

**UP IN THE AIR**

Written by

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Secure your own mask before assisting others.

- Common Pre-Flight Instruction

**1.**

A SPOTLIGHT reveals RYAN BINGHAM standing at a PODIUM.

He unzips a BACKPACK and sets it down beside him.

**RYAN**

How much does your life weigh?

Ryan pauses to let us consider this.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Imagine for a second that you're carrying a backpack... I want you to feel the straps on your shoulders... You feel them?

(gives us a beat)

Now, I want you to pack it with all the stuff you have in your life. Start with the little things. The stuff in drawers and on shelves. The collectables and knick-knacks. Feel the weight as it adds up. Now, start adding the larger stuff. Your clothes, table top appliances, lamps, linens, your TV. That backpack should be getting pretty heavy at this point - Go Bigger. Your couch, your bed, your kitchen table. Stuff it all in... Your car, get it in there... Your home, whether you have a studio apartment or a two story house, I want you to stuff it into that backpack.

Ryan takes a beat to let the weight sink in.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Now try to walk.

We hear people around us chuckling. Ryan smiles. Reveal:

**INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON**

The kind that shifts between lower income corporate retreats and lower income weddings.

The few dozen people seem to be visualizing as told.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Kinda hard, isn't it? This is what we do to ourselves on a daily basis. We weigh ourselves down until we can't even move. And make no mistake - Moving is living.

**2.**

We see nodding. People's gears turning.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Now, I'm going to set your backpack on fire. What do you want to take out of it? Photos? Photos are for people who can't remember. Drink some ginkgo and let the photos burn. In fact let everything burn and imagine waking up tomorrow with nothing.

(a beat of emphasis)

It's kind of exhilarating isn't it? That is how I approach every day.

A titter through the crowd.

**INT. BOEING 757 - DAY**

A FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT is looking directly at us.

**FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

Do you want the cancer?

Turn to see RYAN looking back.

Handsome. Anonymous. Right now - Confused.

**RYAN**

Excuse me?

**FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT**  
**(SAME DELIVERY)**

Do you want the cancer?

Ryan furrows - What the hell is going on here?

The flight attendant raises her hand to reveal a CAN OF  
SODA.

**FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

The can, sir?

**RYAN**

Oh... No. Um, no thank you.

The flight attendant moves to the next aisle. Ryan takes a beat, then returns to his work.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, SUN CASUALTY - DAY**

Two words - Subordinate chic.

**3.**

Seated at a tiny table is RYAN. The Grim Reaper in a suit.

We see a series of REAL PEOPLE react to the news of being fired. They should be non-actors (actual victims of recent layoffs) that can react organically to the news with authenticity. Some are hurt. Others are upset and even abusive. The series concludes with...

**STEVE (AN ACTOR)**

... who's on the verge of tears.

**STEVE**

Who the fuck are you?

FREEZE on Ryan.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Excellent question. Who the fuck am I? Poor Steve has worked here for seven years.

**FLASH IMAGES:**

**INT. STEVE'S CUBICLE - DAY**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

He's never had a meeting with me  
before...

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Steve in a small meeting.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

...or passed me in the hall...

**INT. ELEVATOR BRIDGE - DAY**

Steve passes a female coworker.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

... or told me a story in the break  
room....

**INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Steve laughs at a coworker's story.

**4.**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

And that's because I don't work  
here. I work for another company  
that lends me out to pussies like  
Steve's boss...

**INT. STEVE'S BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY**

Steve's BOSS sits at his desk. Subtitle reads - "A Big  
Pussy"

**RYAN (V.O.)**

... who don't have the balls to  
sack their own employees. And in  
some cases, for good reason.  
Because, people do crazy shit when  
they get fired.

**FLASH IMAGES:**

Steve wipes off his boss's desk.

Steve shreds sensitive documents.

Steve pours bleach into the communal coffee pot.

Steve loads an assault rifle. He stands up to get a view of his coworkers on a coffee break.

**BACK TO:**

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Steve is trying to hold it together.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

And that's where I come in.

**STEVE**

What did I... do? What could I have done differently here?

**RYAN**

This is not an assessment of your productivity. It's important not to personalize this.

Steve scoffs at this.

Ryan slides Steve a PACKET.

5.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Steve, I want you to review this packet. Take it seriously. I think you're going to find a lot of answers in there.

**STEVE**

**(DISMISSIVE)**

Oh, I'm sure it's going to be really helpful.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Look, anybody who ever built an empire, or changed the world, sat where you are now. And it's because

they sat there that they were able to do it.

And just for a moment, Steve looks hopeful.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

I'm going to need your key card.

**STEVE**

Right...

Steve begins removing it from his wallet.

**RYAN**

Take the day. Put together your personal things. Talk to your co-workers. Tomorrow, go out and get some exercise. Go for a jog. Give yourself routines and pretty soon you'll find your legs.

Steve nods and gets up to leave. Just as he's about to walk out, he stops and turns back.

**STEVE**

Wait, how do I get in touch with you?

**RYAN**

Don't worry. We'll be in touch soon. This is just the beginning.

Steve nods and exits the room.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

I'll never see Steve again.

6.

**INT. RYAN'S ROOM - PHOENIX HILTON - DAY**

The choreography of Ryan's packing is worthy of Tchaikovsky.

A coat slides off a hanger... A travel toothbrush folds closed like a switchblade... A briefcase clicks onto a roll-away bag... A hand flips a light switch without looking.

**INT. LOBBY, PHOENIX HILTON - DAY**

Ryan is at the check out desk.

**CHECKOUT GIRL**

Do you have your Hilton Honors Card  
with you?

Ryan smiles... "Do I?"

He hands it to her, close enough to camera, that we get a nice big close up of it. She runs the card and the screen pops up with information that makes her blush.

**CHECKOUT GIRL**

Oh my God... Do you like, live, at  
the Hilton?

Ryan nods in faux modesty.

**EXT. OUTDOOR CAR RETURN, HERTZ RENT-A-CAR - DAY**

Ryan pulls up to one of the spaces marked with the #1 GOLD  
PRESIDENTS CLUB emblem. He hops out and a uniformed man with

a

handheld device begins to punch in the license plate number.

Ryan pulls out his HERTZ PRESIDENTS CLUB CARD and places it  
nice and close to lens so we can see it.

The card slides through the handheld device and we see the  
DIGITAL NUMBER increase by a few thousand points.

**INT. MAIN CONCOURSE, PHOENIX SKY HARBOR INTL AIRPORT - DAY**

The automated GLASS DOORS slide open. Ryan enters the  
concourse and takes a deep breath of the temperately  
controlled air. He has arrived.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

This is where I live.

Subtitles - "Airworld"

7.

Ryan skips the long lines and steps directly into the  
AAdvantage Executive Platinum line.

Glorious close-up of Ryan's AAdvantage Executive Platinum  
CARD sliding through the AUTOMATED MACHINE. Were it any  
sexier, we'd hear a moan. Maybe we even do.

Immediately, the AIRPORT CLERK registers and perks up.

**AIRPORT CLERK**

Pleasure to see you again, Mr. Bingham.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

When I run my card, the system automatically prompts the desk clerk to greet me with this exact statement.

We see it again...

**AIRPORT CLERK**

Pleasure to see you again, Mr. Bingham.

Ryan nods back to the clerk.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Had my status simply been gold or God-forbid, silver. I might have gotten a hello or a smile... Maybe.

Ryan continues to hit buttons, swiftly checking in.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Loyalty is earned and rewarded with these small touches. It's these kinds of systemized friendly touches that keep my world in orbit.

A ticket begins printing. Ryan snaps it up.

**INT. SECURITY - PHOENIX SKY HARBOR INTL AIRPORT - SAME**

Ryan steps up and observes his line choices. He finds a few Asian businessmen and hops in behind them.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**8.**

**RYAN MOVING THROUGH THE SECURITY SCREENING**

It's a beautiful choreographed ballet of a bag handle collapsing, shoes coming off, a laptop going in a separate tray, wallet and watch sliding into a shoe, a boarding card sliding into a back pocket... both hands always moving, performing separate actions... It really is gorgeous.

**INT. AMERICAN ADMIRALS CLUB - SAME**

Ryan enters and presents his ADMIRALS CLUB CARD. It has a hologram. The ADMIRALS CLUB HOSTESS immediately smiles.

**ADMIRALS CLUB HOSTESS**

Welcome back, Mr. Bingham.

Ryan walks past a stack of newspapers on the way to the buffet, the whole time framed by an enormous window overlooking the tarmac.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

All the things you probably hate  
about travelling - The recycled air.  
The artificial lighting. The digital  
juice dispensers and mini pizzas  
stacked to their heat lamps are the  
warm reminders that I am home.

With that comment, Ryan slides into a leather club seat. A DIGITAL DISPLAY reads: "Thank You For Your Loyalty".

He opens his briefcase and pulls out his ITINERARY. He scans it. We see a string of flights, car rentals, and stays at Hitons. Then, something makes him frown. He pulls out his cell phone and dials...

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. ASSISTANT'S DESK, CTC - DAY**

Ryan's assistant, Kevin, is not happy to be there.

**KEVIN**

Ryan Bingham's office.

**RYAN**

You have me in a Dodge Stratus in  
Kansas City.

**KEVIN**

They are completely out of all full  
sized sedans...

9.

**RYAN**

**(INTERRUPTS)**

Did you?...

**KEVIN**

(not the first time)  
Yes, I reminded them of your remarkable #1 Gold Club status and years in the program. They are moving mountains to see you in a Sebring.

**RYAN**

Fair enough. Any other messages?

**KEVIN**

Your sister Kara called. Needs to speak urgently about your sister's wedding. I told her you were midair and not even I knew your final destination.

**RYAN**

Well done.

**KEVIN**

And you got an invitation to speak at GoalQuest in Vegas.

Ryan pauses.

**RYAN**

GoalQuest twenty?

**FLASH IMAGE:**

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

We push in on an EASEL with a SIGN that features RYAN'S HEADSHOT. Underneath his name, it reads: "What's In Your Backpack?"

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, HOTEL - NIGHT**

Ryan delivers his speech with a smile.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Every once in a while I do speaking engagements. Motivational kind of stuff. But GoalQuest... We're talking major Tony Robbins shit.  
10.

**INT. ADMIRALS CLUB - SAME**

Kevin examines the invitation emblazoned with a big "XX".

**KEVIN**

It's got a hologram. They're calling it Dos Equis. That's some pretty major Tony Robbins shit there.

**RYAN**

Talk about burying the lead.

**(EXHALES)**

I'll check in when...

**KEVIN**

Hold on, I have Craig Gregory for you...

**RYAN**

I... ah, fuck...

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. CRAIG GREGORY'S OFFICE, CTC - DAY**

Four words - Store-bought sports memorabilia.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

How's the road warrior?

**RYAN**

Twenty minutes from boarding into a world of bliss.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Great numbers out of Phoenix. You know Big Auto is going to drop another 10K this month.

**RYAN**

No kidding?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Yeah, Christmas came early. Wish I could have you in five places at once. I need you back in Omaha by the end of the week.

**RYAN**

I thought you needed me everywhere.

**11.**

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

We got something big - Game changer.

**RYAN**

I don't know why you ever bring me in. Wherever I go, the money follows. Let me plant seeds, they'll grow to Oaks.

Craig checks out a CUTE INTERN.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I'm thinking of planting seeds right now.

**RYAN**

What are we talking about here?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

You'll see.

**(CHANGES DIRECTIONS)**

Today, I took my first crap in two weeks. Hallelujah.

**RYAN**

That's me, hanging up on you.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Good. I love that sound.

**INT. BOEING 757 - DAY**

Ryan sits one row behind the bulkhead. Left side. Aisle.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

To know me is to fly with me. I'm the aisle, you're the window - trapped.

Reveal - A man next to Ryan. Some BUSINESSMAN between cities.

He talks, drink in hand, but we don't hear him.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

We start chatting, impersonally at first. Our moderate politics, our sinking opinions on the American service industry.

**12.**

**BUSINESSMAN AND RYAN MAKING SUGGESTIONS**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

You recommend a hotel in Tulsa. I  
tip you off to a rib joint in Fort  
Worth.

**BUSINESSMAN TELLS A JOKE. HIS HANDS GESTURE.**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

You tell me your best joke. I've  
heard it before, but listen anyway.

Ryan laughs out loud.

**TURBULENCE. THE BUSINESSMAN TIGHTENS HIS SEAT BELT.**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Nothing like turbulence to cement a  
bond. Soon you're telling me about  
family.

**THE MAN SPEAKS ABOUT SOMETHING THAT OBVIOUSLY DISTURBS HIM.**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Your wife just went back to work  
but you can't intervene because you  
sure could use the extra paycheck  
and besides, last June she read  
some book and woke up one morning a  
feminist.

**THE MAN LEANS BACK, ARMS CROSSED, WITH A FAR OFF LOOK.**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

And that if your windfall ever came  
through, you'd quit and spend the  
rest of your days restoring vintage  
speedboats.  
(saying it with him)  
The water. That's where you belong.

**EXT. TARMAC, DALLAS FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY**

Their PLANE LANDS.

**INT. BOEING 757 - DAY**

As the plane begins to taxi to the gate, both Ryan and the  
Businessman pull out their cards.

13.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

We exchange cards and slot them next  
to countless others.

Ryan

The dull bell "dings" to let us know it's safe to stand.  
and the Businessman get up and open the overheads.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Fast friends aren't my only  
friends, but my best friends.

**INT. CONCOURSE, DALLAS FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan and the Businessman walk next to each, now completely  
ignoring each other as if they never shared a word.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Sad? Not really. We're a busy bunch.  
I'm peaceful. I'm in my element here.  
I suppose I'm a sort of mutation, a  
new species. I live between the  
margins of my itineraries.

Ryan and the Businessman reach a point that separates -  
CONNECTING FLIGHTS go left / LONG TERM PARKING goes right.

They share an awkward smile with a nod, then head in their  
separate directions.

**INT. BROOKS BROTHERS, DALLAS FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan is checking out TIES when his cell phone rings. He  
checks the I.D.- UNAVAILABLE. He weighs it for a second.

**RYAN  
(PICKS UP)**

Hello?

**KARA (O.C.)**

Hi Ryan.

Ryan mouths a silent "fuck".

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. KARA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

photos,  
Kara is Ryan's sister. Her home overflows with books,  
family collectables, and kid's artwork.  
**14.**

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Every family has one person who is  
the glue. The one who keeps the  
genealogy in check. That's my  
sister Kara - The glue.

It just so happens that Kara is GLUING her daughter's school  
project mobile together.

**RYAN**

Hey Kara.

**KARA**

How are you holding up?

**RYAN**

Just fine. You? The kids?

**KARA  
(LYING)**

Missy's outstanding. Matthew made  
varsity. How's the road?

Ryan exits the store and we realize we are in...

**INT. CONCOURSE, DALLAS FORT WORTH AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan hops onto a PEOPLE MOVER.

**RYAN**

Couldn't be better.

**KARA**

That's good. So, Ryan?

**RYAN  
(CAUTIOUS)**

Yeah?

**KARA**

I didn't even want to have to ask you  
for this, because I know how you are  
about... doing things for others...

Ryan rolls his eyes.

**KARA (CONT'D)**

But we're coming in on three weeks to go for Julie's wedding and there's something we could really use your help on.

15.

**RYAN**

Yeah.

**KARA**

We've been sending people these kits so they can print out photos of Julie and Jim on cardboard, and take photos of them in interesting places kind of like that gnome in the French movie.

**RYAN**

Why?

**KARA  
(SIGHS)**

Because it's Julie's wedding... and she thinks it's fun. Does it matter why?

**RYAN**

How is Julie?

**KARA**

Would you call her? She thinks you've turned to butter - Disappeared. You're awfully isolated, the way you live.

**RYAN**

Isolated? I'm surrounded.

**KARA**

Your assistant told me you're going to be in Vegas.

**RYAN**

Did he?

**KARA**

Can you get a photo of the cut-out in front of the Luxor Pyramid?

**RYAN**

That place is a shit hole. No one stays there.

**KARA**

Jesus, Ryan, I'm not asking you to check in. Can you just take a stupid photo?

**RYAN**

I'm going to try my best.

**KARA**

Well, thank you for trying your best.

**16.**

**INT. BAR LOUNGE - HOUSTON HILTON - EVENING**

Ryan sits at one of the couch & table set-ups. He's going over some paperwork. He notices an attractive professionally dressed woman, ALEX, sifting through her purse. She sets a pair of car keys with a MAESTRO TAG on the table.

**RYAN**

You're satisfied with Maestro?

**ALEX**

Yeah, I am.

**RYAN**

They're stingy with their miles. I like Hertz.

**ALEX**

Hertz keeps its vehicles too long. If a car's over twenty-thousand miles, I won't drive it.

Ryan is intrigued.

**RYAN**

Maestro doesn't instant check out. I like to park and go.

**ALEX**

Hertz doesn't guarantee Navigation.

**RYAN**

Funny, you don't seem like a girl who needs directions.

**ALEX**

I hate asking for directions.  
That's why I get a Nav.

**RYAN**

The new outfit, Colonial, isn't bad.

**ALEX**

Is that a joke?

After a beat.

**RYAN**

Yes.

**ALEX**

Their kiosk placement is a joke.  
**17.**

**RYAN**

Never have available upgrades.

**ALEX**

**(PASSIONATE)**

It's basically a fleet of shit  
boxes - Don't know how they're  
still in business.

**RYAN**

(I love you)  
I'm Ryan.

**ALEX**

Alex.

**RYAN**

So are you going to join me?

She breaks into a smile.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**INT. BAR LOUNGE - HOUSTON HILTON - LATER THAT EVENING**

over

Empty glasses litter the table. Ryan and Alex have taken  
a couch and have the contents of their wallets spread out -  
All MEMBERSHIP CARDS.

**RYAN**

(grabs one of Alex's cards)

Maplewood Card? How dare you bring that into this palace.

**ALEX**

Hilton offers equal value and better food - But the Maplewood gives out warm cookies at check in.

**RYAN**

They got you with the cookies?

**ALEX**

I'm a sucker for simulated hospitality.

**RYAN**

There's actually an industry term for that. It's a mixture of faux and homey. It's faumey.

Alex grabs Ryan's AMERICAN CONCIERGE KEY CARD.  
**18.**

**ALEX**

Oh my God. I've heard about these, but never seen one in person. Is this a...?

**RYAN**

Concierge Key. Yeah.

**ALEX**

I love the weight.

**RYAN**

Graphite. I was pretty excited the day that puppy came in.

**ALEX**

I'll say. I put up pretty pedestrian numbers. Sixty thou a year, domestic.

**RYAN**

**(TRYING)**

That's not bad.

**ALEX**

Don't patronize me. What's your total?

**RYAN**

That's a personal question.

**ALEX**

Oh please...

**RYAN**  
**(PLAYFUL)**

I hardly know you.

**ALEX**

Show some hubris. Impress me.

**(SUGGESTIVE)**

I bet it's huge.

**RYAN**

You have no idea.

**ALEX**

Come on...

(holds her hands eight

**INCHES APART)**

Is it this big?

(extends a few inches)

... this big?

**19.**

**RYAN**

Let's just say I've got a number in  
mind and I haven't hit it yet.

Alex smiles, fair enough. Admires the CONCIERGE KEY CARD.

**ALEX**

This is pretty fucking sexy.

**RYAN**

I hope it doesn't cheapen our  
relationship.

**ALEX**

We're two people who get turned on  
by elite status. We may have to  
settle for cheap.

**RYAN**

There's nothing cheap about  
loyalty.

Alex looks into Ryan's eyes and gives him unspoken  
permission  
to take her right there and then.

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ryan and Alex walk down a curved corridor, suppressing laughter. There's no adult way to go back to somebody's hotel room. Once at the door, Ryan tries his KEY CARD, but it doesn't work.

He reaches into his pocket and comes up with five other key cards from recent trips.

**RYAN**

I really have to start throwing these out.

He tries a couple.

**ALEX**

We can always use that room with the ice machine.

Ryan chuckles. He finds the right key and opens the door.

**INT. RYAN'S SUITE, HOUSTON HILTON - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Everything is scattered from a marathon Fuck. Ryan and Alex are laying on the bed, sprawled out on their backs like murder victims.

**20.**

**RYAN**

Good call on the towel rack.

**ALEX**

Thanks. I liked how you burritoed me in the sofa cushions.

**RYAN**

I was improvising.

**ALEX**

Too bad we didn't make it to the closet.

**RYAN**

We got to do this again.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**TWO LAPTOPS SIDE BY SIDE**

**RYAN**

I'm in Newark on the 12th, Madesto  
on the 13th, Oklahoma City on the  
15th.

**ALEX**

Any Southwest? I'm swinging through  
Albuquerque the week of the 16th?

**RYAN**

No, but I'll be in Florida by the 20th.

**ALEX**

Miami?

**RYAN**

Ft. Lauderdale.

**ALEX**

That's nothing.

**RYAN**

Forty minutes.

They simultaneously type each other into their calendars.

**ALEX**

I should probably go back to my  
room so I can wake up in my bed.

**21.**

**RYAN**

I think that's the lady like thing  
to do.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Ryan drops Alex off at her door. She flips the "do not  
disturb" on her door handle and kisses Ryan good night.

The door closes. Ryan smiles to himself.

**EXT. HOUSTON HILTON - NEXT MORNING**

Sprinklers doing their job. One's broken.

**EXT. HOUSTON HILTON - MORNING**

Looking through the first floor window, we see Ryan doing laps in the pool.

**INT. LOBBY, HOUSTON HILTON - MORNING**

Ryan gets a shoe shine.

**INT. LOBBY, HOUSTON HILTON - DAY**

The CLERK swipes Ryan card.

**EXT. CAR DROP OFF - MAESTRO RENT-A-CAR - DAY**

A CAR RETURN CLERK slides Ryan's card through a device.

**INT. CHECK IN DESK, BUSH INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan SWIPES his FREQUENT FLIER CARD through the automated machine.

Ryan,  
A FEMALE DESK ASSISTANT notices the number, looks up at  
and has a tiny orgasm right there.

**INT. BOEING 757 - DAY**

Ryan looks out the OVAL WINDOW to the landscape of Omaha.  
22.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Last year, I spent three hundred  
twenty two days on the road.

**INT. KISS-N-FLY, EPPLEY AIRFIELD - DAY**

arms.  
Ryan wheels passed a couple that leaps into each other's

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Which means that I had to spend  
forty three miserable days at home.

**EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING, OMAHA - DAY**

Ryan steps up to an upscale building with little character, searching for his keys at the bottom of his bag. Finally finds them and opens the front door.

**INT. ELEVATOR, RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Ryan presses his floor, when a NOSEY NEIGHBOR slides in.

**NOSEY NEIGHBOR**

Ryan?

**RYAN**

(doesn't know his name)  
Hi...

**NOSEY NEIGHBOR**

Feels like it's been months, busy man.  
We missed you at our Summer party.

**RYAN**

Yeah, sorry I couldn't be there.

**NOSEY NEIGHBOR**

We've been trying to get a vote on  
the new landscaping. Can I e-mail you  
the plans...? We'd love to get a  
final tally.

**RYAN**

It's fine. Really. I'll go with the  
majority.

**NOSEY NEIGHBOR**

Sometimes I forget that you even  
live here. You could probably save  
money and move into a hotel.

**23.**

**RYAN**

**(DEAD SERIOUS)**

I looked into it, but the IRS  
requires a permanent address for  
employment. Otherwise, they  
classify you as a vagrant.

Ding! - Ryan gets off at his floor.

**NOSEY NEIGHBOR**

Oh.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT, OMAHA - DAY**

Ryan walks in and sets his bag down. Reveal - the place is empty... Like empty, empty.

Ryan opens the fridge - Chinese take out. Pizza box. Bottle of Vodka. Takes a whiff of something - not good.

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Hey neighbor.

Ryan turns to find Dianne, a pretty woman just shy of forty.

**RYAN**

Hey yourself.

They hug - It's just intimate enough to know they've  
violated the rules of sleeping with your neighbors.

**DIANNE**

(hands over a package)  
I signed for this while you were gone.

**RYAN**

Thanks. Hope it wasn't a bother.

Jim Ryan opens it and finds the CUT-OUT of his sister Julie and her fiance Jim. It's an eighteen inch card stock photo of hugging Julie from behind.

**DIANNE**

**(RE: PHOTO)**

They seem happy.

**RYAN**

It's my sister. She's getting married. Haven't met the guy yet.

**DIANNE**

Lots of luck.

**24.**

**RYAN**

I know, right?

They share a smile. Then, Dianne goes to leave.

**DIANNE**

It's good to see you. Feels like a while this time.

**RYAN**

Hey, you want to come over tonight?

Dianne gets a little uncomfortable.

**DIANNE**

Actually, I kind of started seeing somebody.

**RYAN**

Oh, that's... that's great.

**DIANNE**

Yeah, we're having drinks tonight if you want to come over.

**RYAN**

That's okay... I' think I'll settle in.

Dianne gives a smile/nod and exits. Ryan take another long look at the CUT-OUT. He shakes his head.

**EXT. CTC HEADQUARTERS, CTC - MORNING**

A downtown midsize high rise.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The company has piled in, standing room only. Assistants and interns watch through the windows.

Craig addresses the group including his own superiors.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Just thrilled to have everyone under one roof. Welcome home boys.

A couple odd looks from road warriors a decade his senior.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

I know there's are lot of whispering about why we're all here.

**(MORE)**

25.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

Retailers are down twenty percent.  
Auto industry is in the dump.  
Housing market doesn't have a  
heartbeat. This is our moment. It's  
one of the worst times on record  
for America... and I don't want to  
be standing here two years from  
now, wondering how we missed this  
window of opportunity.

A strangely encouraged response from the group.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

Now, last Summer we received a  
dynamite young woman by way of  
Cornell. She challenged us with some  
big ideas. My first reaction was, who  
does this kid think she is? But when I  
started to give a listen, I was pretty  
knocked out. So now, with a little  
peek into our future - Natalie Keener.

Natalie stands up.

**NATALIE**

If there's one word I want to leave  
you with today, it's this...

Natalie clicks on her POWER POINT PRESENTATION.

**POWER POINT SLIDE: "GLOCAL"**

Everyone including Ryan attempts to pronounce it.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Glocal.

**POWER POINT SLIDE: "GLOBAL ---> LOCAL"**

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Our global must become local.

POWER POINT SLIDE: A slide shows PEOPLE X 250.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

This company keeps twenty three  
people on the road, at least two  
hundred fifty days a year. It's  
expensive and it's inefficient.

When I came to Craig three months ago with this, he told me, and quite astutely - it's only a problem if you have a solution.

**(MORE)**

26.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Well, today I stand before you with jus that.

video  
She turns around and fires up her monitor. Sitting in a conference session is a young man in a suit.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

You all know Ned in reception.

Various people say hello to Ned.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Today, I'm going to fire Ned.

**(ASIDE)**

Sorry, Ned. I'm sure H.R. will hire you back this afternoon.

Ned smiles. People chuckle in the conference room. One guy jokes "Don't count on it."

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Ned could be any employee in any one of our client's locations worldwide. Strategy packets would be shipped in advance. Ned would be given a seat and find one of our transition specialists waiting for him.

Natalie turns to the monitor and proceeds to fire Ned. It is a pretty dry process and lacks Ryan's charm.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Mr. Laskin, the reason we're having this conversation today is your position is no longer available.

**NED**

(from a script)

I don't understand. I'm fired?

**NATALIE**

Hearing the words "You've been let go" is never easy. Change is always

scary. But consider the following -  
(using Ryan's line)  
Anybody who ever built an empire,  
or changed the world, sat where you  
are now. And it's because they sat  
there that they were able to do it.

**RYAN**  
**(QUIETLY)**

That's my fucking line.  
**27.**

**NED**

Well, what happens now?

**NATALIE**

This is the first step of a process  
that will end with you in a new job  
that fulfills you.

**NED**

Yeah, but, how does it work?

**NATALIE**

I want you to take that packet in  
front of you.

Ned picks up the packet.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Review it. All the answers you're  
looking for are inside. Start  
filling out the necessary  
information and before you know it,  
you'll be on your way to new  
opportunities.

Ned starts to peruse the packet with fake interest.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Now Ned, I'm going to need you to  
go back to your desk and start  
putting together your things. As a  
favor to me, I'd appreciate it if  
you didn't spread the news just  
yet. Panic doesn't help anybody.

**NED**

I understand.

**NATALIE**

Have a good day, Mr. Laskin and  
good luck with your future.

**NED**

Thank you.

Ned gets up and goes to leave.

**NATALIE**

Give it up for Ned.

People clap and tease him a little.

**28.**

POWER POINT: An animation of one monitor becoming multiple monitors, all tied into a central switch board in the middle of a map of the country.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

You can start the morning in  
Boston, stop in Dallas over lunch  
and finish the day in San  
Francisco. All for the price of a  
T1 line. Our inflated travel budget  
is eviscerated by eighty-five  
percent... And most importantly to  
you guys on the road... No more  
Christmases in a hotel in Tulsa...  
No more hours lost to weather  
delays... You get to come home.

Ryan is in a state of silent panic.

**INT. CRAIG GREGORY'S OFFICE, CTC - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan enters and stops short.

**RYAN**

Tell me you're not taking this  
seriously.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Yeah, that's why we brought the  
entire company in from the road -  
Because we're not taking this  
seriously.

**RYAN**

It doesn't make any sense. It's...  
**(SEARCHING)**

... completely impersonal.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Who am I even talking to?

**RYAN**

There's a methodology to what I do.  
A reason why it works.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Ryan, Coke and IBM have been doing  
it for years. Just like anything,  
there's a few months of transition,  
but everyone settles in.

**RYAN**

Who are you taking off the road?  
**29.**

A beat.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

You don't get it. You're grounded, Ryan.  
Everyone is. It's done.

**RYAN**

Okay, what we do here is brutal and  
leaves people devastated, but there's  
a dignity to the way I do it.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Stabbing people in the chest  
instead of the back?

Ryan rolls his eyes.

Craig's door opens and Natalie pops her head in.

**NATALIE**

You wanted to see me?

Craig goes to wave her off.

**RYAN**

Yeah, why don't you come in.

Natalie is confused but takes the chair next to Ryan.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Great job in there, Nat.

**NATALIE**

Thank you. How's everyone taking it?

Natalie and Ryan hold a look for a second.

**RYAN**

**(TO NATALIE)**

Look, I appreciate your... zeal. And you have some good ideas. But you know nothing of the realities of my job. Sure, you can set up an iChat... but you don't know how people think.

**NATALIE**

Actually, I minored in psychology.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Nice.

**RYAN**

**(TO NATALIE)**

Okay kiddo, fire me.

**30.**

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Ryan, stop it.

**RYAN**

She's going to be doing this on a regular basis. You don't want to know if she can fire somebody?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

She just fired Ned.

**RYAN**

My dog could fire Ned.

**(TO NATALIE)**

Fire me.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Ryan.

**NATALIE**

It's okay, I got this.

Ryan and Natalie turn to face each other.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Mr. Bingham, I regret to inform you that your position is no longer

available.

**RYAN**

Who the hell are you?

**NATALIE**

My name is Miss Keener and I'm here today to discuss your future.

**RYAN**

My future? I don't know you. The only person who can fire me is Craig Gregory.

**NATALIE**

Mr. Gregory hired me to handle this for him.

**RYAN**

Handle what? Handle me? Mr. Gregory hired me and he's the only one who can fire me. I'm going to talk to him.

Ryan gets up. Natalie gets up too.

**NATALIE**

Mr. Bingham...

**31.**

**RYAN**

You can't follow me... You're on a computer screen. Remember?

**NATALIE**

**(FRUSTRATED)**

Ryan...

Ryan sits back down.

**RYAN**

Try again. Fire me.

**NATALIE**

I just did.

**RYAN**

Actually, you didn't. Now, fire me.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Stop it, Ryan.

**NATALIE**  
**(IGNORES CRAIG)**

Mr. Bingham, I'm here today to inform you that your position is no longer available.

**RYAN**

I'm fired?

**NATALIE**

Yes, you're fired.

**RYAN**  
**(ASIDE)**

Never say fired.

**NATALIE**

You've been let go.

**RYAN**

Why?

**NATALIE**

(breaks the moment)  
This is a mythical situation. How could I possibly know why?

**RYAN**

You never know why. Why doesn't matter.

**32.**

**NATALIE**

(back on track)  
It's important not to focus on the "why" and rather to spend your energy thinking about your future.

**RYAN**

I'm going to spend my energy on suing you if you don't give me a reason that you're firing me.

**NATALIE**

Mr. Bingham, the reason is not important.

**RYAN**

Oh, so you're firing me without grounds.

**(TO CRAIG)**

Now, I really have a lawsuit.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Ryan, I think we know what you're trying to say...

**NATALIE**

(still in character)  
Don't take this personally, Mr. Bingham.

Ryan stops.

**RYAN**

Personally?  
(quiet and calm)  
This is the most personal situation you will ever enter. So before you try to revolutionize my business, I'd like to know that you actually know my business.

**INT. RYAN'S OFFICE, CTC - DAY**

Ryan is staring out his window watching a plane take flight.

Craig enters.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Hell-of-a-way to welcome her to the team.

**33.**

**RYAN**

Am I the only one who sees that by automating our own business, we're making ourselves irrelevant.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

(frankly...)  
No... We're making you irrelevant.

Ryan shoots a look.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

Hey, don't blame me. Blame fuel costs. Blame insurance premiums. Blame technology.

**(A BEAT)**

Watch yourself, Ryan. You're too

young to be a dinosaur...

**RYAN**

I'm not... I'm not a dinosaur.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I want you to show her the ropes.

**RYAN**

What do I know about what happens around here? Have Ferguson do it.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I'm not talking about here.

A beat as Ryan registers what Craig means: The Road.

**RYAN**

No.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Hey, you seem pretty confident that this girl doesn't know what she's doing...

**RYAN**

Excuse me. I just don't think a MySpace page qualifies you to rewire an entire company.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Great. Well, here's your chance. Show her the magic. Take her through the paces.

**RYAN**

I'm not a fucking tour guide.

**34.**

Craig cups one of his hands and places a FOLDED POST-IT between his fingers like a ship's sail.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

(re: his hand)  
This is the boat.

Craig raises his other finger far away.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

(re: his finger)  
This is you.

A beat of Ryan taking in this ridiculous illustration.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

Do you want to be in the boat?

**RYAN**

Yes. Alone.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Ryan, we're ringing the bell.  
Rounding everybody up. If you want  
to stay out there a little longer,  
you can. But you're not going to be  
on your own.  
(begins to leave)  
Let me know.

Ryan churns.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Ryan is packing his ROLL-AWAY BAG. It is practiced and  
systematic. He's just about finished, when he notices the

CUT-

OUT of his sister's engagement photo.

He tries placing it in the open bag, but it is immediately  
clear that the photo is two inches too long. He tries putting  
it on an angle, but that doesn't help.

**RYAN**

Huh.

Ryan centers the cut-out again and tries to ZIP around it,  
but he can't get the zipper around the HEADS of the photo.  
For a moment, it almost seems like he's assaulting their

tiny

head with the zipper handle. Doesn't help.

A moment of silent frustration.

**CUT TO:**

**35.**

**THE ROLL-AWAY**

Being pulled through an airport. The little heads of Ryan's  
sister and her fiance are poking out the top of the bag. The  
two zippers have been closed on either side of them as

though

they were tiny passengers peeking out the sunroof.

**INT. EPPLEY AIRFIELD, OMAHA - MORNING**

Ryan cuts right through the crowd, wheeling his carry-on towards the automatic check-in machines.

Ryan stops when he notices NATALIE saying goodbye to her BOYFRIEND - a kind of Hollister looking guy in his mid-twenties. He's not thrilled by the public affection. After a beat, they break and he exits.

shiver  
Natalie sees Ryan and starts dragging her LARGE SUITCASE towards him. The SCRAPING against the terrazzo sends a shiver up Ryan's spine.

She arrives and sets the heavy bag down with a CLUNK. Ryan stares at her travel case for a beat then up to her.

**NATALIE**

What?

**CUT TO:**

**A ROW OF ROLL AWAY BAGS**

**INT. LUGGAGE STORE, EPPLEY AIRFIELD - MORNING**

Ryan pulls one out and tests the action.

**NATALIE**

I really like my luggage.

**RYAN**

That's exactly what it is. Luggage.  
(off of Natalie's look)  
You know how much time you lose by checking in?

**NATALIE**

I don't know, maybe five minutes waiting for...

**36.**

**RYAN**

Thirty five minutes per flight. I travel two hundred seventy days a

year. That makes one hundred fifty seven hours... That's Seven Days.  
(points to her luggage)  
You ready to throw away a whole week on that?

**INT. TERMINAL FLOOR, EPPLEY AIRFIELD - MORNING**

Natalie is attempting to repack her new bag in the middle of the airport. Ryan helps by throwing a couple things out.

**INT. SECURITY, EPPLEY AIRFIELD- MORNING**

Ryan spots various "bad lines", then sees a group of Asians.

**RYAN**

Bingo. Asians.

Ryan starts walking.

**NATALIE**

You can't be serious.

As they pass the first line - A FAMILY OF SIX.

**RYAN**

Never get behind people travelling with infants. I've never seen a stroller collapse in less than twenty minutes.

Second Line - AN ELDERLY COUPLE

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Old people are worse. Their bodies are littered with hidden metal and they never seem to appreciate how little time they have left on Earth.

Third Line - A COUPLE MIDDLE EASTERN GUYS.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Five words. Randomly selected for additional screening.

They enter the fourth line behind the Asians.

**37.**

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Asians. They're light packers,  
treasure efficiency, and have a thing  
for slip-on shoes. God love'em.

**NATALIE**

That's racist.

**RYAN**

I'm like my mother. I stereotype.  
It's faster.

**INT. SECURITY, EPPLEY AIRFIELD MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan is just fastening his belt, having just gone through  
security, when we hear a beeping go off. Natalie is trying  
to  
also  
mess.  
find the metal on her body that has set off the machine. She  
has forgotten to take her laptop out of her bag. It's a

**INT. BOEING 757 - MID FLIGHT**

Ryan is sketching a theoretical book cover for "The  
Backback". Natalie is working on an Excel Document on her  
laptop - She's a loud tapper... Hitting the keys with  
violent  
strokes. It draws Ryan's attention and a raised eyebrow.

**RYAN**

Are you upset at your laptop?

**NATALIE**

No. Why?

**RYAN**

Fats Domino had a lighter touch.

**NATALIE**

I type with purpose.

**RYAN**

What are you working on so  
furiously?

**NATALIE**

I'm building a work flow of firing  
techniques. Questions & responses.  
Actions & reactions. A script that  
works kind of like a tributary,

taking you through the steps of firing someone.

**RYAN**

Who is it for?  
**38.**

**NATALIE**

Theoretically, you could put it in the hands of anybody and they could be downsizing immediately. All they have to do is follow the steps.

**RYAN**

Natalie, what is it, you think we do here?

**NATALIE**

We prepare the newly unemployed for the emotional and physical hurdles of job hunting while... Minimizing potential legal blowback?

**RYAN**

That's what we're selling. But it's not what we're doing.

**NATALIE**

Okay, what are we doing?

**RYAN**

Our job is to make limbo tolerable - To ferry wounded souls across the river of dread and humiliation to the point at which hope's bright shore is dimly visible...

**(FRANKLY)**

And then to stop the boat, shove'em in the water, and make them swim while we row back to the palace of their banishment to present the employers with our bills.

**NATALIE**

That was really impressive. You rehearse that?

Natalie smiles and goes back to her work. Ryan goes to say something, but holds back for now.

**INT. MAIN TERMINAL, ST. LOUIS INT'L AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan zips through the wandering types as Natalie tries to keep up. Ryan's phone rings. He sees the caller ID. Smiles.

**RYAN**  
**(TO NATALIE)**

I got to grab this. I'll meet you  
at the rental lot.  
**39.**

Natalie nods and keeps moving. Ryan picks up.

**RYAN**

Hey, I was hoping I'd hear from you.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Alex is on her cell phone as a junior behind her folds a portable projector screen.

**ALEX**

I'm in Hotlanta. I need a rib joint  
recommend bad.

**RYAN**  
**(SMILES)**

Fat Matt's. Bring a bib.

Ryan turns into an elevator well to talk.

**ALEX**

You haven't called.

**RYAN**

You know, I didn't know what was  
appropriate...

Alex stops. She moves to a quieter place.

**ALEX**

Ryan, I'm not some waitress you  
banged in a snow storm. The word  
"Appropriate" has no place in our  
collective vocabulary. I'm the woman  
you don't have to worry about.

**RYAN**

This sounds like a trick.

**ALEX**

Next time you're worried about manners - Don't. If you want to call - Call. Just think of me as yourself... only with a vagina.

Ryan lights up... This woman fucking rocks. Then recovers.

**RYAN**

When am I going to see you?  
**40.**

**ALEX**

I'm out of Hartsfield, into IAD,  
then a connection at ORD into SDF.

**RYAN**

**(COMPASSIONATE)**

Oh... sorry.

**ALEX**

Tell me about it.

**RYAN**

How long is your layover in O'Hare?  
They've got multiples into SDF...  
Think you could push?

**ALEX**

**(SMILES)**

I can push.

Joy.

**INT. ELEVATOR, BOTTLING COMPANY - DAY**

swaying  
Ryan and Natalie ride, briefcases in hand. Natalie is  
back and forth. Ryan notices. Is she nervous? Excited?  
Ding - The elevator door opens.

**INT. RECEPTION, BOTTLING COMPANY - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie enter the door to find a reception desk on  
an empty floor. Scattered telephones sit on the ground where

desks used to be. A few desks in one corner are still  
manned.

Natalie tries not to show: It's all becoming very real.

**RYAN**

(to desk girl)  
Ryan Bingham, from CTC.

The desk girl looks up from her work. She knows who they  
are.

**INT. CUBICLE CITY, BOTTLING COMPANY - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie pass rows of cubicles. Heads begin to pop  
up  
to see their arrival. Natalie accidentally makes eye contact  
with one guy, then quickly shifts her gaze forward.

**41.**

**INT. WINDOWLESS CONFERENCE ROOM, BOTTLING COMPANY - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie sit next to each other at a polyurethane  
conference table.

**RYAN**

All you have to do today is watch  
and listen. When I talk about the  
strategy packet. You hand them one  
of these...

Ryan points to a stack of packets.

**NATALIE**

You ever find it strange that  
termination comes with a packet.

**RYAN**

Everything important in life comes  
with a packet.

**MONTAGE OF MORE REAL PEOPLE REACTING TO BEING FIRED**

A SERIES OF REAL PEOPLE sit down across from Ryan and  
Natalie

**RYAN**

Thank you for coming by. As you're  
probably well aware, this is a

tough economic climate and your company is not immune.

REAL PEOPLE tighten up as they begin to catch on.

**RYAN**

While I wish I was here with better news, the reason you and I are meeting is this is your final week of employment here.

REAL PEOPLE blame all sorts of people and situations that they personally hold responsible.

**RYAN**

This is not a time to look for blame. Your position simply no longer exists.

REAL PEOPLE respond further. Some are enraged. Some are polite. One is even grateful.

**RYAN**

I understand why you are saying these things.

**(MORE)**

**42.**

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

It's perfectly natural to feel this way. I want you to take the next week to explore this strategy packet...

Ryan nods to Natalie who we now see begrudgingly HANDING PACKETS to all of the REAL PEOPLE we've already met.

**RYAN**

Fill out the skill set work sheet... Use the hopes and dreams diagram... And the tree of aspirations.

We SEE the "TREE OF ASPIRATIONS" sheet.

**RYAN**

**(WITH EMPHASIS)**

The answers are all in there.

We see more packets getting handed out as Ryan repeats...

**RYAN**

The answers are all in there.  
(ANOTHER PERSON)  
The answers...  
(ANOTHER PERSON)  
The answers...  
(ANOTHER PERSON)  
... are-all-in-there.

CUT TO:

**BOB (AN ACTOR) PRESENTING A PHOTO OF HIS CHILDREN**

**BOB**

And what do you suggest I tell  
them?

BOB. Dry red eyes from tears of rage stare down the lens.

Natalie can't hold back any longer.

**NATALIE**

**(A SUGGESTION)**

Perhaps you're underestimating the  
positive effect your career transition  
may have on your children.

Ryan looks at Natalie like she's out of her mind.

**BOB**

Positive effect?  
**43.**

**NATALIE**

Well, tests have shown that  
children under moderate trauma have  
a tendency to apply themselves  
academically as a method of coping.

**BOB**

Go fuck yourself. That's what my  
kids'll think.

Natalie shrinks. Ryan immediately covers.

**RYAN**

Your children's admiration is  
important to you?

**BOB**

Yeah. It was.

**RYAN**  
**(FRANKLY)**

Well, I doubt they ever admired you, Bob.

Bob looks up shocked and pissed.

**BOB**

Hey asshole, aren't you here to console me?

**RYAN**

I'm not a shrink, Bob. I'm a wake up call. You know why kids love athletes?

**BOB**

Because they screw lingerie models.

**RYAN**

No, that's why we love athletes. Kids love them because they follow their dreams.

**BOB**

Yeah, well I can't dunk.

**RYAN**

But you can cook.

Natalie looks to Ryan - Where is he going with this?

**BOB**

What are you talking about?

**44.**

Ryan picks up Bob's resume.

**RYAN**

Your resume says you minored in French Culinary Arts. Most students work the fryer at KFC. You bussed tables at Il Picatorre to support yourself. Then you got out of college and started working here. (looks up at Bob) How much did they first pay you to give up on your dreams?

**BOB**

**(FLAT)**

Twenty seven thousand a year.

**RYAN**

At what point were you going to stop and go back to what made you happy?

Bob simply shrugs.

**RYAN**

Do you believe in fate, Bob?

**BOB**

Fate?

**RYAN**

Yeah. You know, the mysterious ways in which we wind up doing the things we were meant to do.

**BOB**

**(OFFERING)**

I met my wife at a gas station.

**RYAN**

Exactly. Well, I think fate is telling you to do something, Bob.

Bob looks up and meets eyes with Ryan.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

I see guys who work for the same company their entire lives. Clock in. Clock out. Never a moment of happiness.

(pauses for effect)

Not everyone gets this kind of opportunity.

**(MORE)**

**45.**

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

The chance for rebirth. If not for yourself... Do it for your kids.

Bob's eyes begin to water again. He's a changed man.

Ryan shoots Natalie a look - Hand over the packet.

Natalie jumps to attention and hands Bob a packet.

**INT. LOBBY, ST. LOUIS HILTON - NIGHT**

There's a BUSINESS WOMAN waiting in the regular line. Ryan walks right past her and gets into the ELITE LINE. They are now both first in their respective lines for the counter.

The woman looks over at Ryan and sighs. Natalie holds back, confused by Ryan's actions and wanting to avoid confrontation.

The DESK CLERK frees up and gestures for Ryan to step forward. Ryan begins wheeling his bag forward. Meanwhile, the woman lifts her hand in outrage.

**BUSINESS WOMAN**

I've been waiting ten minutes. He just waltzes in and gets to cut in line.

**DESK CLERK**

We reserve priority assistance for our Hilton Honors members.

Ryan grabs a BROCHURE for ELITE MEMBERSHIP off the desk and hands it to the business woman.

**RYAN**

You should look into it - The promotions are great...

The woman bats it out of Ryan's hand onto the floor.

**BUSINESS WOMAN**

Fuck off.

Ryan looks back at the desk clerk and smiles. The desk clerk swipes his card.

Ryan's DIGITAL NUMBER bumps up another thousand points.

**INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM, ST. LOUIS HILTON - EVENING**

Natalie is washing her hands, when she stops to look at herself in the mirror.

**46.**

After a beat, she hears someone CRYING in one of the stalls. She goes to see if the woman is okay, then stops herself - Maybe I fired her.

She grabs a paper towel, dries off her hands, and leaves.

**INT. RESTAURANT BAR, ST. LOUIS HILTON - EVENING**

Natalie sits back down at the table a little visibly shaken.

**RYAN**

You okay?

**NATALIE**  
**(COVERS QUICKLY)**

Yeah. Fine.

Just then, their food arrives... And there's a lot of food. Natalie's eyes move back and forth trying to figure out why there seems to be three main courses and a bunch of sides.

**NATALIE**

Hungry, much?

**RYAN**

Our expense account allots for forty dollars each on dinner. I plan on grabbing every mile I can.

**NATALIE**

Okay, you got to fill me in on this mile business. What's that all about? Are you talking like frequent flier miles?

Ryan gives Natalie a look - Is she ready for this information?

**RYAN**

Your really want to know?

**NATALIE**  
**(MOCK SERIOUS)**

I'm dying to know.

**RYAN**

I don't spend a nickel, if I can help it, unless it somehow profits my mileage account. I'm not talking hotel rooms and rental cars either, but internet services, cell phone, music downloads, teleflorists. The works. I shop them according to the miles they pay and I pit them against each other for the most value.

47.

**NATALIE**

So, what are you saving up for?  
Hawaii? South of France?

**RYAN**

No, it's not like that... The miles  
are the goal.

**NATALIE**

That's it? You're saving to save?

**RYAN**

Let's just say I've got a number in  
mind and haven't hit it yet.

**NATALIE**

Wow. Seems a little abstract.  
What's your target?

**RYAN**

I'd rather not.

**NATALIE**  
**(TEASING)**

It's a secret target?

**RYAN**

It's ten million miles.

**NATALIE**

Huh. Isn't ten million just a number?

**RYAN**

Pi is just a number.

**NATALIE**

I guess we all need a hobby.

Ryan looks back at Natalie - Hobby?

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Oh hey, I didn't mean to belittle your  
collection. I get it. Sounds cool.

**RYAN**

I'd be the seventh person to do it.  
More people have walked on the moon.

**NATALIE**

Do they give you a parade or something?  
48.

**RYAN**

Lifetime Exec Platinum status. You get to meet the Chief Pilot, Maynard Finch. And... They put your name on the side of a plane.

**NATALIE**

Men get such a hard-on from putting their name on stuff... You guys don't grow up - You just need to pee on everything.

**RYAN**

Now, who's stereotyping?

**NANCY**

Fear of mortality. It's like Yes, you're going to die one day.

**RYAN**

And why do you suppose that's singular to men?

**NATALIE**

Probably cause you can't have babies.

Ryan can't help but laugh a little.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

If I had that many miles, I'd just show up at the airport, look up at one of those big destination boards, pick a place and go.

This idea sinks in for a second with both of them.

**INT. RYAN'S ROOM, ST. LOUIS HILTON - NIGHT**

Ryan is laying in bed wearing a Hilton bathrobe. He's reviewing his sister's wedding invite when his BLACKBERRY BUZZES on the night stand. He reaches over to check it. It's a text message:

Alex: "Can't fall asleep."

Ryan types back:

Ryan: "Me too. Just laying here."

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**49.**

**INT. ALEX'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Alex is in a t-shirt, lying in bed. She types away at her BLACKBERRY and presses SEND.

Ryan's BLACKBERRY BUZZES again.

Alex: "You should rub one out."

**RYAN**  
**(CHUCKLES)**

Thanks for the advice.

Types back.

Ryan: "Only fair if you do too."

BLACKBERRY BUZZES again.

Alex: "Way ahead of you."

**RYAN**

Man alive.

Ryan: "Call me next time so I can listen."

Alex: ";) Have sweet dreams about me."

sets

Ryan smiles. He stares at the message for a second, then the blackberry down and turns off the light.

**EXT. LAMBERT FIELD, ST. LOUIS - DAY**

Natalie is standing with a camera in her hands, giving directions.

**NATALIE**

Left, left, left, left... one more inch... and stop.

Reveal: Ryan is placing the CUT-OUT of Julie and Jim.

The camera POV makes it look like Julie and Jim are standing in front of St. Louis International Airport.

**NATALIE**

I don't get it.

**RYAN**

My sister is cooky. She thinks this is charming... Like the gnome thing.  
50.

**NATALIE**

No, I mean... why would your sister want a fake photo in front of the St. Louis Airport?

**RYAN**

She should be so lucky to visit Lambert Field. The Wright Brothers flew through there...  
(points out the conical

**MAIN TERMINAL)**

The domed main terminal was the first of its kind. A precursor to everything from JFK to DeGualle.

**NATALIE**

**(LAME)**

Wow. Pretty sweet.

Natalie takes the photo.

**RYAN**

Why she wants dozens of reminders of all the places she hasn't been is beyond me.

**NATALIE**

Well, I'm sure she's going to be crushed for having missed this airport.

**RYAN**

Look - Before Lindbergh could cross the Atlantic, he took off from one of those runways... Ever wondered why they call it the Spirit of St. Louis?

**NATALIE**

**(QUICKLY)**

No.

Ryan goes to say something, but Natalie is already gone.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WICHITA SECURITIES COMPANY - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie sit stoically as a YOUNG ASIAN GUY rants about why they are idiots to fire him.

**YOUNG ASIAN GUY**

... And another thing...? You know how fucked this place is without me? You know how fucked this place is without me? Fucked in the ass, man.

**(MORE)**

**51.**

YOUNG ASIAN GUY (cont'd)

I am the one thing preventing this place from being totally fucked in the ass.

The young asian guy snaps up one of the PACKETS and leaves, slamming the door behind himself.

**RYAN**

Sometimes, they just need to vent.

**NATALIE**

Please, for the love of God, can I fire the next one?

Ryan gives it some thought.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WICHITA SECURITIES COMPANY - LATER**

A professional African-American woman wearing a smart suit sits down at the conference table.

Natalie sits up.

**KAREN**

I'm here to be fired, right?

**NATALIE**

We're here to talk about your future.

**KAREN**

You don't have to sugar coat it. I get the drill. What are they offering?

**NATALIE**

Inside the packet you'll find a clearly worked out severance package.

**KAREN**

Give me the bullet points.

**NATALIE**

Three months pay. Six months medical. A full year of placement services through our company, CTC.

**KAREN**

Placement services? How generous.  
**52.**

**NATALIE**

Commonly, it takes one month of searching for every ten thousand dollars you expect to earn in salary.

**KAREN**

So I could be looking for a while.

**NATALIE**

Not necessarily...

**KAREN**

Oh, don't sweat it. I'm pretty confident about my plans.

**NATALIE**

**(SPIRITS LIFTED)**

Oh yeah?

**KAREN**

Yeah. Can you tell me? Is high tide in the morning or the evening?

**NATALIE**

I don't know. Why?

**KAREN**

There's this beautiful bridge by my apartment. I need to figure out what time to jump off it.

Natalie begins to tremble.

**EXT. WICHITA SECURITIES COMPANY COURTYARD - DAY**

on  
Natalie bursts out the doors and sits on a bench. She's freaked out. Ryan is five steps behind her. He puts a hand on her shoulder.

**RYAN**

People say these things all the time. It comes with the trade.

**NATALIE**

They do?

**RYAN**

Sure. People are always saying crazy stuff. They get worked up.

**NATALIE**

She was so calm.

**53.**

**RYAN**

(not quite sure)  
I think that's a good sign.

**NATALIE**

So they don't actually ever do it?

**RYAN**

No... it's just talk.

**NATALIE**

How do you know? Do you follow up?

**RYAN**

I mean, no, nothing good can come of that, but I don't think you should worry about it.

Natalie is clearly still worried.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

This is the job. Taking people at their most fragile moment and setting them adrift.

**BEGIN MONTAGE**

**A PLANE PULLING BACK ITS GATE AND TAKING OFF**

**WHITE COLLAR PEOPLE ARE HANDED PACKETS**

**RYAN AND ALEX ENTERING A NEW HOTEL ROOM. THEY'RE BECOMING MORE COMFORTABLE WITH EACH OTHER**

**INT. BOEING 757 - DAY**

Looking out the window at the passing landscape.

Over the pastures and roads, we see GRAPHIC WHITE LINES AND NUMBERS denoting each mile as they click by.

Ryan tears a page out of AMERICAN WAY MAGAZINE outlining their mileage program and hands it to Natalie.

**GARDENER DRIVES A RIDER MOWER ACROSS A TINY STRETCH OF GRASS**

**INT. HILTON HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING**

Ryan turns a corner to find Natalie talking to her computer screen with headphones on.

**54.**

side  
She's having an iChat with someone, but we only hear her  
of the conversation. Ryan decides to listen in for a second.

**NATALIE**

I'll be back soon. Not really sure how long this whole exercise is supposed to last. He's fine... It's hard for these guys to accept change, you know.

(listens, rolls eyes)

I... I'm not even going to answer that... No, I can't even think of him that way... He's old.

Ryan frowns. Checks a mirror.

**A NEW OFFICE - MORE EMPLOYEES REACT TO BEING LAID OFF**

**FROM**

**WE SEE SHOTS OF VARIOUS SLICES OF THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE**

**THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR**

**EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

A 757 touches down on the runway.

**MUSIC BEGINS TO FADE AS THE MONTAGE COMES TO A CLOSE ON...**

RYAN'S HEADSHOT - sitting on an EASLE.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, WICHITA HOTEL - AFTERNOON**

Ryan stands before a similar crowd as the opening of the film.

**RYAN**

Okay. This is where it gets a little difficult, but stay with me. You have a new backpack... but this time, I want you to fill it with people. Start with casual acquaintances, people around the office, friends of friends and work your way to the people you trust with your most intimate secrets. Now move into family members - cousins, aunts, and uncles. Get your sisters and your brothers and you parents. Get them all in that backpack. And finally your husband or wife or boyfriend or girlfriend. Get them in their too.

**55.**

A titter through the crowd. For the first time, we see Natalie near the side, watching.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Don't worry. I'm not going to ask you to light it on fire.

Light laughter.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Feel the weight of that bag. Make no mistake, your relationships are the heaviest components of your life. Feel the straps cutting into your shoulders. All those negotiations and arguments and secrets and compromises.

Ryan lets the weight sink in.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Now set that bag down.

You can feel the relief in the room.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

You don't need to carry all that weight.

Noticeable agreement.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Some animals were meant to carry each other. To live symbiotically over a lifetime. Star-crossed lovers. Monogamous swans. We are not one of those animals.

Ryan focuses towards his conclusion.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

The slower we move, the faster we die. We are not swans. We're sharks.

**INT. ANNEX, WICHITA HOTEL - AFTERNOON**

Ryan has finished his session and is talking to eager stragglers. Ryan accepts a business card and elaborates on one of his theories.

**56.**

Meanwhile, down the hall, Natalie is finishing a phone call. She looks shell shocked. She closes her phone and pockets it in silence.

**EXT. TARMAC, MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

AN AMERICAN AIRLINES PLANE touches down.

**EXT. MIAMI BOULEVARD - DAY**

We're following a HILTON SHUTTLE down a street of PALM TREES.

**INT. HILTON AIRPORT SHUTTLE - AFTERNOON**

mid-

Natalie and Ryan ride back to the airport. We catch them conversation as Natalie drills Ryan on his theory.

**NATALIE**

Never...?

Ryan smiles to the few other riders as if apologizing.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

You never want to get married?  
Never want kids?

**RYAN**

Is that so bizarre?

**NATALIE**

Yes. Yes it is.

**RYAN**

I don't see the value.

Natalie sighs.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Sell it to me.

**NATALIE**

What?

**RYAN**

Sell me marriage.

**NATALIE**

I... Uh... How how about love?

**RYAN**

Pff...

57.

**NATALIE**

Okay. Stability?

**RYAN**

How many stabile marriages do you know?

**NATALIE**

Someone to talk to, spend your life with?

**RYAN**

I'm surrounded by people to talk to. I doubt that will change.

The shuttle stops and everyone goes to grab their bags.

**INT. LOBBY, MIAMI HILTON - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie enter, still having the same conversation.

**NATALIE**

How about just not dying alone?

Ryan stops to address this.

**RYAN**

Starting when I was twelve, we moved each one of my grandparents into a nursing facility. My parents went the same way.

**(A BEAT)**

Make no mistake. We all die alone.

Ryan turns, thinks of something, then turns back.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

**(ADDING)**

Those cult members down in San Diego with the white sneakers and little Dixie cups of Kool-Aid. They didn't die alone.

Natalie looks steamed.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Just saying - There's options.

Out of nowhere, Natalie starts crying.

**RYAN**

**(ALMOST SILENT)**

Oh fuck.

**58.**

Natalie is now balling in the middle of the lobby.

**NATALIE**

Brian left me.

**RYAN**

Oh, hey... I...

Ryan goes to hug Natalie and she simply folds into his arms

A mop of tears. Ryan looks around for a place to set her down. Instead, he finds...

ALEX - Who gives a questioning look to the young sobbing girl.

**RYAN**

Hi. Alex this is Natalie. Natalie, this is my... friend, Alex.

**ALEX**

I should give you both a moment.

Natalie attempts a recovery. It's not graceful.

**NATALIE**

No, it's fine. I'm fine. Just stupid emotions.

Natalie gives Alex a firm handshake.

**ALEX**

Maybe a drink?

Ryan goes to challenge the idea, when...

**NATALIE**

Now we're talking.

Natalie leads the way. Alex and Ryan exchange quick hellos.

**CUT TO:**

**THE SCREEN OF NATALIE'S CELL PHONE**

TEXT READS: "I Think it's time we c other people"

**INT. BAR LOUNGE - MIAMI HILTON - MOMENTS LATER**

The three share a booth. Natalie is sipping a drink. She seems to have settled a little.

**59.**

**ALEX**

He broke up with you over text message?

**RYAN**  
**(SOFT DIG)**

That's kind of like firing people over the internet.

Both Natalie and Alex shoot Ryan a look.

**ALEX**  
(re: the ex-boyfriend)  
What a weasely prick.

**NATALIE**  
Yeah, but what does that make me? Someone who falls for a prick?

**ALEX**  
We all fall for them. Pricks are spontaneous, unpredictable, and fun. And then we're surprised when they turn out to be pricks.

**NATALIE**  
I followed him to Omaha.

**RYAN**  
You did?

**NATALIE**  
I had a job waiting for me in San Fran, when he got an offer from ConAgra. He told me we could start a life together. So I followed him.

**RYAN**  
To Nebraska.

**NATALIE**  
I look in the mirror and I just see compromise... I'm supposed to do something.

**ALEX**  
You'll do plenty.

**NATALIE**  
I just can't... I thought I'd be engaged by now.

**(CATCHES HERSELF)**  
No offense.

60.

**ALEX RYAN**

It's alright. None taken.

**NATALIE**

When I was sixteen, I thought by twenty three, I would be married, maybe have a kid... Corner office by day, entertaining at night. I was supposed to be driving a Grand Cherokee by now.

**ALEX**

Life can underwhelm you that way.

**NATALIE**

Now I have my sights on twenty nine, because thirty is just way too... apocalyptic. I mean, where did you think you'd be by...

Natalie catches herself, having no idea how old Alex is.

**ALEX**

It doesn't work that way.

**RYAN**

At a certain point, you stop with the deadlines.

**ALEX**

They can be a little counterproductive.

**NATALIE**

I don't want to say anything that's... anti-feminist. I mean, I really appreciate everything your generation did for me.

**ALEX**

(my generation?)  
It was our pleasure.

**RYAN**

Well done.

**NATALIE**

But sometimes it feels like no matter how much success I have, it all won't matter until I find the

right guy.

**ALEX**

You really thought this guy was the one.  
61.

**NATALIE**

Yeah, I guess. I don't know. I  
could have made it work. He just  
really fit the bill.

**RYAN**

The bill?

**NATALIE**

My type. You know, white collar.  
College grad. Loves dogs. Likes funny  
movies. Six foot one. Brown hair.  
Kind eyes. Works in finance but is  
Outdoorsy, you know, on the weekends.  
(we think she's done)  
I always imagined he'd have a  
single syllable name like Matt or  
John or... Dave. In a perfect  
world, he drives a Four Runner and  
the only thing he loves more than  
me is his golden lab. Oh... and a  
nice smile.  
(back to Alex and Ryan)  
How about you?

This catches both Alex and Ryan off guard.

**RYAN**

I'm not sure if...

**NATALIE**

I meant Alex...

**RYAN**

Right.

**ALEX**

Huh, let me think for a sec.  
(mulls it over)  
Well, by the time you're thirty four,  
all the physical requirements are  
pretty much out the window. I mean you  
secretly prey he'll be taller than you.

Ryan smiles.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Not an asshole would be nice? Just someone who enjoys my company. Comes from a good family - You don't think about that when you're younger.

**(THINKING)**

Wants kids... Likes kids...

**(MORE)**

62.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Wants kids. Healthy enough to play catch with his future son one day.

We can tell Ryan is taking a serious interest in this.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

Please let him earn more than I do. That doesn't make sense now, but believe me, it will one day. Otherwise it's just a recipe for disaster.

**(REACHING)**

Hopefully some hair on his head...? But it's not exactly a deal-breaker anymore. Nice smile... Yep, a nice smile just might do it.

Alex looks to Ryan. He has a nice smile.

**NATALIE**

Wow. That was depressing.

Alex and Ryan react - It's not that bad.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

I should just date lesbians.

**ALEX**

Tried it. We're no picnic ourselves.

Natalie looks worse than when the conversation started.

**NATALIE**

I don't mind being married to my career, and I don't expect it to hold me in bed as I fall asleep.

**(LOOKS UP)**

I just don't want to settle.

**ALEX**

You're young. Right now you see settling as some sort of failure.

**NATALIE**

It is. By definition.

**ALEX**

Don't worry, by the time someone is right for you, it won't feel like settling... And the only person left to judge you will be the twenty four year old girl with a target on your back.

**63.**

Natalie cracks a smile.

Ryan looks to Alex. They've grown closer.

**INT. LOBBY LOUNGE, MIAMI HILTON - DAY**

Ryan, Alex, and Natalie wheel their ROLL-AWAYS towards the elevator.

**NATALIE**

So, what's the plan for this evening?

Ryan and Alex share an uncomfortable silence.

**NATALIE**

What...? Oh, is it illicit?

**RYAN**

**(QUICKLY)**

No...

**ALEX**

It's nothing like that.

**NATALIE**

We are in Miami.

**RYAN**

... We were going to hit that party for the tech conference in the hotel.

Natalie notices a group of SOFTWARE TYPES mingling with badges around their necks.

**NATALIE**

I didn't know you could just attend those...

**ALEX**

Well, I mean...

**NATALIE**

**(EYES WIDEN)**

You're going to crash it?

**RYAN ALEX**

I mean, I don't know if... More money than they know These guy put on a quite a what to do with... party...

**NATALIE**

No, I get it. I'm in!

**64.**

**INT. CONFERENCE CORRIDOR, MIAMI HILTON - NIGHT**

Ryan, Alex, and Natalie confidently walk up to the CHECK-IN TABLE and take BADGES.

They turn the corner. Alex reads Natalie's badge.

**ALEX**

Jennifer Chu?

**NATALIE**

Oh shit!

**RYAN**

It's going to be fine.

**INT. SOFTWARE CONVENTION PARTY, MIAMI HILTON - NIGHT**

Corporate color balloons. Lots of guys in LOGO POLOS. That great hip hop song from 1998 is playing over the PA.

We find Ryan, Alex, and Natalie at a stand up table. They're wearing badges. Natalie is pretty tipsy at this point.

**RYAN**

**(TO NATALIE)**

You okay there?

**NATALIE**

now

Oh yeah... This was a great idea.

**(TO ALEX)**

You are so pretty. You're exactly what I want to look like in fifteen years.

**ALEX**

Thank you, Natalie.

A CONFERENCE LEADER steps up to an on stage MIC.

**CONFERENCE LEADER**

How's everyone doing out there?!

People cheer. So do Ryan, Alex, and particularly Natalie.

**CONFERENCE LEADER**

I'm going to need you to all put your hands together for a very special guest - YOUNG... M... C!

The opening beats of the 90's jam "Bust-A-Move" blast over the speakers and sure enough, now-40-year-old rapper, Young MC steps out and starts rapping.

**65.**

**YOUNG MC**

**THIS HERE'S A TALE FOR ALL THE  
FELLAS... TRY TO DO WHAT THOSE  
LADIES TELL US... GET SHOT DOWN  
CAUSE YOU'RE OVERZEALOUS... PLAY  
HARD TO GET, FEMALES GET JEALOUS...**

Everyone goes crazy and starts dancing.

Ryan and Alex make it out to the dance floor. They're awful dancers, but they're having fun.

**RYAN**

Think she'll be okay?

**ALEX**

Look...

Natalie has already found a dancing partner, who can't believe his luck. She's all over him. Ryan smiles.

**EXT. BOAT - NIGHT**

A nice two story yacht that was obviously purchased before the bubble popped. Inside the galley, a group is playing

karaoke. NATALIE, wearing BADGES like Mardi Gras beads, is singing "Time After Time".

Meanwhile, near the back, Ryan and Alex sit with their legs hanging off the back of the hull.

**ALEX**

Back home, I don't get to act the way I do with you.

**RYAN**

That's why I don't have a "back home".

**ALEX**

I know. You're so cool. "Mr. Empty Back Pack".

Ryan emotionally stumbles.

**RYAN**

You know about the back pack?

**ALEX**

I googled you.

**RYAN**

You did?

66.

**ALEX**

It's what us modern girls do when we have a crush.

**RYAN**

Did it bother you?

**ALEX**

Well, that depends. Is the bag empty because you hate people or just the baggage they bring along?

**RYAN**

I don't hate people. I'm not exactly a hermit.

**ALEX**

You just don't want to be tied down? The whole responsibility thing.

**RYAN**

I don't think it's even that...

I... First time I ever flew, I was sixteen.

**ALEX**

You're not going to answer? You're just going to tell me a story?

**RYAN**

(smiles, continues story)  
It was January and I had just gotten my driver's license. The lakes were frozen over, so we piled into my car and hit the ice to do donuts. When, out of nowhere, I hit a soft spot and the hood of my car tilted up and I was sinking backwards into the water.

**ALEX**

Jesus...

**RYAN**

I literally started to drown. Within a few seconds, I black out. Then, I wake up in the sky. I'm in a helicopter, laying on a stretcher. This guy in a uniform is telling me I was minutes away from dying.

**ALEX**

Oh my God.

**67.**

**RYAN**

Right?  
(relives it for a second)  
So just as we're hovering over the hospital, I sit up. And from there, I could see the whole western horizon. We'd been flying twenty minutes. Twenty minutes to reach a city I'd thought of as remote, halfway across the state... a foreign capital.

**(A BEAT)**

My parents had taught me we lived in the best place on Earth, but now I could see the world was really just one place and comparing didn't make much sense. And I remember thinking - Don't tell me this isn't

an age of miracles. Don't tell me we can't be everywhere at once.

The idea settles in. Ryan returns to the point.

**RYAN**

I don't know what originally sparked the back pack. I probably needed to be alone. Recently, I've been thinking that maybe I needed to empty the bag before I knew what to put back in.

previous And now they kiss. It's notably different from their kisses. Now, when they lock lips, we are reminded why people kiss in the first place.

Then, all of a sudden, the lights go out on the boat. The motor has stopped. Ryan and Alex look back to find the software dude stepping out of the galley, drunk.

**SOFTWARE DUDE**

Hey... I think we're out of gas.

Ryan and Alex look out to shore... about 500 yards away. For whatever reason, they just start cracking up.

**EXT. PONTOON BOAT - NIGHT**

Ryan and Alex are huddled under a blanket in the corner of the rubber boat as it puttters its way to shore.

Cold, soaked, and smiling.

Natalie and David are there too... still kissing.

**68.**

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

and Everyone gets out of the boat in the cold knee deep water splashes up to shore.

**INT. LOBBY, MIAMI HILTON - NIGHT**

Ryan and Alex followed by Natalie and her make-out buddy, soaked from the knee down, holding their shoes, scamper into the hotel on the balls of their feet.

**INT. RYAN'S HOTEL ROOM, MIAMI HILTON - NEXT MORNING**

Ryan's eyes flutter awake to see Alex getting dressed.

**RYAN**

Hey, you're up...

**ALEX**

Got to fly stand-by and make a meeting in Milwaukee.

**RYAN**

**(DISAPPOINTED)**

Oh... Okay.

**ALEX**

(notices, teasing)  
Oh, no. I made you feel cheap.

**RYAN**

Yeah, all right... Just leave the money on the dresser.

**ALEX**

**(SWEETLY)**

I'll text you later so we can swap schedules.

Alex gives him a peck. Ryan takes her wrist so she can't leave.

**RYAN**

I can't remember the last time I enjoyed spending time with someone as much as you.

**ALEX**

Neither can I.

They kiss again and he lets go. Alex leaves and the door closes. Ryan just lays in bed for a moment.

**69.**

**INT. CAFE - MIAMI HILTON - MORNING**

pretty  
Ryan and Natalie have a quiet breakfast. Natalie looks worse for wear.

In the background is a TRAVELING SALESMAN rolling calls. He perks up for each message then goes back to being miserable.

Meanwhile, after a little silent eating...

**NATALIE**

Last night got a little out of hand. I said things... I don't remember everything I said. I just didn't want you to think...

**RYAN**

Just relax. It was nice to see you cut loose. So, did you wake him up or slip out?

**NATALIE**

What?

**RYAN**

This morning... Your new friend. Did you wake him for an awkward good bye or just slip out so he could feel like a whore.

**NATALIE**  
**(NOT PROUD)**

I... just left.

**RYAN**

Protocol is always tricky.

**NATALIE**

I didn't know what was right.

**RYAN**

Sometimes there really is no right thing to do.

This doesn't comfort her.

**EXT. OCEAN BOARDWALK, MIAMI - DAY**

The walkway overlooks a large MARINA filled with giant YACHTS. Ryan and Natalie are doing the photo thing with the CUT OUT of the engagement portrait again.

70.

**NATALIE**

What happened to Alex?

**RYAN**

Had to skip town early to make a meeting.

**NATALIE**

That's too bad. Where does she live?

**RYAN**

Chicago.

**NATALIE**

You thinking of going to see her?

**RYAN**

I don't know. We just don't have that kind of relationship.

**NATALIE**

What kind of relationship do you have?

**RYAN**

It's, you know. Casual.

**NATALIE**

Sounds pretty special.

**RYAN**

It works for us.

**NATALIE**

Think there's any future there?

**RYAN**

Never thought about it. What's going on here?

**NATALIE**

Really never thought about it?

**RYAN**

(a good lie)  
No.

**NATALIE**

How can you not think about these things? How does it not even cross your mind that you might want to have a future with somebody?

**RYAN**

It's simple, you know that moment when you look into someone's eyes and you feel them looking right into your soul, and the whole world goes quiet for a second.

**NATALIE**

(finally, a break through)  
Yes.

**RYAN**

Right. Well, I don't.

**NATALIE**

You're an asshole.

Natalie knocks over the CUT OUT and stands up.

**RYAN**

Oh come on, I'm just dicking around. I need your help...

**NATALIE**

Don't you think it's worth giving her a chance?

**RYAN**

A chance to what?

**NATALIE**

A chance at something real?

**RYAN**

Natalie, your definition of "real" is going to evolve as you get older...

**NATALIE**

Would you stop condescending for one second? Or is that one of the principles of your bullshit philosophy?

**RYAN**

Bullshit philosophy?

**NATALIE**

The isolation? The traveling? Is that supposed to be charming?

**RYAN**

No, it's simply a life choice.  
72.

**NATALIE**

It's a cocoon of self-banishment.

**RYAN**

Wow. Big words.

**NATALIE**

Screw you.

**RYAN**

Well, screw you too.

**NATALIE**

You've set up a way of life that basically makes it impossible for you to make any human connections. Now, somehow, this woman runs the gauntlet of your ridiculous "life choice" and comes out the other end with a smile - Just so you can call her casual. Jesus. I need to grow up? You're a twelve year old.

Natalie begins walking away.

**RYAN**

I don't have a gauntlet of...

A GUST OF WIND suddenly blows the CUTOUT across the boardwalk into the OCEAN.

**RYAN**

... Fuck!

Ryan goes running after the cutout. He climbs down a GANGWAY to a dock that is closest to the CUTOUT, which is beginning to sink in the filthy water.

Ryan reaches... and reaches... and just as he's got a finger tip on the photo... FALLS IN.

**INT. BATHROOM, MIAMI HILTON - DAY**

Ryan, still damp from the ocean, is drying the CUTOUT with a hair dryer.

**INT. CONCOURSE, MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

AWAY

We're following the CUTOUT HEADS popping out of the ROLL-

like earlier, only now they are slightly faded and bent from their trip in the harbor.

73.

**EXT. TARMAC, MIAMI INTERNATIONAL - DAY**

We're watching Ryan through the window of the plane. He almost looks trapped.

**EXT. TARMAC, DETROIT INTERATIONAL - DAY**

The plane lands amidst snow.

**INT. RENTAL CAR, DETROIT HIGHWAY - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie drive in silence. The weather is frigid.

**RYAN**

These Detroit guys can be tough. They've been getting hammered. Don't get distracted. Stick to the simple stuff. Get the packet in their hands and get them out the door.

**EXT. DETROIT CAR PART COMPANY - DAY**

A one story brick building. There's an inch of snow on the ground. Ryan and Natalie enter the building in silence.

**INT. DETROIT COMPANY - DAY**

Ryan and Natalie check in at the front desk.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DETROIT COMPANY - DAY**

The door opens. Ryan and Natalie enter, when they both see something and immediately stop short.

Sitting on the conference table is a COMPUTER set up for a **VIDEO CONFERENCE**.

Framed up in a WINDOW on the screen is CRAIG GREGORY.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Welcome to Detroit.

Natalie and Ryan exchange a look.

**RYAN**

What's going on here?

**74.**

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I've been getting those great numbers over the last few days. Thought we should nut up and give this a try.

**RYAN**

We could use a little more time.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Gotta leave the nest at some point.

**RYAN**

This is a real company, Craig. We're here to do some damage.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I know. Good thing we brought our best. So let's stop screwing around, alright?

Ryan sighs.

**RYAN**

Just give me a minute to prepare and get my things together.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I was thinking Natalie takes this one.

Natalie, once confident, now takes pause.

**RYAN**

She's hardly ready for this.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I've been watching her. She's great.

**RYAN**

(re: the webcam)  
This is a whole other animal...

**CRAIG GREGORY**

I mean, she created it. Natalie,  
you not up for it?

**NATALIE**

I'm... I'm game.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Atta girl.  
75.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DETROIT COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ryan and Natalie have a moment aside.

**RYAN**

Just remember, don't apologize.  
Don't tell them how hard this is  
for you. Today is one of the worst  
days they will ever have. What we  
feel doesn't even compare.

**NATALIE**

Got it.

**RYAN**

Just keep it professional. You're  
going to do fine.

**INT. CRAIG GREGORY'S OFFICE, CTC - LATER**

Craig is leaning back in his office chair, watching Natalie  
on his monitor.

**INT. ALTERNATE CONFERENCE ROOM, DETROIT COMPANY - DAY**

An unsuspecting man in his mid fifties enters the room and  
takes a seat at a COMPUTER TERMINAL.

(for the remainder of the scene, we will intercut between  
Natalie's room and the POV of the man's iChat session.)

**NATALIE**

Hello, Mr. Samuels. My name is  
Natalie Keener.

**SAMUELS**

(checking out the PC)  
What's going on here?

**NATALIE**

I wish I was here with better news,  
however your position here at  
Deckers is no longer available.

**SAMUELS**

What are you talking about?

**NATALIE**

You've been let go.  
**76.**

**SAMUELS**

What, just like that? I can't  
believe... Who are you?

**NATALIE**

My name is Miss Keener. I am here  
to tell you about your options...

**SAMUELS**

I work here for seventeen years and  
they send some fourth grader in here  
to can me? What the fuck is this?!

Ryan fights the urge to jump in. He is sitting next to  
Natalie, but just out of view of the camera.

**NATALIE**

It's perfectly normal to be upset.  
However, the sooner you can tell  
yourself that there are greater  
opportunities waiting for you...

**SAMUELS**

Greater opportunities? I'm fifty-  
seven-fucking years old!

Mr. Samuels is now on the verge of tears. Eyes red.

**NATALIE**

Anybody who ever built an empire,  
or changed the world, sat where you  
are now. And it's because they sat

there that they were able to do it.

We remain in the room with Natalie and Ryan, but we hear Mr. Samuels crying. It's loud and embarrassing. It's coming from the next room. He's literally on the other side of the wall.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

There's a packet in front of you.

Samuels picks up the packet and opens it.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

I want you to take some time and review it.

Samuels begins to leaf through.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

All the answers you're looking for are inside those pages.

**(MORE)**

77.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

The sooner you trust the process, the sooner your next step in life will unveil itself.

Samuels puts down the packet. The tears still coming slowly.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

I need you to return to your office now and begin to put together your personal things.

Samuels doesn't move. He's just sitting there in a daze.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Thank you for your time, Mr. Samuels.

No reaction. Just more silent tears. Natalie is getting nervous.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Mr. Samuels? There's nothing else we can discuss now.

**(AND AGAIN)**

Thank you for your time.

Ryan fights the urge to break in as Natalie continues to lose her composure.

Craig leans into his computer, watching intently.

**NATALIE (CONT'D)**

Mr. Samuels... Mr. Samuels.... MR.  
**SAMUELS...**

around  
Finally, Samuels breaks from his daze. He looks up and  
for a second, then gets up and leaves.

They  
Natalie catches her breath. A second later, Samuels passes  
their room, visible through the conference room windows.  
watch as he walks away.

**RYAN**

You did good.

Natalie nods.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

You okay? Want me to take over.

**NATALIE**

No, I'm alright.

people  
Natalie pulls out a LIST OF FORTY NAMES. The amount of  
is daunting. She crosses off the first name.  
**78.**

**EXT. PARKING LOT, DETROIT CAR PART COMPANY - AFTERNOON**

staring  
up.  
We find Natalie standing next to the rental car. She's  
into a snow drift. Her eyes say everything - She just grew

Meanwhile, Ryan is on his CELL. We catch the end of his  
conversation with Craig.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

... We just got out here. That was  
one place. I think we need to try a  
few more...

**(LISTENS)**

Maybe there isn't a difference, but  
it's comforting to know we're in  
the next room.

**(LISTENING)**

I know you don't give a shit about my comfort.

**(LISTENS)**

We could just use a little more time. That's all I'm saying.

**(LISTENS)**

Right... Right.  
(shakes his head)  
Yeah... Alright... Uh huh. Bye.

Ryan hangs up.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

He thought you did a great job. You did - I was real proud of you.

**NATALIE**

Thanks.

**RYAN**

We're being pulled off the road.

**(CLARIFYING)**

We're going home.

**NATALIE**

For good?

**RYAN**

That's what it looks like.

A moment of mixed emotions.

**INT. RYAN'S ROOM, DETROIT HILTON - NIGHT**

Ryan is holding the LARGE EMBOSSED ENVELOPE of his sister's **WEDDING INVITATION**.

79.

He pulls out the RESPONSE CARD, looks at the line for extra guests, then sets it down. He pulls out the actual INVITATION. It looks inexpensive. Sighs.

**INT. NORTH TERMINAL, DETROIT AIRPORT - MORNING**

Ryan and Natalie ride the MOVING WALKWAY. Something is on Natalie's mind. She speaks up.

**NATALIE**

I'm sorry about what I said about

Alex. I was out of line.

**RYAN**

It's alright. I understand.

**NATALIE**

I mean, who am I to be dolling out relationship advice?

**RYAN**

It's fine.

**NATALIE**

You going to be okay?

**RYAN**

What do you mean?

**NATALIE**

In Omaha?

**RYAN**

Oh, I don't know.

**NATALIE**

It's better than you'd think.

reads

They get off the moving walkway and stop at a GATE that "Omaha". Something off screen grabs Ryan's attention.

Ryan begins to walk off. Pulls out his BLACKBERRY and dials.

**NATALIE**

Ryan, where are you going?

**RYAN**

Grabbing another flight... Something I need to take care of. I'll see you in, uh... at home.

Ryan disappears in the crowd.

**80.**

**EXT. PARKING LOT, LAS VEGAS - DAY**

We're looking at the LUXOR PYRAMID.

**RYAN (O.C.)**

Okay, start walking it in from the left.

ALEX enters frame, carrying the engagement CUT OUT.

**ALEX**

I have to admit, when you asked me to meet you in Vegas... I thought we'd gamble, make out in a heart shaped jacuzzi, maybe see one of those weird French Canadian circus shows.

**RYAN**

There'll be plenty of time for all that.  
(directing the photo)  
One more foot to the left.

Alex obliges. She checks out the engagement photo.

**ALEX**

How do you feel about the wedding?

**RYAN**

I'm fine, I guess.  
(directing the photo)  
Okay great... walk away.

Ryan takes the photo.

Alex picks up the engagement photo.

**ALEX**

They're a cute couple.

**RYAN**

Think so?

**ALEX**

Yeah, they'll make cute kids. If they're lucky, maybe look a little like you.

Alex and Ryan look at the photo together for a second.

**RYAN**

How do you like Wisconsin in February?

**ALEX**

Who doesn't?

**(SWEETLY)**

**(MORE)**

81.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

I like it if you're there. Besides, I know a killer burger in Milwaukee.

**RYAN**

Northern Wisconsin.

**(CLARIFYING)**

What are you doing this weekend?

This quickly registers... He's inviting me to the wedding.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

No...

**RYAN**

What? I haven't even...

**ALEX**

I can't.

**RYAN**

Why not?

**ALEX**

I couldn't.

**RYAN**

I'm being serious.

**ALEX**

You want me to be your date?

**RYAN**

Well... Yeah.

**ALEX**

To a wedding... Jesus, Ryan. Your sister's wedding?

**RYAN**

It's not like I know her that well.

**ALEX**

I'm just not sure if it's appropriate for me to...

**RYAN**

Look. You know. I'm not the wedding type. But for the first time in my life... I don't want to be that guy, alone with his drink. I want a dancing partner. I want a plus one. And if you can stomach it, I'd like it to be you.

**82.**

A long thoughtful beat. Alex sighs.

**ALEX**

Okay.

**RYAN**

Really?

**ALEX**

Yeah, I can't believe I... Yeah,  
I'm in. When is it?

**RYAN**

I feel like we should kiss or  
something.

**ALEX**

Then kiss me.

They do.

**INT. BAGGAGE CAROUSEL, MILWAUKEE AIRPORT - DAY**

Two ROLL-AWAYS side-by-side, moving through the terminal.

like Ryan and Alex walk in unison. They share a smile. Almost  
they can't believe they're getting away with something.

They pass a LARGE AIRLINE ADVERTISEMENT featuring MAYNARD  
FINCH in uniform. "We Value Your Loyalty."

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, CHALET SUITES - DAY**

It's Ryan's rental car pulls into the CHALET SUITES driveway.

halfway between a Swiss Lodge and a Best Western. Just a  
little sadder. A yellow sign reads "Welcome Miller-Bingham  
Wedding Guests!"

**INT. LOBBY, CHALET SUITES HOTEL - DAY**

there's Ryan and Alex approach the check-in lines. Of course,  
an elite membership line, but they can't use it.

Ryan is forced to stand in a queue of three people while a

CHECK-IN LADY just stands at her computer at the elite line.

**RYAN**

(to the CHECK-IN LADY)

Are you available?

**83.**

**CHECK-IN LADY**

Sorry, this line is for members of our Matterhorn program.

Ryan steams.

**INT. CORRIDOR, CHALET SUITES - DAY**

Ryan and Alex walk down the long hallway. They've been given a room at the end. Just as they're entering their room, the door across the hall opens revealing a woman in her early forties with a basket of laundry. It's Ryan's sister KARA.

**KARA**

Ryan?

Ryan turns and stops. It's been a while...

**RYAN**

Kara...

They hug. It's a strange hug. Awkward but heartfelt.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Alex, this is my sister Kara.

**KARA**

Well, hello.

**ALEX**

Hi.

**KARA**

(quite frankly...)

Ryan has told me nothing about you.

**RYAN**

Kara, what are you doing at a hotel?

**KARA**

Fuck, I was hoping I wouldn't have to... Yeah, uh, Frank and I are trying out a trial separation.

**RYAN**

You're not staying at the house?

**KARA**

There was an extra room on hold here, so I just took it for the weekend.

**84.**

**RYAN**

Oh, okay.

**KARA**

Yup. So, you guys are dating?

Ryan and Alex fumble over each other.

**RYAN**

Um...

**ALEX**

It's not exactly...

**KARA**

Hey, don't worry about it. We're all getting a little old to be calling someone girlfriend... I remember when mom used to call Jack her boyfriend. It drove me up the wall. Boyfriends are for kids...

**(MOCK ANNOUNCING)**

And I'm just a divorcee!

An awkward beat in the corridor of the Chalet Suites.

**RYAN**

So, the rehearsal dinner?

**KARA**

Yeah, I'll see you two there.

Kara humps the laundry basket down the hall.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM, CHALET SUITES - DAY**

Ryan and Alex settle in. There's a cheap basket with a pink ribbon tied sloppily around some cellophane. In the basket

is

a packet, outlining the wedding weekend.

**RYAN**

There's a packet.

**ALEX**

What in life is worth doing that  
doesn't have a packet.

**RYAN**

Um, I love you?

Ryan is kidding, but not really. They play it off as a joke,  
but can't help feel the weight of this "moment".

**85.**

**INT. CLUB ROOM FIRESIDE LOUNGE, CHALET SUITES - EVENING**

A group of tables have been slid together for the rehearsal  
dinner. Ryan and Alex find the dinner in full swing.

Ryan's sister JULIE, the bride, waves wildly.

**JULIE**

Oh my God, Ryan!

She hops up and gives him a hug.

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

You must be Alex. You are so  
beautiful. Kara was right. Did you  
get the basket?

**ALEX**

The basket was very lovely.

**JULIE**

Tammy wrapped all of them.

Tammy waves.

**JULIE (CONT'D)**

Ryan, you look so grown up.

**RYAN**

Me? You're the one getting married.

**JULIE**

I know, right? You haven't even  
seen my ring.

Julie shows off her ring. It's not quite balanced and seems

to favor quantity over quality.

**JULIE (CONT'D)**  
**(PROUDLY)**

Jim designed it.

JIM raises a hand. This is Julie's husband-to-be and we can tell immediately that Ryan isn't thrilled.

Ryan thinks of something. He pulls out the 5X7 PHOTOS they took of the JIM & JULIE CUT OUT.

**RYAN**

I brought those photos you were asking for...

**86.**

**JULIE**  
**(LIGHTS UP)**

Oh great! They go over there.

there,  
It's  
overwhelming. All of a sudden, his effort seems miniscule.

and  
his addition has already become invisible.

Ryan returns to the conversation with his sister and Alex.

**RYAN**

There were quite a few already up there. Almost couldn't find room.

**JULIE**

I know, isn't it great how everyone chipped in?

**RYAN**

What gave you the idea to do something so...

**ALEX**  
**(HELPS)**

... Substantial?

**JULIE**

Well, Jim has a lot of our nest egg invested in this real estate venture right now. So when we went over our finances, a honeymoon just didn't seem affordable this second... So I thought... Hey, just because we can't travel doesn't mean we can't have pictures.

The idea of this lands on Ryan pretty hard.

**ALEX**

It was a great idea.

**JULIE**

Thanks.

**CUT TO:**

**87.**

**AN HOUR LATER**

Ryan is stuck with Jim, talking real estate. Alex is having  
a chat with the brides maids about local relationship drama.

**JIM**

It's sixty acres up against the foothills. I subdivided the old Lazy W Ranch and took a nice slice for myself.

**RYAN**

Sounds nice.

Jim makes an exhale noise that means "you bet your ass".

**JIM**

Homes will go in the high fours.

**RYAN**

Must be a nice development.

**JIM**

**(CORRECTING)**

It's a community, not a development. The concept is turn-key everything. You buy a maintenance contract with the home. We'll whack your weeds, we'll even change the light bulb. Furniture? You buy your own or choose

a package. Seamless traditionalism,  
yet all the perks.

**RYAN**

Nice.

Ryan and Alex make eye contact. There's a joy in their  
connection amongst the ramblings of their company.

**JIM**

We all need a place to call our  
own. This is America. This is what  
we were promised.

**RYAN**

That's a nice touch.

**JIM**

What?

**RYAN**

That bit at the end about  
promise... I like it.

**88.**

**JIM**

(a little embarrassed)  
Thanks.

**(LEADING)**

So, you still renting that one-  
bedroom?

**RYAN**

I gave it up.

**JIM**

**(SURPRISED)**

You own now?

**RYAN**

No.

**JIM**

But you're looking?

**RYAN**

Not really. No.

The conversation stalls out.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, CHALET SUITES - NIGHT**

Everyone is leaving. Tammy grabs Julie's hands.

**TAMMY**

Can you believe it's tomorrow?! How are you going to sleep?

**JULIE**

I don't know!

**TAMMY**

You want some Xanax?

**RYAN**

I don't think that's for sleeping.

**JULIE**

No, I'm good. I'll have some warm milk. That should do the trick.

Jim comes walking by with a box of flower arrangements from the tables inside that are going to be reused at the wedding.

**JIM**

One more box...

**89.**

**ALEX**

I'll get it.

**RYAN**

You sure?

**ALEX**

Yeah, yeah...

Alex steps back in and for the first time in who knows how many years, Ryan, Kara, and Julie are alone together.

**RYAN**

Jim seems like a good guy.

**JULIE**

Yeah, I know... Isn't he great?

**KARA**

He's going to make a great husband.

There's a moment where they just look at each other and

giggle a little. Just the three of them.

**RYAN**

Hey, Julie, I was thinking... with dad not being... Well, I didn't know if you had someone to walk you down the aisle...

**JULIE**

Oh, yeah, Jim's uncle is going to do it.

**KARA**

**(UNCOMFORTABLE)**

He's been really supportive.

**RYAN**

Oh... Oh, great. Just wanted to make sure you were covered. So I should get there at...

**JULIE**

Guests are arriving around 5ish. Things get going at 530. So you know, around then. It's easy. Just come down the elevator.

the  
truck.  
Alex comes out with the second box. Ryan notices and grabs flowers from her and sets them in Jim's luxury pick-up truck.

**90.**

**INT. CORRIDOR, CHALET SUITES - NIGHT**

Ryan, Alex, and Kara arrive at their adjacent rooms. Key cards slide in simultaneously. Alex heads in. Ryan stops.

**RYAN**

Hey Kara?

**KARA**

Yeah.

**RYAN**

Can you believe she's getting married already? She's just a kid.

**KARA**

No Ryan. Actually, she's 37 years old. She's barely squeaking by.

**RYAN**

Oh.

**KARA**

Yup. Sleep tight.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. RYAN'S OLD HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT MORNING**

The rental car pulls up into the empty lot. Snow on the ground. It's cold.

Ryan and Alex walk up the steps and try the door of the main building - it's locked. Ryan shrugs.

**ALEX**

That's all you got?

Alex starts walking down the side of the building, looking for an open window. The third one opens a crack. She slides her HOTEL HONORS CARD in and opens the latch.

**RYAN**

Are we really doing this?

**ALEX**

Give me a boost.

**91.**

**INT. CLASSROOM, WAUPACA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Alex slowly wedges herself headfirst through the window.

Ryan

climbs in after her. He immediately recognizes his surroundings.

**RYAN**

I took geography in here.

**(POINTING)**

That was my seat.

**ALEX**

You ever fool around with one of your teachers?

**RYAN**

No. You?

**ALEX**

Not until college. Come on, show me around.

They head for the door.

**A TEAM PHOTO OF A HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM**

A finger reaches and points to a teenage face.

**RYAN (O.C.)**

That's me.

**INT. HALLWAY, WAUPACA HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT MORNING**

Ryan and Alex are huddled at the trophy case.

**ALEX**

You played basketball?

**RYAN**

Point guard. Don't act so surprised.

**ALEX**

I didn't know you were such a jock.

**EXT. LOADING DOCK, WAUPACA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan and Alex walk passed a concrete ledge.

**RYAN**

My first fight.  
92.

**ALEX**

How'd it go?

**RYAN**

Got my ass kicked.

**INT. STAIRWELL, WAUPACA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Ryan shows an area behind the stairwell.

**RYAN**

This is where we used to go to make out.

**ALEX**

Very romantic.

**CUT TO:**

**RYAN AND ALEX KISSING UNDER THE STAIRWELL**

**EXT. SOCCER FIELD, WAUPACA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Alex and Ryan sit tight like teenagers on the team bench.

**ALEX**

I'm really happy I came here.

The school soccer team takes the field for practice.

**RYAN**

(to the team)  
Go Cougars!

Players look back at him strangely.

Ryan's phone rings.

**RYAN**

(checks caller ID)  
It's Kara.

The first thing we hear is crying in the background.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

Kara is on her cell phone. Behind her in the deep background,  
we see bridesmaids consoling Julie.

**93.**

**KARA**

Ryan, where are you? We're having a  
meltdown here.

**RYAN**

What's wrong? What happened?

**KARA**

It's Jim. Can you get back here? We

need your help.

**RYAN**

Yeah, of course...

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

Ryan's rental car pulls up in front. He hops out and Alex takes the driver's seat.

**ALEX**

I'll grab your suit.

**(ADDING)**

Good luck.

**INT. ENTRY, CHURCH - DAY**

Ryan immediately spots Julie sobbing and being consoled by her bride's maids. The groomsmen are huddled in another corner, embarrassed and confused. Kara splits from the

brides

maids and takes Ryan aside.

**RYAN**

What happened?

**KARA**

Jim's got cold feet.

**RYAN**

Today?

**KARA**

That's how cold feet work.

**RYAN**

What do you want me to do?

**KARA**

Talk to him.

**RYAN**

You want me to talk to him?

**94.**

**KARA**

Hey, it's either you or me. You know my record. I've already struck out once.

**RYAN**

I haven't been to bat. I haven't been in the dugout.

**KARA**

Don't you talk for a living? Motivational type stuff?

**RYAN**

I tell people how to avoid commitment.

A beat.

**KARA**

What kind of fucked up message is that?

**RYAN**

It's a philosophy.

**KARA**

It's stupid.

**RYAN**

Hey, it might have helped you.

A beat of stalemate.

**KARA**

Come on, Ryan. You haven't been around much. Fuck, you basically don't exist to us. I know you want to be there for her... Well here it is. This is your chance.

Ryan takes a breath.

**INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM, CHURCH - DAY**

Ryan quietly steps in to find Jim, half dressed in a tux reading the children's book "The Velveteen Rabbit". Jim snuffles. Ryan goes to leave, when...

**JIM**

Ryan?

**RYAN**

Oh, hey Jim.

95.

**JIM**

You ever read this?

**RYAN**

Yeah, it's pretty powerful stuff.

**JIM**

I'll say.

**RYAN**

Kara mentioned you were having some... thoughts?

Jim puts down the book.

**JIM**

I don't think I can do this.

**RYAN**

Okay. What makes you say that today?

**JIM**

I was just laying there last night in bed and I couldn't sleep. I was thinking about the wedding and the ceremony and all. Us buying a house and moving in together. Having a kid... Having another kid...

(begins to snowball)

... Thanksgiving, Christmas, spring break, football games, all of a sudden they're out of school, getting jobs, getting married, And then, you know... I'm a grandparent. I'm retired. Before you know it - I'm dead... and I just kept thinking... "What's the point?"

Ryan gulps. Fuck.

**JIM (CONT'D)**

(now asking Ryan directly)

I mean what is the point?

**RYAN**

The point?

**JIM**

Yeah, I mean, what am I starting here?

**RYAN**

**(DANCING)**

It's marriage... it's the most beautiful thing on Earth... you

know, what everyone aspires to...  
96.

**JIM**

You never got married.

**RYAN**

That's true...

**JIM**

You never even tried.

**RYAN**

Well, it's hard to define "try".

**JIM**

You seem happier than most of my  
married friends.

Ryan takes a beat.

**RYAN**

Jim, I'm not going to lie. Marriage  
can be a pain in the ass. And  
you're kind of right - All of this  
is just stuff on the way to your  
eventual demise.

**CUT TO:**

**KARA EAVESDROPPING AT THE DOOR WITH A LOOK OF COLD FEAR**

**BACK TO:**

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

We are all on running clocks that  
cannot be slowed down or paused and  
they all lead to the same place.  
Some guys leave marks that last  
beyond their own mortality. Not guys  
like you and me... But some. But  
even those footprints disappear.

**(A BEAT)**

There isn't a "point".

Jim sinks a little.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

I'm not the guy you'd normally want  
to talk to about all this stuff...

But think about it - your favorite memories. The greatest moments of your life? Were you alone?  
**97.**

**JIM**

(thinks about it)  
No... I guess not.

**RYAN**

I don't want to sound like a Hallmark card, but... Life? It's better with company.

Jim nods.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**

Come to think of it... Last night, the night before your wedding, when all this shit was circling through your head... Weren't you two sleeping in separate rooms?

**JIM**

Yeah, Julie went back to the apartment and I was all alone in that big honeymoon suite...

Jim chuckles to himself.

**RYAN**

Kind of lonely?

**JIM**

Yeah.

**RYAN**

Hey. Everybody needs a copilot.

This resonates with Jim and he can't help but smile.

**JIM**

That's a nice touch.

**RYAN**

Thanks.

**JIM**

What's the mood like out there?

**RYAN**

It's not good... Emotional.

**JIM**

What should I do?

**RYAN**

(twinkle in his eye)

Go get her.

**98.**

**INT. ENTRY, CHURCH**

Jim walks over to the huddle of bride's maids. They part and let him in. He kneels at Julie's feet...

**JIM**

I'm sorry I'm such a fuck up...

Will you be my co-pilot?

Julie gives him a perplexed look before smiling and falling into his arms. Tears and smiles spread amongst the girls.

Kara walks over to Ryan and pats him on the shoulder.

**KARA**

Welcome home.

**MONTAGE BEGINS AS A SERIES OF IMAGES:**

a  
- Ryan and Alex getting dressed in a little kitchen in the church. They're in a hurry and a little sloppy, but there's crooked joy in their faces.

- Jim standing at the alter with the priest getting a pat on the back from his best man.

pass  
- Julie getting walked to the alter by Jim's uncle. They Ryan, who looks on proudly.

- The priest gives his blessings.

- Jim raises Julie's veil. They kiss.

Hall.  
- Wedding attendees file into the Chalet Suites Banquet

- Ryan and Alex mingle with their table.

**RYAN**

Hi, I'm Ryan.

**WEDDING GUEST**

I'm your cousin... Harold.

**RYAN**

Oh, hey!

- Ryan and Alex dance like teenagers.
- The band does a cheesy choreographed dance step.
- Jim makes a speech. He is not good at public speaking, but the guests are generous with laughter.
- Tammy has her tongue down a groomsmen's throat.

**99.**

on

- Ryan pulls Kara onto the dance floor. She rests her head on his shoulder and they slow dance.
- Jim and Julie make their farewell and run off.
- Ryan and Alex help pick the center pieces off the tables.
- Ryan and Alex get into the elevator together. She's wearing his jacket. We're about to see them kiss, when the elevator door closes.

**INT. CONCOURSE, MILWAUKEE AIRPORT - MORNING**

Ryan and Alex stand between their gates. One sign reads OMAHA. The other sign reads CHICAGO.

**ALEX**

When am I going to see you?

**RYAN**

You're just going to have to come and visit.

**ALEX**

So settled down. You're not going to change on me...

**RYAN**

Same guy. Just one address.

We hear a boarding announcement for Chicago. Alex begins to step away to her gate.

**ALEX**

Call me if you get lonely.

A beat. And then...

**RYAN**

... I'm lonely.

say  
and  
Alex turns for her gate and joins the crowd. Ryan goes to something. He has an impulse... but he finally ignores it gets in line under the sign that reads "OMAHA".

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT, OMAHA - EARLY EVENING**

over  
view.  
The door opens and Ryan wheels in his Roll-Away. He walks to the window, parts the blinds and checks out his awful

**100.**

We see Ryan opening some mail. We see Ryan laying in bed. It's quiet. It's alone.

**INT. CTC HEADQUARTERS, CTC - DAY**

Natalie is giving Ryan a tour of the new ONLINE FIRING AREA

-  
A series of cubicles with YOUNG GUYS ON HEADSETS. She is in her element and very proud of her work.

**NATALIE**

... Some guy sits down in a conference room somewhere and a server routes their session to one of our termination engineers.

**RYAN**

You don't actually call them that.

**NATALIE**

I prefer "terminators", but it

bumped with legal.

**RYAN**

Really? I can't imagine why.

**NATALIE**

They follow a workflow that can take them through anything from a standard dismissal to a violent aggressor.

**RYAN**

Are they actually on line, right now?

**NATALIE**

No, they're beta-testing. Role-playing. We go live at the end of the month. (catches one of the guys making a mistake) Kyle, you're running through the events too quickly. You have to give them time to acknowledge each statement. Okay? It's a legal thing.

Ryan can only watch.

**INT. RYAN'S OFFICE, CTC - DAY**

Ryan is sitting at his desk. He puts on a HEADSET.

**RYAN**

This is ridiculous.  
101.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CTC - ANOTHER DAY**

Craig is leading a meeting. Ryan seems focused on something on his laptop. We see his screen: An itinerary for GoalQuest.

**EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY**

One of the GIANT DIGITAL MARQUEES reads: "GOALQUEST XX"

**INT. GREEN ROOM, GOALQUEST - DAY**

Ryan sits on a sofa, holding his BACKPACK. A slick GOALQUEST HOST enters the room.

**GOALQUEST HOST**

You ready to rock?

Ryan nods and gets up.

**INT. CONVENTION HALL, LAS VEGAS - DAY**

Ryan stands in the wings. He takes a breath, then steps out in front of a sea of people.

The GOALQUEST XX stage is like nothing we've seen yet. Large and professional. Blue Banners hang from the ceiling.

Digital

projectors show Ryan's Headshot - What's In Your Backpack?

Ryan sets the BACK PACK on a table and quickly unzips it.

A breath.

**RYAN**

Last year, I flew three hundred fifty thousand miles. The moon is only two fifty.

A long beat. Uncomfortable. Ryan looks at the back pack.

**RYAN**

Imagine for a second that you're carrying a backpack... I want you to feel the straps on your shoulders... You feel them?

Ryan isn't feeling them. He is not inspired. He isn't believable. He's barely even there.

**102.**

**RYAN**

Now, I want you to pack it with all the stuff you have in your life. Start with the little things.

Ryan is trying, but he can't find the will to do this.

**RYAN**

The... um... The stuff in drawers and on shelves.

Ryan takes a beat. He just stares at the backpack and thinks about all the things he has removed from it... And then...

**RYAN**

Excuse me.

And with that, Ryan leaves the stage. Handlers try to figure out what Ryan is doing. The Host runs for the mic.

**GOALQUEST HOST  
(TO RYAN)**

What the fuck are you doing?

**(TO CROWD)**

Okay, everyone just relax. We'll have your next guest out in a sec.

**EXT. CONCOURSE, MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan hustles past SLOT MACHINES until he is actually jogging.

**INT. BOARDING GATE, MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan runs up to a gate. He's the last one to board.

**INT. BOEING 757 - NIGHT**

Over Ryan's shoulder, through the window, we see Chicago below as the flight begins its descent.

**INT. CORRIDOR OF LIGHT, CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Ryan on the PEOPLE MOVER under the ceiling of NEON LIGHTS. Peaceful music emits from hidden speakers. Ryan walks briskly past idle riders.

**103.**

**EXT. RENTAL CAR SATELLITE KIOSK, CHICAGO - NIGHT**

Ryan hurriedly signs a hand-held device, hops into a SEDAN and speeds off. The RENTAL CAR ASSISTANT suddenly realizes...

**RENTAL CAR ASSISTANT**

Hey, you forgot to give me your Devotion Club card!

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE, CHICAGO SUBURBS - NIGHT**

Ryan steps out of his rental car and approaches the door of the townhouse - checking the address against a piece of **HILTON STATIONARY.**

Ryan stops, knocks, and puts on a smile.

ALEX. We hear Footsteps. The door unlocks and opens revealing She's wearing sweatpants and glasses. She's at home. She looks different.

**RYAN**

Surprise.

But there's something else. Alex is in shock... She's frozen.

Something's wrong. Ryan's smile begins to melt.

A man's voice calls from inside.

**MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)**

Honey, who's at the door?

A couple kids run by through the background, giggling. A man chases after them.

Alex is still speechless. Her eyes are angry and apologizing all at the same time.

Ryan just stands there. Emotionally bleeding to death.

**ALEX**

**(ALMOST INAUDIBLE)**

What are you doing here?

Ryan begins to step away. He turns and heads for his car, dropping the flowers.

Alex's husband becomes visible just as she's shutting the door.

**ALEX'S HUSBAND**

Who was that?

**104.**

**ALEX**

... just some guy who was lost.

Ryan gets in his rental car and drives off.

**EXT. CHICAGO HILTON - NIGHT**

almost We're watching Ryan through his window from far away...  
as if looking through binoculars. He sits on his bed, tie  
undone, holding a glass with an inch of scotch on his knee.

**INT. RYAN'S SUITE, CHICAGO HILTON - MORNING**

We see quick glimpses of Ryan getting ready. Crappy little  
COFFEE MAKER crappily brewing. Crappy hotel BAR OF SOAP  
crappily lathering. Crappy HAIR DRYER crappily blowing.

**EXT. AIR TRAIN, CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - MORNING**

Ryan is on the phone with Alex.

**RYAN**

How could you lie to me?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. ALEX'S CAR, DOWNTOWN GARAGE - SAME**

Alex sits in the car with the engine running.

**ALEX**

What were you thinking - Just  
showing up at my door like that?

**RYAN**

What do you mean? I wanted to see  
you. I didn't know you had a family  
- Why didn't you tell me that?

**ALEX**

Come on, I thought we signed up for  
the same thing.

**RYAN**

Try to help me understand. What is  
it you signed up for?

**ALEX**

I thought our relationship was  
perfectly clear. You're...

**(MORE)**

105.

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

(a long beat)  
... an escape.

**RYAN**

I'm an escape?

**ALEX**

You know, a break from our normal  
lives... A parenthesis.

**RYAN**

I'm a parenthesis?

**ALEX**

Seriously, Ryan? I can't believe  
we're having this conversation. I  
mean what do you want?

Ryan stumbles on this. What does he want?

**ALEX (CONT'D)**

You don't even know what you want.  
I'm sorry that I ruined your night...  
But you could have seriously screwed  
things up for me. That was my family.  
That's my real life.

**RYAN**

I thought I was a part of your real life.

**ALEX  
(SIGHS)**

Look, Ryan. I'm a grown up. I don't  
hold a grudge. When you're ready to  
be an adult and see me again, just  
give me a call.

Ryan can't quite believe what he's hearing. There's only one  
thing he can do. He hangs up.

**EXT. ESCALATOR, CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - MORNING**

Ryan is walking when his phone buzzes. He checks the DISPLAY  
CTC Calling. He presses IGNORE.

**INT. TICKET DESK - CHICAGO O'HAIRE - DAY**

usual. Ryan walks up to the TICKET DESK. He is more lost than

There is something plucky about the TICKET AGENT.

**PLUCKY TICKET AGENT**

Welcome back, Mr. Bingham.  
106.

**RYAN**

Yeah, right, you got me in 2C?

**PLUCKY TICKET AGENT**

Of course. Left side aisle, non-bulkhead. Just like you like it.

**RYAN**

What's got you so fucking happy?

The plucky agent fades a bit, then tries to recompose.

**PLUCKY TICKET AGENT**

Your boarding card, Mr. Bingham.

Ryan takes the ticket and exits.

**INT. BOEING 757 - DAY**

Ryan sits doing nothing. Others around him play Sudoku, read trashy paperbacks, work on laptops. Ryan just stares at the stitching on the seat in front of him. When... "Bing"

**PURSER**

Ladies and gentlemen, we have a special announcement to make.

Passengers look up.

**PURSER (CONT'D)**

Our pilot has just informed me that we are passing over the city of Mesa... which might not mean much to most of you, but means a lot to one of our fliers today, because he just hit **TEN... MILLION... MILES...**

**RYAN**

Oh no...

The Gershwin theme song for the airline rains down from the

overhead speakers. Passengers clap. Flight attendants gather at Ryan's seat with big smiles and champagne.

Ryan doesn't even react. He's just stunned.

The flight attendants separate just enough for a man in a bomber jacket to squeeze through. It's Maynard Finch, the Chief Pilot from the commercial.

**MAYNARD FINCH  
(TO RYAN)**

That seat taken?

**107.**

Maynard gives a little salute to his flight attendants, then slides by Ryan to the window seat.

**MAYNARD FINCH**

You're the youngest yet to hit twenty mil. Don't know where you found the time...

**(REMEMBERS)**

Oh right, here you go.

Maynard pulls out a MEMBERSHIP CARD. It's actually been stamped from platinum.

**MAYNARD FINCH (CONT'D)**

Seventh card we've made. Small club. We really appreciate your loyalty.

It has a pair of wings around "Member Number 7". Ryan holds it between his fingertips... Catches his own reflection.

**RYAN**

You know how many times I've thought about this moment? Played out the conversation I'd have with you right here.

**MAYNARD FINCH**

Really? What did you want to say?

A long beat.

**RYAN**

You know, I... I can't remember.

**MAYNARD FINCH**

That's alright. Happens to all of us.  
(attempts chit chat)

So, where you from?

Ryan looks at him straight in the face.

**RYAN**

I'm from here.

**INT. RYAN'S OFFICE, CTC - NEXT DAY**

Ryan picks up the phone at his desk. He removes his new TEN MILLION MILE CARD and dials a number off the back.

**AIRLINE OPERATOR**

Hello, Mr. Bingham.

**108.**

**RYAN**

Oh, how did you know it was me?

**AIRLINE OPERATOR**

This is your dedicated line. We reserve them for our most loyal and dedicated fliers.

**RYAN**

Oh. I'd like to transfer some of my miles. Can you open up an account under Jim and Julie Miller?

**AIRLINE OPERATOR**

Certainly. How many miles would you like to transfer?

**RYAN**

How many miles would it take to circle the globe?

**AIRPORT OPERATOR**

We have our "around-the-world" tickets. They're five hundred thousand miles each.

**RYAN**

Sounds perfect.

Craig enters Ryan's doorway.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Got a second?

**RYAN**

(to the airline operator)  
I'm going to have to call you right back.

Craig takes a seat across from Ryan.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

What happened to you yesterday? I was trying to reach you all day.

**RYAN**

I got tied up in... personal stuff. What's going on?

An uncomfortable beat.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Do you remember Karen Barnes?

Ryan doesn't.

**109.**

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

She was part of a thirty person reduction a few weeks back in Wichita. Natalie fired her.

**RYAN**

No, I fire dozens of people a day.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

She killed herself. Jumped off a bridge.

**RYAN**

Fuck.

**CRAIG GREGORY  
(AGREES)**

Yeah.

**(FORMALITY)**

Do you remember anyone giving you any signals of anything? Depression?

**RYAN**

They're all depressed. We're firing them.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Hey, look, you know I have to ask.

**RYAN**

No, I don't remember anything. Of course they're upset. You never

think that...

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Wasn't any woman who gave you any indication...? Anything?

Ryan remembers her.

**RYAN**

No, nothing that stands out.

**(A THOUGHT)**

Is Natalie alright? Is she coming in?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Natalie quit.

Ryan isn't surprised.

**RYAN**

Just like that?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Text message.

**110.**

Ryan stifles a laugh.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

Yeah, real fucking nice, right? No one has manners anymore.

**RYAN**

She say where she was going?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

Nah. She was pretty upset.

**RYAN**

I should give her a call.

**CRAIG GREGORY**

**(BUSINESS)**

I need you back in the air.

Ryan doesn't react.

**CRAIG GREGORY (CONT'D)**

Did you hear me? I thought you'd be thrilled.

**RYAN**

I'm fine. What about video conferencing?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

CTC is pausing on the whole new media front for a moment. Giving it a little more thought. Getting our work horses back out doing what they do best.

**RYAN**

How long are you sending me out?

**CRAIG GREGORY**

We're going to let you sail and sail. Send us a postcard if you ever get there.

Ryan absorbs this. Nods.

**INT. OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY**

A MANAGEMENT LEVEL GUY sits at his desk. Bay Area sports paraphernalia on the wall.

**MANAGER**

So, what happened?

We turn to reveal Natalie.

**111.**

**NATALIE**

How exactly do you mean?

**MANAGER**

You graduated top of your class. You seemed to have your pick of employment... Including right here. Instead, you went to Omaha... to fire people for a living.

**NATALIE  
(OBVIOUS COVER)**

It's challenging work.

**MANAGER**

I can't imagine doing that day-in-day-out. Not in this climate.

**NATALIE**

(after a beat)  
... I followed a boy.

The manager smiles to himself.

**MANAGER**

Everybody does at one point or another.

The manager raises a letter - It's Ryan's letter.

**MANAGER**

This guy says I'd be lucky to have you.

**INT. RYAN'S OFFICE, CTC - DAY**

Ryan writing the letter. We hear what he's writing...

**RYAN (V.O.)**

To whom it may concern, I can't even count the number of people I've fired in my lifetime. So many, that I've forgotten what it's like to actually hire somebody. We've never met, but I know you'd be lucky to have Natalie Keener. My advice? Take her and don't look back. She'll be the best decision you've made in a long time.

**INT. OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY  
112.**

The manager puts down the letter and reaches out a hand.

**MANAGER**

Hope he's right.

Natalie breaks into a smile, then jumps back to professional.

**INT. CORRIDOR, RYAN'S LOFT - DAY**

Ryan steps out his front door, ROLL-AWAY in tow.

**INT. OMAHA AIRPORT - DAY**

Ryan walks through the automated door. He looks like he did in the opening of the film. Maybe even wearing the same

clothes. Something is different though.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

Tonight, most people will be welcomed home by jumping dogs and squealing kids. Their spouses will ask about their day and tonight they'll sleep.

Ryan stops and looks up at a GIANT BOARD OF DESTINATIONS. An endless list of cities around the world. A menu of new lives departing every five minutes.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

The stars will wheel forth from their daytime hiding places.

We look back at Ryan. His eyes lock on one of the cities. We don't see which one. He makes a mental decision and turns in the direction of the gate. He lets go of his ROLL-AWAY.

**RYAN (V.O.)**

And one of those lights, slightly brighter than the rest, will be my wingtip, passing over, blessing them.

Ryan takes a step, but before his foot can land we...

**CUT TO CLOUDS**