

"One Night, In Vegas"  
by  
Chloe Behrens

Chloe Behrens

behrens.chloe@gmail.com

1. INT. CASINO – CASINO FLOOR – EVENING

Brooding music (think: Radiohead, "Lotus Flower") begins to play. OLIVIA CANE, CASSIE, EMILY and CRYSTAL – all late-20's women in cocktail dresses, heels, and long, flowing hair are walking through the casino floor. Olivia dons a bachelorette sash and tiara. Flanked by her friends, she looks lost. Hesitant. Reluctant. Her friends are buzzing excitedly. Olivia's eyes are looking for an escape. Music pauses.

CUT TO:

2. INT. SWANK MAGAZINE HQ – OFFICE – AFTERNOON

RYAN MATTHEWS – thirty-ish, handsome, wearing a pressed button-up, tie, and slacks, is seated in a bright office with floor-to-ceiling windows. He is thoughtfully staring at his computer monitor when ELAINE STAFFORD, his boss, appears in the doorway, holding up some papers.

ELAINE

It's crap.

RYAN

What is?

ELAINE

Your article. I feel like you've gotten away from the joys of being a bachelor in the dating world, and gone more towards "let me tell you about the whore I took out, last night."

Ryan shrugs and sits back, narrowing his eyes slightly.

RYAN

If you had to endure what I've been subjecting myself to lately, you might think the same.

Elaine is not amused.

ELAINE

I expect a new submission in my email no later than Monday.

She turns and disappears. He sighs and scratches his head.

CUT TO:

3. INT. CASINO – CASINO FLOOR – EVENING

Music resumes. Emily spots and points at something off camera. Cassie's eyes widen as she tugs Olivia's arm. Somber-looking Olivia reaches upward to keep her tiara from falling as they exit the shot. Music pauses.

CUT TO:

4. INT. CAKE SHOP – SMALL TABLE – AFTERNOON

Olivia & HELEN – a 50-something woman, are seated at a small table with BAKERY WORKER, thumbing through a catalog. Olivia is tense.

OLIVIA

I snipped this from one of the wedding magazines, actually.

She slides the page across the table to Bakery Worker, as Helen leans forward to scrutinize it.

HELEN

It's... square?

Olivia nods and looks at her innocently.

OLIVIA

I love it. The colors, the tiers – it's perfect. I knew, the minute I saw it.

HELEN

I don't know. Round cakes are just much more elegant, in my opinion.

Olivia is staring at her blankly, at a loss for words, as Helen now directs her words to the Bakery Worker.

HELEN

I guess nothing is wrong with the colors. Just make it round.

CUT TO:

5. INT. CASINO – CASINO FLOOR – EVENING

Music continues. The four girls are standing at a bar. Shots are passed around. Olivia eagerly grabs hers. The other girls raise their shots. She forces a smile and is the first to down hers. She sets the empty glass back on the bar and absently rakes her fingers through her hair as

her friends continue to look as if they're having more fun than she is. Music pauses.

CUT TO:

6. INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT – EVENING

Ryan is dressed nicely, seated across from JILL – early 20's, bubbly, blonde, and stunning. They have food and a bottle of wine between them. As she speaks, he sips from his wine, wincing slightly.

JILL

And, like, I tried telling them I just couldn't work in those conditions, ya know? How can I think about what angle's the best, or how I'm standing, when it's so hot in the studio that I'm sweating all my make-up off?! It's so stressful!

As if he just realized he should have a response, Ryan snaps to attention and blinks, picking up the wine bottle.

RYAN

More?

She waves him off, and shakes her head.

JILL

I don't wanna feel bloated for tomorrow's shoot.

He nods absently, and pours himself another glass, looking around the restaurant. He takes a drink and she begins to pick at her salad.

CUT TO:

7. INT. CASINO – RESTROOM – EVENING

Music resumes, more softly, this time. Alone, Olivia is standing before the sink, contemplating her reflection. She expels a long, deflated breath. An elderly lady enters, spots Olivia, and wistfully smiles.

ELDERLY LADY

So exciting! Here for your bachelorette party?

Olivia's smile remains tight.

OLIVIA

Yes ma'am.

ELDERLY LADY

Such a special time!  
Congratulations!

The elderly lady disappears into a stall, and Olivia's eyes drift back to her reflection. She bites her lip, narrows her eyes briefly, then exits the restroom. Music pauses.

CUT TO:

8. INT. OLIVIA & CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING  
Olivia is on the couch, thumbing through a wedding magazine, when CHRIS - a thirty-ish, boyishly-handsome, naïve, lanky man enters, wearing a blue button-up and slacks. He tosses his tie aside. She looks up at him with a smile as he comes towards her, and swoops down for a hello kiss.

OLIVIA

How was your day?

CHRIS

Not bad! So, my mother called me,  
on my way home.

He is walking back to the kitchen, and does not see the slight frown on her face. As he speaks, he is retrieving/opening a beer from the fridge.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She said you didn't seem too  
thrilled with the decision on the  
flower arrangements?

Olivia hesitates before carefully speaking.

OLIVIA

I just... wanted roses. *Just roses.*  
Simple. Classy. Elegant... She kept  
insisting we needed lilies, and  
then argued it would cost less,  
and when I told her I'd pay for  
the flowers, she got incredibly  
offended -

CHRIS

I know. She told me.

Olivia's look is sharp.

OLIVIA

Chris, it's *our* wedding. *Ours*. Not hers!

CHRIS

She's just trying to help!

She throws her hands up in the air at him, exasperated.

OLIVIA

Help!? All she's doing is arguing every single detail I want, and making everything how *she* wants it!

All the while, Chris remains calm. Naïve.

CHRIS

She's trying to save money!

OLIVIA

Then maybe she shouldn't have insisted on paying for our entire wedding! Maybe she shouldn't have insisted on inviting *four hundred* of her closest fucking friends! Maybe she should've just let me have the small wedding *I* wanted, that *I* was willing to pay for. But she didn't. Because this is just another way for her to control everything!

Chris sighs and rubs at his eyes.

CHRIS

Olivia, you said you really didn't care much about the details, to begin with. Keeping that in mind, she probably feels that you're open to suggestions.

Looking worn-down, she shakes her head in defeat and begins to move as she speaks.

OLIVIA

You know what? Her own suggestions are all that *she's* open to. And it is beyond old by now that you only seem to care about taking her side, Christopher. I think I need to go for a run. So. I, uh – I'll be back.

Looking desperate to get out, she grabs a hoodie and rushes out the door. He looks baffled, rubbing the back of his neck.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CASINO – CASINO FLOOR - EVENING

Music resumes. Olivia re-joins Emily and Crystal. She forces a smile. Cassie walks up with hands full of shots, passing them out. They do the shots. Emily tugs Olivia's hand, and she grabs at her tiara again. Olivia tugs back in mild protest, pointing in the opposite direction. Her friends look as if they're trying to convince her to go where they want to go. Music pauses.

CUT TO:

10. INT. AIRPORT - EVENING

Ryan, in a black button-up and nice jeans, is standing. He's focused on his cell phone, typing away at it. JAY – a grayed man in his 60's, approaches and pats him on the shoulder.

JAY

We haven't had a boys weekend since you were a kid!

Ryan puts his phone in his back pocket and grins at Jay.

RYAN

Just don't let this become like the time you chaperoned scout camp, spilled your bottle of Jack in the fire, and nearly burned the campsite down.

Jay laughs.

JAY

What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas!

Ryan chuckles and shakes his head.

RYAN

Not if it's burned into my retinas, Dad. No hookers. Or just, don't bring them into the room. Okay?

Both men laugh.

CUT TO:

11. INT. CASINO – CASINO FLOOR - EVENING

Music resumes in background. Olivia is being pulled along past the check-in line and she glances over it. Her eyes land upon Ryan, as he and Jay stop, next in line. The second her eyes find him, he looks back at her, and there is immediate spark between them both. His eyes briefly narrow, his lips slightly part, and his stare follows her as she goes, staring straight back at him. The song is ending as they approach a club in the casino. She tosses a glance back toward the check-in line. She can't see Ryan. As her friends beckon for her to join them in line, she stops in her tracks.

OLIVIA

You guys know I don't like clubs. I was just thinking maybe some drinks. Blackjack.

She shrugs at her friends, expecting them to understand. Instead, they are looking at her as if she's crazy.

CASSIE

It's your *bachelorette* party! This is what you're *supposed* to do!

Something snaps within Olivia.

OLIVIA

No, this is what *you guys* want to do! I'm *so fucking tired* of doing what everyone else wants to do! Go party it up, then! I'm doing my own thing, from here on out!

Olivia brazenly turns and waves over her head as she marches off-screen, with her friends looking annoyed and offended. Music pauses.

12. INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Suitcases are on the double beds, and Ryan is on his cell phone, pacing before the window.

RYAN

Yup.. No, I know. Yes, Elaine, I *will* have the article ready by Monday morning.

He turns as he hears his father coming from the bathroom. He is changed for bed. Ryan gives him a bewildered look.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Have I ever been late with an article? No. I haven't. Vegas will not deter me from being punctual.

He takes the phone from his ear and scowls at it before shoving it in his pocket and turning confused eyes upon Jay.

RYAN

Um, what's this?

Jay pauses from pulling back the covers and looks at Ryan.

JAY

What!?

Ryan throws his arms up in the air, with a mixture of mild disappointment and amusement.

RYAN

Are you serious right now? It's only eight!

JAY

Ten, in my internal time zone.

Jay climbs into bed. Ryan sighs, strolling toward the door and opening it.

RYAN

Fine. Well, I'm going to go downstairs and grab a drink. I'll see you in the morning, Dad.

JAY

Leave the bathroom light on, son!  
So you don't knock into walls when you come back in!

Ryan chuckles and shakes his head, exiting the hotel room.

13. INT. VEGAS CASINO - LOBBY BAR - EVENING

Now sans tiara and sash, Olivia is seated at the lobby bar's counter. She's almost finished with her martini. Two olives on toothpicks sit on her beverage napkin. The camera pans out as she picks up her glass and takes a sip. Ryan is casually wandering through, looking about. He stops when he sees her, seated at the bar. After thoughtfully narrowing his eyes in consideration, he approaches, and takes the chair to her right. She is at first unaware of who takes the seat beside her.

BARTENDER

What'll you have?

RYAN

Scotch on the rocks, thanks.

He turns to eye her with intrigue and slight amusement.

RYAN

Helluva way to spend your bachelorette party.

Her eyes flick over to him, and then widen in surprise, as he smirks at her.

RYAN

Where'd your friends go?

She smiles sheepishly, glancing briefly down at her drink.

OLIVIA  
Probably having a better time  
without me.

RYAN  
Why would you say that?

OLIVIA  
I've kind-of been a bitch,  
actually.

His eyes light up. His smile turns to a grin, as she shrugs.

OLIVIA  
It's better this way. I'm quite  
content to sit here with my  
martini.

RYAN  
(chuckling)  
Is that so?

She nods confidently. His eyes fall downward over her face. When she looks back up, her breath catches. She fidgets with her glass, appearing nervous and shy.

OLIVIA  
Where are you from?

His eyes continue to study her.

RYAN  
Manhattan.

OLIVIA  
New York's a great city. *Amazing*  
food!

His eyes light up.

RYAN  
Right?! I often joke that I  
workout just so my love of all  
things edible doesn't get the best  
of me!

OLIVIA  
I usually eat my weight in pizza,  
every time I visit.

He is getting more passionate and excited.

RYAN

I live right next to Central Park,  
and I jog there day after work.

OLIVIA

I'm jealous of that, actually. I  
gotta say. I think if I had the  
option of jogging in such a pretty  
place, exercise wouldn't be such a  
nuisance.

RYAN

Well, but on Tuesdays I'll jog  
right up to this little pizza  
joint I really like on the way  
home, and completely nullify that  
day's run. Sam's pizza. If you  
ever come to Manhattan, you'll  
have to go.

She laughs, brushing a tendril of hair back and eyeing him  
almost shyly.

RYAN

Seriously, if I don't get my pizza  
fix every week, it throws my world  
completely off-kilter.

OLIVIA

(chuckling)

That sounds pretty serious! Makes  
me wonder if there's a Pizzaholics  
Anonymous for people like you.

RYAN

That's assuming I'd ever want to  
kick the habit!

OLIVIA

Ooh, such an addict, you are!

He is grinning and chuckling at her. Her eyes pour down his  
face and rest upon his lips as she picks up her drink.

CUT TO:

14. INT. VEGAS CASINO - LOBBY BAR - LATER EVENING

Three more olives are on the beverage napkin. Both of them are laughing, and sitting more closely. They look relaxed. They are comfortable, bashful, excited, animated, and enamored throughout their entire exchange. She takes a sip of her drink, and he eyes her while drinking his own. Smirking, she eyes him before busting his chops.

OLIVIA

You're staring.

RYAN

You're remarkably beautiful.

OLIVIA

And you're infinitely smooth.

He grins devilishly, making her eyes narrow slightly, as she smiles, too.

RYAN

To be honest, you sort-of looked like a princess who'd escaped a dungeon, when I first saw you sitting here.

Her eyes flick back downward, self-consciously. The smirk is replaced briefly by a thoughtful, sobered look.

OLIVIA

Perhaps I am. Maybe I did. Escape. The wicked steps-sisters were threatening to hold me hostage, yanno.

His eyes light up, causing her face to light up, once more.

RYAN

Dammit, I missed a chance to finally be a knight in shining armor!?

OLIVIA

(laughing)

You totally did! I was counting on you, but you left me hanging!

CUT TO:

15. INT. VEGAS CASINO - LOBBY BAR - MUCH LATER IN THE EVENING

They are turned to face one another in their chairs, and leaned into each other slightly. Amusedly. The bartender is dropping off another round. He picks his up and eyes her.

RYAN

I'd toast to your impending marriage, but I'd probably burst into flames.

Olivia throws her head back and laughs.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So instead, I will toast to meeting new and interesting people.

She nods in agreement. They toast and take a drink.

OLIVIA

Would you burst into flames because a playboy like yourself would never give up your freedom?

RYAN

What makes you think I'm a playboy!?

She smirks and shrugs.

OLIVIA

Clever guess.

RYAN

(in mock offense)  
I choose to be offended by that!

OLIVIA

You're far too quick with the compliments to be anything but a womanizer.

His jaw drops.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I know your type. It's all I used to date. It's how I ended up in this position.

His look is of keen interest.

RYAN

Oh? And what position is that?

Her eyes sweep over his face in deliberation, before settling upon his mouth again. Then back down into her glass.

OLIVIA

I just meant to say that I finally found a good guy.

RYAN

You're backtracking. And it's cute, and all. But define "good."

OLIVIA

A guy who drops the games and smooth lines, in lieu of letting a woman in to see what's really going on in your head. *You've got "player" written all over you, and that, my dear, is disappointing.*

He narrows his eyes at her and smirks.

RYAN

Wait, was that some form of flirting?

OLIVIA

After all, you are the perfect example. You're this... amazingly good-looking man. You dress well. Your hair is perfect. Like, I want to run my fingers through it, right now. But beyond that, you've got to be - what, thirty-ish? Never been married. No kids. You've got game spitting out of every orifice of your body -

RYAN

Game!?

He releases a laugh, while she shrugs and remains serious.

RYAN

So, what you're saying is, my  
"type" has burned you before.

OLIVIA

That's exactly what I'm saying.

RYAN

So the hubby is nothing like me,  
then.

She holds up one finger in correction.

OLIVIA

Not my husband, yet. But no.  
Nothing like you. He's genuine,  
sweet, never had a one-night  
stand, and he doesn't think with  
his penis.

Ryan's look softens and turns serious.

RYAN

It's not always black and white.

She lifts her glass and flicks a smile at him.

OLIVIA

Well, I've yet to be proven wrong.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

16. EXT. DALLAS - ESTABLISHING

Time lapses as the city skyline goes from daytime to night.

17. INT. D/FW AIRPORT - TERMINAL COUNTER - EVENING

Olivia is leaned against the counter with her head in her  
hand, as the clerk behind the desk hangs up her phone.

CUSTOMER SERVICE

I'm sorry, ma'am. If your bag  
turns up, we will definitely call  
you, but we can't seem to locate  
it.

Olivia wearily looks up, rolls her eyes, and shakes her  
head.

OLIVIA

It was a nonstop flight! Where the hell could it have gone?!

CUSTOMER SERVICE

We're trying to find out. I'm sorry. As soon as we locate it, we'll call you and ship it to your residence.

She purses her lips together and nods weakly, as Ryan's V.O. begins. It follows her to where her three friends are standing with looks of sympathy. It trails them as they exit the airport.

RYAN (V.O.)

What a shame. This ridiculously hot woman, whose eyes spoke volumes to me as I sat beside her, was taken and about to get married. That damned ring on her finger was the edge of a sword cutting deep into the ominous weight strapped to my back that I liked to call "irony."

CUT TO:

18. INT. SWANK MAGAZINE HQ – OFFICE – EARLY MORNING  
Immersed in thought, Ryan is seated at his desk, typing quickly at his computer, narrating what he's typing.

RYAN (V.O.)

Was it coincidence that the first woman I'd talked to since college that revved my engine was taken? Or was this just par for the course?

Elaine appears in his doorway and knocks lightly, breaking his concentration. He looks up.

ELAINE

I'm waiting.

He rubs his hands together anxiously.

RYAN

I promise I won't let you down.

His eyes follow her while she turns and leaves the shot. Then he plucks away at his keyboard again.

RYAN (V.O.)

I mean, who the hell was this woman?!

CUT TO:

19. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The paths are bustling with people. Ryan is jogging, weaving through them, with headphones in his ears.

RYAN (V.O.)

Sitting here, telling me what I was, and who the hell cares if she was right or not - she didn't actually know me! She had no idea! And as she sat there with her holier-than-thou fruity cocktail that she was downing on my dime and insulting me all the while, I couldn't take my eyes off her! A total ball-buster, she was.

CUT TO:

20. INT. DALLAS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING  
Chris and Olivia are standing, having a heated discussion.

OLIVIA

I just... can't do this, anymore.

He looks blind-sided. She looks tired. She hands him a ring box that he picks up and opens, to find the engagement ring. Devastated, he shoves the box in his pocket, grabs his jacket and keys, and exits the apartment. She squeezes her eyes shut and her hands cover her face and then rub at it. She sighs and looks defeated.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - RYAN REFLECTING ON VEGAS  
As music plays:

21 A. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Ryan is jogging along the busy paths.

22. B. INT. CASINO - LOBBY BAR - LATE EVENING

Flashback to Vegas, and Olivia is grinning, watching him write his number and name on a beverage napkin with a goofy smiley face. He slides it to her.

23. C. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Ryan continues jogging along, exiting the shot.

24. INT. DALLAS OFFICE BUILDING - MID-DAY

Music softens into the background, as we see Cassie and Olivia, dressed professionally.

OLIVIA

Yanno, I still wish I would've put that damn napkin in my purse, instead of with my clothes.

Cassie looks skeptical.

CASSIE

Hun, it's been two months. You still need to get over Chris.

Olivia rolls her eyes as Cassie drinks her coffee.

OLIVIA

I don't really think getting over Chris is the problem, here.

She brazenly looks at Cassie, who lifts an eyebrow.

OLIVIA

I don't know. I can't explain it. I just... there was something *there*.

CASSIE

Yeah - cold feet, and enough alcohol to render you useless the next morning.

Cassie starts to walk off, and Olivia raises her coffee mug.

OLIVIA

(calling after her)

Thanks for being supportive, friend!

25. INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Ryan, with suit jacket over his arm, is paying for his coffee. He picks it up, turns and heads for the door. He nearly collides with STACY COLLINS - tall, beautiful brunette who looks briefly surprised to see him before she smiles tightly and brushes her hair back from her face. He looks like he's seen a ghost, but his look softens as stares.

STACY

Ryan! This is certainly a surprise!

RYAN

(reflectively)

Indeed it is... What are you doing back in town?

STACY

Visiting family.

A glimpse of sadness surfaces upon his face.

RYAN

(gently)

Tell them I said hello.

She hesitates before she nods.

STACY

(softly)

I will.

(brightly)

So? How *is* the gig going as New York's hottest bachelor?

His eyes shift. He looks mildly awkward and shrugs.

RYAN

It goes. The dating world sucks, nowadays.

Her brief, half-smile is sympathetic.

STACY

I bet.

He puts effort in trying to be light.

RYAN

How's uh, uh...

He looks like he's trying to remember a name as she cocks her head at him.

STACY  
*John is fine.*

RYAN  
John. Right.

STACY  
As if you could forget his name, Ryan. You two were best friends since elementary school.

RYAN  
All the way up until he decided to make a move on my fiancée.

She shifts uncomfortably on her feet, but says nothing. He smiles sadly, looks down awkwardly, and takes a step back.

RYAN  
Take care, okay Stacey?

He confidently strides around her, and exits the cafe.  
26. INT. SWANK MAGAZINE HQ – OFFICE – AFTERNOON  
Ryan's eyes catch the open magazine left upon his desk, to the article he wrote. His eyes narrow at it, and then drift back to his computer screen. Elaine shows up in his doorway.

ELAINE  
Seriously. This month's article?  
Your best, yet. Perhaps you should take a weekend away, more often.  
Seems to infuse some much-needed emotion into your writing.

He thoughtfully stares after her as she exits. He then eyes his computer monitor and begins to type.

27. EXT. CENTRAL PARK – DAY  
Ryan is jogging in a different spot.

RYAN (V.O.)

I had to somehow convince myself that this attraction I felt was purely because I couldn't have her. She lived several states away. She was about to get married. And I? I was everything she despised in a man, according to her. But for that one night, she was everything I wanted, sheathed in that black cocktail dress, with those eyes that were now emblazoned into my memory. A little tease of a gift, wrapped neatly in that perfect little package, she was. And I felt like a kid on Christmas morning.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - OLIVIA REFLECTING ON VEGAS

28. A. EXT. DALLAS APARTMENT - BALCONY - EARLY EVENING

The sun is setting, and Olivia is seated by herself on the balcony, overlooking the city. She has a drink in hand, and she's staring out, deep in thought.

29. B. INT. CASINO - LOBBY BAR - EVENING

A few drinks in. Ryan looks smitten. So does she.

OLIVIA

What do you do???

RYAN

I'm a writer.

She looks intrigued.

OLIVIA

Books?

He winces slightly, and looks sheepish.

RYAN

You'll think it's cheesy, and I refuse to tell you which one, but I write a column for a women's magazine.

She is completely taken off-guard.

OLIVIA

What!? Which one?!

He laughs and shakes his head.

RYAN

I'm not going to tell you.

30. C. DALLAS APARTMENT - BALCONY - EARLY EVENING

She picks up her phone and starts to search "Ryan" "New York City" "writer" "Magazine." She scrolls through the results. None are promising. She sighs, sets her phone aside, then picks up her drink.

CUT TO:

31. INT. BAR - EVENING

Jay and Ryan sit side-by-side at the bar, and Ryan eyes Jay as Jay sucks his drink down and sets the empty glass down.

RYAN

Where was this when we were in Vegas?

JAY

What?! I don't got anywhere to be, tomorrow!

Ryan shakes his head amusedly and takes a drink.

JAY

You find Dallas, yet?

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

It's not meant to be, Dad. She has my number. She's married and already back from her honeymoon, by now.

JAY

What was so great about her that got in your head after only one night, anyway?

Ryan snickers, staring down into his drink that he's fidgeting with, before turning thoughtful eyes upon Jay.

RYAN

This is going to sound really weird, but... Every time she spoke, I just couldn't wait to hear what she had to say next.

Jay gives him an amused look.

JAY

Enjoy that while it lasts, son. 'Cuz soon, you'd be wishing for a mute button.

Ryan laughs and picks up his drink.

RYAN

If you'd been witness to any of my dates here, lately, you'd appreciate my statement a bit more.

Jay eyes him more closely.

JAY

Yeah but... let's say you finally meet this gal again, by chance. You know you've got a mighty fine gig goin' on, as New York's most eligible bachelor. You date beautiful women for a job. Are you sayin' you'd give that all up for this one woman? After just one night of witty banter?

A small smile plays over Ryan's lips, and he nods.

RYAN

Yes.

His smile fades, and he picks up his drink. Jay shrugs as Ryan drinks his scotch.

32. INT. DALLAS OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Olivia, eating an apple, enters the break room and takes the chair across from Cassie, who is thumbing through a magazine and picking at a salad.

OLIVIA

(muttering)

I'm never going to get finished  
with that spreadsheet, today.

She grabs a magazine from the stack and pulls it toward her, flipping it open and eating her apple.

CASSIE

Drinks after work? We have limited  
time left, before one of Jason's  
sperm take hold, and I'm knocked  
up!

Olivia looks up at her, lifting an eyebrow, before returning to flipping the pages.

CASSIE

Well, let me know. I'm down.

As Cassie continues to talk, rambling about trying for a baby, Olivia's eyes pause as she's about to turn the page. She spots her name on a page, and curiously pauses, as Ryan's voice narrates.

RYAN (V.O.)

She had a tan - fake or real, I'm  
not sure, but she had sprinkles of  
freckles over her shoulders and  
arms. Her dark hair was tinted  
with red and copper under the  
lighting. And she wore just  
enough make-up to make those  
gorgeous eyes pop out. She was a  
gem among the other countless  
women sauntering around Vegas like  
lost souls, and despite our short  
time together, she's undoubtedly  
left a lasting impression on me.  
She said her name was Olivia.

Her lips part, and Cassie looks at her strangely.

CASSIE

What? Your face just went as white  
as a ghost.

Olivia's eyes flick upward at her, then back down, as she quickly shakes her head, looking rattled.

OLIVIA

(softly)

No way...

She looks over the page, and then starts to read tidbits.

OLIVIA

(muttering)

...best night of his life... now she's  
married to someone who I can only  
hope appreciates the amazing  
company he gets to enjoy over  
dinner every evening, for the rest  
of his life. For I've been  
searching high-and-low, and I  
can't find anyone who even  
compares to Olivia from Dallas...

Cassie perks up and gives her a confused look.

CASSIE

Huh!?

It's obvious that Olivia's mind is going a hundred miles  
per hour when she looks back at Cassie with urgent eyes.

OLIVIA

Ryan... He's a writer.

CASSIE

The guy you ditched us for in  
Vegas?

Olivia anxiously flips to the front of the magazine,  
looking through the front pages of credits and addresses.

OLIVIA

This is crazy... this can't be!

She looks up briefly at confused Cassie, and then back down.

OLIVIA  
(mutters)  
New York.

She sits back in her chair, and eyes Cassie.

CASSIE  
Are you saying... ?

Olivia pulls the magazine towards her, looking thoughtful.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

33. EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREETS - EARLY EVENING

Ryan is jogging and we hear his music from his headphones. He rounds the corner, jogs around some people walking, and before long, he approaches the park exit. There are people standing around. He stops, and pulls his phone out of his pocket to check it and see him tapping on it as he strolls. He looks up and does a double-take, as he spots Olivia standing several feet from him, at the park entrance. She's staring straight at him, and she's holding the magazine folded back to his article. Like she's been waiting. As he yanks his earphones out, the music stops. He's eyeing her like he's not even sure what he's seeing is real. So she approaches him, with a smirk. She holds up the magazine.

OLIVIA  
Did you write this?

A slow grin erupts over his face.

RYAN  
You never called.

OLIVIA  
Airport lost my luggage.

She narrows her eyes briefly, but an intrigued smile remains.

RYAN  
What brings you to New York?

She contemplates his question.

OLIVIA

I was in the mood for pizza.

He can't hold back his laugh, and he is immensely flattered. Her eyes are alight.

OLIVIA

New York's most eligible bachelor,  
eh? I knew I was right about you.

He pretends to be offended.

RYAN

Oh? Did you come all this way just  
to tell me that?

She lowers the magazine, and cocks her head playfully.

OLIVIA

I came here to tell you that I  
second every sentiment you  
conveyed in this article.

He is surprised, on top of flattered.

OLIVIA

I didn't get married... I knew  
before I'd even met you, that I  
wasn't going to marry him. But I  
also never expected that this  
beautiful man who came outta  
nowhere - in Vegas, for Christ's  
sake - would get under my skin and  
haunt me every single day after I  
came home.

She shifts on her feet. She looks sheepish. Vulnerable. He  
steps forward, with a glint of mischief about his face.

RYAN

Sooo, you're single?

She nods, still smirking.

OLIVIA

But... I'm not sure I have what it takes to tame the wild bachelor, who feeds on helpless New York women.

She holds up the magazine.

OLIVIA

Certain back-issues seem to lend evidence that he's pretty ruthless.

He laughs, and takes another step closer, reaching up and taking her face into his hand, making her breath catch.

RYAN

(softly)

I can't believe you came looking for me.

She answers by reaching up and bringing his face down to hers, for a passionate kiss.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

34. INT. VEGAS CASINO - LOBBY BAR - LATE EVENING

Olivia is sitting at the bar counter with a martini. She's wearing the same dress as the first sequence. She picks up her drink and sips it. Ryan slides into the seat next to her.

RYAN

Scotch on the rocks, thanks.

He looks over at her.

RYAN

Helluva way to spend your bachelorette party.

Her eyes flick over to him, as he smirks at her.

RYAN

Where'd your friends go?

She smiles sheepishly, glancing briefly down at her drink.

OLIVIA

They're at the chapel, wondering  
why the hell it took the groom  
longer to get ready than it did  
the bride.

He grins, leans in and kisses her.

RYAN

I love you, you know that?

OLIVIA

I love you, too.

RYAN

C'mon. Let's go get married,  
before you change your mind.

He winks, she laughs, and he puts his arm around her. He  
pulls her close, and they disappear out of shot.

FADE OUT.