

ALEX PLUS AMY

(ALEX + AMY)

Written by

Diablo Cody

Based on Reality

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

ALEX PROTKO and AMY MOYNIHAN are having the BEST DATE EVER. Amy is an adorably sloppy tomboy in a Chicago Bears T-shirt and grimy Chuck Taylors. Alex looks like a J. Crew model, only cleaner. Despite their stylistic differences, they're clearly infatuated with each other. They walk down the street, arms draped around each other, laughing at some private joke. We FREEZE on their joy.

SUPER: ALEX + AMY

We follow them to VARIOUS LOCATIONS on their ridiculously perfect date:

INT. SOUTH SIDE TAVERN - DAY

Alex and Amy aim orange plastic guns at a "Big Buck Hunter" arcade game-- their favorite hobby.

Alex narrowly misses his target. Amy gloats playfully and does a victory dance with her Bud bottle.

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - DAY

Alex and Amy fly a kite together, laughing in the sunshine. Yes, they're that cute. Onlookers are visibly disgusted.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Amy dumps her Milk Duds into Alex's popcorn bucket. Alex smiles at Amy. *Great idea!*

INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Alex and Amy snuggle into a booth at a cool little candlelit restaurant. They gaze lovingly into each other's eyes.

AMY

I love you so much, Alex. I'm so glad we're moving in together.

ALEX

Amy, each day with you is better than the last.

A goateed WAITER approaches the table. Amy browses the beer list as the waiter does his obligatory spiel.

WAITER

Good evening. Tonight's special is the braised pheasant neck with repurposed herring eggs.

AMY

Cool. I'll just start out with a pint of Guinness.

ALEX

And I'll have a glass of the Cab Sauv.

WAITER

(to Alex)

Can I see some I.D.?

Alex and Amy both reach for their wallets.

WAITER (CONT'D)

No. Just him.

AMY

(chuckling awkwardly)

Ha. Got my license right here...

WAITER

Ma'am, you're clearly well into your thirties.

AMY

(whispering)

Can you please not shame me in front of my perfect boyfriend?

A WAITRESS passes with a tray, glancing at them

WAITRESS

Mid-thirties, I'd say.

AMY

Whoa there...

A LITTLE GIRL suddenly turns around in the adjacent booth, confronting Amy.

LITTLE GIRL

I have to ask why you're messing with this guy in the first place. He's what, 20?

ALEX

(sheepish)

22. This month.

A SOUTH AMERICAN BUSBOY weighs in as he clears a table.

BUSBOY

This relationship is inherently
problematic.

Eavesdropping RESTAURANT PATRONS nod in agreement, murmuring:
Yeah. Definitely. He's too young, etc.

AMY

But we're only ten years apart!

WAITER

(to Amy)

Look. You're an aging Gen X-er.
Child of divorce. Cynic. Total
"slacker." Am I right?

AMY

Uh...

The WAITRESS has circled back, planting her hands on her
hips.

WAITRESS

And he's a starry-eyed, ambitious
Millennial with his whole life
ahead of him. This will never work.

A RANDOM GUY at another table stands up, pointing at Amy.

RANDOM GUY

(accusingly)

Why are you getting your cougar
stink all over his youthful hopes
and dreams?

A chorus of agreement: *Yeah! Seriously!*

Amy's mouth is hanging open in horror as she stares at all
the different people confronting her.

AMY

But we're in love!

ALEX

They have a point, Amy.

Amy looks at Alex, who is inexplicably wearing...an ALLIGATOR
COSTUME. He shrugs, raising his "claws."

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Amy WAKES UP in a cold sweat. Yes, it was a nightmare. Alex is sleeping soundly next to her. Their shared bedroom is full of moving boxes and piles of clothing.

AMY

Oh my God!

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex and Amy are unpacking moving boxes in the living room.

ALEX

It was just a stupid dream. You shouldn't have eaten two Reubens and a cake before bed.

AMY

You don't understand. I felt so judged.

She viciously rips into a moving box with a silver implement.

ALEX

Hey! That's my Tiffany letter-opener.

AMY

You open letters?

ALEX

I got that from my parents when I graduated high school.

AMY

(bitter)

So four whole years ago?

(then)

You know, your parents are probably the reason I'm having anxiety dreams. Have they come around to any of this? Our relationship?

ALEX

They're getting there, Amy. They're just traditional.

AMY

You know what other things are traditional? Racism. Gun violence. Paddling the backsides of children. That doesn't make that stuff okay.

Alex puts his arms reassuringly around Amy's neck and shoulders.

ALEX

You're the love of my life. You're my partner in "Buck Hunter." My parents are just being silly.

AMY

They think I'm a dirty old saloon whore taking advantage of their baby.

ALEX

No, they don't.

(then)

That email wasn't meant for your eyes anyway.

AMY

Well, at least the people in my life are more open-minded.

ALEX

(dubious)

Really? *Everyone* you know is supportive of our relationship?

AMY

Yes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCUDDY'S ON ARCHER - NIGHT

A DIVE BAR dedicated to the Chicago White Sox. Reveal SIERRA: Amy's glamorous best friend, wearing an expensive suit and YSL heels. She next to Amy on a stool, flicking a peanut shell with disgust.

SIERRA

(slurring)

You are a sex offender!

AMY

Sierra. Come on.

SIERRA

You are like Mary Kay Letourneau and Alex is like Vili Fulau.

AMY

Nice obscure name recall. And why are you busting my chops about this now?

SIERRA

Remember your 27th birthday party five years ago?

AMY

Of course not, Sierra.

SIERRA

We went to Excalibur. We danced on the bar to Fergie. You took off your bra and filled the cups with maraschino cherries and orange slices. Do you know how old your boyfriend was on that not-so-faraway night?

AMY

Um, 17?

SIERRA

Yes. 17. Teen. An Eagle Scout in short pants. He could probably count his man-hairs on one hand.

AMY

But that was five years ago. I didn't even know Alex then. Now he's legal, he's gainfully employed, he has an impressive bush of man ha--

SIERRA

(interrupting)

If you got in a time machine and went back to 2008 and met Alex and hooked up with him: you'd be a sex offender.

AMY

Fine. Then I'm a Time Machine Sex Offender, Tuesdays on SyFy.

(then)

Sierra, Alex is brilliant, he's mature, and unlike us, he would never use a bra as a garnish tray. What is the problem with us being together?

SIERRA

It was fine when he was just that cute new intern you were boning in the break room. But now you guys are committed.

AMY

How come nobody ever lectured me about the age difference when I was dating Hal?

SIERRA

Well...

AMY

Because of the double standard! If an older woman dates a younger man, she's gross. But if an older man dates a younger woman, he's a boss.

SIERRA

Hal's *literally* your boss.

AMY

Look. The lease is signed. The little color-coded things have put on the keys. The cat has already crapped in the bathtub. Alex and I are shacking up. It's done.

SIERRA

What do Alex's little prepster friends think?

Amy points at Sierra accusingly.

AMY

They are a lot more open-minded than you.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is still in various stages of unpacking. Alex's best friend PRIS is sulking on the couch as they watch a movie. She's in her early 20s-- a brilliant, moody girl with a chip on her shoulder. As a fellow Millennial, she has the same elitist, slightly entitled streak as Alex.

As Pris notices a shelf full of "ancient artifacts," she gasps.

PRIS
(incredulous)
Are those compact discs?

ALEX
Yeah, uh, those are all Amy's old
CDs.

PRIS
Wow.

ALEX
What?

Pris walks over to the "relics" to investigate.

PRIS
Just, wow. What's "Better than
Ezra"?

ALEX
(making light)
Not much, I'll tell you that.
(then)
Hey, why is it okay for you to have
a huge record collection but Amy's
CDs are lame?

PRIS
Because vinyl is different. It's
sonically superior.

ALEX
Or you're ironically superior.

Pris sighs sadly.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Is everything okay, Pris?

PRIS
Oh, I'm fine. It's just-- seeing
all this moving-in stuff just makes
me nostalgic for when you and I
were roomies.

ALEX
Ah, yes. Senior year at
Northwestern. The party house.

PRIS
We never had a single party.

ALEX

No, but we put on one hell of a
Libertarian podcast.

Pris is still pouting.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What is it? Are you having your
"moon time?"

Pris takes a deep breath, as if summoning courage.

PRIS

No, it's nothing...I just...Alex, I
always kinda thought that we...

The DOOR OPENS and Amy enters, flushed from her evening of
drinking with Sierra. She holds up her color-coded key ring.

AMY

Yellow key for front door! I am a
genius.

(then, unenthusiastic)

Oh, hi Pris.

PRIS

Hi, Amy. The new place, has, um,
character. I don't think I've ever
been this far south before.

AMY

Yeah, the Sox play right down the
street!

PRIS

That must be so disruptive.

Amy snuggles up to Alex possessively, fully attuned to Pris's
attitude.

AMY

How about you, Pris? Still crashing
with Mom and Dad?

This is a sore spot for Pris and Amy knows it.

PRIS

Well, seeing as I'm in medical
school full-time, it's the most
logical arrangement. I suppose if I
was a wacky, carefree receptionist
like you I could get my own "crash
pad" in the "hood."

AMY
(annoyed)
Actually, I'm a Senior Office
Manager...

Pris gets up, gathering her messenger bag.

ALEX
Pris, where are you going? I
thought maybe we could all watch
this movie together and...say funny
things and be friends?

PRIS
Eh, I've already read all the
spoilers.
(pointing to screen)
That guy's a zombie and it wasn't
his sperm.
(to Amy)
Always great seeing you, Amy.

AMY
Bike smart, kiddo! Use your bell.

Pris exits out the front door. Amy turns to Alex.

AMY (CONT'D)
She hates me.

ALEX
No she doesn't. She's sassy and
dry! It's what makes her fun.

AMY
She's about as fun as a UTI.
Besides, she's in love with you.
It's so obvious.

ALEX
Come on, Pris and I been friends
since the seventh grade. We're like
brother and sister.

AMY
That's exactly what Selena Gomez
said about Justin Bieber, and ten
minutes later they were kissing on
the Jumbotron.

ALEX
How do you know things about Justin
Bieber?

AMY

Are you implying that I'm too old
to Belieb?

ALEX

Let's go to bed. See how many weird
dents we can put in that new memory-
foam mattress.

AMY

And just like that, I like
you again.

She and Alex flounce off happily toward the boudoir, solving
a problem the best way they know how.

EXT. CARDOZO & CLIFT - DAY (TO ESTABLISH)

A boutique design agency in an upscale residential
neighborhood.

INT. CARDOZO & CLIFT - SAME

Amy enters the office, carrying a large Frappucino and
wearing her best attempt at professional garb. It's all a
little too short, tight and disheveled.

Alex follows behind her. He's perfectly polished, as always.

AMY

Kind of weird coming to work
together...

ALEX

Bad weird?

AMY

Amazing weird.

Alex smiles. He and Amy discreetly head their separate ways--
Amy to the front reception desk, Alex reporting to the back.

ELINOR, an offbeat art director in her mid-40s, is sitting in
a cubicle, surrounded by print-outs of corporate design
concepts (fast food place mats, standees, etc.) She checks
out Alex's ass as he heads out of earshot.

AMY (CONT'D)

Morning, Elinor.

ELINOR

Word on the street is that you and
"Little Intern Alex" are sharing
a bed.

AMY

(awkward)

Actually we're sharing an entire
apartment, as well.

ELINOR

I remember when you two first
hooked up. You were supposed to be
training him on the 3D printer. But
instead you trained him in the ways
of mature pleasures.

AMY

Stop.

Elinor leans in conspiratorially.

ELINOR

I just want you to know that I
think you're a very exciting
couple. Get it girl. Get it young.
Before some other bitch ruins it.

AMY

That's not really what it's about.

ELINOR

Oh, sure it is. I love it when guys
they still have that college smell.
Like beanbag sweat and Tag body
spray and Foot Locker...balls.

AMY

That'll do, El. Hey, we're having a
little housewarming this weekend.
You should come.

HAL (O.S.)

Housewarming?

Eleanor immediately begins closing windows and clicking away
busily on her computer. Here comes the boss.

Amy's boss, HAL CARDOZO, 45, a rich, "fauxhemian" boat-owning
type, strolls over to Amy's cubicle. He's the living
embodiment of designer hemp pants.

HAL (CONT'D)

Good morning, Ames.

AMY

Morning, Hal. Just starting payroll.

HAL

I heard that "sick day" you took on Friday was actually a moving day. You and Alex are really jumping in with both feet, huh?

Amy is very uncomfortable with this line of questioning.

AMY

Alex and I live together now, yes.

HAL

(affectionately)

And he doesn't care that you leave cookie crumbs in the bed and beer cans in the shower?

AMY

This conversation is not appropriate for a supervisor to be having with his employee.

HAL

I believe in embracing our shared past to affirm the friendship bond we now enjoy.

Amy lowers her voice.

AMY

We're only friends because I've finally forgiven you for cheating on me.

HAL

Oh, Amy. "Cheating" is for horse races and baccarat parlors. Not human beings with complex emotions.

(then)

Look, I'm very happy for you and Alex. He's the best intern we've ever had here. Great kid.

AMY

Man. Great man.

HAL

I would love it if we could all be pals. Without any bumner vibes or bad feelings.

(MORE)

HAL (CONT'D)

With that being said, I'd be happy to come to your housewarming party.

AMY

Pardon me?

Alex emerges from the back of the office with a folder full of color-coded documents for Hal.

ALEX

Hal, here are the corrected PDFs for the Swanson outdoor. Just let me know when they've been approved.

HAL

Thanks, A-Rod. I was just telling Amy that I'm looking forward to your housewarming shindig.

ALEX

(surprised)

Oh. Really. Fantastic.

HAL

I'll bring a crumble.

AMY

(paralyzed)

A crumble?

HAL

A dessert, with a butter and sugar topping? You've never had a crumble? Did your nana not love you?

AMY

My nana was a hard woman.

HAL

Anyway. I wish best of luck to both of you in your new life together. Alex, I need you to take something to the Genius Bar.

Alex follows Hal back into his office, shooting an annoyed look at Amy, who mouths *What?!*

INT. EL TRAIN - EVENING

Alex and Amy are on the train heading home. Amy is pleading her case as Alex stewes.

ALEX

You invited your ex-boyfriend, who happens to be the boss of both of us.

AMY

I swear I did not invite him. He invited himself. It was a comedy of errors.

ALEX

Hal Cardozo, who lives in a luxury condo on the marina.

(These types of things mean a lot to Alex, who is very ambitious himself.)

AMY

Yes. Hal.

ALEX

Hal Cardozo, who bought a forty-thousand-dollar RV *just* for Burning Man and accidentally left it there?

AMY

Oh big deal, he has money and power and *joie de vivre*. You know those things aren't important to me. I'm with you.

ALEX

Yeah, good old me. Poor, powerless and *joie-less*. This is humiliating, Amy. I can feel my balls ascending into my body.

AMY

Well, eventually you'll get a real job somewhere else. You can quit the internship and everything will be slightly less horrible.

(beat)

Look, I have to stay on Hal's good side right now. That junior account exec position is opening up and it is *my time*.

ALEX

He's had you on the front desk for eight years.

AMY

Exactly. It's Amy Time! Plus, you know Hal is crazy and spontaneous. Maybe he'll be inspired to give me that promotion.

ALEX

Okay.

AMY

(pumped)
Amy Time!

ALEX

Right. So the purpose of this party is twofold. We'll introduce my friends to your friends and close this mini-micro-generation gap that's been bothering everyone...

AMY

...And, we can show Hal that we're mature adults who can interact normally.

ALEX

I'll select some fine wines...

AMY

Rich Boy picks the wine...

ALEX

A good time is had by everyone.

AMY

Yes. Everyone but Pris. 'Cause she's a bitch.

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

SUPER: Friday Night

Amy is obsessively trying on dresses. She looks at herself critically in the mirror as she models a black shift. Sierra, already dressed for the party in a slinky dress, sits on the bed and offers opinions.

Amy's sleeves cut her at an unflattering angle.

AMY

This used to look hot. Why isn't it hot anymore?

SIERRA

They're called "cap sleeves" because there's a cap on how old you can be and still get away with them.

AMY

30?

SIERRA

30, tops. Unless you're a size zero and totally devoid of wing-meat.

AMY

Flightless bitches only. Got it.

Alex knocks and enters as Amy strips off the dress.

ALEX

Are you guys almost ready? People are starting to show up.

SIERRA

Like real, fully-formed people, or your friends?

AMY

Sierra...

ALEX

My friends. The fetuses.

SIERRA

(to Alex)

I feel weird talking to you while Amy's in her bra.

AMY

How many times have you seen me naked? We got lasered together!

SIERRA

I know, but when Alex is in here it feels strangely intimate. Like a pre-threesome.

ALEX

(to Amy)

What did you guys get lasered?

SIERRA

I can't speak for Amy, but I got the Howie Mandel.

ALEX

I'll see you guys in a minute.

He leaves, shaking his head. We follow him through the living room into:

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - SAME

Pris is drinking a pre-party glass of wine in the kitchen with Alex's other best friend CORY. Cory is in his early 20s-- a fussy, twee little who looks (and acts) like he's seen to many Wes Anderson movies. Pris is dressed very nicely in a dress that happens to have cap sleeves.

CORY

Alex, where'd you get this Petit Syrah? It's phenomenal.

ALEX

It's actually from my grandfather's vineyard. It's a bit smoky for my taste, but family's family, right?

Pris sighs and pours herself a comically full glass.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Okay...let's not get too polluted tonight, okay? My boss is coming.

CORY

(wickedly)
Amy's former beau...

Amy and Sierra stroll into the kitchen. Suddenly, there's an unspoken turf war between "twenties" and "thirties" with Alex as the reluctant mediator.

AMY

"Beau"? Cory you get more precious every time I see you. What's with the little schoolboy outfit?

CORY

It's Band of Outsiders.

AMY

It's what?

Sierra knows her labels.

SIERRA

(to Amy)
About six hundy out of his
(MORE)

SIERRA (CONT'D)

trust fund.

(to the others)

What are you kids drinking, Zima?

PRIS

What's Zima?

Sierra and Amy exchange glances and burst out laughing.

AMY

You guys seriously don't know? It was *the* malt beverage when we were in high school.

PRIS

(sarcastic)

I'm sure it was all the rage at the Peach Pit.

AMY

There you go, Pris! You're learning your '90s references! You know, you would have fit right in back then, with your righteous anger and your edgy combat boots.

Pris is indeed wearing a rather '90s ensemble, including lace-up ankle boots.

SIERRA

Oh my God, I bought those exact boots sophomore year! My mom was so mad. Is your mom mad, Pris?

ALEX

Okay, guys...

The doorbell rings.

AMY

I'll get it.

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - SAME

She rushes to the door. It's Hal. With a GORGEOUS BLONDE who looks about 19.

AMY

Hello, Hal.

HAL

Amy, I'd like you to meet my fiancée, Dixie.

DIXIE

What up?

On Amy: surprise, shock, maybe even a little hurt?

INT. ALEX & AMY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - AN HOUR LATER

Alex and Amy's FRIENDS mill about the place, drinking and talking. Amy looks uncomfortable as she surveys the party, Alex at her side.

The TWENTYSOMETHING GUESTS seem to be sticking together, as are the THIRTYSOMETHING GUESTS.

AMY

Why are our friends not co-mingling?

ALEX

They're co-mingling.

AMY

They're not. It's like the Jets and the Sharks, except the Sharks are 35 instead of Puerto Rican. Look-- my friends are over there...

Cut to a group of THIRTYSOMETHINGS on the couch.

THIRTYSOMETHING WIFE

We froze four embryos. Now we just need to decide when we're ready to implant.

THIRTYSOMETHING HUSBAND

(depressed)

I need to find a job before we implant anything.

(beat)

My dreams have died.

STONED THIRTYSOMETHING DUDE

Hey, you guys remember Arsenio?

Back on AMY:

AMY

...And your friends are over there on an archaeological dig.

Cut to a group of TWENTYSOMETHINGS looking through Amy's CDs.

COCKY TWENTYSOMETHING GUY
...I just need to decide if I want
to be like, a celebrity chef or do
the music thing full-time.

TWENTYSOMETHING GIRL
(examining a CD)
Oh my God, Dave Matthews Band. My
mom walked down the aisle to this.

Amy looks at Alex as if to say: See?

ALEX
Fine. But something else is clearly
bothering you.

AMY
What do you mean? No it's not.

ALEX
You're not a little bit unsettled
that Hal is engaged?

We see Hal and Dixie, entwined and laughing as they chat with
Pris and Cory in the kitchen.

AMY
(lying)
Of course not. Big deal. In fact,
let's go talk to him.

ALEX
(intimidated)
Do we have to?

AMY
Alex, man up and entertain! I need
your help here!

She drags Alex toward the kitchen. Hal is in the middle of a
story.

HAL
You know, I feel a connection with
you Millennials. When I graduated
from college, we were in the midst
of a recession too. Of course then
"Slick Willie" came along and made
life a whole lot better for this
country.

PRIS
Bill Clinton.

HAL

No. Billy Ray Cyrus. I must have listened to that album until it fell apart in the tape deck of my Geo Storm.

Amy sidles up next to Hal and Dixie, clutching Alex's arm.

HAL (CONT'D)

Well, here's our little host and hostess!

Dixie holds up her margarita and questions Amy.

DIXIE

Um, is this margarita skinny?

Amy, not one to worry about calories, examines the glass.

AMY

Is that a trick question?

DIXIE

I only drink skinny margaritas.

HAL

Relax, baby. "YOLO", am I right, kids? Hashtag!

Alex suddenly turns on the charm.

ALEX

Actually, Dixie, I have some limes and agave nectar. I can whip something up for you that's both low-cal and indulgent!

DIXIE

Wow. Thanks.

Alex begins tossing things together from the fridge like an experienced mixologist.

ALEX

So how did you guys meet? I must say, you're a stunning couple.

DIXIE

We actually met at this charity thing at the aquarium. The two of us were just standing there by the big telescope, looking up at the stars...

Amy tries her best not to laugh.

AMY

Stars? Do you mean the planetarium?

ALEX

(with the save)

Same difference, right? I mean the universe is really just a vast ocean in the sky. Everything's connected.

(clink)

Even all of us.

As he hands Dixie a perfectly made margarita, he toasts her smoothly. On Amy: WTF?

HAL

That's very poetic, Alex.

AMY

(muttering)

It makes zero sense, actually.

ALEX

You know, Hal, I happen to have a couple of Cuban cigars in my possession.

HAL

Cubans. My weakness.

Alex produces the cigars from a drawer and clips them expertly.

ALEX

I'd be honored if my mentor would join me on the porch.

Hal is pleased and impressed. They head off, leaving Amy perplexed. Dixie sips her chick drink and shrugs, oblivious.

DIXIE

YOLO!

AMY

Uh-huh.

Amy back wanders into the living room and sees something encouraging (finally): Sierra is sitting on the floor near the CDs, surrounded by a group of RAPT MILLENNIALS.

TWENTYSOMETHING DUDE

Wait, so you actually saw Nirvana live?

SIERRA

I didn't just see them, son. I had sex with their drum tech. On a speaker.

MILLENNIALS

Wow!

Amy smiles and gives Sierra the thumbs up, mouthing "Thank you."

INT. ALEX AND AMY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

All the guests have left. Amy is cleaning up cheerfully, sweeping beer bottles into a Hefty bag. Alex is sitting on the floor looking at Amy's CDs and acting strangely quiet.

AMY

That went well, right? Super fun night. Sierra even managed to impress some of your friends.

ALEX

What's Candlebox? Is it good?

AMY

Why are you acting quiet and weird?

ALEX

No reason. It's just late.

AMY

I think everyone had a good time. I think I even saw Pris smile with teeth--

Alex suddenly leaps to his feet, interrupting her.

ALEX

(blurting out)
Hal offered me a job!

AMY

What? That's...fantastic?

ALEX

The job. The job you wanted. Junior account exec.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

It just happened all of a sudden,
while we were male-bonding.

Amy's in shock for a moment. Then she begins aggressively
dumping some hors d'oeuvres into a garbage bag.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Amy, please don't angry-clean...

AMY

(mocking)

"I'd be honored if my mentor would
join me on the porch."

ALEX

Excuse me?

AMY

Why were you kissing Hal's ass like
that in the first place?

ALEX

Because you told me to "man up" and
entertain! I suffered through that
whole party for you. I even took
Hal outside and smoked that
repulsive cigar because I could
tell you were uncomfortable. I did
it all because I love you!

AMY

This doesn't make sense. I've been
the office bitch for *eight years*.
You're an intern.

ALEX

Exactly. I'm a stupid kid. How
could I possibly know he'd offer me
an executive position with full
medical and a match 401k?

AMY

(this last part is news)
What?

ALEX

Look, I'm not going to take the
job, so don't worry. I'll quit on
Monday and start applying other
places.

Amy realizes that she needs to be supportive.

AMY

No. No. I'm really happy for you
Alex. I'm proud of you.

ALEX

(surprised)
You are?

Yes. I want you to follow your
dream and...do whatever it is
ambitious people do. I wouldn't
know because I just like to smoke
weed and watch Bravo. Anyway, take
the job if you want it. Do you want
it? Be honest.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I-- I do want it. That's why I took
the internship in the first place.
And I want to contribute to this
household. I want to prove to
everyone that I'm man enough to be
with a woman as amazing as you.

Amy softens at this-- who wouldn't?

AMY

When am I going to figure out what
I want to do when I grow up?

ALEX

You're going to be a Real Housewife
of Chicago, remember?

AMY

Oh, right.

ALEX

I'll be your Big Poppa?

Amy manages a smile as she sinks onto the couch.

INT. CARDOZO & CLIFT - DAY

It's Monday. Amy walks into work, late and disheveled as
usual, with a weird hairstyle. Elinor is sitting at her desk.

ELINOR

Good morning. Nice side-braid.

AMY

Is my boyfriend already here?

ELINOR

Yeah, I think he was here before
Ace, the janitor.

AMY

Oh my God. He's such a schmooze!

Alex emerges from the back of the office.

ALEX

I tried to wake you up so we could
take the train together. But you
were just muttering stuff about
avocados and freight trains.

AMY

You'll make me look bad if you show
up before I do.

(cheerful)

Well, at least I still have
seniority.

Hal enters, briefcase in hand, about to leave for a meeting.

HAL

You sure do, Amy. You're an
old pro.

AMY

(insincere)

Sorry I'm late, Hal.

HAL

I forgive you. Come on, Alex, we're
going to that meeting at Swanson. I
want you to start shadowing me
immediately. Learn the ropes of
this business.

It pains Amy to see Alex in her dream job. She looks down at
her phone message pad.

ALEX

Yes, sir. Is there anything else
you need me to do at this time?

HAL

I could use a coffee for the road.

ALEX

No problem. I'll go get it.

HAL

Oh no, you don't have to do that anymore. Ask Amy. Amy gets the coffee.

Alex pauses. The situation is suddenly tense. Elinor looks at Amy. Hal looks at Alex. Alex, in his Alex-y way, is dying to please his boss. But he also respects Amy...

ALEX

You know what? Kitchen's right there. I'm just gonna, um, grab it.

A beat. Is Hal angry at being disobeyed?

HAL

You're a class act, Chief.

Alex, relieved, ducks off to the kitchen. Amy can barely hide her relieved smile.

HAL (CONT'D)

(to Amy)

He really is a great kid.

AMY

Was that some kind of sick power game?

HAL

No games. I promise. Just peaceful coexistence between lovers past and present.

A pause for utter grossness. Then, quietly:

AMY

So why didn't you tell me you got engaged?

HAL

It didn't seem like an appropriate conversation for the workplace.

Alex re-enters with Hal's coffee.

ALEX

Here's your coffee for the road. Decaf latte.

AMY

(mocking, under her breath)

Is it skinny?

It's obvious from this aside that she's *not* totally comfortable with Hal's engagement to Dixie.

ALEX

What?

AMY

Nothing. Have a good meeting, guys!

She puts on her best game face, smiles, and waves goodbye.

INT. ALEX AND AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex and Amy, still in their work clothes, are playing X-Box in the living room.

AMY

If I can't beat you at life, I will beat you at *Red Dead Redemption*.

ALEX

I'm not beating you at life. If anything, I'm Hal's new baby bitch.

AMY

Welcome to my world, "Chief."

ALEX

(indicating the game)
You shot me!

AMY

Them's the breaks.

ALEX

You shot my horse!

AMY

This is the Wild West, kid.

ALEX

God, you're like an adolescent boy.

AMY

Well, I spend a lot of time with one.

Alex, frustrated, grabs Amy's X-Box controller and throws it across the room.

AMY (CONT'D)

Ooh, two weeks into our domestic partnership and you're already throwing things!

ALEX

(joking)

Pack your stuff and get out!

AMY

Calm down, Beyonce!

Alex lunges at Amy, who jumps up before he gets her into a headlock. They wrestle playfully, stumbling their way toward the bedroom...

Suddenly, Alex's iPhone buzzes on the table. Incoming text. Alex practically drops Amy as he lunges for the phone.

ALEX

(checking)

It's Hal. He needs me.

AMY

Oh, he does.

As Alex dials Hal, desperate to please, Amy collapses on the couch with the female equivalent of blue balls. We FADE OUT as Alex eagerly chats with his boss and Amy pantomimes a painful suicide...

END OF EPISODE