

LOVE AT FIRST NOT

Sarah Avery Productions
3103 Rolling Acres Place
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Fade in:

PAN:

NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Music playing: "Baby, It's Cold Outside" by Ray Charles.

The pan shots are of New York at night. Lights sparkling. The shots of the city include Times Square, Statue of Liberty, and Brooklyn Bridge. They start out as big, general city shots, but after a few minutes, the camera moves down and closer to the sidewalk where people's faces become clearer.

WIDE SHOTS: CITY STREETS - EVENING

The wide shots of the city streets show storefronts with big window displays. In front of the stores, couples in coats are walking by holding hands, gazing at the store displays. There's another shot of families & couples ice skating on the pond in Central Park, and then the camera slowly moves over to Vino Restaurant.

QUICK CUT:

INT. VINO RESTAURANT - EVENING

Abuzz with loud laughs, jazz and the clink of wine glasses, one of New York's most popular restaurants for young professionals packs in guest after guest in the tiny and crowded space. The lighting is warm and dim and made brighter with candles lit in the elegant table centerpieces and antique wall hangings.

QUICK CUT:

VINO ENTRANCE

At the door of the restaurant, young couples are wrapped up in coats awaiting admittance, and oblivious to the long wait to get in, as they plunge deeper into conversation with their dates.

The camera makes a curious and luxurious swerve past the entrance of the restaurant, and past the hostess table to a secluded corner at the back of the crowded room.

PAN TO:

ZARA AND DATE

The props in this scene include a table with a smooth, hardwood finish. The width of the table is not much wider than the width of the arms of Zara's date. Zara has a full plate of salad and a fork in front of her, with a half-full glass of white wine to the left of the plate. Zara has a cloth napkin folded and resting in her lap.

Zara's date has a plate that holds a burger, and to the right of his plate is a nearly empty bottle of beer, and a crumpled cloth napkin.

The middle of the table has a brass, circular centerpiece that encloses two small, white candles that are lit. Approximately two feet above their heads, the wall to the middle side of their table is a brass wall hanging in the shape of a star that's a foot wide, and a foot and a half tall.

ZARA, 28, is a fiercely independent corporate law attorney. She has long and slender legs, like those of a supermodel, skin the complexion of a caramel mocha latte, and long, black, wispy hair elegantly tied on top of her head into an effortlessly messy bun.

Her burgundy Dior trench coat rests on the chair's back to reveal a gray sweater that is slouched perfectly off her shoulders, fitted dark turquoise pants and silver Alexander McQueen heel booties. Zara's thin and long fingers look as if they might collapse under the weight of her heavy gold bangles, and diamond rings that adorn each hand.

Zara's heels are crossed and away from the table, fingers restlessly tapping her cheek, and her lips are pursed as she lifts her glass of wine to take a sip.

WIDE SHOT: ZARA AND DATE

Zara's date, 39, sits directly across from her at the restaurant's table. Her date is wearing a brown driving hat, a blue polo tee and vest, khaki suede pants and a pair of slightly worn tan Stacy Adams.

DATE

You didn't tell me what you think of it.

ZARA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

I'm sorry... think of what?

CLOSE UP: DATE

Zara's date is leaned in to the table, legs spread wide, and elbows rested completely on either side of the table. Holding the burger with both hands, he messily chews the burger, with small bits of meat landing on to the table. In between bites, he speaks to Zara.

DATE

My big record label idea. I'm gonna finally get a kickstart on this music thing I've been digging for awhile. I know what's great! I know talent! Better than these other sucker music producers out here. What do you think?

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara slightly jumps, staring at the flying pieces of meat. She combs through her uneaten salad and straightens her posture to respond to her date.

ZARA

Uh... it's definitely an idea, that's for sure. But don't you think it's a bit... I don't know... late for you to get started on this venture? Not to be blunt, but you're nearly 40.

CLOSE UP: DATE

DATE

See, that's where you're wrong. Not about being 40, but this: I can do this with your help.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA

Pardon me?

CLOSE UP: DATE

DATE

Before your friends set us up on this date, I did a
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

little looking into what you do. I heard you're about to make partner at your firm – go ahead, girl, do your thing. I recommend you celebrate your accomplishments by making your first big investment. In me. And my record label, of course.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara sat further up as her neck stiffened, fists clenched and bottom lip trembled. She tilted her head to the ceiling to let out an exasperated laugh before returning her eye's gaze to her date's.

ZARA

So, let me get this straight. You spent the past 43 minutes boring me to tears with details of your life, ex wives, and past jobs all to build up to this sales pitch. You thought this date was an opportunity for a freaking sales pitch.

Zara turns around to gather her coat and clutch.

CLOSE UP: DATE

Date's eyes slowly get wide as he throws down his burger, and flails his hands across the table in an attempt to stop Zara from leaving.

DATE

Wait! No, no, no. I promise you it wasn't like that, it's not like that, I swear! I... I... I'm so desperate to get started on this idea that I couldn't wait to talk to potential investors. Not that I see you as an investor! I mean... wait!

WIDE SHOT: BACK CORNER OF RESTAURANT

Zara stands up to exit the restaurant, and pushes in the chair at her table and gives her date an icy look.

ZARA

Next time, just put an ad in the paper for a sugar mama. Don't waste my time.

CLOSE UP: DATE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5.

Date slowly stands up to whisper in Zara's ear.

DATE

So, does this mean that you're not covering the check?
I just figured since you recommended the place...

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara grew a huge smile on her face.

ZARA

Oh, look at that. Who needs a record label when I just
found you a new gig? Have fun washing dishes.

Zara briskly turned on her heel to exit the restaurant.

PAN:

RESTAURANT EXIT

DATE

Zara! Zara!

Date's voice grows fainter as it drowns in the noise of the
restaurant's buzz and its satisfied patrons.

WIPE TO:

INT. ZARA'S LOFT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Costume change: Zara will be shot from the head up, but she
needs to look naked. She should wear a Strapless top or
nude bra, perhaps. Dream man will have no shirt on - he
will be shot from shoulders up.

Zara's bed has a fluffy, white duvet and her room has white
walls. Her bed is attached to a rectangular, white
headboard with a soft, fuzzy material. Above her bed hangs
a large painting of a young, African-American girl, laying
on her bed smiling and staring out of her window. Her room
has a window that takes up 75% of the wall, and it has
silk, white curtains that are pulled back. She has a small
closet, neatly crammed with clothes and shoes. She has two
gold jewelry hangings next to her window, draped with
earrings and necklaces. There's a small T.V. hanging on the
wall facing her bed. Next to the TV, there is a large,
wooden dresser. One drawer is slightly open.

The room is softly lit. The windows are letting in early morning, natural light.

Zara is in a deep sleep in her bed with a soft, satisfied look on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

DREAM MAN

A blurry figure in the shape of a head comes into focus as the camera zooms in on a clear face.

The man that's come into focus resembles a famous Norwegian supermodel. He has short, tousled blond hair, chiseled jaws and minimal scruff decorating his chin and sides of his face. He's standing on a beach, wearing a white fitted shirt and white pants.

His perfectly aligned teeth become clear as they grow into a smile. His hand reaches out to brush Zara's cheek.

DREAM MAN

You are... stunning, Zara.

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S FACE

Zara's vocals cease temporarily as she prepares her voice to respond to him. Right as she's about to, her eyes grow wide and her hands clutch the sides of her face in pure terror, as she lets out a shrilling scream.

CLOSE UP: DREAM MAN

The dream man's face has morphed into a monstrous creature resembling Godzilla. His face now has crusty green skin, yellow eyes with red slits, and a skinny red tongue split down the middle that flickered at Zara.

SMASH CUT:

ZARA IN BED

Costume change – Zara’s hair is down, messy with crinkled curls and she has no makeup on. Wearing pajama pants with blue skies on them, and a black camisole top with no bra.

The room is now fully lit with bright, white morning light.

Zara’s screams are cut abruptly short as she jolts awake in her own bed. Quickly, she turns to her bedside to realize that the screams in her dream sound eerily close to the shrill sound of her alarm clock.

CLOSE UP: ALARM CLOCK

Zara’s hand shoots out to grab her alarm clock from her nightstand. Alarm clock says 7:07 a.m. Zara leaves her house every morning by 7 a.m. to get to work on time.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara stares at the offending alarm clock for a few seconds before it registers that she’s late to work.

ZARA
Crap!

MONTAGE:

ZARA GETTING DRESSED

“I Love It” by Icona Pop is the music score for this montage.

Zara jumps out of bed. Several sped-up scenes of Zara whizzing around her apartment getting dressed include: messily brushing her teeth with one hand while she shoves on a gray H&M blazer with the other. She tosses several clothing pieces out of her closet as she decides on a pair of black Banana Republic pants, and she nearly falls over trying to jump into them. She throws food down for her cat, shoves on a pair of suede gray Jimmy Choo pumps, and quickly tosses her hair back into a low bun as she runs out of the apartment door. Music stops as she slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPTOWN NEW YORK – STARBUCKS – 8:19 AM

This scene needs 30-40 extras, dressed as business professionals, college students, etc., standing in the

Starbucks and out of the door. The Starbucks has windows and, outside of the window are tons of people busily walking the streets of New York. The windows must also be able to faintly show tall buildings in the background. Need setup of a typical Starbucks: couches, low lighting, wooden chairs, displays with mugs/reusable coffee cups, counter tops in the shape of a U, where customers wait to pick up their order. There needs to be extras playing busy Starbucks baristas, rushing to make coffee and handing out coffee orders, and 3 cash registers at the front counter.

"Don't Know Why" by Norah Jones softly plays in the background of the Starbucks.

The lighting in these early Starbucks shots is a duller, grayish tone.

Zara's heels enter the room first as they click loudly into the Starbucks and onto the tile floor. She looks up from her iPhone to see the line wrapped around the street corner.

QUICK CUT:

ZARA'S POV

Dozens of impatient Starbucks patrons talk on the phones as they stand in line for coffee, cramming in to the already cramped Starbucks.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA

Ugh. No, no, no, I need my Starbucks!

Music fades out completely.

WIDE SHOT: STARBUCKS ENTRANCE

Zara inches through crowds of people and receives vicious stares and grunts of discontent while doing so, until she reaches the back of the Starbucks counter.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara leans over the counter, hands gripping the granite surface, and hisses ferociously.

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CONTINUED:

9.

ZARA
(whispering)
Alejandro! Psst, Alejandro!

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

Alejandro is a Starbucks barista and Zara's friend. He is a 24-year-old Hispanic male, and he is 5'6 and has black, spiky hair hidden by the uniform hat. He is wearing his apron and black Dickies pants. He has muscular, tanned arms with tattoos reaching up and below his shirt and is also wearing a pair of black Converse. He is working a front register, when he turns and sees Zara.

ALEJANDRO
Zara? You're late.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA
Ergh, shut up, I know. But, this is urgent.

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

ALEJANDRO
Zara, you know you're not allowed this close behind the counter, you're going to get me in trouble with my boss again. Get out, get out, get out!

ZARA
But... Alejandro!

WIDE SHOT: ALEJANDRO AND ZARA

Alejandro pushes Zara completely to the other side of the counter, where the rest of the patrons are waiting.

Zara fights her way to the very front of the customer line, where she reaches Alejandro again. Customers grunt and mutter curse words at Zara, as she pushes through them.

One customer, a Caucasian male with brown hair that's 6'3", dressed in a black suit and carrying a black briefcase briskly walks to the front counter, where Zara is now leaning over to talk to Alejandro.

CONTINUED:

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10.

ALEJANDRO'S POV: ZARA AND LONG LINE OF CUSTOMERS

DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER:

Excuse me, I've been waiting in line for over 25 minutes. How does she get to cut to the front of the line?

Zara faces the customer while making an awkward face.

ZARA

Forgive me, sir. He's my... uh... boyfriend.

Zara turns to face Alejandro.

ZARA

Honey, you left so early this morning that I couldn't even give ya my morning smooches!

Zara makes a face, closing her eyes, puckering her lips and starts making kissing noises.

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

Alejandro gives Zara a blank stare, and turns to speak to the customer.

ALEJANDRO

I'm so sorry, sir, I'll take your order as soon as I take care of this pesky issue.

CLOSE UP: DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER

Dissatisfied customer exhales impatiently and turns to walk away.

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

ALEJANDRO

Zara, you have to wait in line like the rest of the customers. What do you think this is?

ALEJANDRO'S POV

ZARA

Please, please, please, Alejandro! I'm already running over 20 minutes late to work, it's going to be 30

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 11.
after I get this coffee, and 50, if you make me wait
in line, I had a horrible date last night, a
disturbing dream this morning, a ...

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

ALEJANDRO
What's it going to take to get you to shut up?

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA
Grande chai tea latte, 3 pumps, skim milk, lite water,
no foam, extra hot. Please.

Zara's face winces as she clasps her hands together, closes
her eyes, and sticks out her bottom lip in desperation.

ALEJANDRO
Ugh, you owe me big time.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA
Thank you, baby!

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

ALEJANDRO
Yeah, you can thank me by taking me around in that
fancy whip of yours with that fancy driver.

ALEJANDRO'S POV

ZARA
You got it, babe.

CLOSE UP: ALEJANDRO

ALEJANDRO
So, why was your date horrible?

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA
You don't even have the time for me to get into it.
Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12.

Zara winks and walks away.

BACK COUNTER

Moments later, she receives her coffee and rushes over to the back counter to add cream to her drink.

This scene has a small counter that holds creams, sugars, a full napkin dispenser, stirring sticks, and a trash hole. Next to the counter is a small wooden table with a young man leaned over it, sitting in the chair, looking at his phone.

Zara takes the top off of her drink to sip it. While slowly blowing it to cool it off, a customer bumps into the back of her, spilling some of the scalding coffee onto her hand and on to the front of her blazer.

ZARA

(yelling)

AHH! Seriously, man?!

Zara throws her hand up, and turns to look at the offending customer. A man shrugs at her and walks out of the door.

CLOSE UP: MATT'S FACE

The lighting of this next series of shots becomes warmer, with a light brown tone.

MATT, a suave and handsome budding pediatrician, turned to observe the commotion after hearing Zara's scream. He is a 32-year-old Caucasian male, standing just over 6 feet tall. He's wearing fitted gray-black Ted Baker suit pants and jacket, a sweater vest that covers a gray long-sleeved shirt with white cuffs, and a tie with black and white polka dots. His curly, brown hair is cut into a short haircut with slight sideburns that lead to a well-trimmed, short beard. Strapped across his shoulder is a black leather carrying bag.

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S HAND

Zara's fingers reach for the napkin dispenser to tend to her blazer, and clumsily attempts to dab the coffee from the burned part of her hand.

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CONTINUED:

13.

CLOSE UP: MATT'S FACE

Matt's lips turn into a side smile, as he admires Zara. He steps away from the line and over to the counter, where she's standing.

Zara mutters to herself, oblivious to the approaching company.

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S BLAZER

Zara is using a wet napkin to dab the front of her blazer that has been stained with coffee.

ZARA

This is just not my morning. And I love this blazer.
I swear, one of these mornings, I -

A deep and attractive voice interrupts her mutterings.

MATT (Off screen)
You okay?

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S FACE

Zara quickly sucks in a breath, because she is startled by the voice. She turns to look up at him in surprise with wide eyes, and stops mid-dab. She continues to stare at him.

Soft romantic musical score plays in the background as Zara stares at him and takes in his presence and outfit.

The music stops when the curious customer speaks up. Matt has a slight Southern accent.

CLOSE UP: MATT

MATT

Oh, didn't mean to startle ya. I just wanted to come over here, and see if you were okay. Looks like that jerk over there mighta burned ya pretty bad.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

14.

ZARA

Oh, no, I'm fine. Typical New Yorkers, hah. I'll consider it a badge of honor to sport my new battle scar from Starbucks.

WIDE SHOT: ZARA AND MATT

Matt laughs heartily while Zara laughs more softly, and stares at him and his stellar smile in admiration. He stops laughing to return her gaze, but her eyes quickly dart away to her coffee, as she picks it back up to continue sipping it.

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S STARBUCKS CUP

Matt notices Zara's name messily scribbled on to the side of her cup facing him.

CLOSE UP: MATT

MATT

My name is Matt, by the way.

Matt sticks out his hand to shake Zara's.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara abruptly stops sipping to put down her cup, and shake his hand.

ZARA

Nice to meet you, Matt. I'm Z-

MATT

Zara. Right?

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara stares at him in slight confusion.

CLOSE UP: MATT

MATT

Saw the name on your cup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15.

Matt smiles.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara turns around her cup to see her name staring at her. She throws her head back in a laugh.

ZARA

Oh, duh. Very perceptive, Matt.

She slyly smiles at him, while coyly putting the cup back up to her lips to take another sip.

CLOSE UP: MATT

Matt smiles back at her.

MATT

Hey, are you sure that burn of yours is okay? Those are nothing to play with.

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara stares at her hand, and quickly nods her head.

ZARA

Oh, yeah, it's nothing. I'll take care of it back at the off-

CLOSE UP: MATT'S BAG

Before Zara can finish her sentence, Matt has already reached in his bag to whip out a Q-tip and a portable case of an antibiotic cream. He moves closer to her, with both things in one hand, and holds a free hand up.

CLOSE UP: MATT

MATT

Mind if I... take a look?

CLOSE UP: ZARA

ZARA

Um... sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

16.

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S HAND

Soft, romantic musical score starts to play.

Matt gently grabs her hand and swiftly dabs the Q-tip in the small case of cream, and rubs the cream onto her hand. His thumb slowly rubs the back of her hand as he tends to it.

CLOSE UP: ZARA'S FACE

Zara's face is one of slight discomfort when he first grabs her hand, but his gentleness relaxes her muscles and her facial expressions turn into a small smile of contentment, as she stares at him.

CLOSE UP: MATT

Matt puts away the cream, throws out the Q-tip and lets Zara's hand go as he turns his face back up to look at her.

MATT

How's that? Does it feel any better?

CLOSE UP: ZARA

Zara starts beaming, and holds her tended-to hand close to her heart.

ZARA

Yes. Much better than it's ever felt before.

WIDE SHOT: ZARA AND MATT

The lighting in this shot is incredibly warm, and the people in the background of the Starbucks are slightly blurred out as the focus on Matt and Zara becomes clearer and stronger.

The two of them stare at each other and smile shyly for a few moments.

FADE OUT.