.

They look at each other for a long moment.

GRACE

They're going to arrest us and--

RIGGS

They'd have to have seen it.

GRACE

What about the cameras?

RIGGS

This is America... we don't have the constant cameras that your homeland has all over.

Beat.

GRACE

Why the hell did you do that?

RIGGS

I could've sworn it was a fake. I grew up seeing a lot of guns and that looked like a movie prop.

A Chicago Police Car drives past.

Riggs looks down.

Grace squeezes his hand tightly.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

GRACE

We should just go home and--

RIGGS

They're going to be looking for someone who fired a gun.

GRACE  
Which you did!

RIGGS  
How about we go get something to eat? While they're done going after every lowlife in the area we can have a bite, like tourists.

GRACE  
Are you sure?

RIGGS  
If they show up, let's just say it won't be the first time I've had to lie to a cop in my life.

**INT. HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT**

Cashier CHAZ (19, stoned) is behind the counter.

Riggs walks up to him.

CHAZ  
We just closed, man.

RIGGS  
I promised her a Chicago dog.

CHAZ  
Seriously, man, I just--

Riggs places several twenty dollar bills on the counter.

CHAZ (CONT'D)  
You just got in at the right time.

Chaz grabs the cash.

RIGGS  
Two Chicago dogs, everything but sport peppers, and two small sodas.

CHAZ  
You got it, chief.

GRACE  
Does that come with ketchup?

Chaz looks at her and then Riggs.

RIGGS  
First timer.

Chaz nods, puts two hot dogs on the grill.

GRACE

What's so wrong with ketchup on a hot dog?

RIGGS

You want the long answer or the short one?

GRACE

People at Yankee Stadium didn't give me a hard time over it.

Chaz takes the dogs off the grill and puts them in the buns.

RIGGS

They like thin pizza, too.

GRACE

Again with the food.

RIGGS

A good Vienna hot dog doesn't need to be covered up, which ketchup is basically designed to do. Fries have no flavor, hence why you dip them into flavored sugar.

GRACE

I don't see why it matters.

Chaz puts toppings on the hot dogs.

RIGGS

It's about making the effort... you put ketchup on something and you're basically saying it tastes bad and this is how you suffer through it.

GRACE

So putting whatever it is you're putting on my hot dog is what?

RIGGS

Making a proper Vienna beef taste as good as it can.

Chaz walks up to the counter with two wrapped hot dogs and two empty cups.

Grace grubs a cup.

She walks over to the fountain machine fills it up.

Nothing comes out.

                  CHAZ  
It's broken, I think.

                  GRACE  
Where can I get a soda around here?

                  CHAZ  
There's a vending machine in the  
laundromat next door.

Grace and Riggs leave.

**EXT. HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT**

Riggs unwraps his hot dog and takes a bite.

It's delicious.

Grace spots a laundromat next door.

An older soda machine is inside.

She walks towards it.

Riggs follows her.

**INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT**

A LATE NIGHT WORKER does her laundry.

Grace walks in and looks around.

Her eyes spot a vending machine.

She quickly purchases two drinks.

Riggs walks in.

Grace hands him one.

                  RIGGS  
Thanks.

Her ears perk up.

Grace hears faint jazz music.

Several DRUNKS walk into the laundromat and up to a dryer in  
the rear.



They open it.

Jazz music loudly comes through it.

Grace turns to him.

Riggs shrugs.

His eyes spot a garbage can.

He tosses both hot dogs in there.

She grabs his hand and they walk to the dryer.

They run down the stairs.

**INT. HIDDEN BAR - NIGHT**

A JAZZ BAND plays music in the corner.

CUSTOMERS are all over, drinking and dancing.

Grace walks in, looks around.

She takes it in.

Riggs walks in behind her.

RIGGS

I guess the first drink is on me.

GRACE

It's supposed to be on the guy who posted the video but--

RIGGS

Good luck finding him.

GRACE

Right.

He looks at her for a long moment.

She smiles.

RIGGS

Are you going to kiss me at some point or what?

They passionately make out for a long moment.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN**

A half dozen condom wrappers are on the floor.

A trail of clothes leads to Grace's bed.

Grace and Riggs are in it, cuddled up under the covers.

An alarm goes off on her phone.

Grace's eyes look around the room, landing on a clock.

RIGGS

Please tell me your parents aren't coming here.

GRACE

I've got a flight to catch.

RIGGS

You could reschedule it.

GRACE

I really want to.

RIGGS

What's the worst your company does?

GRACE

Fire me.

They both chuckle.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I have to face the music.

RIGGS

So I'll see you again in five years, right?

GRACE

I'm still not that kind of girl.

RIGGS

Me either.

They kiss.

GRACE

What's your schedule look like?

RIGGS

Depends.

Grace grabs her cell phone and pulls up her calendar.  
She quickly scrolls through it.

GRACE

I'm free next Saturday. I'd love to show you around New York.

RIGGS

I've got a gig.

GRACE

Are you sure you have to do it?

RIGGS

I'm headlining for the first time.

GRACE

Congratulations!

She puts her cell phone on an end table.

RIGGS

I'm scared shitless, no lie.

GRACE

Once you get to the sixth second--

RIGGS

It's not my usual ten to twenty...  
it's *the hour* and I keep thinking--  
(stops, looks around)  
--It's stupid.

GRACE

An hour of German pornography jokes might be a bit much but--

RIGGS

That's the midpoint.

GRACE

What's the big finale?

RIGGS

And ruin everything for you?

GRACE

Fine... tell me the bit you did about me.

RIGGS

What?

GRACE

You talk about everything on that stage and you said I was something that you tried but couldn't quite get right.

RIGGS

My buddy Vince called it whack.

GRACE

It can't be as bad as what I walked into last night.

RIGGS

You laughed!

GRACE

Bad as in something you wouldn't say at a formal dinner.

RIGGS

Formal in my family was when my dad carried my mother's tray at the Country Kitchen.

She shakes her head.

GRACE

You're really good at not answering questions when you want to be.

RIGGS

It's... personal.

GRACE

It's about me and we've seen each other naked. I'd like to think we can cross some things off the scale of inappropriateness based on that.

RIGGS

Thanks, by the way.

Grace gets on top of him. She places her hands on his face.

GRACE

Quack quack.

RIGGS

Excuse me?

GRACE

You're ducking my question.

RIGGS

Do you really want to know?

GRACE

The more you avoid it, the more it becomes intriguing to me.

RIGGS

Well, it starts with me talking about how I met someone and for one night, I was the exact right guy.

GRACE

How does it end?

RIGGS

My brand is really vulgar and this was more... esoteric.

GRACE

I feel like I'm in a Monty Python movie right now.

RIGGS

(British accent)  
Get on with it!

GRACE

Precisely!

Riggs clears his throat.

RIGGS

When you look at the span of your life, it boils down to a series of moments connected by the drudgery of the day to day. You remember the big things that happen because you are always doing something like the job, shit like that.

She nods.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

I think it's kind of spoiled us when it comes to dating in the modern world. You get that moment, that pure genuine but brief amount of time when you're the right person at the right time with the exact right person.

Grace's phone buzzes with an alarm.

She snoozes it.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

When it's over, people walk away because there's no way that second time you spend with someone matches that first, perfect moment. It's easier to vanish, and let that one night stay as a moment breaking up the monotony of your life, than it is to spend the second date with that person and risk that little moment in time from being just another bump in an otherwise bland existence with them. Life would be easier if we could just live there, at that moment, forever.

She thinks for a moment.

GRACE

I think that you should stick to German pornography.  
(curses under her breath)  
That sounds really weird out of context, right?

RIGGS

A little bit.

His hand brushes her face.

Grace smiles.

Her phone buzzes again.

She reaches over and turns the alarm off.

Grace kisses him deeply, passionately, for a long moment.

They stop and look at each other.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

What about your flight?

GRACE

What about it?

They make love.

FADE OUT.