

How to Date Dean

"Pilot"

written by

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SUPER: "NO CREDITS. THIS IS JUST HAPPENING."

FADE IN:

INT. APT. - DAY

With the Philadelphia skyline in the window, DEAN SOLEDI, 24, his passion for writing worn on his sleeve, adjusts a "DARK KNIGHT TRILOGY" poster, then steps away and makes sure it's level.

DEAN
Perfect.

POSTER-BATMAN
(Dean's voice; gravelly)
How do we look?

DEAN
Yeah, looks good, B-Dubs.

POSTER-BATMAN
Don't call me that.

DEAN
Sorry.

POSTER-CATWOMAN
(Dean's voice; female)
Dean, when are you gonna leave that Lyla
and run away with me?

DEAN
(hand on poster)
Soon, Selena. Soon.

He holds his hand there for a moment.

POSTER-BATMAN
You know we can all see you.

DEAN
(backs away)
Yeah, sorry.

LYLA HYASHI, 24, the type who tells you when you're wrong, enters from the hallway.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Hey.

LYLA
Hey. What is that?

DEAN
"Dark Knight Trilogy."

LYLA

Ugh, Dean! We talked about this. You're too old for this silly superhero stuff.

DEAN

It's not about the cape and everything! Okay, these were three great movies! I mean, some would have you believe that "Dark Knight Rises" sucks, but their kind is not welcomed in the house.

LYLA

Dean --

DEAN

It had its problems here and there...

LYLA

Dean --

DEAN

But damn did it have it's awesome moments -- !

LYLA

Dean! Ugh. Look, I never told you this, but I really hate that poster.

Dean raises an eyebrow and tips his head.

DEAN

I'm pretty sure you've told me that.

LYLA

Just take it down, okay?

She heads for the bedroom.

LYLA (CONT'D)

I don't want people thinking my fiance's a man-child.

Dean stands in silence for a moment.

DEAN

Man-child. Yeah. I'm a man-child. I'm a man-child for respecting the work of a brilliant director.

He slumps down on the couch. A quiet moment passes.

POSTER-CATWOMAN

I don't think you're a man-child --

DEAN

I don't need your pity, Catwoman!

ACT ONEFADE IN:INT./EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

SUPER: "14 MONTHS LATER"

EVE VON BRAUN, 23, her bubblyness could carbonate sodas, scans a bookshelf. Dean arrives at the end of it and spots her, then retreats to the other side.

DEAN

Okay, Deany-boy...

(cracks neck)

You made a promise to yourself.

(stretches legs)

You made a promise that you'd talk to at least three girls a week.

(folds hands)

God...I don't believe in you, which I guess is a bad way to start a prayer --

He notices a SULLEN LIBRARIAN watching him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Do you mind? I'm talking to my imaginary friend here!

The Librarian walks away. Dean peeks around the corner, Eve still searching.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(rubs temples)

Okay, psyching myself up, psyching myself up...

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

Five Deans, all in a different Power Marshall costume, each stand at a station; the RED POWER MARSHALL at the center one, above the others: YELLOW, BLACK, GREEN, and BLUE.

RED POWER MARSHALL

Okay, Power Marshalls! We're heading into battle! Marshall of Wit, ready?!

YELLOW POWER MARSHALL

Ready to go!

RED POWER MARSHALL

Marshall of Humor, ready?!

BLACK POWER MARSHALL

I'm at full-throttle!

RED POWER MARSHALL
Marshall of Charm, ready?!

GREEN POWER MARSHALL
Born that way!

RED POWER MARSHALL
Marshall of Acting-Distant-and-Kinda-
Like-a-Jerk-Because-Women-Kinda-Like-
That-for-Some-Strange-Reason?!

The Blue Marshall just stares at him.

RED POWER MARSHALL (CONT'D)
That's it. That's your whole --

BLUE POWER MARSHALL
Oh. Ready!

RED POWER MARSHALL
Awesome! Okay, guys! It's terrific
transforming time!

YELLOW POWER MARSHALL
Let's go!

BLACK POWER MARSHALL
We can do this, guys!

GREEN POWER MARSHALL
Alright!

BLUE POWER MARSHALL
(thumbs up)
I agree!

RED POWER MARSHALL
Buckle up, guys! Here we go!

BACK TO SCENE:

Dean turns to face Eve, who picks up a book.

DEAN (V.O.)
Hey, that's the book I was gonna get!
(out-loud; steps forward)
Hey, that's the book I was gonna get! I
mean, hi.

EVE
Oh, so, you want this book? Well, if you
can grab it, I'll give it to ya!

DEAN
I really don't think that's --

She dangles it in front of his face. He tries but fails to grab it, and she laughs.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, you're funny. You're really funny.

EVE
Why d'ya even want this book, anyway?

She dangles it again.

DEAN
It was written by a friend of mine, okay? Besides, this place is across the street from where I work.

He tries and fails to grab it again.

EVE
Wh? Where do you even you work? There's only that crappy theater.
(sees she's offended him)
Oh...Okay, look, if you really want the book -- how about a race, huh?! Front doors and back!

DEAN
That seems kind of --

She dashes away. He lingers, then charges after her.

She arrives outside the front doors, then him. Next he runs back inside without noticing that she's stopped because she's looking at a car being towed across the street.

EVE
Oh, no!
(looks at breasts)
Well, battle-stations, girls; you'll have to get me out of another one.

Dean arrives back at the shelf.

DEAN
Ha-ha! I actually stretched beforehand!

Everyone stares at him. After a moment, he saunters off to the front doors.

INT. GUYS' APT. - DAY

In the living room hangs the same "DARK KNIGHT TRILOGY" poster. DICK HASSLER, 25, a man who earned his nickname, sits at the couch with his laptop watching a video of a mini town.

DICK
Okay, baby, come on.

In the video, a mist begins to form into a vortex.

DICK (CONT'D)
Yes...

The vortex becomes a mini tornado, which begins to destroy the town.

DICK (CONT'D)
(stands)
Yes! Yes! Yes!

The tornado shreds everything in its path.

DICK (CONT'D)
Go! Get it!
(clenched teeth)
Get iiit!

The tornado dissipates. Dick collapses on the couch, exasperated, and lights a cigarette. Dean enters.

DEAN
Hey.

DICK
Hey...

DEAN
Med in his room?

DICK
Uh-huh...

Dean goes to a nearby door and knocks.

DEAN
(opens door)
Hey, Med, I --

A mountain of women falls on top of him. AHMED "MED" DARZI, 25, a nerdy Casanova, steps over the women and into the hall.

MED
(looks around apt.)
Dean?...Dean?

DEAN
(muffled)
Help.

DICK
Dean trapped under your woman-pile
again?

MED
Mm. Alright!
(claps)
Everyone get up! Can't have my friend
suffocate twice in the same week.

They all begin to stand, including a BRUNETTE.

BRUNETTE
Oh, it's okay, Med. You're a doctor. You
could just give him mouth-to-mouth.

MED
In that case, maybe I should have a
woman-pile fall on you. Ruff!

BRUNETTE
Oh!

MED
Rrruff!

He slaps her ass as the rest stand and file out, finally
revealing Dean. Med pulls him to his feet.

MED (CONT'D)
You okay?

DEAN
Yeah. What was with that woman-pile,
though?

MED
I know, it was bigger last time.

DEAN
Hey, tough break.

MED
Mm. And you know, some day, you're gonna
have your own woman-pile.

DEAN
Thanks, man. And, you know, speaking of
which, you know the bookstore across the
street? I met a girl there --

MED
And her pile of friends!

DEAN
No, just the one.

MED
(disappointed)
Oh.

DEAN
I didn't get a chance to ask for her number, but I did tell her that I work at the theater. So I was hoping that we could open up early just in case she comes by.

MED
Of course! Yeah, you got it.

DICK
You guys go ahead, I'll be there in a little while.

He starts searching for another video.

DEAN
Wow. Two times in a row.

MED
Now that's a man who could handle a woman-pile.

INT. GIRLS' APT. - DAY

In the kitchen, Eve sits with nearly-dried paper-miche wrapped around her legs, when TIFFANY, 24, a basic bitch, enters.

EVE
Hey.

TIFFANY
Hey...What are you doing?

EVE
Trying to think. Trying random things from the internet really helps.

TIFFANY
Oddly specific...

EVE
It's this paper-miche recipe I heard about on there. Supposed to make your legs extra-smooth.

TIFFANY
Huh.

EVE
Which will come in handy if I ever get a chance to meet the guy I met today again.

TIFFANY
(teasingly)
Oh! You met a guy today?

EVE
Yep. I just can't remember where he said he works...You just get back from lunch with Lyla?

TIFFANY
Yeah, she's parking the car.

Lyla enters.

LYLA
Hey.

She sees Eve.

LYLA (CONT'D)
She trying to remember something?

TIFFANY
Yeah, about some guy she met.

LYLA
A-ha. So, Eve, why don't you tell us about him?

EVE
He wanted to get a book.

LYLA
(waits)
And?

EVE
That's all.

The lamp behind Eve turns on right as she gets an idea. From the POV of her friends, it looks like it's going off over her head.

EVE (CONT'D)
Hey! How about we stay in and watch a movie tonight?!

TIFFANY
Ugh! This freaking lamp!

Tiffany gets up to turn the lamp off.

EVE
And I know the perfect one, too!

LYLA
Oh yeah? What?

Tiffany shuts the lamp off.

EVE
(sad)
Aw, I forget.

Tiffany sits back down. The light comes back on.

EVE (CONT'D)
Oh, I remember! "Wonder Woman!"

TIFFANY
I swear, this stupid lamp!

Tiffany gets up and starts messing with the lamp again.

LYLA
"Wonder Woman?" Eh...

EVE
What? I heard it was really good!

TIFFANY
She doesn't like superhero stuff.

EVE
Oh, Little-Miss-Shakespeare thinks she's
too good for modern cinema. Come on!
I've been trying to get into geek
culture for a while, anyway!

Lyla rolls her eyes. Tiffany gets the light to shut off.

TIFFANY
There!

She sits back down.

The kitchen timer goes off with a "ding!"

EVE
Legs are done!

She bends her legs and the dried paper-miche shatters with a crack! A sonic-blast blows the two other girls to the floor! The windows explode!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

The sonic-blast explodes across the city! Cars are flung about! Skyscrapers collapse! Wilhelm screams every other second! A RANDOM GUY goes:

RANDOM GUY

My leg!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The clouds around Philadelphia are blown away.

INT. GIRLS' APT. - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen lies in ruin as Eve feels her legs.

EVE

Oh! Still prickly.
(to Tiffany)
Feel?

TIFFANY

No thanks...

The lamp goes on again, and Eve's face lights up.

EVE

Oh! I just remembered where that guy
said he works!

INT. MACGUFFIN THEATER - DAY

In the lobby, Med mans the concession stand wearing a button-up and bow-tie, when a PRETTY WOMAN comes over.

MED

(adjusts tie)
Why, hello there.

Over at the ticket booth stands Dick, Dean behind him in the office with the door cracked.

DICK

So, you see this chick yet?

DEAN

Not yet. Hey, tell Med to stop hitting
on the customers.

DICK

Hey, Med! Dean says you're doing a great
job!

(to Dean)

So, what d'ya wanna watch tonight?

DEAN
 Eh, I don't know. I can't decide if I want to re-watch "Gotham" or start watching "Altered Carbon."

DICK
 Oh my God! Just pick one!

DEAN
 Well, I don't know which to pick! Re-watching something is the safe pick, but I'll already know what happens. On the other hand, watching something new will be a new experience, but then there's a chance I won't like it...

Dean sighs, then emerges from the office.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Alright, you know what? Forget it. She's not coming.

DICK
 Dude, we've only been waiting for like ten minutes.

MED
 He's just nervous.

DEAN
 Well, so what if I am?

MED
 Dean. Come on. Letting your fear control you is not how you get a woman-pile.

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

In the bridge of a spaceship, three Deans (MACHO DEAN, WISE DEAN, NERVOUS DEAN) surround the HEAD DEAN, who's sitting in a command chair.

WISE DEAN
 Med's right.

The Macho Dean raises his fist.

MACHO DEAN
 Fear must not control this mind!

The Head Dean thinks for a moment.

HEAD DEAN
 You're right. You're right. No matter what, I will not let my fear get to me.

BACK TO SCENE:

Lyla enters, followed by Eve and Tiffany. Dean turns. They stare at each other for a moment.

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

The five deans stare ahead.

MACHO DEAN

Retreat!

BACK TO SCENE:

Dean runs into the office at light speed and creates a sonic-blast as lightning trails behind him.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. MACGUFFIN THEATER - DAY

In the office, Dean runs in and slams the door, then leans against it, panting.

DEAN

Okay, don't panic, don't panic...

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

An ANNOUNCER DEAN speaks into a microphone as alarms go off and a thousand other Deans sprint around in a panic.

ANNOUNCER DEAN

Do not panic. Repeat, do not panic.
Forget the fact that your ex-fiance's in
the theater; forget the fact that she's
friends with the cute girl you want to
go out with; forget the fact that --
both of them just saw you run into your
office like a scared dog! Panic! Panic!
The end is here! The end of your sex-
life is here!

At the front of the Bridge, the HEAD DEAN leans over the command desk. He then spins around.

HEAD DEAN

Everybody, shut-up!

They all stop. The Head Dean takes a breath.

HEAD DEAN (CONT'D)

Okay...

(leans back over desk)

Okay, just let me think.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dean pinches the top of his nose.

DEAN

Just let me think.

He takes a breath, then re-enters the lobby.

In the lobby, the three girls still there, Dean tries to approach them nonchalantly but just walks more awkwardly.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Hey...Lyla.

LYLA

Dean.

The sound of popcorn being loudly chewed; Dean turns to see Med and Dick, with two popcorn buckets, watching with wide-eyes.

DEAN
So, it's...it's been a while.

LYLA
About a year...

Behind Dean, Dick and Med's popcorn buckets are now three feet tall.

DICK
Okay, see, this is the part where the two old flames have an awkward and unexpected meeting, where it is common for the male character to awkwardly, yet adorably trip over himself.

DEAN
(to Eve)
So, I see you're friends with my ex-fiance. That's, a...That's a diaper-full of coincidence right there.

Behind him, Dick and Med's popcorn buckets are now six feet tall.

DICK
Or just awkwardly.

EVE
Yep. That sure is quite a...a diaper-full of coincidence.

Dean, uncomfortably, makes a face in agreement.

DEAN
(to Lyla)
So...
(fist-bumps Lyla's arm)
How've you been?

Behind him, Dick and Med are now sitting in eight foot tall popcorn buckets.

MED
Ouch. He fist-bumped her arm!

DICK
This is the part 3D glasses are for!

They put on 3D glasses and watch with the utmost anticipation.

LYLA
Yeah, well, anyway...We should get going.

Lyla leads the two girls out.

DEAN
Okay, well...Come by whenever.

Right before she leaves, Eve looks at Dean, who looks back. Then, not knowing what to do, she curtsies in a mechanically awkward sort of way. Then she leaves.

Dean sighs and his body melts into a puddle. Dick and Med stand over him.

DICK
Mm. Dean melted again.

MED
Yeah, better get the Dean-Shovel.

DICK
Mm.

Dick leaves to get the Dean-Shovel.

INT. GIRLS' APT. - DAY

Lyla leads the other two girls in a huff.

EVE
Oh my God, Lyla, I'm so sorry!

LYLA
No, it's okay. You didn't know.

EVE
Look, I promise, I won't see him again!

Lyla paces.

EVE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

LYLA
Yeah, I'm fine. It's no big deal...seeing my ex-fiance after not speaking to him for a year, my fiance who was a man-child. I mean, sure, I guess I was kinda controlling. Okay, maybe I was kind of a bitch, but...God, he liked his nerdy crap!

She stops and sees the "Wonder Woman" DVD.

LYLA (CONT'D)
You know what, Eve? You should see him.

EVE
What?

LYLA
Yeah, you know. I'm over him! I have no problem with it!

EVE
Are you sure?

LYLA
Yeah...Just...Just let me talk to him first. You know? I need to...to just...clear the air...Yeah.

Lyla exits into the hallway. Eve just stands there for a moment.

EVE
(fist clenched; pumps
elbow down)
Boom!

She shreds on air guitar and the roar of an electric guitar tears through the air.

INT. MACGUFFIN THEATER - DAY

In the office, Med pours the last of Dean, still liquid, into a life-size man-mold.

MED
Okay.

They both put on their lab-goggles.

MED (CONT'D)
Flash-freeze.

DICK
Flash-freezing.

Dick pulls a lever, which freezes Dean's liquid body.

MED
Re-heat.

DICK
Re-heating.

Dick pushes the lever back up, and heaters un-freeze Dean.

MED
Electrify.

DICK
Electrifying.

Dick presses a big red button, and electric bolts fire from the ceiling and into the mold. Dean opens his eyes, his fingers twitch.

MED
It's alive! It's alive! My God!...Now I know what it feels like to be God! Wa-ha-ha-ha!

Dick shuts the electricity off, then Dean sits up naked.

DEAN
Rrrgh! Woo, well...I feel refreshed.

In the lobby, Dean leads the other guys in, when Lyla enters.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Hey.

LYLA
Hey. Can we talk?

DEAN
Sure.

He holds the door to the office open for her, then follows her into the office.

In the office, he sits at the chair behind the desk as she sits in a chair in front of the desk.

DEAN (CONT'D)
So...

LYLA
Yeah.

She notices the posters all around, posters of shows and movies, comedies and sci-fi's, and stops on the one for "Young Justice."

LYLA (CONT'D)
Well, see you still like kids' shows.

DEAN
See you're still a nag.

LYLA
You're right, I'm sorry.

They avoid eye-contact for a moment.

LYLA (CONT'D)
I've been working on that, you know.

DEAN
Well, for the record, I've been working
on reading.

LYLA
Oh?

DEAN
Yeah, in fact, I just finished "Jurassic
Park." Seen the movie a hundred times,
so I figured...

LYLA
That's great...So, anyway, Dean, the
reason why I came here was because...I
thought it was about time that we
talked.

DEAN
Okay.

LATER

In the lobby, Dean opens the office door to let Lyla out.

LYLA
Okay, so...

DEAN
Yeah...

LYLA
You know...Eve's probably still
upstairs, if you...

DEAN
Yeah. Yeah! That would be great!

LYLA
Okay.

She leads him outside, Dick and Med watching.

MED
Good job, Dean. The journey of having a
woman-pile begins with the first girl.

Dick raises his fist in solidarity.

INT. GIRLS' APT. - CONTINUOUS

Lyla leads Dean in to find Eve on the couch with Netflix up, Tiffany sits at the kitchen table.

LYLA
Eve?

EVE
(stands; to Lyla)
Hey.
(to Dean)
Hey.

DEAN
Hey.

Lyla sits next to Tiffany.

DEAN (CONT'D)
What are you watching?

EVE
Well, I actually haven't decided yet. I mean, I could re-watch "The Office," or I could start watching "Gotham." But then --

DEAN
But then re-watching something is the safe pick, but you'll already know what happens.

EVE
But then if I watch something new, I won't know what happens, but there's a chance I won't like it.

Each stands mesmerized by the other.

DEAN
Exactly.

EVE
Exactly.

EXT. TITANIC - DAY

Eve stands at the front of the ship with her arms out on either side as Dean holds her at the waist.

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

The Head Dean watches this fantasy be projected onto a screen with four other Deans, including a NIT-PICKY DEAN.

NIT-PICKY DEAN
Seriously? "Titanic?"

HEAD DEAN
Shut up.

NIT-PICKY DEAN
But it's such a cliché!

HEAD DEAN
Shut up!

NIT-PICKY DEAN
But you don't even like this movie!

HEAD DEAN
I said shut up!

BACK TO SCENE:

Dean and Eve stare deeply into each others' eyes as Tiffany and Lyla watch.

DEAN
You should watch "Gotham," by the way.
It's a good show.

EVE
Okay...

TIFFANY
Oh my God, there's two of them.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. GUYS' APT. - NIGHT**

Dean emerges from his room, already dressed, when POSTER-DANA SCULLY says:

POSTER-DANA SCULLY
(Dean's voice; female)
Dean? Is it really true, Dean? Are you really going out with another woman?

DEAN
Yes, Dana, I'm afraid that it is true.

POSTER-DAENERYS says:

POSTER-DAENERYS
(Dean's voice; female)
But, why, Dean? Why?

DEAN
Well, Daenerys, it's just that a man, sooner or later, needs to start seeing real women.

POSTER-CATWOMAN
That hurts, Dean. Please, don't make me cry!

DEAN
Oh, come on, Selena. You know I didn't mean it --

He notices Dick and Med gawking at him from the doorway. Dean clears his throat.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Gentlemen.

He adjusts his tie and leaves.

INT. GIRLS' APT. - NIGHT

In the kitchen, Eve stands in a robe with the hood up, a steak knife in her hand, a gummy bear on the table, the lights dimmed, and candles lighting the room.

EVE
Oh, Dating Gods! Hear my plea! Bring me good fortune on this eve in exchange for this sacrifice!

She stabs the gummy bear, then looks up to find Lyla and Tiffany gawking at her from the doorway. She rips off the robe to reveal a sun dress and clears her throat.

EVE (CONT'D)

Ladies.

She adjusts her bra and leaves.

In the hallway, Lyla catches up to her.

LYLA

Wait! Eve! Good luck.

EVE

Thank you.

LYLA

Oh, and when you get there, make sure to compliment him on his parking.

EVE

Okay...

Lyla gives her an awkward thumbs-up then returns to the apartment, before Eve leaves.

EXT./INT. MACGUFFIN THEATER - NIGHT

Dean pulls up in his car with Eve in the passenger seat, before they get out. Eve eyes his car.

EVE

Hey, so, great parking job.

She gives him two thumbs-up and goes to the theater entrance. Dean looks at his car in the parking space, then proudly nods at himself and struts away.

Dean opens the door for Eve, who enters to find the lights dimmed and candles all around.

EVE (CONT'D)

Damn! I mean, holy crap! I mean, aw.

DEAN

Eh-heh. This way.

He leads her to the viewing area's door, which he opens.

In the viewing area, he leads her to the center and holds a seat down for her.

DEAN (CONT'D)

My lady.

EVE

Psh! Such a gentleman!

She sits.

EVE (CONT'D)
So, what are we going to be watching?

DEAN
"Casablanca."

EVE
Hm, so not a comic-book movie.

DEAN
(glaring)
Would it be a problem if it was?

EVE
No...

The movie starts, but then the sound cuts-out.

DEAN
Dammit. Hold on, I'll be right back.

He exits. She waits for him to leave, then gets her phone out.

INT. GIRLS' APT. - CONTINUOUS

Lyla picks up her phone.

LYLA
Eve?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

EVE
Lyla! Hey! Okay, I know this might be a weird thing to ask, but, could you, maybe, give me the tiniest, teeniest -- bit of advice about Dean?

LYLA
Oh, well...

EVE
I know, it's weird, asking for advice about your ex-fiance --

LYLA
No, no, it's fine. Really.

EVE
Really?

LYLA
Really-really.

EVE
Okay, well, here's what happened. So we sat down to watch the movie, and when he told me that it was going to be "Casablanca," I said "hm, so not a comic-book movie," and then --

LYLA
Oo, yeah, he's real sensitive about that.

EVE
About what?

LYLA
He really doesn't like it when you try and change him.

EVE
But I wasn't trying to change him!

LYLA
I know, but he's real paranoid about it. Of course, I guess that might, sorta, kinda, be my fault...

EVE
So, what do I do?

LYLA
Well...
(thinks)
Actually, you said you wanted to get into comic-book stuff! You should ask Dean!

EVE
Yeah. Yeah, that makes sense.

LYLA
Trust me, he'll love it that you're taking an interest.

EVE
Perfect!...You don't think he's freaking-out about that little quip I made, do you?

LYLA
Uhhh...

INT. MACGUFFIN THEATER - NIGHT

In the projector room, Dean paces as Dick and Med examine the projector.

MED

Oh, come on, man. You're just overreacting.

DEAN

Am I?! This is exactly how it started with Lyla! Oh, at first it's just a quip there, a comment here, until it turns out you have nothing in common and to fix that, she's trying to make you exactly like her!

He plops down on a chair with his head in his hands. Dick and Med exchange a glance, then Dick walks over to Dean.

DICK

Alright, look, you barely know this girl, right?

DEAN

Yeah?

DICK

Okay, so, get to know her before you decide anything!

DEAN

(stands)

You're right...You're right, you're right.

The movie's sound comes back on.

MED

Got it.

DEAN

Okay...

He exits.

Back in the viewing area, Dean sits back down. Neither say anything as they stare forward.

DEAN (CONT'D)

So...You ever seen this movie before?

EVE

Once, when I was a little girl.

He nods, then returns to staring forward.

EVE (CONT'D)

But, you know, one movie I've been trying to get Lyla and Tiffany to watch was "Wonder Woman."

DEAN
That's a good movie.

EVE
Would you recommend any other comic-book movies?

DEAN
Well..."Constantine" was really good.

EVE
Wait, you mean that Keanu Reeves movie from like 2005?

DEAN
Yep.

EVE
That's a comic-book movie?! No way!

Dean faces his body towards her.

DEAN
Yeah -- Yeah! He's in the same universe as Batman and Wonder Woman, actually.

EVE
I never knew that!

The sound's cut out, but they haven't noticed. Behind them, Dick and Med watch the couple from the projector's opening as muppets.

MED
Well, what d'ya think of that, Dick? A happy ending.

DICK
More like happy that it finally ended!

They both laugh.

MED
It is nice, though, isn't it?

DICK
What?

MED
That they both found each other. That way, nobody else has to worry about finding them!

They both laugh.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Dean walks Eve down the street.

EVE
So, let me ask you something. That book
you wanted at the bookstore...

DEAN
Yeah?

EVE
You said that it was written by a friend
of yours.

DEAN
Yeah?

EVE
Well, you might want to tell your friend
that he kinda sucks.

DEAN
Eh-heh. Well, actually, I wrote that
book.

Eve covers her mouth in surprise and embarrassment.

EVE
Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry!

DEAN
Oh, you don't have to apologize; it was
bad.

EVE
No, I'm sorry that you wrote it!

She slaps his shoulder and laughs.

DEAN
Yeah. You're hilarious.

EVE
(laughing)
I'm sorry.

She clears her throat.

EVE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Why were you buying it,
though?

DEAN
Oh, I was trying to buy-up every copy so
that no one else could read it.

EVE
You might want to try harder.

DEAN
Believe me, I have been.

EVE
Do you think you'll ever try writing again?

DEAN
That's what I'm still doing. The theater's just a way to make money; my real dream's to become a professional writer.

EVE
Huh.

DEAN
What about you?

EVE
My dream's...My dream is to have a dream.

They arrive at her building.

DEAN
Well, we're here.

EVE
Yes we are.

DEAN
We should do this again some time.

EVE
Yeah. I'd like that.

They look into each other's eyes.

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

The Head Dean, four others behind him, looks out onto Eve.

WISE DEAN
Well?

The Head Dean looks at him, then nods. The Wise Dean nods to the Announcer Dean behind him, then hits a big red button.

The Announcer Dean gets on the CV radio, an alarm blares, and hundreds of other Deans scurry about.

ANNOUNCER DEAN

Okay, men! This is not a drill! This is from the top! We are going in for a kiss! Everyone to battle-stations! Sweep for fear-thoughts! Lock-down the sweat-glands! Ensure that ocular focus remains on the female's eyes and does not migrate to her breasts! Go! Go! Go!

BACK TO SCENE:

Dean leans in, she leans in, too, and they kiss. After a moment, they pull away, both smiling at each other.

EVE

Well...good night.

She walks up the stairs to her door, then goes inside.

INT. DEAN'S HEAD - CONTINUOUS

The Head Dean thrusts his fist into the air.

HEAD DEAN

Success!

MACHO DEAN

Success!

They shake each other's hands, then all five shake all of each other's hands.

The hundreds of other Deans raise their fists and cheer as triumphant music starts to blare.

The Head Dean walks through the throng, shaking hands and high-fiving. A CRAZY DEAN runs past naked. A banner that reads "SUCCESS" is hoisted up.

BACK TO SCENE:

Dean, with his hands in his pockets, walks away.

THE END