

GAB & KEV MAKE IT WEIRD  
Pilot Episode:  
"The City of Tinderly Love"

Written by

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*Inspired by the real friendship  
of real Philly weirdos,  
Gab Bottoni and Kevin Ruth.*

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## EXT. PHILADELPHIA CITY STREETS - DAY

An establishing glide through the short city catches identifiable Philadelphia monuments like the great Art Museum, the iconic "LOVE" statue in Love Park, beautiful City Hall, the glorious ode to monopolized capitalism that is the Comcast Building, and a rough-looking WOMAN as she spits into a hoagie outside of WaWa and throws it on the ground. Welcome to Philly.

## EXT. EVENTS BY DONNA - DAY

Across town, HIP YOUTHS with their beards, headphones and garbage coffee in hand trek pass a tall office building.

## INT. EVENTS BY DONNA, HALLWAY - DAY

An office buzzes with millenials and roaming cats. A phone barely rings before the uptight, upright, business casual wet dream KENDRA (20s) ceases typing and picks up the phone.

KENDRA

You've reached Events by Donna.  
 Donna Frank's personal assistant  
 Kendra speaking, how may I  
*personally* assist you?  
 (she turns serious)  
 I'm sorry, Donna. The title just  
 encapsulates my true  
 responsibilities so well--  
 (beat)  
 No, I understand, ma'am.  
 (beat)  
 Since I have you on the line you  
 should know that *she's* been in the  
 bathroom  
 (harsh whisper)  
 for *eight* minutes.  
 (beat)  
 Hello..? Ma'am?

Kendra gently hangs the phone up, looks around the office, and continues to type with poise.

## EXT. EVENTS BY DONNA, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A business-casual WOMAN does the pee-pee dance in front of the all-gender bathroom door.

INT. EVENTS BY DONNA, BATHROOM - DAY

Inside is GAB (20s)--a dark-featured, not-bad-looking, but barely put-together millennial. She cozies up to her phone as she sits on the toilet, pants around her ankles. A coffee mug rests on the toilet paper holder.

On her phone, she completes a Tinder profile with a photo of a cute, goofy, bearded twenty-something smiling next to Gab -- she crops herself out. The profile finally reads: "Kev, 24: Philly comic/bearded nerd/future dad to your children."

INT. THE INSURANCE GUYS OFFICE, KEV'S CUBICLE - DAY

KEV (mid-20s), business-casual bearded weirdo/lumber-sexual teddy bear enters his cubicle with method and control. He hangs his messenger bag and jacket on their own individual hooks, labeled accordingly. He adjusts his Boba Fett coffee mug on a coaster to face out, rips off yesterday's date from his desk calendar--which reads "Happy Anniversary!!"-- and shreds it, then settles into his bouncy ball chair.

He plays soft, Japanese background music as he types on his computer. His work phone rings.

KEV

(to phone)

Kevin speaking. How can I protect you from fire?

(beat)

Oh hello, girlfriend abroad. Long time no talk.

He SLAMS his fist onto his keyboard and the music cuts.

KEV (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for being passive aggressive, but you haven't called me in 3 days. I think I'm allowed to experience some feelings right now. Are you flying home today?

He covers his face.

KEV (CONT'D)

Natalie, 3 more weeks? I understand you're *finding yourself* or whatever, but Jesus Christ, how much of yourself were you missing?

(beat)

Oh you met some "cool people." I'm so sorry, I didn't realize they were cool.

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He picks up his cell phone and scrolls through her Instagram feed to find a picture of her with a hot FRENCH DUDE (30s).

KEV (CONT'D)

By "cool people" do you mean a perfectly scruffy French man with an undercut named Jean-Michel?!

(beat--sheepishly)

Wait baby, no. We can work through this. I'm not mad.

(beat--angrily)

Alright, fine! Enjoy getting oral herpes from Jean-Michel!

(beat--sheepishly)

Hello? Baby?

He hangs up and restarts the calming music.

EXT. EVENTS BY DONNA, BATHROOM - DAY

The pee-pee dancing woman BANGS on the bathroom door.

INT. EVENTS BY DONNA, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

GAB

It's the first day of my period, Brenda, give me some space!

Gab swipes left and right on the photos of various women as they pop up on the app. A girl with big cleavage pops up.

GAB (CONT'D)

Ok, yes we DO love boobies, thank you very much. Swipe!

A notification pops up: "It's a match!" Gab sips her coffee and flushes the toilet behind her.

INT. EVENTS BY DONNA, OFFICE - DAY

DONNA FRANK (40s), an elegant but tired showboat of a boss, stands before the much hipper office of fresh-faced EMPLOYEES and Gab, hides her phone behind a notebook.

DONNA

So we have one more order of business, and - *oh boy!* - is it an exciting one.

(to herself)

She said sarcastically, despite the "*homework*" her therapist gave her.

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Kendra perks up. Donna drops a stack of flyers onto the table with a loud *THUMP*.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Flyer time!

The office groans.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Yup, that's right. Your generation has not only reclaimed vinyl as your trend, but apparently killing trees is still the "dopest" way to advertise an all-women's improv festival.

KENDRA

I'll do it. I'll drop them off. In less than an hour. I just got a very efficient fold-up bicycle.

DONNA

Keep your jeggings on, Kendra. I need you to clean the litter boxes.

KENDRA

(under her breath)  
Still super allergic to cats.

DONNA

But I will need someone to go drop these flyers off at local coffee shops, bookstores, vegan bathhouses or wherever young and excited people hang out these days.

Her plea is met with a sea of blank stares.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, just don't drop these off at my members-only spinning studio! Unless you want to be screamed at by a version of yourself you'll never achieve!

She awkwardly laughs at her own joke. The sea of COWORKERS pass the stack. It misses Kendra but lands in front of Gab.

GAB

Oh. I don't want this.

KENDRA

(harsh whisper)  
Are you brain dead?  
(MORE)

"THE CITY OF TINDERLY LOVE"

KENDRA (CONT'D)

What may seem like remedial office tasks are actually golden opportunities to prove your commitment to the company and solidify your future as a Donna Events senior event planner.

DONNA

I could literally care less who does this. Just someone do it. I have a spin class in an hour and I need to secure the bike farthest from the instructor.

GAB

(to Kendra)

Oh my gosh. Wait, a SENIOR event planner? You mean, this is not just a dead-end job? And that somehow down the line I could find purpose and maybe even...self-worth here?

(beat)

Hard pass.

Gab's phone vibrates loudly on the table.

DONNA

Ah. We have a volunteer?

GAB

Sorry, Big D. Kind of busy planning um...an important event. You know how it is.

The Tinder notification reads: "Sandra sent you a message."  
Gab reads the message: "Hi Kev. Ur cute. :) Whatsup?"

DONNA

Gab.

As Gab types a response: "Nm, not into this whole Tinder thing. Wanna grab coffee?"

GAB

Totally respect your energy right now and definitely not trying to resist your authority by finishing this crucial text.

DONNA

If you do this you can leave early today.

KENDRA

What!?

The message from Sandra reads: "Sure! I'm free in an hour."

GAB

Perfect.

Gab types a response and shoves her phone in her pocket and grabs the stack of flyers.

GAB (CONT'D)

Consider it done, Mama Donna.

DONNA

Great. Bye. Wait. "Mama Donna" on a bedazzled beanie...

KENDRA

I love it.

Donna looks to Gab who shakes her head disapprovingly.

DONNA

You're right. I hate it.

Donna walks away, into her office, and slams the door behind her. Gab collects her things.

KENDRA

Something's up. And when I find out what you're going to be so fired.

GAB

Oh, sweet Kendra.

Gab kisses Kendra softly on the head.

GAB (CONT'D)

You have a giant booger.

Kendra covers her face and Gab skips out of the office.

KENDRA

(through sobs)

What kind of mind game is that?

Kendra grabs her inhaler from her desk and inhales deeply.

INT. THE INSURANCE GUYS OFFICE, KEV'S CUBICLE - DAY

A stapler falls to the ground and tumbles into Kev's floor space. He picks it up just as his meek cubicle neighbor, DANIEL (40s), peeks his head in.

DANIEL

Hey, sorry about that, Kev.

He reaches his open hand out but Kev retracts the stapler, and holds onto it tight.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I don't want any trouble.

KEV

You know staplers are pretty remarkable tools. They hold things together. Even when it's hard. Even when the paper wants to go off on its own and do its own thing. But you can always count on good ol' Mr. Stapler to be there to do exactly what he says he's going to.

DANIEL

To staple?

KEV

Exactly, Daniel. To staple. Good.

DANIEL

I'd really like to get it back now.

KEV

And yet, you just let it slip right through your sweaty hands into my work zone... abroad.

Daniel takes out his wallet.

DANIEL

Look, all I have is 7 bucks on me, but I can run to an ATM at lunch.

KEV

No, no. This guy is staying right here in my cubicle. Where he'll be taken care of. Where he belongs.

Kev caresses the stapler. Daniel backs away, frightened.

INT. THE INSURANCE GUYS OFFICE, HALLWAYS - DAY

Gab sneaks past an office door, in which an oblivious, tight-faced, middle-aged GAVIN stops pulsing on a jumbo bouncy ball chair to sniff the air. He cocks his head and catches a sliver of Gab's passing body.

CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

KEV bounces on his ball-chair and squeezes stress balls while he searches the web for "Cheap Flights to France."

Daniel peeks in, Kev fires a staple into the air like a gun.

DANIEL

Please, Kev. I have so many fire safety reports to staple. So many.

KEV

YOU DON'T DESERVE HIM, DANIEL.

He fires off another round.

GAB

Hey-oh!

Gab pops into the cubicle.

GAB (CONT'D)

Whoa. What is going on here? Doesn't matter. Listen. Gavin smelled me which means we have a solid 2 tops to GTFO. So bounce that sad schlong off of that ball and *leggo*.

KEV

I can't. I have to keep an eye on this stapler.

DANIEL

*My* stapler.

KEV

Am I holding on too tightly?

GAB

Oh boy.

She rips it away from him.

GAB (CONT'D)  
Getting real possessive over office  
supplies again, huh?

DANIEL  
*My office supplies.*

Gab holds the staple gun up to Daniel.

GAB  
Beat it, Daniel!

Daniel runs away.

GAB (CONT'D)  
Ha. That was fun.

KEV  
Natalie's spending a few extra  
weeks in France because she "*met  
some cool people.*"

GAB  
Cool people? Outside of Philly?

Kev and Gab exchange a long series of *Pfffts* and *Pssshts*.

KEV  
Natalie used to think *I* was cool  
people.

GAB  
Natalie Shmatalie! Get up.

KEV  
I can't. I'm dying.

GAB  
We all are, dude. And that's okay.

Gab pulls Kev to his feet and squeezes his beard.

GAB (CONT'D)  
You want to go eat your feelings?  
Yea? Thatta boy. But let's hurry  
before--

Gavin pops up behind them and the two friends jump.

GAVIN  
I knew I smelled the presence of a  
confident, independent woman.

GAB

Gross.

GAVIN

To what do I owe the pleasure,  
(bad Italian accent)  
Gabriella?

GAB

You don't. We were just leaving.

GAVIN

And just where are you taking my  
star employee?

GAB

It doesn't matter because you're  
one weird sniff away from a sexual  
harassment lawsuit.

She pushes him out of the way and he shudders.

GAVIN

You are one lucky bastard, Kevin.

KEV

Oh no. We're just friends.

GAVIN

I'm sure you are. For now.

GAB

No, like, we really are just  
friends. And not in the way where  
90 minutes later we realize how the  
love we've been searching for has  
been right under our noses the  
whole time.

KEV

Yeah. I've smelled her belly button  
before. It's putrid.

GAB

His favorite celebrity couple is  
"anime reruns" and "pretzels."

KEV

Her goal for her 20s is to host an  
orgy where the only sexual act  
allowed is spitroasting. And I have  
to Urban Dictionary that every time  
she brings it up.

GAB

His love of monogamy dries and  
seals me up like a heavy duty  
Ziploc.

KEV

And I'm pretty sure she's going to  
purgatory.

GAB

(in pain)

Whoa. Catholic. Repression. Burns.

KEV

See? We just don't work like that.

GAB

Exactly. This is all we're ever  
going to be, so forget that  
stereotype about male-female  
friendships now or you're going to  
be massively disappointed.

Beat.

GAVIN

So you're saying there's hope for  
me?

Gab shoves the stapler into Gavin's hands and she and Kev  
leave. Daniel reappears.

DANIEL

Can I have my stapler back, boss?

GAVIN

Get lost, Daniel!

Gavin puts his nose to the stapler and inhales long and deep.

EXT. PHILLY STREETS - DAY

Kev drags behind Gab as she rushes past each and EVERY WALK  
OF HUMAN, through garbage-filled sidewalks.

KEV

Why are we running? Did you make a  
reservation somewhere? As your best  
friend, I'm inclined to tell you  
that any place that requires lunch  
reservations on a Tuesday is  
probably a place you're not going  
to thrive in.

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GAB  
Thanks, bud!

KEV  
Honesty over everything.

Gab speeds up. Kev rubs the inside of his thighs.

KEV (CONT'D)  
Another piece of truth for you: I'm  
a casual chaffer. Why are we  
running?

Gab turns a corner and Kev struggles to keep up.

KEV (CONT'D)  
Gab.

She ignores him. He halts.

KEV (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Scheme! I smell a scheme!

Gab runs back to him.

GAB  
Stop yelling! There's no scheme.

KEV  
(yelling)  
Scheme! Schemer! This woman is  
scheming!

The rough-looking WOMAN from the opening walks by and shakes her head in disappointment at Gab.

GAB  
*Shhh!* Stop it!

KEV  
I'm sorry, you know the rules. I  
keep doing this until you tell me  
what you're scheming. SCHEMES BY A  
SCHEMEY SCHEMER!

GAB  
Okay! Listen. I signed you up for  
Tinder. And inside this coffee shop  
right now--

She faces the window with a sign that reads: "Wow, Coffee!"

GAB (CONT'D)  
--is a beautiful girl who can't  
wait to meet you.

She turns back to Kev but he's yards away down the street.

GAB (CONT'D)  
Kev!

She chases him down.

KEV  
I am not fraternizing with an  
Internet person. I'm going to make  
it work with Natalie, who loves me.

GAB  
Who's been planking on European  
peen for the past 2 months.

KEV  
Unnecessary visual!

GAB  
No! *Necessary* visual! She left you.  
And you need to get over it. I'm  
sick of seeing you like this.

KEV  
(screaming)  
Like what!?

GAB  
6 feet tall, built like a papa  
bear, and scared to get a little  
cup of coffee with a girl.

KEVIN  
You prefer "woman."

GAB  
Right, thank you. With a *woman*.  
Look, You're in good hands. I'm  
proud to say that I've never ever  
had a single bad Tinder experience.

He looks into the busy coffee shop.

KEV  
I miss her.

GAB  
Well she isn't here. But I am. And  
I always will be. Trust me?

Kev takes a deep breath and heads over. Gab trots beside him.

GAB (CONT'D)

Okay here's the low-down on Sandra. She's 22, she thinks you're cute and...did I say her name is Sandra?

KEV

Just going to casually meet another woman from the Internet. Cool. People do it everyday, right?

GAB

Oh, for sure. If you're not on Tinder then you're just not on the menu. Simple as that.

KEV

I am not on the menu. This is just for personal growth.

GAB

Right, of course. But maybe you're an appetizer.

KEV

No.

GAB

Secret menu item?

They look into the window.

KEV

Which one is she?

Gab shows him a picture on her phone of a gorgeous, model-esque woman.

KEV (CONT'D)

Oh. The really attractive one. Yeah, no. I can't do this.

GAB

Stop it. You'll be fine. Tinder dates are like ripping off a band-aid. From your boring, one-size-fits-one dick.

KEV

Ouch.

GAB

Now get in there. And don't worry.  
I'm your personal backseat driver  
and I'm taking you right down to  
pound town.

KEV

I didn't like any of that.

GAB

Me neither. I'll work on it. Go.

Gab pushes him inside.

INT. WOW, COFFEE! SHOP - DAY

Gab and a terrified Kev sit at separate tables, back to back.

KEV

She's coming over, what do I do!?

GAB

Repeat after me: I'm the coolest--

KEV

Say something real.

GAB

Okay okay. The *beardi*est.

KEV

I'm the *beardi*est.

GAB

Weirdest. In a good way.

KEV

Weirdest in a good way.

GAB

Hot dad without children in this  
joint.

KEV

Whoa.

SANDRA, an uglier, cracked-out version of the picture walks  
through the door; her edges rougher with each step closer.

GAB

We've talked about this. Calling you hot is like when I touched my mom's new fake boobs. It's purely observational.

KEV

No. Look.

Gab whips around. She holds her phone up and compares Tinder Sandra with Real Sandra in awe as she moves in.

KEV (CONT'D)

Is this what cat-fishing is?

GAB

No. This is worse. This is photo-shop. Prepare for impact.

SANDRA

Hi, Kev?

KEV

Hi.

(whispers to Gab)

What do I do?

SANDRA

Wow, you ARE really cute.

Her smile reveals a tooth covered in off-colored pink lipstick. The grease on her mustache glimmers.

GAB

(whispers to Kev)

Find her amazing personality.

SANDRA

Sorry I'm late. My Uber driver was like, overly friendly and confused or something about picking me up in Rittenhouse Square. Sounded like an illegal.

KEV

The park is only 3 blocks away.

SANDRA

So? Anyway, I one-starred him.

KEV

You what?

SANDRA

Yeah. I one-star all the drivers who force me into small talk.

GAB

Be cool. Working on a Plan B.

Gab furiously swipes right on Tinder girls.

KEV

Sounds like he was just a really nice guy. He got you where you needed to go, didn't he?

SANDRA

I guess so. And good thing he did. So what do you do, Kev?

KEV

Fire safety insurance. And I use star rating systems and general conversation like the reliable tools of good personhood they were intended to be.

GAB

Ask her something personal.

KEV

So, do you like Star Wars?

SANDRA

Never heard of it.

GAB

Easy, Kev.

KEV

(fuming)

Well I've never heard of your face before just now.

GAB

What?

What?

SANDRA

KEV (CONT'D)

Your pictures look nothing like you! Is what I'm trying to say.

SANDRA

Excuse me?

KEV

Oh yeah. Tinder Sandra? Five stars.  
Real life Sandra? One-star! Split  
between your face and your racism.

SANDRA

Wow, are you always this rude?

KEV

No, actually. I'm usually a pretty  
nice guy. A nice, boring, small-  
talk kind of guy. But right now,  
the love of my life is sharing a  
hot croissant with a French man and  
his sexy undercut. Do you know what  
an undercut is? It's not this.

He points to his average white boy haircut.

SANDRA

Of course. My boyfriend has one.

KEV

Your what!? What are you doing  
here?

SANDRA

The same thing you're doing here!  
To get some tasty new strange!

Kev jolts up from his seat.

KEV

I am not on the menu!

SANDRA

Of course you are, you're on  
Tinder! At least my boyfriend knows  
I'm on the menu.

KEV

Yea, the dollar menu.

Gab gasps, spins around, and covers Kev's mouth. Sandra gapes  
at them, taken completely aback.

GAB

Kev! No!

She releases his face.

KEV

(still yelling)  
I'm sorry for what I just said!  
(MORE)

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KEV (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry for yelling right now! I'm just lashing out due to the deep pain in my heart! I'm sure your menu is appropriately priced!

Kev runs out. Gab gets up and turns to Sandra.

GAB

Wow. Sorry about that. Big guy, bigger heart. You know how it is. I heard you mention your open relationship. You know, I'm poly too. Are you in the Polydelphia Facebook group? We should totally connect.

SANDRA

Who are you!?

GAB

Oh, I'm the girl-- excuse me, *woman*, who was eavesdropping on your date just a table over.

Sandra stares at her for an awkward beat.

GAB (CONT'D)

I hear how weird that is now that I said it out loud. I'm gonna go.

Gab goes to leave then turns back around and slides a flyer across the table to her.

GAB (CONT'D)

Bechdel Test Fest 2k17. Be there or be a dude. Or, y'know, whatever.

Gab runs out of the shop after Kev.

EXT. PHILLY STREETS - DAY

Gab and Kev walk side-by-side on the garbage-filled sidewalk.

GAB

No big deal, this happens. How do you feel? You alright?

KEV

Let's see. I just projected my insecurities onto a stranger and then commodified her, valuing her at one dollar. So not great, Gab.

GAB

Hey! No worries! You just have to be a little nicer to the next one.

He stops.

KEV

SCHEMING SCHEMER. I'm not meeting anyone else. I'm calling Natalie.

Gab smacks his phone down.

GAB

No! To say what?

KEV

To beg her to bring her new herpes home to me where it belongs!

GAB

First of all, 70 percent of people have herpes. 70 percent! Chances are you already have it.

He slaps her hand back and puts the phone to his ear.

Beat.

Kev's eyes widen and he throws his phone at Gab.

GAB (CONT'D)

What happened?

KEV

He answered her phone.

GAB

All the more reason for you not to give up on me. Natalie is busy living her life. You have to let her do that. And you're gonna do the same...while eating your feelings on my dollar.

Kev cracks a little smile.

EXT. HIP CITY JAWN (RESTAURANT) - DAY

They stop in front of a busy, fast-casual eatery adorned with vegetables and HIPSTERS.

GAB

What are you gonna do in there?

"THE CITY OF TINDERLY LOVE"

KEV

Order the most expensive thing on the menu.

GAB

And?

KEV

Respectfully flirt the crap out of another Internet person, thus catapulting myself into a new era where I'm okay on my own.

GAB

Go get 'em.

She slaps his butt into motion.

INT. RESTAURANT JAWN - CONTINUOUS

Gab pulls out her phone and shows Kev.

GAB

Just look at this girl.

KEV

Photos mean nothing to me now.

GAB

Come on. Her name is Nancy and, hello! Who's there? Uh, natural lighting, that's who!

Kev grabs the phone and takes a closer look.

KEV

Gab. Are you serious?

GAB

What? I can see where her contour meets her neck, this shit is not photoshopped.

KEV

No. She looks *exactly* like Natalie!

GAB

What? No she--

(looks again at the pic)

Huh. How about that.

(Her phone dings.)

Regardless. She's right over there.

The two approach the jaded HOSTESS (teen). A gleaming NANCY (20s) waves at Kev from a table by the window. He goes over.

KEV  
(to the hostess)  
I'm meeting a friend.

The hostess smiles at him.

GAB  
(to the hostess)  
I'm alone.

HOSTESS  
Aw.

She grabs a menu and walks Gab towards the back of the restaurant. Gab sits at the table.

GAB  
You know, dining alone is a sign of security and self-love.

HOSTESS  
Really? Guess it's just super sad to see.

GAB  
Well. Your mom is sad.

HOSTESS  
Probably because she eats alone a lot. My dad died.

GAB  
Sorry to hear that. Thank you for the table.

The hostess leaves Gab with a good view of Kev and Nancy.

As he sits across from Nancy, Kev views her through a surreal, soft glow; all other PEOPLE and objects in the vicinity blur out in the presence of what is clearly an angel. He imagines himself leaning across the table and grabbing her face:

DREAM KEV  
I'm so happy you came home.

NANCY  
Excuse me?

The dream scenario cuts out and Kev slams back to reality. Nancy sits across from him, confused.

KEV

I mean hi, I'm Kev.

A gorgeous, intense server, JEREMY, approaches Gab's table. In a suave series of motions, he flips his hair back and the page of his order book.

GAB

Whoa.

In a similar, slow-motion dream sequence, Gab objectifies the beautiful man until he gets close enough for her to identify him -- her day-dream comes to a screeching halt.

GAB (CONT'D)

Jeremy?

JEREMY

Uh, yeah. Can I start you off with something to drink?

GAB

Jerm, it's me. Gab. Do you seriously not remember me?

JEREMY

Just water to start?

Nancy squirms under Kev's scrutinizing gaze.

NANCY

I decided that a liberal arts degree just wasn't teaching me anything I wanted to know. And that's how I ended up at an art school in Philly.

KEV

Nice. Nice nice nice. Philly is awesome. Top 5 favorite places. Top 1 favorite place. It's my favorite place to live. I live here. But you knew that. Obviously. Ha!

NANCY

Ha, that's what I tried to tell my ex-boyfriend.

KEV

Oh?

NANCY

Yeah. We were together for 3 years, but when it came down to it, he didn't want to move on with me.

KEV

Well, it's tough to start over in a new place. He probably had a comfortable job and amazing friends.

NANCY

I mean, you can find those things anywhere.

KEV

Can you though? Is everything and everyone just totally replaceable?

NANCY

I didn't say--

KEV

It just sounds like your ex-boyfriend loved you and was trying really hard to have a life with you. And you kind of stomped all over his shitty little heart.

He throws his napkin on the table.

Jeremy returns to Gab with a bread basket.

GAB

Oh my gosh. See I knew you were playing me, boy. You remembered how much I love to hate gluten.

She grabs a piece and shoves it into her mouth.

GAB (CONT'D)

Ugh, this has absolutely no nutritional value.

JEREMEY

I think I'm going to transfer you to another server.

As he walks away, Gab mumbles through her full mouth.

GAB

No! Jeremy!

Kev slams his fists on the table.

KEV

Do you ever think about anyone but yourself?

NANCY

You don't know the first thing about me.

KEV

I know you're just like the rest!

Gab rushes over to the mayhem at Kev's table as Nancy gets up to leave.

GAB

(to Nancy)

Wait! Don't leave! Look, his girlfriend has been on a week long European soul search for the past 2 months and you look just like her. But he really needs a confidence boost right now.

NANCY

His girlfriend? What the fuck? And who are you?

GAB

I'm the woman who swiped right on you on his account. And my mouth is so full of bread, may I?

Gab takes a sip from Nancy's water glass.

NANCY

You two are fucking weird.

Nancy stomps out.

HOSTESS

Have a good whatever.

Gab sits in her vacant chair.

GAB

Forget her. Important question: is that hot server over there looking at me right now?

Kev looks at Jeremy, who has his back turned to them.

KEV

No, not even a little bit.

GAB

We dated so hard and now he's acting like he doesn't even know me. Like, zero acknowledgment that we used to regularly swap DNA.

KEV

Being forgotten sucks. And being constantly reminded about it by strangers doesn't exactly make it easier.

GAB

Totally.

Kev waves in front of Gab's face as she zone out at Jeremy.

KEV

Hello? Do you even realize what you put me through today?

GAB

Uh, a crash course in independence?

KEV

I don't know why I let you drag me into things I don't want to do.

GAB

I was just trying to help. Obviously.

KEV

By forcing me to do exactly what YOU would do if YOU got dumped? If you even had the attention-span to enter into a long-term relationship in the first place.

GAB

Wow. I don't know if you intended to zing me just now but I'm feeling pretty zinged.

KEV

Honesty over everything.

GAB

You know what? Maybe I've just been paying attention to the wrong people.

She goes to leave.

KEV

Wait. Stop. This is not how this day ends. Not with us.

Gab sits.

KEV (CONT'D)

We're going to finish what you started.

GAB

What are you saying?

He stares at the bread basket.

GAB (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

KEV

There's a lot of feelings here to eat. And now only one person I'd ever eat them with.

They clink bread chunks and shove them into their mouths.

KEV (CONT'D)

I gave her the best years of my life.

GAB

I gave him the coolest hand jibber of his life!

Gab and Kev exchange a series of *pffft's* and *pssssh's*.

KEV

I'm so lonely.

GAB

Me too! I just haven't been spilling my guts all over everyone today like you so it's not as in-your-face!

KEV

I freaked out at two dates today. That's kind of like emotional cheating, right? Natalie will probably be super jealous of that and then she'll miss me. Right?

Gab sympathy-feeds him another piece of bread.

GAB

She's crazy if she doesn't. Did you know he didn't even check me out or anything? And he was at the *perfect* angle to peep my top shelf.

KEV

That's insane. Who doesn't peep? I would've peeped. Best god damn C cup in the city.

GAB

Aww, you bumped me up a cup.

KEV

I've got you, girl.

They shove bread into each other's face holes.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

Gab and Kev sit on a bench in the sun as Kev licks an ice cream cone. Gab pats his bat like she's burping a big baby.

GAB

How're you feeling?

KEV

Better now. The dairy should clear me right out. I think I'm gonna take a lap to start the process.

GAB

Lovely.

Kev gets up and walks away through the park.

REINA (mid-20s), adorably nerdy, sees Gab as she passes by.

GAB (CONT'D)

Reina? Hey!

Reina speeds up. Gab gets up and follows.

GAB (CONT'D)

Reina, it's me, Gab. What's up, how are you?

REINA

Look, I'm just trying to get to work. Leave me alone.

GAB

What is going on with this day? Do you seriously not remember me? Do I have some kind of magic Men In Black neuralyzer in my pussy that I don't know about?

Reina sneers.

REINA

Can you take a hint?

GAB

Sure! Give me one! Because all I'm picking up right now is that everyone I've ever casually dated in this city is collectively ghosting me. We shared our warm parts, Reina.

REINA

Ugh, I didn't like you phrasing it like that when we were sharing them, and I don't like it now.

GAB

Aha! So you do remember me!

REINA

I also remember *you* ghosting *me*.

GAB

Wait, huh?

REINA

You blew me off to go hang out with that dumb brocialist, Jeremy.

GAB

That is so not true. Jerm is a commie. You just couldn't handle me being poly.

REINA

Oh my god. You're so poly! Maybe if you say it out loud one more time, Will and Jada will magically appear to fuck the smugnesss out of you. I'm poly too, ass-hat.

GAB

Then why did you deny my request to swap Google calendars?

REINA

Because I didn't want to! Maybe you'd know that if you cared about anyone's feelings other than your own. And not every poly person keeps a detailed schedule of who they fuck on Google!

Reina struts off. Gab stewes for a beat, then approaches a rogue port-o-potty, climbs in it, and SLAMS the plastic door.

A WOMAN approaches doing the pee-pee dance.

Kev, in another area of the park, holds the phone to his ear. He sees TWO MEN walk toward each other from opposite ends of the sidewalk. They embrace, kiss and beam at each other.

MAN 1

I've really missed you.

MAN 2

I have so much to tell you.

On the other end of the phone, Kev hears a beep and then:

NATALIE (V.O.)

(through phone)

Hey, it's Natalie! I'm away having the time of my life, but if you leave your name and number I'll try to get back to you as soon as I can!

It beeps again. He hangs up and pockets his phone.

KEV

(to himself)

Hey, it's me. Just wanted to call and say...that I really, really miss you. And I can't wait to hear about all the exciting things you have to tell me. Eventually.

ROUGH-LOOKING WOMAN

Mmmm. I won't just tell you, baby, I'll show you.

The rough-looking woman licks her lips at him. Kev moves away.

INT. PORT-O-POTTY - CONTINUOUS

As she sits on the toilet, Gab messages a series of people on Tinder the same message: "Hey, whatsup?" She locks her phone and puts it down.

A loud banging on the door.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You've been in there forever!

GAB

I have my period!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Who doesn't!

Gab's phone dings. It's a text from Kendra: "*where r u?? D is back from spin!! ur so busted!*" Gab replies: "*ur booger is still there.*" Kendra: "*omg!!!*" Gab giggles. Her phone dings again; it's Kev: "*You alive? I'm just got hungry again.*" Gab replies: "*Samesies!!!*" Gab rolls up toilet paper.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Kev stands outside the port-o-potties as Gab kicks open the door and throws her remaining stack of flyers up in the air, making it rain paper on the park.

GAB

You found me.

KEV

You do actually have a very distinct scent. Also, you said you were hungry too. I know the code.

She melts into his shoulder and he puts his arm around her as they start to walk away. Gab stops and looks at the flyers all over the ground.

GAB

I have to pick these up actually.

A CITY WORKER with a garbage bag and a poker approaches and plucks one single flyer as he glares at Gab.

CITY WORKER

Garbage dropping garbage.

He walks away. Gab drops to the ground in her mess of flyers.

GAB

He's right! I am garbage. A garbage friend. A garbage lover.

Kev gets down and helps her clean up.

KEV

You're not a garbage person. Not that it's bad to be one. They make more money than us.

GAB

Great, I almost forgot about my inherent monetary value as a participant in a Capitalistic society.

She sobs into Kev's chest. He helps her to her feet.

KEV

Hey, if you're garbage, then I'm garbage, too. I had an anxiety attack all over innocent Philadelphian women. You got me through a rough day that would have been really shitty and way less interesting without you.

GAB

You mean it?

KEV

Honesty. Over. Every. Thang.

They hug.

GAB

I'm done with Tinder.

Kev shoots her a look.

GAB (CONT'D)

Don't quote me on that, though. I just need to figure out my shit. Y'know? I've been so oblivious to other people's feelings. The whole world doesn't revolve around me.

As they continue through the park, they pass a GROUP OF FANCY PEOPLE in the midst of a small, tasteful wedding ceremony. Gab zeroes in on the groom, ALAN (late 20s, bookish and attractive, obviously).

GAB (CONT'D)

Hold on, I think I know that guy.

KEV

Let me guess how.

An OFFICIATOR from an indistinguishable denomination reads to the ATTENDEES from a tablet between the BRIDE and groom. Gab moves toward them.

OFFICIATOR

Should anyone here know of any reason that this couple should not be joined in marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace.

GAB

Wait!

Everyone turns to look at her. She grabs the mic from the BAND.

GAB (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

Alan. It's me, Gab. We swiped right on each other, met up for vegan tacos, had a series of Netflix and chill sessions, and then we ghosted each other. Hard. Do you remember?

ALAN

Sure, Gab. But I'm kind of in the middle of something.

GAB

Right, and that's so cool. Before you do this, though, I just want you to know that I get it. I'm not going to be loved by every guy or gal that I swap goo with.

KEV

Ugh, ew.

GAB

And I'm finally okay with that. So, carry on. May your love last forever and ever, Amen. Or at least until one of you dies or inevitably cheats on the other.

Gab returns the mic and walks on with Kev. Alan pops up behind them.

GAB (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. I finished my thing back there. It was this whole self-reflective moment I had to have in order to move on with my day's journey, but I'm cool now. So you can go back to your wedding.

ALAN

I'm worried I'm making the wrong choice.

GAB

Yikes. My views on monogamy don't allow me to give you reassuring advice in this situation. Kev?

Kev clears his throat.

KEV

She's the one, man. Go get her.

GAB

Nailed it.

Gab and Kev do their special handshake.

ALAN

Oh yeah, she's totally the one. But I'm about to be off Tinder - like you said - until one of us *dies*. You running in an stopping my wedding has to be a sign, right? My van is parked right over there. Wanna have one last Netflix and chill before I swipe right on eternity?

GAB

Come again?

ALAN

Exactly.

He winks.

KEV

Oh nope. I do not like THAT at all.

Kev DECKS Alan. He falls back and clutches his bloody nose. Kev shakes the pain off his fist.

GAB

Holy shit!

"THE CITY OF TINDERLY LOVE"

KEV

Whoo! Alright, that felt good.

GAB

Damn daddy.

She pats him on the back.

ALAN

I'll take that as a no.

Alan slinks back to his wedding, where his bride gives him a second PUNCH. The two friends trail off down the sidewalk.

EXT. PHILLY STREETS - DAY

Gab and Kev walk side-by-side into the sunset as two, empty plastic Wawa bags get swept up by a passing car. We follow the bags as they push up and float away. One of the bags settles lower and lower towards the street until it whips onto the face of a SUITED MAN in a line of bourgeois, older man CLONES with their heads down and briefcases in hand.

The suited man steps out of line as he takes the bag off his face and looks at Philadelphia before him like he's seeing it for the first time. As the sunset lights up his face, he notices everything -- the ARTSY YOUTHS that skip by, large and small DOGS that poop and pee anywhere they please, and the tarnished but surviving WaWa hoagie from the opening that sits nearby on the sidewalk.

He grabs it, breathes it in, and shoves it into his face. Tears of bliss escape him.

FADE OUT.