

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The morning's hustle and bustle. Hurried NEW YORKERS rush - their phones absorb them.

Sandy blond and fit, MAYA, 30's, peddles a bicycle with a flower basket, a big sticker on the back, reads, 'Pretto Vegan Bistro.'

She reaches a traffic light. Maya has her headphones on, smiles and bops her head to the beat.

MAYA

(singing)

SHE'S MY CHERRY PIE, COOL DRINK OF
WATER, SUCH A SWEET SURPRISE!
TASTES SO GOOD MAKE A GROWN MAN
CRY, SWEET CHERRY PIE.

An elegant vehicle approaches a few feet behind.

I/E. SEDAN - DAY

His confidence on the cusp of arrogance, RYAN, 40's, dressed in a Micky Mouse T-shirt and an orange beanie, lowers his sunglasses and focuses his gaze at the sticker on Maya's flower basket.

From the passenger seat, Ryan cuts a look at his DRIVER.

RYAN

Shortcut! Now!

The DRIVER turns right, and a sudden left - now on a parallel street to Maya. An island of manicured bedding between them.

DRIVER

I'm the driver. You're the chef but
hey... let's race.

INTERCUT - MAYA AND RYAN

Maya notices the sedan speeding forward, overtaking her, she spots a logo on the car, it reads, 'Skyline Fine Restaurant'.

MAYA

Damn it! Why today?

Maya dips down. She accelerates, weaves through the cars. Up ahead the Grand Central Market closes in fast.

Ryan spots Maya passing a line of cars at the traffic light.

RYAN
Faster, faster!

Driver checks his left. Sees Maya who races to win.

Looking in the rear-view mirror, Driver grins at Ryan.

DRIVER
You're into bicycle-girls now?

The traffic light turns yellow, Maya pedals faster. She catches the last second of yellow. Phew!

Ryan catches a red - Shit!

Maya speeds ahead.

The door of a car in front of Maya slaps open.

In a flash, Maya swerves out to avoid a bad crash.

MAYA
Watch out!

Ryan's car approaches a crosswalk. Out of nowhere, CHILDREN run across. Driver slams the brakes. Ryan gasps.

RYAN
She cannot win!

At the South entrance, a WORKER carries wooden boxes, cuts in in front of Maya. BAM! She tumbles. Boxes scatter.

Vegetables cushion Maya's landing.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET - DAY

FARMERS attend their carts and their CUSTOMERS.

Like James Bond, Ryan rushes past the Farmers. His eyes lock on a wooden sign, it reads, 'Nick, The Farmer'.

On the far end, a little disheveled, Maya stumbles in. She wheezes. Her eyes lock on 'Nick, The Farmer.' Then on Ryan.

She makes a break for it.

Running, Ryan bumps into a FARMER carrying a rusty box, drops it. A chicken flutters out of the box - feathers everywhere.

On the opposite site, Maya shares a glance with a cute GIRL who bites into a peach.

Slowing down, Maya readies the camera around her neck... looks through the viewfinder targeted at Girl - CLICK!

Maya winks at Cute Girl. Looks ahead, sees Ryan already at Nick's.

MAYA

Damn it!

From behind his cart, NICK, 70s, a plump farmer, scratches his grey beard - a cute grandfather type.

He dives down, comes up with a big bag full of vegetables. Hands it to Ryan.

NICK

Important evening tonight?

RYAN

Important. Yes.

Ryan peeks behind him, sees Maya rushing towards them.

NICK

Ryan. Surely you aren't scared of a little competition.

RYAN

I've already won.

Ryan slaps cash onto the counter, winks and dashes off...

... Maya arrives. Tired, she gasps.

MAYA

I'm gonna kidnap that guy and torture him to death.

Laughing, Nick pulls out a weird-looking vegetable.

NICK

That Rock Music you're listening to, Maya, is too aggressive.

Nick holds the vegetable, slaps on a smile and poses.

Chuckling, Maya takes his photo. CLICK!

MAYA

Heart. Dick. Ass. All shapes I've seen. But human? Defs a first.

Maya turns her chin, spots Ryan's elegant sedan drive off.
Her face drops...

Nick grins, pulls out a smaller bag of fruits.

NICK

Here you go, for my favourite!

MAYA

Ah! I don't accept consolation prizes but from you... it's a win.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ryan steps out from the vehicle... SPLASH! Straight into a rain puddle. Soil smears his shoes and pants.

RYAN

Shit.

He spots a beautiful antique car, a STUDEBAKER - glistening.

Ryan lifts his chin, sees the large logo, which reads, 'Skyline Fine Restaurant' above the massive windows.

STAFF scramble inside.

Ryan heads in.

At the traffic light, Maya notices Ryan entering through the glass door. Readies her camera, pulls out 'the finger' frames the restaurant in shot - CLICK! Photo captured, takes off.

MAYA

See you around, stealer!

INT. SKYLINE FINE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan in action! He dices a carrot into thin slices -- stirs a soup -- opens the oven door - particular in his own way.

Ryan tastes JUNIOR CHEF's sauce.

RYAN

You're not cooking for Willy Wonka.
Add lime.

Ryan hums a tune -- preps three dishes -- slaps a bell.

PING! PING!

His smile says - I'm the god of cooking.

WAITER scoops up the plates while Ryan sprinkles herbs.

PHILLIPE, 50s, a Frenchman with floppy hair, leans in.

PHILLIPE

Ryan! Clementine Thomas here for
the chef! Go out there. Charm her
socks off. I really need a good
review, especially from her.
Gogogo!

RYAN

If she rates food like she rates
wine... we're roadkill.