

BROWN

by
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

It's a beautiful day in the spring. People are kayaking on the Chicago river, taking selfies at the bean, and strolling down Michigan Avenue.

EXT. COLLINS CONSULTING GROUP - DAY

A tall skyscraper pierces the sky. On the ground, SHIV SHANKAR, a 23-year-old Indian-American, stares up. He's in a neatly pressed blue suit, white shirt, wool knit burgundy tie.

He takes a deep breath, then walks confidently towards the glass door. He reaches for the door handle, pushes forward, then SMACK! Runs right into the door and falls over. Shiv bounces back up, brushes off, pretends like nothing happened. Looks around. Nobody. He's in the clear.

INT. COLLINS CONSULTING GROUP - LOBBY - DAY

He *pulls* the door towards him, entering the lobby. It's massive. Exactly what you would expect from the number one consulting firm in the nation. A mass of business-types scattered throughout the lobby all stare at him. He awkwardly smiles. Does a head nod.

Shiv walks over to a section of the lobby labeled "Interview Waiting Area". There's a handful of others sitting around. Mostly white people, all seemingly in their 20s.

In the back corner of the waiting area sits SAMEERA, the one non-white person in the crowd. Sameera is 24, dressed in an impressive-looking pantsuit. She stares intensely at her phone.

Shiv takes a seat next to her. She looks up at him after he sits down.

SAMEERA

Oh.

Shiv looks at her.

SHIV

I'm sorry?

SAMEERA

You sure know how to make an entrance.

SHIV

Yeah - turns out the door is a pull door instead of a push. So confusing because it had that bar across the middle as if it was a push door...

SAMEERA

You didn't notice the sign next to the door that said PULL?

SHIV

I guess not.

SAMEERA

I guess you need to work on your observational skills, then.

SHIV

It was one honest mistake.

SAMEERA

Two mistakes.

SHIV

Two?

SAMEERA

You're sitting on my sunglasses.

Shiv looks down. Damn. He's sitting on her sunglasses.

SHIV

Oh, shit.

He gets up, picks up the sunglasses and hands them to Sameera. They're marked PRADA on the outside. They're a little crooked.

SHIV

Sorry.

Sameera tries to fold the glasses - the right side doesn't go down all the way.

SHIV

Oh man. I am so sorry. I'm happy to pay for them or --

SAMEERA

Don't worry about it.

SHIV

Seriously, I can pay you right now --

SAMEERA

It's fine. I bought these knockoffs from my uncle in Bangladesh. They were like, four dollars. Gotta look your best for the interview, you know?

Shiv chuckles.

SHIV

Don't you think that's a little too much?

Sameera is not having it.

SAMEERA

Look around. There are nine people sitting here in this waiting area. What do you notice about them?

SHIV

I guess they're all youngish?

SAMEERA

Seven of them are white. Seven of them are male, including you.

SHIV

Oh - I guess I didn't notice that.

SAMEERA

Now look at me. What do you notice?

Shiv looks at her. What an awkward question.

SHIV

Uh, you have - a nice shade of brown eyes.

SAMEERA

That was *not* an invitation for you to hit on me.

SHIV

I wasn't hitting on you - I just thought you were asking --

SAMEERA

It's fine. They are a nice shade of brown. What I'm saying is that I'm a woman.

SHIV

Okay. I can see that.

SAMEERA

I'm also *not* white.

SHIV

I can also see that.

SAMEERA

And in general, I'll have a much harder time landing this job than the white dudes on that side of the room, Ms. Barbie Doll over there, and *even* you, the one other brown person that came to an interview with the most prestigious consulting firm in Chicago wearing a *burgundy wool knit tie*. You look like you did a cappella in college, dude. It's embarrassing.

(beat)

So you'll have to excuse me if you think I'm being *too much*.

Damn. Ice cold. Shiv's been told.

SAMEERA

Yeah. Right. You get it.

SHIV

Right. Yeah. I get it.

ERIC (O.S.)

Okay! I'm looking for a Shiv Shankar?

He pronounces Shiv's last name like "shanker" - as in, one who shanks. Shiv looks up, relieved that this interaction with Sameera is coming to a close.

SHIV

That's me.

SAMEERA

(with a smile)

Break a leg. I'm Sameera by the way.

SHIV

I'm Shiv. It was - nice to meet you.

Shiv gets up, walks away. Sameera goes back to her phone, picks up where she left off in her article as if nothing happened.

FADE OUT.

ACT 1

INT. AKSHAY'S OFFICE - DAY

AKSHAY PERI, 24, sits at a table in a beautiful window office over the Chicago River. He's dressed in a top quality suit, shirt slightly unbuttoned. His hair is slicked back, and he's wearing a gold chain necklace and a gold ring, both of which bear the symbol for the sanskrit word "Om".

There's a knock at the door. It's Shiv.

SHIV

Hey - Akshay?

Akshay looks up from his work.

AKSHAY

Well, spin me around and fuck me sideways. If it isn't Shiv Shankar!

SHIV

Hah. In the flesh.

AKSHAY

What are you doing here? You know - and don't take this the wrong way - you were one of those guys that I was happy knowing I would never see again after college.

Shiv emits an awkward chuckle.

SHIV

I'm uh... I'm interviewing here today.

AKSHAY

No shit! So after all that smack you used to talk about how consulting was filled with "the bottom feeders" of America, you finally come crawling over to the dark side. You didn't tell me you were interviewing at Collins!

SHIV

I know, I know. I'm sorry. I just didn't want it to look like I was scheming my way in, or something.

AKSHAY

Well, you should've told me. I could've advised you not to wear that ridiculous tie.

SHIV

Everyone's hating on this tie today.

AKSHAY

Besides, who you know is literally this entire game. The more people you have in your corner, the better.

SHIV

I guess that's fair.

(beat)

So, I had no idea you would be my first interviewer today.

AKSHAY

Oh - this isn't an interview. I had our secretary empty out a 30 minute block in your schedule for the day so we could catch up. It's always great to see another brown kid from back home interviewing here. And it's been a minute.

SHIV

(surprised)

That's really nice of you.

AKSHAY

Anytime man. Us brown kids? We gotta look out for each other.

SHIV

So yeah. What's been going on?

AKSHAY

Mmm. Not much. Work is work, you know.

SHIV

I see all your Instagram stories of you traveling to cool, exotic places.

AKSHAY

Yeah, it's one of the perks of being a consultant.

They let you fly anywhere so long as the ticket there is cheaper than your ticket back to your home base. And since my project is currently across the country, I can pretty much go anywhere I want on the weekends.

SHIV

That sounds pretty awesome.

AKSHAY

I mean, don't get me wrong. I still have to pay taxes on the ticket, though.

SHIV

A lot of people would kill for that, though.

AKSHAY

All I'm saying is that it adds up.

(beat)

But I think I'll be traveling a lot less in the coming weekends.

SHIV

Why's that?

AKSHAY

I'm seeing a girl.

Akshay makes a motion like he's dry humping the air.

SHIV

Wow, I'm impressed. A real girl.

AKSHAY

Ha, relax man. You didn't think I wasn't ever gonna get here, right? Yes, a real girl.

SHIV

Is she...

AKSHAY

Hot? Yes. Smoking.

SHIV

No, I mean, you know. Is she Indian?

AKSHAY

She's Bengali. So it's like, basically the same thing. I'm not even totally sure what the difference is.

SHIV

Well, they're different countries.

AKSHAY

Oh, really?

SHIV

Yeah. What does she do - does she live in the city?

AKSHAY

Yeah - she's a consultant. So you know, similar lifestyles and stuff. We hang out on weekends when we're in the city but otherwise keep to ourselves - it's pretty nice. Get to keep my independence and shit.

SHIV

Your parents don't care about her being Bengali?

AKSHAY

At this point, they're just relieved that I'm not gay.

SHIV

They are patently aware that you aren't gay, Akshay. Remember when they caught you with two girls in your bedroom?

AKSHAY

(chuckling)

Ah, yeah. Damn. Good times.

(then)

What about you, you seeing anyone?

SHIV

Nah. Most interactions I have with women are terrible.

AKSHAY

So nothings changed, you mean.

SHIV

Thanks for that. No, I mean like, I'm just not really great at talking with them. Like, for example. Right before I got to this conference room, I had *the most awkward* encounter with this girl in the lobby.

AKSHAY

What did she say?

SHIV

I mean, something about how women have a harder time than men to get this job. And how it's worse for Indian women. And how I should check my privilege and stuff. It was --

AKSHAY

Man - these SJW types are all up in here these days trying to make everyone politically correct or whatever. It's stupid. Sounds like she was a real bitch.

SHIV

Oh, well, I mean I don't really know her. I wasn't trying to make a statement or something, it was just kind of awkward, is all.

AKSHAY

Girls man. They're tough to crack.

SHIV

Yeah.

AKSHAY

Unless you're me.

SHIV

Sure.

AKSHAY

Well listen - if you're not doing anything else tonight, I'm meeting up with my girl for dinner and then a Friday night on the town.

SHIV

Ah, I think I'll pass. I still need to unpack a lot of my stuff.

AKSHAY

C'mon, it'll be fun. Besides, you owe me for getting you this 30 minute free slot. The interview days are brutal without it.

Shiv takes a moment to weigh his options. Better not bite the hand.

SHIV

You know what? Sure. That does sound like fun.

AKSHAY

Hell yeah! We're getting ramen.

SHIV

Ooh, ramen places are tough for me. They rarely have any vegetarian stuff.

AKSHAY

You're still on that vegetarian nonsense? I dropped that as soon as I left home. You *have* to try the meat at this place - it's to die for.

SHIV

Yeah I mean, that sounds awesome, except you seemed to miss the part where I said I was vegetarian. Which means I don't eat meat.

AKSHAY

Whatever. Every restaurant has to have *some* vegetarian option now that the woke white people realized killing chickens en masse is kind of a fucked up thing to do.

SHIV

I guess. Text me the details and I'll see you later tonight?

EXT. SHIV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shiv stands outside a tall apartment complex, looking at his phone. A red TOYOTA CAMRY pulls up. Shiv looks up, looks back down at his phone, nods to the driver, and gets inside the car.

INT. UBER - DRIVING - NIGHT

The driver, SURAJ, is an Indian man, mid-40s.

SHIV
(as he gets in)
Hello.

SURAJ
Hello sir.

SHIV
Um, I'm going to Ramen-San. It's a
restaurant in River North.

SURAJ
No problem.

Shiv looks down at his phone as Suraj starts the trip. He's trying to look up Sameera through the usual social media stalking techniques. After a few moments of silence:

SURAJ
You Indian?

Shiv looks up, a bit startled.

SHIV
Uh, yeah.

SURAJ
Acha.
(in Hindi; subtitled)
How are you brother?

SHIV
Oh, uh. I'm sorry. I don't speak
Hindi.

SURAJ
No? Where you from?

SHIV
I'm from Philadelphia.

Suraj laughs, almost mockingly.

SURAJ
No, no. I mean, where are you
really from?

SHIV

Uh, well my parents are from Chennai.

SURAJ

Oh! Chennai. Nice place. You speak Tamil?

SHIV

Yeah. I mean - I can understand it. I don't speak it much.

SURAJ

(in Tamil; subtitled)
It's always nice to meet a fellow Indian.

SHIV

Oh, hah. You know Tamil too.

SURAJ

Of course. I speak six different languages. It was mandatory to learn this back home.

(beat)

What do your parents do?

SHIV

My mom's an engineer. Dad is a sales executive for Dell.

SURAJ

Ah, wow. They must be making lots of money, yes?

SHIV

Um, I - I guess so. They're probably fine.

SURAJ

Much better than my job as an Uber driver, acha.

SHIV

Um. Haha.

Awkward silence.

SURAJ

So, you don't speak any Indian language then?

SHIV

Not usually.

SURAJ
You should really learn Hindi.

SHIV
Why's that?

SURAJ
It's your mother tongue.

SHIV
Actually, my mother tongue would
be Tamil.

SURAJ
Hindi is more useful.

A car veers in front of the Uber. Suraj HONKS at the car,
yelling out.

SURAJ
(in Hindi; subtitled)
Stupid bitch!

SHIV
Geez. He's driving like he's in
India, am I right?

Suraj looks back at Shiv through the rear view mirror.
He's not pleased at the joke.

SURAJ
What do you know about driving in
India?

SHIV
Oh - nothing. Sorry, I didn't mean
for that to be offensive. My
grandpa tells me the only rule of
the road in India is to "not hit
anyone".

SURAJ
Oh, your grandpa says that? Must
be like that in Tamil Nadu. Where
I'm from, we drive perfectly fine.

SHIV
Oh. Uh, that's...good to know.

The car pulls up to Ramen-San. Thank goodness this car
ride is over.

SURAJ
We're here.

SHIV
 Uh, thanks. Have a nice day, I
 guess.

SURAJ
 (in Hindi; subtitled,
 with a scoff)
 Stupid american kids.

SHIV
 (with a smile)
 Uh, yeah. You too.

EXT. RAMEN SAN - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Shiv walks up to the restaurant, and to his surprise,
 finds Sameera waiting there. She's intensely looking at
 her phone. She looks up at him as he walks up to the
 restaurant.

SAMEERA
 What are the odds?

SHIV
 What are you doing here?

SAMEERA
 Oh, haven't you heard? Standing
 outside restaurants is like, the
 new, hip thing to do. All the kids
 are doing it.

SHIV
 Very funny.

SAMEERA
 If you *must* know, I'm waiting for
 a friend. We're going to eat
 ramen.

Shiv looks around. No sign of Akshay.

SHIV
 I guess I am too.

SAMEERA
 Mmm. Great. We can stand here
 together then.
 (then)
 How did your interview go?

SHIV

It was fine. I had trouble with one of the cases, though.

SAMEERA

Which one?

SHIV

The one about getting into the refrigerator market.

SAMEERA

Oh - yeah. I think I got that one. You just had to say that the biggest barrier to entry is that there was a sneaky merger happening that would make it really hard for new players to enter the market.

SHIV

Yeah... I didn't get that. At all.

SAMEERA

Hm. Well, I'm sure it's okay. You never really know what they're looking for in a candidate.

A car pulls up in front of the restaurant. Akshay steps out. He gives a head nod in Shiv's direction. Both Shiv and Sameera wave simultaneously, then look each other with matching faces that scream: "Of course this would happen."

AKSHAY

Hey! You two know each other?

FADE OUT.

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. RAMEN SAN - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Shiv, Sameera, and Akshay sit at a table for 3. Shiv sips his water, awkwardly avoiding eye contact with Sameera, putting all his attention to his menu. A waitress, JULIE, comes to the table.

JULIE

Hey y'all - how we doing? Did we take a chance to look at the menu?

SHIV

Yeah. Uh, I had a quick question, actually.

JULIE

Sure, how can I help you?

SHIV

So, I'm not seeing any vegetarian ramen options on the menu...

JULIE

Oh, of course! So, unfortunately, all of our ramen is cooked in pork broth.

SHIV

Even the one that says "soy-based broth?"

JULIE

Yes, even that one.

SHIV

Uh...

JULIE

But, we do have some excellent vegetarian options here in the back...

She flips Shiv's menu over to the back page. A small section labeled "Veggie Options" lists three options - a salad, some seaweed appetizer, and a dish labeled "Spicy Peppered Cabbage".

SHIV

Oh, cool. Thanks.

(beat)

Could you just give us another few minutes?

JULIE

No problem!

She leaves.

SAMEERA

You're vegetarian?

SHIV

Yeah, I've always been vegetarian.

SAMEERA

So, you've never had meat?

SHIV

Nope.

AKSHAY

You aren't even a little curious what you're missing out on? I'm vegetarian on Tuesdays and Thursdays and damn, those are the hardest days of the week for me.

SHIV

I guess I'm just not all that curious.

AKSHAY

Okay - what if I ordered some pork rolls. Would you try one?

SHIV

Uh, no...

AKSHAY

C'mon man. Sharing in food is such a huge part of being a consultant - you *do* want to be a good consultant, right?

SHIV

I do...but really, I'm fine.

SAMEERA

(to Akshay)

Hey, just leave him alone, okay? He doesn't want to.

Akshay gives Sameera a squint, wondering why she would interfere in a conversation between him and Shiv.

AKSHAY
(with a shrug)
Okay.

Julie returns.

JULIE
Made our decisions?

AKSHAY
Yes. I'll have a number 12... and
an order of pork rolls, as an
appetizer, please.

JULIE
Sure thing. For you, miss?

SAMEERA
I'll have a number 4 - the
Tonkotsu. Thanks.

JULIE
And for you? The veggie-saurus?

SHIV
Yeah. I'll have the cabbage.

JULIE
Ooh, spicy cabbage. You know, it's
one of my favorite things on the
menu. I was actually vegan for 6
weeks - I totally get how hard it
is to eat out at restaurants.

SHIV
Yeah. That's *totally* the same
thing as being vegetarian your
whole life.

Julie smiles, not able to detect the sarcasm in Shiv's voice.

JULIE
Anyway, I'll put that right in for
you. Thanks guys!

She leaves.

AKSHAY
You both are awfully quiet today,
huh.

SAMEERA

It's just been a long day.

SHIV

Same.

AKSHAY

Well, I guess you both did have the *same* day, so your stories check out. Ha. But don't worry, you both have nothing to worry about.

Akshay takes a sip of his beer, winks at Shiv.

SAMEERA

What do you mean?

AKSHAY

I mean I talked to the hiring committee on your behalf. They are always looking to bring in people that come with recommendations from the inside.

SHIV

But there's only one open position - so one of us isn't going to get it.

AKSHAY

Oh, don't worry about that. I gave you both stellar recommendations - there's no way they wouldn't hire both of you. I mean, unless one of you totally bombed one of your interviews or something.

(beat)

But I couldn't see that happening for either of you. Those questions are *so easy*.

Shiv gulps. Sameera appears uneasy.

SHIV

I'm gonna use the restroom. I'll be right back.

SAMEERA

Actually - me too.

AKSHAY

(chuckles)

Uh, okay. That's cool. I'll just be here.

Shiv and Sameera get up from the table, and walk to their respective bathrooms.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shiv looks up in the mirror. He turns on the sink, splashes some water into his face, then looks again in the mirror. He turns to his left, where STANLEY, a successful looking white-dude in his 30s is using a urinal. Stanley's left hand is in his pocket as he pees. Shiv greets him a grimace. Then, looks back in the mirror.

STANLEY (O.S.)

Girl troubles?

Shiv turns again to the left, only to find Stanley much closer to him, now using the sink immediately to the left of his.

SHIV

Uh, no. Well, kind of. But not the kind you're thinking of.

STANLEY

Well, you could always just do what you all do back home - stone em.

SHIV

I could do -- huh?

STANLEY

Hahaha. I'm just joking. I'm joking. You Arabs never know how to take a joke.

SHIV

Oh. Well I'm not...um..

STANLEY

(chuckles)

Sure you're not. You have a good evening, son.

Stanley pats shiv on the shoulder, and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. RAMEN SAN - CHICAGO - LATER

Akshay sits alone at the table. JULIE comes by with their food.

JULIE

The #12...

(sets it down)

The #4...

(sets it down)

The cabbage...

(sets it down)

And your pork rolls. Does everything look okay?

AKSHAY

Yeah, everything looks great.

JULIE

Awesome. Enjoy!

She leaves.

Akshay takes a look at the pork rolls, then looks at Shiv's cabbage dish. It's sad - just a small assortment of cooked cabbage sprinkled with black pepper.

Akshay looks at his pork rolls. What a great way to spice up Shiv's meal! He cuts half a roll into tiny pieces, then sprinkles it over Shiv's cabbage. He contently pops the other half into his mouth, smiling at a job well done.

INT. WOMAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sameera sits on the toilet, but the seat is down. She's googling on her phone. She searches: "Refrigerator Question Consulting Interview". She clicks on the first match, scrolls down to the section of the page labelled "COMMON PITFALLS".

The text reads: "If you came up with some kind of a merger that would be a barrier to entry for this company - this is ENTIRELY WRONG, and a TOTAL RED FLAG. DO NOT HIRE THIS PERSON!"

She sighs, and hangs her head down.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOMS - NIGHT

Shiv and Sameera walk out simultaneously from the men and woman's bathrooms. They look at each other with a sense of acknowledgement.

AKSHAY

Well, shall we?

SAMEERA

Sure.

INT. RAMEN SAN - CHICAGO - NIGHT

Sameera and Shiv retake their seats at the table. The food has arrived in their rightful places.

AKSHAY

And how was it?

SHIV

The bathrooms? They were...nice.

AKSHAY

Nice.

Shiv takes a look at his cabbage dish - recently garnished with bits of pork. He picks up a fork and lifts up a small piece of pork - then turns to Akshay.

SHIV

Hey - do you know what this is?
Doesn't look like cabbage...

AKSHAY

Hm, no idea.

SHIV

Do you mind trying this for me?
Just to make sure it isn't meat or something?

AKSHAY

Oh, sure thing.

Akshay takes a bite, knowing full well what it is.

AKSHAY

I think it's like, tofu or something. Definitely not meat.

Shiv looks at it one more time, shrugs.

SHIV
Okay, cool. Thanks.

Shiv reaches and takes a bite.

TIME CUT:

The food is all gone - everyone has happily finished their meals. Shiv puts his hand on his stomach.

SHIV
Does anyone else feel a little weird?

SAMEERA
I feel okay.

AKSHAY
Yeah, I'm also fine. Food was good, huh?

SAMEERA
Yeah, it was really good. I've never been here but I think I'll have to add it to my list of places to eat regularly.

SHIV
I do *not* feel good. I --

Shiv gags, then burps. He's looking sick. Akshay jumps up to help.

AKSHAY
Oh, man. Let's get you to the bathroom.

SHIV
There must have been something weird in that dish. It is just not sitting right with me.

AKSHAY
You didn't like it?

SHIV
Something about it was off. I'd never really tasted anything like it before.

AKSHAY
Ah, shit.

SHIV

What?

AKSHAY

Okay - so... I may have uh, put a little bit of pork roll in your dish. Just so you could try it without any preconceived notions.

SHIV

You *what*?

AKSHAY

Look, it was an honest mistake, I didn't realize you were going to be like, allergic to it, or whatever is happening right now.

SHIV

I told you I *didn't* want to eat it. Why on earth would you put it on my food!?

AKSHAY

Hey man - look. I'm all about new experiences, I think it's cool to try new stuff...

SHIV

I'm a fucking vegetarian, Akshay!
I literally DO NOT EAT MEAT.

Akshay sits back down. He's got a stern look on his face, like he's ready to fight.

AKSHAY

Yo. If you're going to high-road me about eating meat or whatever, I'm not here for it.

SHIV

What the f--

SAMEERA

(cutting him off)

That was a really fucked up thing to do, Akshay.

AKSHAY

You too?

Sameera shakes her head in disapproval.

SAMEERA

C'mon Shiv. Let's get you to the
restroom.

She helps him get up and moves him to the restroom, but Shiv can't keep it in. He VOMITS a little bit, right onto Akshay.

AKSHAY

Oh my god. What the fuck, man?
This was a \$2300 suit I *just* got
cleaned.

SHIV

I'm sorry...

SAMEERA

Don't say sorry to him.
(to Akshay)
Feels karmic, if you ask me.

Akshay, in a huff, gets up to leave.

SAMEERA

(calling out)
Excuse me, waitress? Yeah - the
bill's on him.

Akshay looks at Sameera with a sense of disdain. Pulls out his wallet, drops a \$100 bill on the table.

JULIE

Oh, I'm sorry sir - we don't
accept bills that large...

AKSHAY

Keep the change.

Akshay storms out.

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Shiv and Sameera share a park bench. Shiv is drinking a Canada Dry, to help ease his stomach. Sameera is hysterically laughing.

SHIV

...and they all thought it was *me*, like, as if I somehow had the balls to send a *bomb threat* to the school. Like somehow I was using my time spent in *geometry* to learn how to make bombs.

SAMEERA

You were in geometry? Weren't you like, 11?

SHIV

Yeah. I was in the advanced class.

SAMEERA

That's *really* advanced.

SHIV

Well, for what it's worth, I got a D that year. I had to retake it.

SAMEERA

Are you serious?

SHIV

Yeah. I'm really bad at shapes, it turns out.

A moment.

SHIV

Hey, thanks for helping me out back there. I'm sorry I was such a mess.

SAMEERA

You don't need to apologize. You didn't do anything wrong. Akshay's just a dick.

SHIV

Yeah, that was a pretty awful thing he did.

(beat)

So, are you guys over then?

SAMEERA

Yeah. I sent him a text that said: We're breaking up, I don't like guys who get vomit on their clothes. He didn't respond, but I think he gets the message.

SHIV

Hope so.

SAMEERA

By the way, I totally fucked up the refrigerator question.

SHIV

Really? It sounded like you knew what you were doing.

SAMEERA

I looked it up later. Apparently the scheme I came up with was the totally wrong answer.

SHIV

Oh.

SAMEERA

Yeah. So - cheers to that.

(beat)

And you know what? I'm sorry too.

SHIV

For what?

SAMEERA

I was a real bitch to you this morning.

SHIV

Oh... no. I mean, maybe a little. But it's fine. I get it. I think.

SAMEERA

It's just hard sometimes. Most of my life I end up in steep competition with like, the douchey brown boys club. And they always win.

It's just made me a little defensive. You didn't deserve that. You seem nice.

SHIV

I mean, I'm not exactly the pinnacle of goodness either. I honestly don't think about how much harder it is for someone like you to get a job than it is for me. I guess I've never had to.

SAMEERA

I appreciate you saying that.

SHIV

Sure.

Shiv and Sameera's phones vibrate at the same time. In unison, they unlock their phones and open their email. It's a rejection letter from Collins consulting.

SAMEERA

Did you..?

SHIV

Nope. Did you?

SAMEERA

Nope.

SHIV

Cheers.

He holds up his Canada Dry to the sky. Then, with a smile:

SHIV

Man. Life sucks sometimes, doesn't it?

Sameera returns the smile.

SAMEERA

It really does.

They continue to speak on the bench, to outro music - as we see one last crane shot of the beautiful night-time Chicago Skyline.

FADE OUT.