

NERDGASM

Episodes 1 & 2

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

Text types on, one letter at a time, MS-DOS style:

N E R D G A S M _

CLICK.

The screen is flooded with ONES and ZEROS, in the style of *The Matrix*.

We MOVE INTO one of the zeros... there's more zeros behind, creating a tunnel.

As we come out the other end, the tunnel TURNS INTO the mouth of a WOMAN, having an orgasm.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Her name is JULIA (23).

She collapses on the bed, flushed and exhausted.

JULIA
Did you finish?

PAN TO:

ALEX, (27, glasses, unkempt), is ACROSS THE ROOM, sitting in front of his computer and typing like crazy.

ALEX
Huh?-- I'm almost there. I still can't find the memory leak.

JULIA
You've been coding all day! Come here!

ALEX
I almost got it. Can't you play with Mr. Bullet a little longer?

Julia goes to Alex, grabs him from behind his chair.

JULIA
No. Come over!

She pulls him away from the computer. Alex keeps his eyes on the screen as long as he can, before reluctantly peeling off the desk.

LATER

Alex thrusts into Julia from behind, spoon position.

She moans, progressively louder as she gets into it.

Alex is quiet, his mind is not there.

Hard as she's trying, something's not working for Julia.

She turns around, guides Alex on top of her... missionary.

JULIA

I wanna see you.

Alex gets between her legs and starts again.

As she slowly gets into it, her eyes close.

Something's not quite working, she opens her eyes again.

Alex is thrusting with the most disinterested face, even mouthing some numbers as he runs formulas in his head.

JULIA (cont'd)

Babe!

ALEX

(stopping)

What?!

JULIA

Put some effort into it!

ALEX

Uh-- Okay, okay. Sorry.

Julia closes her eyes. Alex tries to psych himself into it, and starts again, focused.

ALEX (cont'd)

How's that?

JULIA

A bit higher.

Alex tries to go higher, it's a bit uncomfortable for him.

JULIA (cont'd)

Higher.

Alex tries to go higher, it's even more uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA (cont'd)
Yeah, that's the spot.

Alex tries hard to stay in that position, but he's getting tired. He relaxes a bit...

JULIA (cont'd)
No. Stay there!

Alex goes back to the spot.

It's finally working for Julia. She opens her eyes...

Alex is dead serious. Straining to maintain the position.

Julia stops him, frustrated.

ALEX
What?!

JULIA
Look at your face!

ALEX
It's my focus face! I'm trying to stay on the spot you wanted!

JULIA
Sorry-- It's just-- I haven't had you for a while, now you're all serious!

ALEX
Fine, I got it, I got it! I'll be less serious.

JULIA
Okay.

Alex starts again, unsure. She closes her eyes again.

Julia starts enjoying it, her moans getting louder and louder. At the peak, she opens her eyes, only to see...

Alex moving up and down over her, holding the most FORCED, CREEPIEST SMILE!--

She's repelled.

JULIA (cont'd)
That's it!

ALEX
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She gets out of the bed and starts getting dressed.

Confused, Alex puts his trousers on and stands up after her. His ERECT PENIS pushing out the fabric like a circus tent.

JULIA
This is not working!

ALEX
I'm sorry, I'm just in the midst of--

JULIA
(frustrated)
No, not just that the whole thing...
I can't--

ALEX
What do you mean?

JULIA
I mean, you are never around, and
when you are, you're working on your
stupid space project!

ALEX
That stupid space project is going to
advance humanity--

JULIA
--into a multi-planetary species. I
know, Elon! I get it! But I'm on
Earth, and so is every other woman.

ALEX
What about Margaret Smith on the ISS?

JULIA
(bursts in
frustration)
Fuck her!-- Actually, yeah... go up
there and fuck her! Maybe in zero
gravity your smiley sex face won't
look creepy!

Julia grabs her purse and heads out the door. He chases her.

ALEX
Wait--!

She slams the door behind her, BAM! right on Alex's penis.

He BENDS DOWN in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He takes a moment to recompose himself.

Limps to the computer chair and sits down.

He takes a breath... after a moment, he gets back to work.

INT. TOBY'S HOBBIES - DAY

A small hobby store.

A robotic car made out of Lego speeds through a work table. It crashes against a box, turns around and rides off the table... a woman catches it, her name is RILEY (29).

She's 6-feet tall, no earrings, no makeup.

She gives the little car to a TEN-YEAR OLD KID.

KID

Thanks!

RILEY

Sure. Can I show you something?

KID

Do you work here? I'm not supposed to speak with strangers.

RILEY

No, I just wanna show you something.

KID

(suspicious)

Is it boobs? I've seen boobs.

RILEY

What?! No! It's for your robot.

KID

Okay. But that's my mom right there.

She digs in a box full of spare pieces, finds a tiny sensor.

KID (cont'd)

What's that?

Riley hands it to him. He reads the tiny label:

KID (cont'd)

Flic sensor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY
Not flic, 'cliff' sensor.

KID
Oh, sorry. I confuse words sometimes.

RILEY
That's alright. I do that too.

She plugs the sensor to the main board of the car and attaches it to the front.

The kid turns on the robot car.

It runs aimlessly for a while before heading to the edge of the table. He gets ready to catch it, but this time the car senses the edge and stops before falling off.

KID
Whoa.

Riley smiles with the kid.

The kid runs off.

KID (cont'd)
Mom, look!

Riley gets a text:

LINDSAY: Here

She looks up and spots LINDSAY JIN (27), wearing scrubs.

Riley walk walks to Lindsay, we now see she's dragging a SUITCASE.

LINDSAY
Hey sorry I'm late.

RILEY
You kidding? I could spend all day here. I still can't believe they opened right next to your place.

LINDSAY
I liked the BevMo better.

RILEY
(looks for something
on the shelves)
I saw something that might change
your mind...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Riley hands Lindsay a box from a shelf.

LINDSAY

Rob-Bar Tender, your personal robo-mixologist?

She's pleasantly surprised.

Turns it around, sees the price.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

And, you lost me.

Riley laughs. Lindsay points at Riley's suitcase.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Did he believe you?

RILEY

I don't know. But I don't think he expects a surprise party.

LINDSAY

Okay. Let's go, we have to prep.

They start heading out.

RILEY

Hang on.

Riley stops to grab a set of Lego robots. Lindsay gives her a judgmental look.

RILEY (cont'd)

What? I left my Arduino at home.

Lindsay rolls her eyes as Riley rushes to buy the Lego.

LINDSAY

You have too much free time.

INT. COSMO-Z LABS - NIGHT

A long table with several workstations in a high-tech building that could pass for an Apple store.

The place is empty, except for Alex in the middle station... coding away.

Next to his keyboard sits a printed to-do list with all the items scratched out, except one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A surfer dude wearing flip-flops, comes in. It's DUANE (28).

DUANE
Hey bro, everyone's gone, I'm gonna
split too.

ALEX
One sec--!

Alex types the last few characters and clicks 'COMPILE'.

A slow progress bar pops on the screen.

ALEX (cont'd)
Alright. Compiling.

Duane doesn't reply, he's texting someone now. He sends it.

DUANE
Sorry, bud. It's this girl on
Tinder...
I'm trying to 'Tinderize' her meat.
If you know what I mean.

ALEX
Um. Yeah. Cool.
(beat)
So. It's compiling.

DUANE
You fixed it yourself?

ALEX
We'll see.

DUANE
Right on bro. I'm going home. We'll
send it to Testing on Monday.

ALEX
Cool. Did you get the results of the
door unit yet?

DUANE
Nope. They'll be here next week. You
can take a few days off.

ALEX
(taken aback)
Nah, I'll start the handheld unit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUANE

The board hasn't approved it yet.
They're not meeting until the tenth.

ALEX

(disappointed)

Oh.

Awkward silence.

DUANE

Seriously bro. When was the last time
you took a break?

Alex tries to remember.

DUANE (cont'd)

Wasn't it when you went to San Fran?

ALEX

Can't be. I was still with Julia.

DUANE

When did you break up with her? Like
a year ago?

ALEX

Two.

DUANE

And you haven't been with anybody
else since?

ALEX

I haven't had time.

DUANE

Dude! How have you been surviving all
this time?

Alex squirms uncomfortably.

DUANE (cont'd)

No!... You've been just... waxing the
rifle all this time?

Alex looks away, affirming Duane's suspicion.

DUANE (cont'd)

Wait! Is that why you were working
from home all the time?...
So you could play Uno while you're
compiling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Alex couldn't look more guilty.

ALEX

The most productive time of my life.

DUANE

That's it! Some girls from Composites and I are going for drinks tomorrow night, you're coming too.

ALEX

What? No, I--

DUANE

What, you've got plans?
Jack-off to sleep or something?

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lindsay comes out of her room in a bit of a rush. She's wearing a tube-dress and putting her earrings on.

She gets to the living room. There's a half-built Lego machine on the coffee table and unused pieces all over.

A blanket and pillow carelessly splayed on the couch, somebody slept there and didn't neat up.

LINDSAY

(looking around)

Riley?

INT. LINDSAY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley on the toilet, peeing with all the peace in the world.

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay sweeps all the Lego pieces into a bag, puts it away.

LINDSAY

Riley?!

INT. LINDSAY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

RILEY

I'm in the bathroom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSAY
People are going to be waiting!

RILEY
I'll be right out!

Riley reaches for the toilet paper, the roll is oriented with the sheet hanging from the back.

She patiently unmounts the roll, turns it around, mounts it with the sheet hanging from the front.

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay folds the blanket and pillow, puts them in a closet. She heads to the bathroom door and knocks.

LINDSAY
This is your thing! You're the one supposed to be rushing me.

No answer.

LINDSAY (cont'd)
Are you changing my toilet paper again?!

The door opens.

RILEY
You know, in the patent for toilet paper, the sheet goes over.

LINDSAY
Fine. Are you going to get ready?

INT. BLISS & FLAVOR LOUNGE - NIGHT

Happy hour.

Duane, Alex, ERIN, (30), and MARIA (25), sit at a table. Duane is the center of attention, and he's killing it.

DUANE
...I was trying to be reasonable, but he kept going on and on. So I go: Bro, bro!-- I don't care. If you don't fix whatever is causing the micro tears, the only place this module is going, is Uranus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The women laugh. Alex doesn't find it that funny.

ERIN
Alex, I've seen you around. You're in
Engines, right?

ALEX
Yes.

He immediately goes back to his drink.

ERIN
Oh, cool.

Alex nods. Awkward silence.

DUANE
Come on bro--
He doesn't like tooting his own horn,
just waxing it.

Alex almost spits his drink.

DUANE (cont'd)
...but in a previous life he
developed the airliner ejector seat--

MARIA
Oh, the one at Aerospace Safety
Systems?

ALEX
ASS? No, those assholes didn't create
it. They were trying to make a
parachute for the whole plane, but it
wasn't working.

DUANE
They bought in, then diluted all his
stock before it hit the market and
made millions.

ERIN
That's not cool.

ALEX
(resigned)
I know.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIN

At least you know something you created has saved lives. They've used it a few times, right?

ALEX

Five times, yeah. Saved around a thousand people.

They're impressed.

DUANE

Wait until you see what he's doing for us though.

MARIA

Oh, yeah? What is it?

Alex nods again. Duane glares at him to expand a bit.

ALEX

Um. I developed a special hybrid of wall-less Hall slash, chemical Thruster. We're using it to revamp the propulsion system on the M.P.S.

ERIN

Oh, I heard about this. Is this the one that could reduce the trip to Mars by half?

ALEX

Yeah, theoretically. And go both ways without refueling.

ERIN

Wow. How long have you worked on it?

ALEX

Mmm, eight years since I started, but full time for the last three, when I was brought here.

MARIA

That's amazing.

ALEX

Thanks.

Awkward silence again. Maria and Erin look at each other.

MARIA

I have to use the restroom. You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIN

Yeah.

They get up and leave. Duane turns to Alex.

DUANE

Dude!

ALEX

I like Erin.

DUANE

(confused)

Then talk to her!

ALEX

I just don't know what to say.

DUANE

Say anything!-- I think she's into you. Just say whatever comes to your mind and you'll be fine.

ALEX

But nothing comes to my mind.

DUANE

(frustrated)

Just, don't think about it. I'll be right back. Gotta take a leak.

ALEX

(suddenly nervous)

Wait. I'll go with you.

DUANE

No, Dude. That's weird!

Alex grabs Duane, as Duane stands up.

DUANE (cont'd)

You'll be fine, they don't bite. I'll be back soon.

Alex sits by himself. *Sexy and I know it* starts playing.

He lip-syncs to it.

The chorus comes, he's really into it...

ALEX

(mouthing)

I'm Sexy and I know it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He tries not to make it too visible, but can't stop his head from shaking to the beat. Then...

ALEX (cont'd)
Wiggle wiggle wiggle yeah!
Wiggle wiggle wiggle yeah!

Erin and Maria come back from the bathroom and see Alex, he's really into the song.

He sees them and immediately turns serious. Embarrassed.

ERIN
 No, that was good.

ALEX
 Oh, you wouldn't say that if you heard me actually sing it.

Erin laughs, a bit uncomfortable.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The four of them wait outside.

The VALET brings a big JEEP to the front.

Alex and Maria both head to the passenger door. Alex is confused.

DUANE
 Oh, sorry bud. I forgot. Would you mind taking an Uber home? I'm gonna give Maria a ride.

ALEX
 It's fine, I can hop in the back.

DUANE
 Dude.

ERIN
 I can give you a ride.

ALEX
 Didn't you say you live East?
 I live all the way up in--

DUANE
 DUDE!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After some serious glaring from Duane, Alex finally gets it. He tries to play it off cool.

ALEX
Okay. Sure. No problem.

DUANE
Rad. See you Monday.

Duane winks at Alex and hops in the Jeep. Maria hops in, and they drive off.

Alex and Erin look at each other. They smile nervously.

ALEX
(joking)
You're not going to roofie me or something, right?

Awkward. Dead. Silence.

The headlights of another car...

ALEX (cont'd)
Is that your car?

EXT. FANCY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A fancy building with many cars parked in front.

One of the cars rocks side to side...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julia and JOSH (29), are in the middle of an intense make-out session, quickly escalating.

He grabs her hair and pulls her head back.

JOSH
Wanna come up?

JULIA
(playful)
Whatever you want birthday boy.

INT. FANCY BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They try to find his apartment, but they can't keep their hands off each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They tumble on the walls, grab each other, etc.

They finally make it to his door.

He pulls out his keys.

She looks around to make sure nobody's watching and playfully unzips his pants.

He gets nervous, and has a hard time finding the right key.

JULIA

Come on. Hurry!

He tries to focus on the key... finds it!

INT. FANCY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. It's dark inside. He flips the lights.

FRIENDS

Surprise!

He's startled by a bunch of people in his apartment.

A surprise party with decorations and all.

Josh's eyes go wide. He scans through the dumbstruck guests.

A banner hangs from the roof: *HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABE!*

Josh notices Julia's hand is still in his crotch. He pulls it out and PUSHES JULIA AWAY.

RILEY makes her way out through the guests, crying and heading out the door.

JOSH

Riley, wait...

She ignores him and rushes out of the apartment.

A few seconds later, Lindsay rushes after her.

She stops in front of Josh and punches him in the face, knocking him to the floor.

He tries to get back up.

LINDSAY

Stay down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kicks him in the ribs and runs out after Riley.

JOSH

She said she was going to Seattle!

Julia looks at Josh with disdain, then leaves too.

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A Prius pulls over in front of the building.

INT. ERIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ALEX

...now we're looking for the best way
to encase the pump.

ERIN

Yeah. I think the Carbon nanotubes
are the best choice.

ALEX

(pointing)
That's the building.

She stops the engine.

ALEX (cont'd)

Thanks for the ride.

ERIN

Sure. No problem.

He just sits there. Awkward silence.

She stares at him.

ALEX

What?

Frustrated, Erin finally decides to make her move.

SLOW-MOTION in the style of *The Matrix*:

-She leans toward Alex.

-Alex sees her coming, confused.

-Her lips extend, going for a kiss.

-He sees her lips and PANICS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-He dodges her lips, like Neo dodging bullets, and in a swift move, he kisses her cheek.

-He immediately cringes when he realizes what he's done.

Back in REAL TIME:

She doesn't know how to react.

ERIN
Alright. Well, um, have a good night.

ALEX
Yeah, you too.

He heads out of the car, but stops to say something... nothing comes to his mind. She takes the lead.

ERIN
I'll see you around.

ALEX
Yeah. Thanks for the ride.

She drives off.

Alex is so embarrassed. He screams, kicks and throws his fists into the air, whatever helps him let it out.

Finally, he grabs his head and pulls it down...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COSMO-Z LABS - DAY

...Alex's head slams over his desk.

Duane sits next to him.

DUANE
Woah bro. That's bad.

ALEX
I didn't even know I had such fast reflexes! I was like freaking Neo!

DUANE
But instead of bullets, you dodge pussy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Ahhh! Why did you take me to that date?

DUANE

I thought you'd have fun.

ALEX

That's the problem. I did! But I was focused. I was so productive... I was fine! I can't go back to just--

DUANE

You just need to get out there again.

Alex drops his head onto the desk again.

ALEX

(reluctantly)

I know.

DUANE

I have something for you. Hang on.

Alex looks up from the desk, Duane is gone.

He comes back with a business card, hands it to Alex.

ALEX

'Enigma's Algorithm'?

DUANE

(giddy)

Read the subtitle.

ALEX

'How to get hot women into bed',
by Enigma.

DUANE

(off Alex's dubious
look)

It's a set of theories and practices
to help you get better with girls--

ALEX

I don't know-- I don't think these
things work.

DUANE

Come on man, Do you think I've always
been this cool?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alex gives him a dubious once-over.

ALEX
How does this help?

DUANE
It gives you techniques to talk to girls, go under their radar and not get rejected-- like here, stand up.

Alex stands up, Duane stands ten feet in front of Alex.

DUANE (cont'd)
You see a girl you like, and you wanna talk to her. What do you do?

ALEX
Me? I--

DUANE
Well, I know what you do. But let's say you actually are going to talk to her. You just walk up and say hi?

ALEX
Um... sure.

Duane walks straight to Alex, Alex recoils a little.

DUANE
No! That's very menacing for them. See how you flinched just now? You have to approach from the side, facing the same direction they are.

ALEX
What are we? Breaking a horse?

DUANE
It's just human nature, man.

ALEX
It sounds... manipulative. Who is this Riddler guy anyway?

DUANE
Enigma. He's the top pick-up artist in the world.

ALEX
Who ranks them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUANE

I don't know man. Look, it's just...
social hacking.

Alex is not convinced.

DUANE (cont'd)

Women play the same game! How is this
any different than a woman wearing
lipstick and a mini-skirt?

Alex still has doubts, but is out of arguments. He snatches
the card off Duane's hand.

MINI MONTAGE in SLOW MOTION:

EXT. COSMO-Z LABS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Alex leaves the building to an empty parking lot.

He walks to his car and just sits there, sad.

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lindsay pulls out the blanket and pillow from the closet.

Riley sits on the couch, staring into space, heartbroken.

Lindsay gives her the blanket and pillow, then sits next to
Riley in solidarity.

She turns the TV on, and hugs Riley.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex enters from work. Heads to the kitchen.

INT. ALEX'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He opens two cans of tuna, pours them on a plate, adds lime
and salt. Dinner's ready.

He sits down at the breakfast table. Eats in silence.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - LATER

The MONTAGE FINISHES with Alex in bed. Watching something on
his laptop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We can't see the screen, but we can see his hand moving back and forth under the sheets.

Something's not working. He stops, unsatisfied.

Suddenly, he remembers something. With a jolt of new energy, he reaches for his wallet and grabs the card Duane gave him.

On his laptop, he closes the porn and types the website.

An over-produced video in the style of a National Geographic documentary plays. It even has a NARRATOR in the style of Morgan Freeman or Richard Attenborough.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Social Dynamics. A subject of utmost importance for the human experience. Yet, one that our education system has neglected since its inception.

Footage of high school students.

NARRATOR

Let's face it. When you were an adolescent in school, learning math and physics... The only digits you were really interested in, were the ones in the the phone number of the girl in the tight skirt.

Alex thinks about it, it rings truth.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Alas, Social Dynamics and seduction is the only subject matter that teachers didn't try to push into your brain... Enter, Enigma's Algorithm.

ENIGMA, a 35 year old in a ridiculous steampunk attire, shows up in the video. Alex leans in...

ENIGMA (NARRATOR)

(very dramatically)

I am Enigma. The preeminent pickup artist in the world. Like you, I was frustrated with romance. But it was my love for women that led me to develop Enigma's Algorithm.

FORMULAS flash along with douchy GRAPHS that plot things like Age versus *Hotness*, or *Seduction Intensity* versus *Time*.

Alex is MESMERIZED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ENIGMA

It took fifteen years of trial and error. Uncovering the formulas, and theorizing all the nuances of Social Dynamics.

Pictures of swimsuit models.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

We will apply evolutionary science to help you talk to women that were previously unattainable by the average man. This is the science that will get you laid.

Alex is glued to the screen.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

Click the Buy Now button, and let's get started.

The video fades away, leaving a BUY NOW button in its place.

Alex snaps out of it and takes a breather to process it all.

After a moment of thinking, he guides the mouse to the BUY button...

CLICK.

END OF EPISODE 1

BLACK SCREEN

Text types on, one letter at a time, MS-DOS style:

N E R D G A S M _ 2

CLICK.

The screen is flooded with white ONES and ZEROS, in the style of *The Matrix*.

Gradually they fill the screen, turning it WHITE...

INT. WHITE SET

Enigma walks into frame. It's all white, except for him and an old TV set.

ENIGMA

Have you ever wondered what is the purpose of life?

(beat)

From an evolutionary standpoint, it is quite simple.

PUSH INTO THE TV: Stock footage of different people, different ages and social statuses.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

Every human is designed to survive, and breed offspring strong enough to repeat the process.

TV: Pretty women, faces, bodies, etc.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

Men are attracted to women with the best characteristics for breeding. Indicated by things like perky breasts and face symmetry.

TV: Women surround celebrities, athletes, rich men, etc.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

Women, who tend to be physically weaker, and become vulnerable during pregnancy, are attracted to men that will provide the best chance of survival for them and their children.

TV: Tribe leaders with women around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ENIGMA (cont'd)

In tribal times, this meant the Alpha male had tons of sex. While the betas had very little, if any. And their genes were filtered into oblivion.

TV: Footage of a modern city, full of life.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

In modern times, there are very few threats to survival. But the circuitry in the brain still exists.

Back to Enigma.

ENIGMA (cont'd)

The Algorithm is designed to exploit that circuitry, by displaying traits of a modern Alpha male. We must get rid of the Beta nice guy conditioning your mom--

The video freezes. A POP-UP WINDOW over the video:

DUANE: Here

PULL AWAY, reveals the video was being played on a PHONE.

INT. COSMO-Z LABS LOBBY - DAY

Alex, looks up from his phone; Duane is staring at him.

DUANE

You coming or what?

ALEX

(rushing to get up)
I was waiting for you!

INT. DINER - DAY

Riley sits at a booth, stares into space.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Miss?... Miss?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Riley!

Riley snaps out of it. PULL BACK to REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lindsay, in scrubs, sitting across the table from Riley.

A BUBBLY WAITRESS (20), waits for her order.

RILEY

Uh, no food for me, thanks.

WAITRESS

How about coffee?... We have unlimited refills.

RILEY

Sure. With some room for cream.

WAITRESS

Alrighty. B.R.B!

The Waitress leaves.

RILEY

'B.R.B.'? People are saying text acronyms now? W.T.F.--

Proud of herself, Riley turns to Lindsay, she's glaring at her. Riley deflates.

LINDSAY

What are your plans today?

RILEY

(muttering)

I don't know, I was gonna mumbleblahblah...

LINDSAY

Thought so. I think it's time.

RILEY

Yeah, it's just that--

LINDSAY

I know. I know you moved here for him, and you thought you'd have time to figure things out. And I hate it that it didn't work out. But--

WAITRESS

Two bottomless coffees!

Lindsay is annoyed by the interruption, Riley is relieved.

RILEY

Can I get Almond milk and cinnamon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAITRESS

Of course!

The Waitress nods and leaves. Riley grabs the spoon for her coffee, ignores Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Come on! I gotta get to work!

RILEY

What?--

(beat)

Fine. It's not even about him. Things were bad in the end anyway. That's why I threw that stupid party-- I just don't what I want to do.

LINDSAY

Well, I'm happy to help you figure things out. But I'm not rich like him, I can't--

WAITRESS

Almond milk and cinnamon powder!

Lindsay is getting really frustrated.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

Let me know if you need a refill or--

LINDSAY

We're fine.

The Waitress leaves, oblivious.

Riley carefully puts sugar, almond milk and cinnamon in her coffee. She stirs and takes a sip... doesn't taste right.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

My point is, I really need you to start pulling your weight--

Riley carefully pours a bit more almond milk in her coffee and stirs again. She takes a sip. It's perfect.

RILEY

Do you know how hard it is to get the perfect sugar/cream ratio?

LINDSAY

Are you listening to me?

She sips her coffee with great satisfaction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RILEY

Yeah. I just want to enjoy my coffee.
(under her teeth)
Thanks for buying coffee, by the way.

Lindsay nods and drinks some of her coffee.

After some awkward, silent coffee-sipping...

LINDSAY

You could start by changing your car
to something smaller.

RILEY

Wait-- what? Why?

LINDSAY

That clunker's like a V12!

RILEY

It was a good deal!

LINDSAY

Because it's a piece of--
(breathes)
Okay. Forget the car. How about ask
if they're hiring at Toby's Hobbies.
You love hanging out there already,
and it's just around the corner.

RILEY

I don't know if I could ask Toby for
a job. Going from customer to
employee? Just feels weird.

LINDSAY

Okay. How about Zukio? I heard Mr.
Bobstein is looking for help.

RILEY

I thought you hated it there.

LINDSAY

I just hated advertising.

RILEY

Wasn't he a little weird?

LINDSAY

A little, but he was going through a
divorce. And you need the job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RILEY

I don't know. Would I need to wear makeup?

Lindsay's had it. She gets up, gets her purse.

RILEY (cont'd)

What?!

LINDSAY

I'm late for work, and you're not taking this seriously.

RILEY

What? I seriously don't like makeup!

LINDSAY

Right. Look-- I'm happy to help you. But I'm not your mom.

She puts down money for the coffee.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Enjoy your coffee.

Lindsay leaves.

Now by herself, takes a breath. She knows Lindsay's right.

WAITRESS

Refill!

The Waitress carelessly refills Riley's coffee, messing up her precisely crafted mix.

Riley looks at the cup with pure anger.

INT. COSMO-Z, TESTING LAB - DAY

A spacecraft door is attached to a mechanical arm that opens and closes it repeatedly, to test its endurance.

A computer screen shows the number of repetitions: "2,291", Hatch opens and closes, "2,292", etc.

Alex, and Duane watch through a window. One of them checks the time, they're waiting for someone.

ALEX

I started Enigma's Algorithm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUANE

Oh, cool. How's is it going?

ALEX

I just started-- He really likes to talk though.

DUANE

Yeah, he has lots of theory and graphs. But, the key bro-- You have to go out and practice... like, a lot.

ALEX

How much is a lot?

DUANE

I used to go out at least two or three hours every day.

ALEX

On this schedule?

DUANE

Shit no! That's when I had my shop-- I couldn't do it now.

ALEX

Great. That's helpful.

DUANE

You could do Tinder or-- are you still out of social media?

ALEX

I check SeeKret from time to time.

DUANE

The one where you post anonymously?

They're interrupted by JUDITH (45).

JUDITH

Morning gentleman. Sorry I'm late.

DUANE

No problem. The hinges seem to be holding well.

JUDITH

Yeah the solid lubricant is doing much better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

Did you guys get a chance to test the new driver for the solar array?

JUDITH

I thought it was glitchy.

ALEX

I compiled a new version a few days ago.

JUDITH

I haven't seen that.

Alex exhales frustrated.

JUDITH (cont'd)

Sorry. Satellites had our hands full all weekend. I'm sure there's something else you can work on.

ALEX

No. You have all the modules, and we can't build on top of them until they pass your tests.

JUDITH

I don't know what to tell you. Maybe take the day off or something, it looks like you could use it.

DUANE

Right? That's what I've been tellin--

Alex glares at Duane, Duane stops talking.

Judith's phone beeps. She picks up--

DUANE (cont'd)

At least you have time for Enigma.

EXT. TOBY'S HOBBIES - DAY

From a distance, Riley stares at the storefront with dread.

She takes a breath, and heads to the front door. She puts her hand on the handle, but stops short of opening it.

She turns around and starts walking away.

She stops, double backs to the door again. She grabs the handle and stops again. Really fighting herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY

Oh-- right. It's all good. Thanks.

TOBY

Everything okay though?

RILEY

Yeah, yeah.

TOBY

You sure?

RILEY

Yeah, I'm just, I just need to start paying rent because I just had a change of landlord and the new one won't take sex-- I mean-- Shit-- The last one was a boyfriend, but he had another girl and--

TOBY

That's alright, I don't need to know. I wish I could help. But I'm actually in the middle of--

RILEY

Oh no problem. Sorry all that came out, it's just-- I'm not saying it right-- forget I said it.

Toby nods. Then looks off her side...

TOBY

Next!

RILEY

Next what?

She turns around, her face goes pale: There's a big line of costumers waiting to pay. And they all just saw her crazy.

She pretends she's not embarrassed, but it's obvious.

Toby takes advantage of her distraction to sneakily take down a small "Help Wanted" sign from the check out.

Riley walks out, trying to play it cool.

Among the customers is the TEN YEAR-OLD KID from the first episode. His mom is holding him tight.

KID

She tried to show me her boobs.

EXT. TOBY'S HOBBIES - DAY

Once out of view, Riley kicks and throws her fists into the air, whatever helps her let the embarrassment out.

Finally, she pulls out her phone and texts Lindsay:

-Can you get me an interview with Mr Bobstein?

As she texts, ALEX'S CAR drives by.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S CAR - DAY

Enigma's Algorithm plays on the car stereo as Alex drives.

ENIGMA (V.O.)

...just like learning how to fight
can help you survive, learning how to
pick up women will help you breed.

We start an upbeat MONTAGE...

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)

A boxer only fights in a ring. But
your arena is any place where women
of beauty conglomerate.

The thought makes Alex nervous.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)

Instead of a gymnasium, you will
practice in clubs, and lounges. Where
you can have many interactions in
rapid sequence without long term
consequences.

He sees a club on the side of the road...

CUT TO:

INT. SPIDERS CLUB - DAY

An empty night club. Alex stands in the middle of the dance floor and looks around. Preparing himself mentally.

ENIGMA (V.O.)

Go during the day, when it's empty,
get familiar with it. This will be
your training ground.

EXT. SPIDERS CLUB - DAY

As Alex walks back to his car, an old, massive, BMW 750 ZOOMS BY. This is...

INT. RILEY'S CAR - DAY

Riley's phone beeps, she grabs it:

Lindsay: Be at Mr Bobstein's at 6:30

Riley reads it, nervous. BEEP. She looks at her phone again:

Lindsay: Look nice, wear makeup!

Riley is not happy about this, she looks up from her phone--

RED LIGHT!

She slams the brakes, and stops barely in time.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alex comes out of the shower.

ENIGMA (V.O.)

Make sure you look clean and sharp.
You don't want to give your targets
any excuse to reject you.

Our MONTAGE MUSIC kicks into gear. In QUICK CUTS:

-Alex opens a drawer full of T-Shirts and combs through it.

-All his shirts are nerd-themed: CosmoZ, Tesla, Dyna-Soar, NASA, JetMan, Star Trek, Star Wars, etc.

-All the way at the bottom, he finds his ONLY dress shirt and pulls it out. It's all wrinkled.

-He grabs a steamer and gets rid of the wrinkles.

-He puts the shirt on-- tight. He can barely move his arms. He checks the drawer again, no other choice.

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Riley sets down two hampers full of whites. She looks through the whites and finds a formal blouse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She goes through the second hamper and fishes something out of it: A skirt, not what she's looking for.

She keeps looking, but doesn't find it. Suddenly, it hits her...

She frantically digs into the WHITES and finds what she's looking for: Formal pants, bleach stains all over... crap!

She grabs the skirt, mad.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alex, look at himself in front of the mirror. He now added a black suit jacket-- looks a bit too formal.

ENIGMA (V.O.)

Make sure you include at least one attention-grabbing article. You don't want to look boring like the other nice guys.

Alex gives himself a second look.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)

It could be a gold or diamond necklace, a fedora...

By his face we can tell Alex has none of these.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)

...or even a cool jacket. Fur coats are always a big hit.

Alex takes off the jacket, looks through his closet.

The MONTAGE is INTERRUPTED by Alex's phone ringing.

He sees the number and picks up with a smile.

ALEX

Hey, what up?

No answer.

ALEX (cont'd)

Are you there?... Mom?

(she talks)

Hey-- I'm figuring out what to wear.

I'm trying the Enigma thing--

(she talks)

Oh, sure. Let me set it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hits a button on the phone, making it a video call.

His mom hasn't joined, it's just a generic silhouette icon.

ALEX (cont'd)
It's the little video camera button.

She joins the call, but it's just her feet.

ALEX (cont'd)
Wrong camera, mom. Hit the button
with the round arrows.

He waits patiently. Finally, MARJORIE (55) pops up.

MARJORIE
(over the phone)
There we go.

Alex props the phone on a table, then steps back and shows himself to the camera.

ALEX
What do you think?

MARJORIE
Mmm, that shirt looks a bit small.

ALEX
It's the only one I've got.

MARJORIE
It's okay then, I guess.

ALEX
I was thinking about this jacket--

MARJORIE
No. That's too formal.

ALEX
I'm supposed to wear something
flashy, but I don't have anything.

MARJORIE
Did you look in my old stuff?

ALEX
Oh, no. One sec.

He grabs a box from the top of the closet, labeled 'MOM'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He looks through it. There's a toothbrush, shoes, BINGO! A FUR COAT. He shows it to her.

MARJORIE (V.O.)

That one!?

ALEX

Do you think grandma will mind?

MARJORIE

No, she's dead!

INT. LINDSAY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Riley puts some foundation on her face, reluctantly. Then grabs the color palette with disdain.

Her phone alarm goes off, the time is 6:05-- she's late.

She leaves the makeup and rushes out.

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - DAY

Riley's BMW speeds through the streets of L.A.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Riley is tense, trying to make it in time. She looks at the dash clock-- 6:28pm.

Just below, her phone-- *2 MILES TO DESTINATION*

She looks ahead, the traffic stopped. She slams the brakes.

RILEY

No, no, no!

The traffic moves a bit, she accelerates... the car stalls. She looks at the dash: Out of gas!

RILEY (cont'd)

Fffffffucck!!

She tries turning it on, it works. But when she accelerates, it stalls again. She manages to roll to the curb.

She leaves the car, and starts running-- On heels.

INT. ZUKIO'S LOBBY - LATER

Riley runs into a small lobby, panting in exhaustion.

As she catches her breath, she notices the lobby is empty.

RILEY

Hello?

She looks around, nothing. A clock on the wall-- 6:51. Shit!

She walks into a hallway. It's dark and empty, except for one door at the far end.

RILEY (cont'd)

Hello!

MR BOBSTEIN comes out. He's 55, formal suit, bald head scantily covered by a gray comb-over.

MR BOBSTEIN

Hello...?

RILEY

Mr. Bobstein?

He gives Riley a once-over.

MR BOBSTEIN

Yeah. Who are you?

RILEY

I'm Riley Lynn... Lindsay's friend.

MR BOBSTEIN

Oh-- You're not Chinese?

RILEY

What?

MR BOBSTEIN

Well, your last name is Lin. And you're Lindsay's friend...

RILEY

Oh, not Lin, Lynn with a 'Y'--
And she's Korean.

MR BOBSTEIN

Oh.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY

Sorry I'm late. Do you still--

MR BOBSTEIN

I thought you were coming tomorrow.

RILEY

What!?

MR BOBSTEIN

Yeah. I'm about to leave.

Mr. Bobstein notices her disheveled clothes and hair.

MR BOBSTEIN (cont'd)

Are you alright?

RILEY

Me? Oh yeah. I mean-- My car ran out of gas, so I ran here.

MR BOBSTEIN

Really? From where?

RILEY

Wilshire.

MR BOBSTEIN

Wow. I'll tell you what. I have something urgent to do, but it's quick. You can come with me, we'll talk and I'll take you to your car.

RILEY

Oh. That's alright. I'll just come back tomorrow.

MR BOBSTEIN

Don't be silly, you're already here.

RILEY

Uh... sure. Thanks.

Mr. Bobstein reaches for something in his office.

MR BOBSTEIN

Great. Here you go...

He hands her a MOTORCYCLE HELMET. Riley is confused for a moment, then it hits her... fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT

Riley's arms wrap around Mr. Bobstein's waist as he drives her on a little VESPA scooter!

She keeps her face as far back from him as possible.

EXT. BOBSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They arrive and get off the scooter. Riley takes off the helmet and hands it to Bobstein.

MR BOBSTEIN
Keep it. For the ride back.

RILEY
(unexcited)
Oh, right.

INT. BOBSTEIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobstein opens the door, the lights gently fade on automatically, his place is really posh.

Riley looks at herself in the mirror, her hair and makeup are all messed up.

Bobstein heads to the kitchen and refills the cat's bowl.

MR BOBSTEIN
So that's done.
Did you bring your resume?

Riley stares at the cat bowl.

RILEY
That was the really urgent thing?

MR BOBSTEIN
Oh yeah. If Peggy gets hangry, she'll start tearing the couch apart--

RILEY
Right, okay-- Well, I forgot my resume in the car. But I studied engineering for a year, then switched and got an arts degree.

MR BOBSTEIN
What was your last job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY

I was a graphics designer at a big newspaper back home in Atlanta for two years before moving here.

Bobstein gets a wine bottle. He pours one glass.

MR BOBSTEIN

Wine?

RILEY

Uh, no thanks.

MR BOBSTEIN

So what made you move here?

RILEY

I was burned out by the pace of the paper, and I wanted to do something bigger.

MR BOBSTEIN

Do you think you'll like this job? I just need somebody to pick up the phone and keep the place up.

RILEY

Well, you have some interesting projects I'd love to be involved--

She stops. He's staring at her face.

RILEY (cont'd)

What?

MR BOBSTEIN

You have an eyelash on your face.

RILEY

Oh.

She rubs her face.

MR BOBSTEIN

No. Higher.

She tries again.

MR BOBSTEIN (cont'd)

No, here.

He gets his face close to Riley and softly rubs his finger on her face. Then throws the eyelash away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Riley is uncomfortable. Bobstein notices and backs off.

MR BOBSTEIN (cont'd)
Sorry. It was distracting me.

Awkward silence.

MR BOBSTEIN (cont'd)
Alright. Thanks for coming.

RILEY
Wait. That's it?

MR BOBSTEIN
(opens the door)
Yes.

RILEY
Oh, so I didn't get it.

MR BOBSTEIN
No, you did.

RILEY
Really?

MR BOBSTEIN
Yes. I need someone soon, and all the other applicants are college students that still get carded at Applebee's.

RILEY
(quietly)
I sometimes still get card--

MR BOBSTEIN
You'll be there tomorrow at ten?

He opens the door.

RILEY
Yeah. See you there.

She starts walking away.

MR BOBSTEIN
Do you still need that ride?

Riley returns, a bit embarrassed.

RILEY
Oh, right.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Alex finds a parking spot and gets a text...

DUANE: Still at work. You'll have to go solo.

Alex gets a rush of nerves. But he takes a breath, gets off the car, puts on the fur coat, and starts walking.

He puts on a tiny Bluetooth earpiece and hits PLAY...

ENIGMA (V.O.)
Practice is the only difference
between a wannabe, and a master
pickup artist...

He reaches a corner, the Spiders Club is across the street.

Before crossing, he sees on his side of the street a SLAVIC WOMAN (25), sitting on a bus stop bench.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)
...you must seize every opportunity,
and approach as much as possible.

After some internal deliberation, he hits PAUSE and timidly walks to the bus stop.

She plays on her phone, hasn't seen him.

Alex walks straight to her, but stops short.

Struggling to get himself to talk, he ends up just sitting on the opposite side of the bench.

She notices him now, he smiles awkwardly.

She smiles politely and goes back to her phone.

He hits PLAY.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)
The first rule is to approach
immediately, before they even notice
you...

Alex knows he blew that one.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)
...a girl can smell a guy trying to
find the courage to talk to her from
a mile away, it's like a sixth--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex SKIPS AHEAD on the recording. That point is moot now.

ENIGMA

--the longer you just hover around
her, the less valuable you'll look.
It's vital to keep the surprise and--

He skips ahead again. Annoyed.

ENIGMA (V.O.)

--To actually start the approach
you'll use an *Ice Breaker*, which is a
quick routine designed to get the
conversation going.

Alex starts thinking of one...

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)

The trick is to exude personality
without showing direct interest. Try
to make it funny, but not about her.

CLICK. Pause.

He starts looking around for things to talk about.

He looks at the bench, the bus stop sign-- Finally he sees
her looking at the time, she's been waiting a while.

He's got it. He builds up his courage and nervously says...

ALEX

Wow, somebody must have killed the
driver or something.

SLAVIC WOMAN

Sorry?

ALEX

Uh. The bus, is not coming. Somebody
must have shot the driver or
something.

She's a bit confused, but goes along.

SLAVIC WOMAN

Oh, yes, yes... America.

ALEX

Have you been waiting long?

SLAVIC WOMAN

Five minutes, more or less--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLAVIC WOMAN (cont'd)
I like your coat.

ALEX
(self-conscious)
Oh, thanks.

SLAVIC WOMAN
I have one just like that back home.

ALEX
(embarrassed)
Oh cool, I guess-- Back home where?

SLAVIC WOMAN
Belarus.

ALEX
Oh, I've never met someone from
there, is it close to India?

SLAVIC WOMAN
(laughs a bit)
No. Between Russia and Poland.

ALEX
Oh, I guess 'Belarus' just sounds
Indian to me. But that makes more
sense, you don't look Indian.

She's confused, but entertained.

SLAVIC WOMAN
Are you from here?

ALEX
From Seattle, but I've lived here for
eight years or so--
How are you liking the city so far?

SLAVIC WOMAN
So far it's good. But I don't know
anybody, I've only been to
Disneyland.

ALEX
Oh, do you need like a tour guide or
something like that?

SLAVIC WOMAN
Yes, that would be great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX

It's no problem. I live close to Hollywood, and there's tons of tour guides there with those open vans. Just walk around and you'll find one.

SLAVIC WOMAN

Oh-- thanks.

The bus approaches.

ALEX

I guess our driver wasn't dead.

SLAVIC WOMAN

Huh?-- Oh. Right.

She stands up, he doesn't.

SLAVIC WOMAN (cont'd)

Is this your bus?

ALEX

No, I'm just going across the street.

SLAVIC WOMAN

Oh. You're not waiting for the bus?

ALEX

No, I just parked around the corner, I'm going to that club.

SLAVIC WOMAN

Oh-- Okay. Well. Bye.

Alex nods bye, trying a bit too hard to look cool. She hops on the bus.

As soon as the bus leaves, Alex's breaks into embarrassment.

He fiercely takes the coat off and throws it in the car.

He takes a breath, recomposes himself, and walks to the Spiders Club.

The music starts to get louder as we move into...

INT. SPIDERS CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

SLOW MOTION:

Alex walks into the club, nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ENIGMA (V.O.)
 ...approach immediately, before they
 even notice you.

He sees a group of THREE WOMEN talking in a circle.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Don't say something like, "You're so
 pretty", It may show confidence, but
 it alienates her friends.

Alex starts walking toward them.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Here's some ice-breakers to try...

BACK IN REAL TIME:

Alex peeks his head into their circle...

ALEX
 Hi ladies, do we know each other?
 I feel I've met you before.

They shake their heads.

ALEX (cont'd)
 Weren't you at Randy's Party? The one
 where the clown gave a lap dance to
 the cop?

WOMAN 1
 What?!

They laugh in SLOW MOTION:

Alex is excited, it's working!

ENIGMA (V.O.)
 Immediately jump to your next
 routine. Pretend you confused them
 with somebody else, and quickly
 change subject...

BACK IN REAL TIME:

Their laugh wears off. Alex tries to keep going...

ALEX
 Yeah, there was this cop that came,
 and the clown... and he danced on his
 lap... and Randy was there... and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN 1

No, sorry. It wasn't us.

They close the circle on Alex. He walks away.

He sees another group: Two WOMEN, two MEN. He takes a deep breath, and heads toward them.

SLOW MOTION as he walks...

ENIGMA (V.O.)

When you first approach, you are just another, potentially boring stranger. You don't want them wondering "*How long is this guy going to be here?*"-- To mitigate this problem, mix your Ice-Breaker with a Fake Time Limit. For example...

In REAL TIME, Alex approaches the group...

ALEX

Hey guys, I have to get going in a minute, but do I know you from somewhere?

Back in SLOW MOTION.

ENIGMA (V.O.)

While you're talking, emphasize the Time Limit every once in a while by shifting your weight away from them, as if you're about to leave, then swing it back in.

Alex keeps talking, he takes half a step away from the group, then shifts his weight back in.

ENIGMA (V.O.) (cont'd)

They won't necessarily be aware, but it sends a subconscious clue that you could leave at any time.

REAL TIME, as Alex finishes his sentence.

ALEX

...lap dance to the cop?

The group laughs. They have a playful vibe.

WOMAN 2

I definitely wasn't, but Joe might have...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She points at one of the guys in the group. Everybody turns.

JOE

It does sound like my kind of party,
but I must've been really drunk,
'cause I don't remember that. When
did you say it was-- Are you alright?

The group turns to Alex, and the energy drops instantly--

He's just swinging back and forth every couple of seconds.
Much more than Enigma's instruction.

The attention makes Alex stop on his tracks.

ALEX

Uh-- I just-- I guess you're not who
I saw. Alright, I gotta get going--
you know, like I mentioned earlier--

JOE

Alright man. Have a good night.

Alex turns around and walks away, humiliated.

One of the women makes 'Bottle' gesture to her friend, like
'That guy drank too much'.

INT. SPIDERS CLUB BATHROOM

Alex rushes into the bathroom and closes the door.

He needs a minute to recompose himself.

He takes a deep breath, it REEKS, like a public restroom.

Whatever. He psychs himself in again.

As the club music starts beating louder, Alex heads back
out...

INT. SPIDERS CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

-Alex walks back into the club, determined.

In QUICK SUCCESSION:

-He talks to a group of women close to the DJ, they can't hear him, he walks away.

CUT TO:

-Alex talks to a mixed group, Men and Women. The women walk to the bathroom, and Alex stays talking with the guys for a moment.

A few seconds later, the women pull the guys with them, leaving Alex alone.

CUT TO:

-He sees TWO WOMEN by the bar, he gets close but one of them puts her hand out, like 'Go Away', before he even says anything. He walks away.

CUT TO:

-A waitress passes by, he tries to order a drink, she doesn't hear him and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIDERS CLUB BATHROOM

Alex is sitting on a shut toilet, holding his face between his hands, frustrated and exhausted.

He gets up and sighs, like 'Fuck this'. He leaves...

EXT. SPIDERS CLUB - NIGHT

Alex exits the club.

As he waits to cross the street, he sees a group walking to the club. ONE GUY, TWO WOMEN.

He briefly debates himself, then reluctantly...

ALEX

Hey guys, I'm just leaving, but do I know you from somewhere?

They turn toward Alex.

WOMAN 3

I don't think so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

I could swear I saw you at Randy's Party. You know, the one where the clown gave a lap dance to the cop.

WOMAN 3

(laughing)
Definitely not me.

GUY

Oh, yeah. I was there.

ALEX

(surprised)
Really?

GUY

Yeah. The stripper bailed, so the clown took over, right?

ALEX

Um, yeah, yeah.

The Guy puts his hand out, for a hand shake.

GUY

I'm Caesar.

Alex goes for the hand shake, but his shirt is too tight. So he ends up turning his whole torso and giving Caesar a really awkward, sideways hand shake.

ALEX

I'm Alex.

CAESAR

Nice to meet you-- Ladies, go ahead, I'll catch up in a minute.

The women go.

CAESAR (cont'd)

Hey man. You need to project more.

ALEX

What?

CAESAR

Your voice, it's a bit quiet on the Ice-Breaker. Makes you seem insecure.

Now Alex gets it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

Oh-- thanks. Have you like... done pickup for a while?

CAESAR

A few months. Also, you're too fidgety. Your body language must be deliberate. Stay still until you swing around for the Fake Time Limit.

ALEX

Oh, thanks.

CAESAR

You should come to the next EnigCon.

ALEX

What's that?

CAESAR

It's a big gathering every few months. Master pickup artists come from all over. It's superb.

Alex pulls out his phone...

ALEX

Sounds great. When is that?

Caesar grabs Alex's phone and types the website.

CAESAR

The next one is in a few weeks, but there's a student gathering on Saturday-- here.

He returns the phone.

CAESAR (cont'd)

Good luck.

Caesar catches up to the women, and enters the club with one on each arm.

Alex looks at website on his phone. The tickets are \$299.

After a little debate with himself, and almost without wanting to look, he hits the BUY button. BEEP.

END OF EPISODE 2