

OUT ALL NIGHT

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REGISTERED WGAw No. 141229

FADE IN:

TITLE: Peter and Cathy

FADE OUT.

INT. PETER AND CATHY'S DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

CATHY, late 20s, casually pretty, high energy and low maintenance, stabs a fork into a perfectly al dente noodle with a gentle BOINK. She raises it to her mouth and stares, considering.

Across from her sits PETER, early 30s, tousled, cute in an artsy way, mellow. He watches Cathy stare at the noodle and smiles, knowingly.

Both of them sit at a hipster-elegant table in a hipster-elegant apartment living room, with lavender walls. The table is set for dinner, with candles and an open bottle of wine. A cute feminine sweater is draped over the back of Cathy's chair.

After a moment of mutual fascination with the noodle, Peter speaks.

PETER

That's . . . quite a noodle.

CATHY

Yeah. I know. The question is, do you know?

PETER

Do I know what, my dear?

CATHY

What this is.

PETER

A. Noodle. Pasta. Al dente, I believe.

CATHY

(sighs)

Why are you always so literal?

PETER

It's not a noodle?

CATHY

Of course it's a noodle . . .

Peter raises an eyebrow.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
. . . it's just not just a noodle.

PETER  
(laughs)  
Ah, Cathy. I am going to miss you.

Cathy, for the first time, looks away from her fork, directly at Peter.

CATHY  
Well that, puppy, is precisely what I'm talking about. This noodle here is the last noodle I will ever eat in this apartment.

Peter points to Cathy's plate, where many noodles yet remain.

PETER  
What are those, then?

Cathy rolls her eyes in mock exasperation.

CATHY  
(sing-songy)  
You're missing the point . . .

Peter reaches over and grabs the bottle of wine.

PETER  
Maybe yes, maybe no. In any case, let's drink a toast to your big move. Shall we?

Peter reaches out to pour more wine into Cathy's glass, but as he does so he splashes some onto the table.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Whoops! Shit. Hold on, I'll get a sponge.

Peter gets up and disappears into an O.S. kitchen, from which we hear him RUN WATER FROM THE TAP.

Cathy stares down at the small wine puddle, and absently draws her finger through it.

CATHY  
You know, one of the things I'm going to miss is how you always spill the wine. It's kinda cute.  
(almost to herself)  
My poor clumsy Peter.

Cathy looks suddenly sad.

Peter reappears, wet sponge in hand, at the table.

PETER

Who's cute? Huh? Me? Well, who doesn't know that?

Cathy rolls her eyes, avoiding tears.

CATHY

Puh-lease. Spare me the ego.

Peter leans in close, his face almost touching Cathy's.

PETER

But you know you love it.

Cathy looks right into Peter's eyes. He doesn't notice her sudden seriousness.

CATHY

No. I don't. Really.

PETER

Aww . . . I don't believe that.

Peter leans in more and tries to grab Cathy around the waist to tickle her, but she pushes him away, violently. Too violently.

Peter's chair topples over and he CRASHES to the floor.

PETER

(in pain)

What the fuck, Cath . . . ?

Cathy gets up, horrified, and goes to his side.

CATHY

Oh my God, I am so sorry. Sweetie, are you okay?

PETER

(pouting)

I hit my head. Why'd you push so hard?

CATHY

I'll go get some ice.

Cathy runs O.S. into the kitchen.

INT. PETER AND CATHY'S LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Peter sits, slouched, on a jet-black sofa in a den off the main dining room. Cathy holds a bag of ice above his head. She is looking closely for signs of damage.

CATHY  
I don't see anything.

PETER  
It's there.

CATHY  
Where?

Peter reaches up to the back of his head and feels, gingerly, along the scalp. He winces as he finds it.

PETER  
Ow, ow, ow. Right there.

Cathy leans in and looks where Peter's hand is. As she does so she inadvertently presses her breasts into Peter's face.

CATHY  
Here?

Cathy reaches out and touches the spot.

PETER  
(muffled)  
owwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!

Cathy presses the ice bag down, brushing Peter's hand away.

CATHY  
How's that? Is that okay?

PETER  
I mmmmmink mmmssoo.

CATHY  
What? Oh . . .

Cathy leans back, smirking a bit.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
I see. Enjoy the show?

Peter reaches out and cups her left breast.

PETER

I think you've gotten bigger or something.

CATHY

(dry)

Thanks.

(beat)

Here. You hold it.

Cathy grabs Peter's hand and places it on top of the bag. She slides down next to him on the sofa.

CATHY

(worried)

You going to be okay?

PETER

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(beat)

Look, I know I was a bit of a baby just now, but it's really only a small bump.

CATHY

No, I mean without me . . . here.

PETER

(beat)

I'll be fine, Cath.

Peter leans in really close to Cathy, as before, at the dining room table.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'll miss you, though.

CATHY

(beat)

I'll miss you, too.

There is a quiet moment, as they look at each other. They drift almost imperceptibly closer.

PETER

(quiet)

Hey, Cathy . . .

CATHY

(almost whispering)

Yes . . . ?

PETER

Remember that time, right after you moved in, when we had one too many?

CATHY

(a little sad)

I remember.

(beat)

Why are you talking about that now?

PETER

I was just thinking that-

A musical CELL PHONE RING breaks the moment. Neither moves for a second, until Cathy gets up. She walks OUT OF FRAME, while Peter sits, watching her.

CATHY (O.S.)

Hey! . . . Yeah . . . okay.

I'll be right down.

Cathy walks back in and sits, not quite as close to Peter as before.

CATHY

That was Monroe. He's downstairs. So . . . I gotta go. I'll see you in the morning?

PETER

What do you mean he's downstairs?

CATHY

I mean that he's . . . downstairs?

PETER

But . . . I thought we were going to hang out tonight. I . . . weren't we? Last night . . . last noodle?

CATHY

Well, yeah, but you know how Monroe can get about us.

PETER

I'd say he just doesn't really get us.

Cathy gets up to go.

CATHY

To be honest, puppy, I'm not sure I do, either.

Peter gets up, too, letting the bag of ice fall to the sofa.

PETER

Huh? What does that mean?

CATHY

Well . . . how long did we live together?

PETER

Two years.

CATHY

Two and a half, actually.

PETER

(smiling slightly)  
Okay . . . two and a half, then.

CATHY

(annoyed)  
Two and a half!

PETER

Good times. Good roommates.

CATHY

(spitting it out)  
Roommates!

PETER

Yeah, roommates. And friends. A real team.

CATHY

(bitter)  
A real fucking team.  
(beat)  
Look . . . let's not fight over this, okay. Tomorrow, I'll come over here, grab the rest of my stuff with Monroe, and then we'll be off to Boston, and the story of Cathy and Peter's strange and mysterious non-relationship relationship will be over.

(speeding up)

(MORE)

CATHY (cont'd)

We'll see each other once, maybe twice a year, laugh about old times, have a drink, you'll talk about my weight, my breasts, I'll get pregnant, you'll go bald, you'll never talk to me about anything important, and we'll just keep on . . . like we have.

(beat)

And I wasn't drunk that time, asshole!

Cathy bursts into tears. Peter stands, taken aback. He looks like he wants to comfort her, but is also supremely uncomfortable. After a beat, he moves in to hug her.

PETER

Cathy . . . I'm sorry . . .

CATHY

(angry)

Don't!

Cathy turns on her heel and walks OUT OF FRAME. We hear the DOOR SHUT O.S.

Peter stands there, in real emotional distress.

After a beat he goes back to the sofa and sits. He absently picks up the bag of ice and brings it up to the back of his head.

Unable to cry, he stares at nothing.

EXT. BUSY CITY SIDEWALK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Cathy tries to keep it together as a CROWD of faceless urban souls spill around her.

Slowly, through sheer will, she wipes the sadness away and replaces it with a bright smile.

She looks up and waves, happily, at a black Jetta as it pulls up. The driver, MONROE, solid, handsome, preppy, and bland, smiles and waves back.

INT. PETER AND CATHY'S DINING ROOM - LATER

Peter moves back and forth from the table to the kitchen, putting away the dishes.

After clearing the table, Peter blows out the candles, one at a time.

As Peter blows out the last candle, he sees Cathy's sweater draped over the back of her chair.

Peter picks it up and inhales, deeply and longingly.

PETER  
(to himself, quietly)  
I can never fucking remember the  
name of your perfume.

After a moment, he walks OUT OF FRAME.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLICK. Through its shelves we watch as Peter opens the medicine cabinet - to find that half of it is completely bare. Behind him is the medium-sized bathroom, with empty towel bars conspicuously missing towels.

Peter blinks at the unfamiliar site of the pillaged cabinet. Then he SIGHS and closes the cabinet with a resounding SNAP.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter ENTERS FRAME, walking down a hallway lined with photos of him and Cathy in various poses in various locations.

Peter stops in front of a door at the end of the hall. Slowly, he pushes it open.

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter stands in the doorway of a room devoid of furniture, but filled, from floor to ceiling, with boxes. The one closet stands open, empty, with a few loose hangers.

Peter turns on the light, splashing the room with a brightness that makes it look even more empty.

Peter walks in and starts looking, slowly, at the labels on the boxes. Sometimes he can't read the label, and has to move a box off of a pile, onto a free spot on the floor.

After he has apparently gone through every box, Peter stops. He stands in the middle of the room, boxes all around him, looking defeated. A beat.

He sits on a box and runs his hands through his hair, wincing slightly when he accidentally touches where he had bumped his head when he fell. Another beat.

Peter gets up and reluctantly starts to move the boxes back into their original piles.

He moves box after box until he comes upon one labeled "Clothes." He hesitates, then puts it down on the floor and rips the tape off, opening it.

Inside the box are neatly folded women's blouses. Peter takes each one out and smells it in turn, putting it on the floor after he does so.

When he is done with the clothes in the box, Peter seems to get an idea, and gets up and walks out of the room.

After a beat, he comes back in, his arms full of empty hangers. He puts them up in Cathy's closet, then goes back to the clothes on the floor.

Peter takes each shirt and hangs it up, neatly, in the closet.

MONTAGE:

- Peter finds another box of clothes.
- Peter unpacks the box of clothes.
- Peter hangs the clothes in the closet.
- Peter looks through more boxes.
- Peter hangs more clothes.
- Peter looks for more clothes.
- Peter throws boxes on the floor.
- Peter rips open boxes seemingly at random, spilling the contents.
- Peter starts to pick up the spilled contents of boxes.
- Peter stacks books and other objects from the boxes around the edges of the room.
- Peter opens more boxes.
- Peter collapses the empty boxes into stackable piles.
- Peter places more objects around the room.
- Peter takes the piles of cardboard out of the room.
- Peter makes a pile of clothes in the middle of the room, like a bed.
- Peter turns out the light and closes the door to the room.

-- Peter lies down on the bed of clothes that he has made.

INT. FOYER OF PETER AND CATHY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Cathy opens the door to the apartment. Her eyes are red from crying, and her mascara is smeared.

She closes the door and walks down the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cathy walks down the hallway and knocks on the closed door to Peter's room.

CATHY  
(quietly)  
Peter?

There is no answer, so she pushes open the door.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cathy stands in the doorway of a tastefully, if sparsely, furnished room, neat except for the bed, which is piled with shirts, pants, jackets, and other clothes.

Cathy looks at the pile, her brow furrowed. She walks back into the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cathy stands at the end of the hallway.

CATHY  
(calling out)  
Peter?

She turns to the door on her right, her room, and pushes it open slowly. As it opens, she gives a SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH.

INT. CATHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cathy stands in the doorway, looking at Peter asleep on her clothes, at her clothes in the closet, and at all of her possessions spread around the room.

A mix of emotions passes over her face. She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. She steps toward him, but stops. A beat.

Then she turns and walks OUT OF FRAME.

INT. FOYER OF PETER AND CATHY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cathy walks into the foyer, and stops, overcome with emotion.

After a beat, she pulls out her cell phone and speed dials a number.

CATHY

(beat)

Monroe? . . . Have you parked yet?  
. . . Don't bother. I'm coming  
down . . . Don't ask . . . No, it's  
got nothing to do with him. Just  
bring the van around . . . No,  
we're not going to grab the stuff  
now . . . No . . . look, I'm tired  
of arguing, can you just do it? . .  
. I just can't deal with it right  
now, that's why! . . .

Cathy closes her phone. With a last look down the hallway, she opens the entrance door and walks out. The door shuts with a FINAL CLICK.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Fred and Marcy

FADE OUT.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A cluttered-but-clean two bedroom West-Side apartment. Furnished with tasteful but relatively inexpensive things. There's a feeling of a recent downsize, as if the furniture was not bought for this particular apartment. There are a few scattered photos suggesting a couple with a college-age daughter.

FRED WEBBER, a fairly lean but slightly rumped 53-year-old clad in a suit and tie, is setting the table for two. He moves around more than necessary, as if burning off some extra energy. Every so often he touches a pamphlet in his pocket and walks to the window.

Inside the kitchen, a woman - MARCY WEBBER - can be seen at the stove, her back decorated by the ties of an apron. Even from behind it is clear that Marcy is well-dressed and well-ironed. And buttoned up to the top.

Fred places the second plate on the table, glances at Marcy's back, and noisily CLEARS HIS THROAT.

MARCY  
(without turning around)  
Did you say something?

FRED  
(nervously)  
Uh . . . no, but I was, was going  
to tell you that- it smells great,  
honey.

A beat. Fred strikes a match to light the tapered candles on the table, but breaks it instead.

MARCY  
(still not turning around)  
Thanks.

She moves to stir another pot. Fred tries another match. And fails.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Did you hear about the promotion?

FRED  
(struggling with a match)  
Oh, right, I meant to tell you . .  
. no. I didn't get it, Marce. They  
gave it to Rob. A beat. Fred walks  
to the window.

EXT. FRED'S POV OF MIDTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Several stories below TWO JOGGERS run by, on their way to Central Park.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fred touches the pamphlet in his pocket.

MARCY  
(still not turning around)  
Why, Fred? You've been there  
longer. And your numbers are higher  
than his.

FRED  
Rob was really pushing for it.

MARCY

And you weren't.

(beat)

Considering Sarah's college tuition just increased, even a small raise would have been helpful.

Remembering his task, Fred returns to the candles.

FRED

Don't worry, Marce. We'll manage.

Fred finally gets the candles lit. He picks up the bottle of red wine, opens it, and starts to pour two glasses.

FRED (CONT'D)

Plus, I'd like to spend a bit more time at the gym.

MARCY

(moving around kitchen)

You already spend too much time at the gym.

FRED

Heh, heh. Well, a few friends and I were talking the other day - at Spencer's steak-dinner thing - and we decided to start training for the Marathon together. My idea, actually. I picked up some info on the Marathon today.

Distracted, Fred spills a little wine on the table without even noticing. He puts the bottle down and takes out the pamphlet.

INSERT SHOT - PAMPHLET

we see it is a pamphlet on the New York City Marathon, with a map of the Marathon course and information about signing up.

BACK TO FRED

FRED (CONT'D)

(looking at it)

I've always wanted to do it, and I keep putting it off. So why not now?

Fred wanders back to the window, looking out. After a moment, he starts to remove his jacket.

FRED (CONT)

I apologize, honey, but I've got to take my jacket off. I'm just too hot. Overheating.

Marcy finally turns around - and glares at him.

MARCY

That's because you still haven't called the manager about the air conditioning. It's been weeks. Nor have you started on the storage unit or the shelves - or the desk you promised Sarah you'd have assembled when she gets back for summer break - although all of those things have been lying around for months. And you promised me you'd push for a promotion - you'd "make sure" you were promoted - at this dead-end job of yours. And it's been years. Years, Fred. You've been there so long you should be running the Goddamn place, and you're still only middle management.

FRED

It's not that simple-

MARCY

It is that simple, Fred. You don't ever get around to doing what you say you're going to do. It's gotten to be a fucking joke. So let me save you some time - don't even bother training for the Marathon. You won't ever run it. Pigs will fly and a monkey will be elected president before that happens.

FRED

Marcy, you can't just expect me to-

MARCY

Don't worry. I don't expect anything anymore. And for God's sake, Fred, why can't you ever pay attention?! You've spilled on my new placemats!

(turning away from him)

Never mind, I'll do it. Just leave it.

She heads back to the pots on the stove. Silence. Fred returns to the window.

EXT. FRED'S POV OF MIDTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

MORE JOGGERS run by.

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Watching, Fred swings his arms, mimicking the Joggers.

Marcy continues to stir the pots on the stove.

MARCY

(without turning around)

Sarah will be home in a few days.  
We won't talk about the promotion  
or your little fantasy while she's  
here.

Fred starts to stretch.

FRED

(stretching)

Uh hmmm . . .

Noticing that the contents of his pocket are getting in the way, Fred takes his wallet out of one pocket and a load of change out of the other. He puts these finds on the table.

MARCY

But we have to think about the  
future. Right now we don't have  
anything to retire with. You need  
to talk to Mr. Oliver about your  
future at the firm. ASAP. And if  
you won't, I sure as hell will.

FRED

Okay. Be right back . . .

Fred takes one last look outside, then heads for the door. He looks at his black leather work shoes and hesitates.

MARCY

After all you've been there, what,  
ten years? And after twenty five  
years of marriage I shouldn't even  
have to-

The door SNAPS closed behind Fred, who has fled.

MARCY  
(turning around)  
Fred?

EXT. SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A temperate late-spring night. Marathon pamphlet in hand, Fred carefully walks along the West Drive, as if looking for a certain place. He stops near 62nd Street. He takes a big breath of air and releases it slowly. This is where the Marathon ends.

A FEW JOGGERS go by. Fred watches them pass, smiling at them - he's a member of the same club. The Joggers go around him, ignoring him.

RINGS of a cell phone. Still entranced by the Joggers, it takes Fred a while to notice it. He searches his pockets and finds the phone.

FRED  
Hello?  
(pause)  
I've just gone for a run, honey.  
I'll be back soon.

PROTESTING SOUNDS FROM THE PHONE - but Fred's eyes are on the Joggers.

Fred hangs up, puts the cell and the pamphlet in his pants pocket, loosens his tie - and starts to jog. It's a slow pace, more like a fast shuffle. OTHER JOGGERS pass him as he makes his way South towards 59th Street/Central Park South.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - NIGHT

Fred jogs INTO FRAME, already looking a little worse for wear - he's limping and there are sweat stains under his arms.

He jogs in place a moment, consulting the pamphlet. Then he moves on, passing a bus stop advertisement in which the phrase "Welcome to Manhattan" figures prominently.

EXT. THE BOAT POND - LATER

WIDE SHOT as Fred hobbles along the Pond, under the street lamps. Fred's cell RINGS. Fred answers.

FRED  
(gasping)  
Not . . . done . . . later . . .  
sorry!

Fred EXITS SHOT.

EXT. 5th AVE AND 110th STREET - LATER

The end of the Park. Fred staggers INTO FRAME, breathing hard. In pain, he tries not to keep his weight on one foot for too long, resulting in a "hopping over hot coals" effect. He's also bent over at an angle, obviously reacting to a cramp.

Fred GROANS and staggers OUT OF FRAME. O.S. SOUND OF FRED BEING SICK.

EXT. HARLEM STREET CORNER - NIGHT

There are still some PEOPLE out. A SAXOPHONE PLAYER stands on the corner under a lamp, PLAYING JAZZ for change. He is dressed in a black suit and white shirt and incongruent dark sneakers.

A crippled Fred jogs by à la Quasimodo. The Saxophone Player finishes his song and nods to Fred.

SAXOPHONE PLAYER

Good evenin'.

FRED

(gasping)

Gooo . . . nin.

SAXOPHONE PLAYER

You alright, man?

Fred, nearly past, is obligated to stop and jog in place.

FRED

Yeah . . . Mar'thon.

SAXOPHONE PLAYER

Well, you got the wrong season, the wrong time of day, and the wrong direction.

Fred shrugs, even more à la Quasimodo.

FRED

(hopeful)

Water?

SAXOPHONE PLAYER

No. Sorry, man.

FRED

'S 'kay.

SAXOPHONE PLAYER

Are you gonna make it?

FRED

(nodding)

Think so. Feet . . . hurt though.

SAXOPHONE PLAYER

Yeah, I'll bet. Them's nice shoes,  
though. Wish I had me a pair like  
that. All I got is these.

He points to his sneakers. Fred and the Saxophone Player look at each other, look at each other's feet, then make eye contact.

EXT. HARLEM STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Down the block from the Saxophone Player's corner. Fred now wears dark sneakers. The Saxophone Player waves goodbye to Fred and starts PLAYING another tune.

EXT. FRED'S POV OF BRONX END OF 138th STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

INCREDIBLY LIMPING SHOT of green "Bronx Borough" sign.

EXT. BRONX END OF 138th STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Incredibly limping Fred ENTERS FRAME. Not a great place for him to be at night.

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - A LITTLE LATER

Shabby stores, cars going by BLARING music.

But Fred seems oblivious. He is still moving - at the slowest jog ever recorded. His shirt is unbuttoned, and his undershirt is soaked in sweat. GASPING, he looks up and down the road, his glance stopping at something.

Mesmerized, Fred bolts across the street, nearly running right into the path of a van that HONKS. Unfazed, he jogs in place for a second, then bolts across the next lane.

EXT. - FRED'S POV OF A CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

It's Fred's heaven.

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - CONTINUOUS

Fred smiles through his WHEEZING.

INT. A CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

There are miles of refrigerators filled with beverages. A tabloid showing a picture of George W. Bush next to a picture of a similarly-posed monkey under the headline "Tests Prove President is Part Chimpanzee" is visible.

Fred stumbles in. The MANAGER - a Korean man about age 50 - and the CLERK - a Korean man in his 20s - turn to stare at him. Fred staggers up to the counter and sprawls his upper body across it in a desperate attempt to avoid collapse. The Manager and Clerk step back.

FRED  
(gasping)  
Water . . . please . . .

MANAGER  
(pointing)  
Thar . . . back.

Fred cranks his upper body around to see where the Manager is pointing.

INT. FRED'S POV "VERTIGO" SHOT - CONTINUOUS

The refrigerators look miles away.

INT. A CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Fred turns to the Manager.

FRED  
Please . . . get . . . one?

The Clerk walks back to the fridge and grabs a bottle of water. He starts on his way back just as Fred's cell phone RINGS.

Still clinging to the counter, Fred looks at his cell phone.

FRED  
Shit, my wife.

He hands it to the Manager.

FRED  
Please tell her I'm busy and will  
call back later.

The Manager looks confused but takes the phone.

MANAGER

Hello? Hello?  
(listening)  
No here! Sorree.

He hangs up, looking amused - he gets who it was. The Clerk rings up the water.

CLERK

Dollar-fifty.

Fred painfully pushes himself up to a standing position, then digs his hands into his pockets. Nothing.

FRED

I'm training for the Marathon, and I left my wallet at home so it wouldn't get in the way . . . Look, could I come by tomorrow and pay you back? I can leave something as collateral.

Fred's cell phone starts RINGING again.

FRED

How about my cell phone?

The Clerk TRANSLATES IN KOREAN for the Manager, who LAUGHS and shakes his head, then REPLIES IN KOREAN.

CLERK

My father says no dice. You might not even survive the night, so why lend you the money? And he doesn't need your wife calling every hour, he's already got my mother. But he said he'd trade.

EXT. - A CONVENIENCE STORE - A LITTLE LATER

Fred exits the store. His dress shirt is missing - he's just wearing his undershirt now. His tie is looped around his head like a sweatband.

He takes a long drink of water, then dumps the remaining water over his head. He tosses the empty bottle into an overflowing trash can.

Stiff, Fred stretches, then starts into a sloppy jog.

The Manager comes to the window and waves. Fred EXITS FRAME as the Manager holds Fred's dress shirt up to his own chest, admiring it.

EXT. FRED'S POV OF QUEENS END OF QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

SHAKY SHOT of green "Queens" sign.

EXT. CRESCENT STREET IN QUEENS - NIGHT

Fred presses on, feet dragging but expression determined.

A Police Car approaches him from behind and passes by. OFFICER STEWART - a young guy in his 20s - and OFFICER LORENZ - an extremely fit guy in his 40s - look at Fred as they pass. Fred barely notices them.

At the corner, Fred sees the police car parked at the curb. Officer Stewart and Officer Lorenz are standing outside of the car, watching him.

OFFICER STEWART

Hey, buddy, whatcha up to?

Unsure of what to do, Fred pauses, jogging in place.

FRED

Me? Just running, Officer. I'm training for the Marathon. Running the course to practice.

OFFICER STEWART

At nearly one o'clock in the morning?

(suspicious)

You're doing it backwards you know.

FRED

I know.

Officer Stewart looks at Officer Lorenz, who gives him a small encouraging nod.

OFFICER STEWART

So you're really okay? You're not on drugs or depressed or something?

Fred shakes his head. His cell phone starts RINGING but he makes no move to get it.

OFFICER STEWART

And you're not going to throw yourself off a bridge or into traffic?

(hearing the phone)

Do you want to pick that up?

FRED

No . . . it's my wife. She doesn't want me to run.

Officer Stewart isn't sure how to take that information, but Officer Lorenz - who is wearing a wedding band - smiles a bit.

OFFICER LORENZ

Well, we should let ya finish your training then. Just checking to make sure you're all right - a coupla folks have called in about you. Thought you're a loony. But obviously you're just training for the Marathon.

FRED

Yes . . . Officer.

OFFICER LORENZ

Well, mind if we follow you for a bit? Make sure you're okay? We can get you across the Pulaski anyway. Give you a police escort - just like the Marathon.

Fred's face lights up.

FRED

That would be great, thanks.

OFFICER LORENZ

No problem. We'll follow ya.

Fred nods at him and jogs on. Officer Lorenz opens the driver's side door, and Officer Stewart walks to the other side.

OFFICER STEWART

Think we should really let him?

Officer Lorenz glances at his own wedding ring, looks at his rookie partner, and flashes him a tolerant grin. They get into the police car and close the doors.

EXT. MCGUINNESS BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Fred runs along the side of the Boulevard, passing a green "Brooklyn" sign, Pulaski Bridge in the background. Officer Stewart and Officer Lorenz's police car follows behind him, slowing the little bit of traffic behind it.

Then the police car speeds up, changing to the left lane and then making a u-turn back towards the Bridge. Fred waves as they pass by him.

EXT. BEDFORD AVENUE - A LITTLE LATER

Fred hobbles along. Bedford Avenue is pretty deserted for an Avenue, with only the occasional pair of headlights slicing across Fred's body.

Fred is crossing a particularly deserted intersection when two thugs - THUG #1, a burly white guy in a wife-beater and black athletic shorts, and THUG #2, a smaller black guy in nicer clothes - who were lurking in the shadows of a side-street appear suddenly, blocking his way.

THUG #1

Okay, hand over whatever you got.

Fred - almost too tired to be scared - just shrugs.

FRED

I really don't have anything.  
Sorry.

THUG #2

(pulling out a huge knife)  
C'mon, man, give us your wallet.  
You don't want to fuck with us.

THUG #1

Hey, where'd you get that knife?  
It's awesome, man. Did you get it  
for your birthday or somethin'?

Thug #2 stares down Thug #1 and then waggles the knife at Fred.

FRED

I'm telling you guys the truth - I  
don't have a wallet, or keys, or  
anything. I left them all at home  
so I could run. Training for the  
Marathon. The Thugs exchange  
glances.

FRED

Go ahead - check my pockets.

Fred's cell phone RINGS. Fred's expression brightens.

FRED

You could take my cell phone if you want. But my wife is calling about every five minutes. And she's furious.

The Thugs look at each other.

THUG #1

Okay, okay, I'll just take your pants.

Thug #2 looks at Thug #1.

THUG #1

Well I got that wedding tomorrow and I don't have nice pants, okay?  
(back to Fred)  
So hand them over now, or it ain't gonna be pretty.

FRED

But what about me? I can't run in my boxers - it wouldn't be decent!

A beat. All three of them contemplate the mental picture.

THUG #2

Give him your shorts.

THUG #1

But Gina gave them-

THUG #2

Just shut the fuck up and do it before a cop comes by. If you want the pants you gotta do something now.

EXT. BEDFORD AVENUE - A LITTLE LATER

Fred jogs away wearing the shorts, which are rolled up a little at the slightly-too-loose waist.

Thug #1, now wearing Fred's pants and belt, waves. The pants are a bit small but he looks happy.

THUG #1

Good luck with the Marathon shit.

FRED

Thanks. Enjoy the wedding!

Thug #2 takes out a cigarette and lights up, shaking his head.

THUG #2

This is so fucked up.

MONTAGE:

-- Fred running along Lafayette Ave.

-- Fred runs by a PROSTITUTE on 4th Ave.

-- Fred stops to retie his shoes.

-- Ambulance lights dance across Fred's body as the ambulance passes.

-- Fred runs through an open hydrant, closing his eyes in ecstasy as the water splashes across him.

-- Fred passing by the Greenwood Cemetery.

-- Fred running by a MAN WALKING HIS DOGS.

-- Fred hurling again in a trash can, then doggedly continuing on.

-- Crossing a street, Fred passes by a truck with a winged pig painted on its side.

-- Fred approaching the Verrazano Bridge as the sky starts to light up.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND END OF VERRAZANO BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING

A STATIC SHOT of green "Staten Island" sign.

The sky is warming up to a light-gray color. The sun is about to appear.

Fred walks around, cooling down and stretching. After a minute, he stops, admiring the lightening horizon. He smiles slowly. Then he takes his cell phone out and dials.

FRED

Marce? Yeah, I'm fine . . .

(firmly)

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)

Don't yell at me, honey, I've had a long night. Just finished the Marathon route. Backwards, but it's still good practice.

There is an EXPLOSION OF SOUND. Fred takes the cell phone away from his ear, and lets it subside. Then he returns the phone to his ear.

FRED

(cutting her off)

Marcy I'm way too tired to talk now. Would you just call a car for me? Tell the car to pick me up at the entrance to the Verazzano, on the Staten Island side. I don't have any cash but you can leave some with our doorman.

(pause)

Just do that for me, Marcy. Thanks, honey. My battery is dying but I'll talk to you soon.

There is a CHIME as Fred cuts off the call. Fred leans against the rail and watches the sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Richard and Carol

FADE OUT.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Midtown Manhattan, busy streets funnel cars towards the Midtown Tunnel. The SOUNDS OF TRAFFIC fade as we hear a television show's LAUGH TRACK.

Among many identical illuminated windows in a staid but pleasant-looking apartment building, we lock ONTO ONE AND PUSH INTO an upper middle-class living room, with expensive but personality-less furniture.

RICHARD, mid-40s, crinkly, faded, but with the last remnants of a killer smile, sits on a sofa, watching a 90s sitcom rerun.

On the table in front of him is a bowl of veggie chips and a bottle of trendy carbonated water, from which Richard drinks in long gulps, at regular intervals.

As he watches the TV, distracted, he checks his watch and chews his nails.

CAROL, his wife, mid-40s, pretty but stern, a Tesla coil set on high, pokes her head around a corner. Richard looks up from his watch, as if he's known she was there all the time. They lock eyes. A beat.

On the wall between them, in a particularly prominent location, hangs an uninspired portrait of them together. Only their hands are touching.

Carol enters the room with a bottle of the same trendy water in her hand. She sits down in a chair by the sofa and picks at the label on the bottle, which she clearly was doing before she came in.

CAROL  
Where are you going again?

RICHARD  
Michael's party.

CAROL  
No. I mean . . . where, as in, you know, where?

Silence.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(annoyed)  
Where is the party being held, Richard.

Richard looks away from Carol, at the TV, out the window, anywhere but at her. This conversation seems all too familiar.

RICHARD  
I don't know, some bar. We're meeting at Michael's apartment first.

CAROL  
Thanks for the specifics.

Richard continues to stare at the TV.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
And why can't I come, again?

RICHARD

Because that's what a bachelor party is supposed to be.

CAROL

You had women at yours.

RICHARD

That was the rehearsal dinner. I didn't have a bachelor party.

(finally making eye-contact)

You wouldn't let me.

CAROL

Whatever. Look, I don't think you should go. Are you going to be okay? You haven't been to a . . .

Richard looks at her, daring her, stopping her from saying what she wants to say.

CAROL (CONT'D)

. . . without me . . . Well, I don't think you should.

Richard doesn't say anything, but looks at his watch again and then at the TV.

Carol finally manages to pull the label off her bottle. She looks at her hands, at a loss of what to do. For a long time, she looks down at the bottle, thinking, while the sitcom DRONES ON.

CAROL

What do you mean I wouldn't let you? I don't think we ever talked about a bachelor party.

RICHARD

We did and we didn't.

CAROL

Meaning?

RICHARD

Meaning that anytime I've ever wanted to do anything that didn't involve you, you . . .

CAROL

What?!

RICHARD  
. . . you fucking flip out!

CAROL  
I . . . I . . .

Carol struggles for a minute, red in the face, before noticing the label-denuded bottle again and walking off.

Richard leans back in the sofa and covers his face with his hands.

RICHARD  
(quietly, to himself)  
I can't fucking believe this.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

After a minute or two, Carol comes back, new bottle in hand, and sits. She has clearly made a huge effort to compose herself, and smiles too brightly.

CAROL  
So.  
(pause)  
Tonight.

Here it comes:

CAROL (CONT'D)  
What does your . . .

She struggles to find the right word.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
. . . mentor? . . . say?

RICHARD  
(quietly)  
Sponsor.

CAROL  
Hmm?

RICHARD  
(loudly)  
Sponsor!

CAROL  
Yeah, your sponsor. Aren't you supposed to ask him about these kinds of things?

RICHARD

I have a reason to be there, so  
it's supposed to be okay.

CAROL

So you didn't ask him . . . ?

A beat.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You always had a reason, Richard.

Another beat.

RICHARD

I've got to get going soon.

CAROL

When will you be back?

RICHARD

(deliberately)

I. Don't. Know.

Carol is about to say something, but then walks off, again.

Richard gets up, grabs his coat off a chair, and leaves.

CAROL (O.S.)

Well, call me when you get to  
Michael's and let me know  
where you'll be. Okay?

After a beat, Carol comes back in.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(gentler)

Honey, are you really going to  
be okay? Are you sure -

O.S. SLAM of the apartment door.

Carol slowly goes to the sofa and sits, watching the same  
show Richard was. She looks at her watch.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Richard stands in his coat, looking from the floor indicator  
lights to his watch, tapping his foot.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens onto a basement hallway. Richard walks out of the elevator and down the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This is a small, cluttered space with boxes piled every which way. Richard steps in and pulls the chain on a dim bulb, which casts a pale glow.

He reaches under one of the boxes and pulls out a boxed bottle of bourbon, which has a blue ribbon tied around it.

He holds the box for a moment, looking down, almost weighing it in his hands. He opens the box and pulls the unopened bottle out, turning it in the dim light, letting the reflections dance on the bottle. He brings the bottle up to his nose and inhales deeply, willing the smell through the glass.

After a moment, he starts to put the bottle back in the box, turning to leave as he does so, and knocking one of the storage boxes over. Before he can finish putting the bottle back, the storage box spills out a number of album-like books and framed photos. There is a CRACK of broken photo frame glass.

RICHARD

Shit!

Richard kneels down, puts the bottle and its box to the side, and starts to put the items back in their container.

As Richard picks up one of the frames, he notices that its glass is cracked. He pauses to look at it.

We see a picture of a younger, happier Carol and Richard, holding a small CHILD.

Richard starts to open the frame - perhaps to take the broken glass out - but decides against it. He gently puts the frame back in the container. After putting back several other frames, Richard leans over to collect a photo album that has fallen open. He pauses and looks at the photos.

One of them is picture of Carol and Richard with the same Child, who is now in a hospital.

Richard closes the album quickly and puts it in the container. But another album is nearby, with a photo halfway dislodged.

Richard opens it to put the photo back in its sleeve, and his eyes drift to the photos as we DISSOLVE INTO A MONTAGE.

PHOTO MONTAGE:

-- A picture of a younger, happier Carol and Richard, in love, holding hands.

-- A young Carol and Richard, happy, on vacation.

-- A young Carol and Richard, with Richard's hand on Carol's pregnant belly.

-- A young Carol and Richard holding a newborn BABY.

-- A series of photos with the Child getting older.

-- A series of photos of Richard and Carol toasting the camera with different drinks.

END MONTAGE

Richard is lost in the photos. He sits on the floor and leafs through the album.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol is still sitting watching TV. Suddenly, she gets up and grabs a cordless phone by the TV set. She dials.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Richard is still looking at the photos, only now he is blinking to keep back tears.

He slams the book shut and gets up suddenly, but as he does so he jars another box loose, this one above him.

The box comes crashing down on Richard's head, and he collapses as we hear a bottle SMASH.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol listens, tapping her fingers on the TV, as the phone RINGS on her end.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Richard lies, unconscious, as the TINNY MELODY of a cell phone ring plays from inside his coat.

A small puddle of bourbon spreads across the floor, inching towards him.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol hits the off button on the phone.

She moves back to the sofa and sits, watching the TV with unfocused eyes.

As the inane TV comedy continues, she begins to CRY, slowly at first, but building into a sudden VIOLENT EXPLOSION of hiccupy frustration.

As her fit subsides, she composes herself, gets up, and walks out of the living room.

After a minute, she comes back with a bottle of wine, a glass, and a corkscrew opener.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Richard's coat slowly absorbs the bourbon.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol holds a full glass up to the TV, as if in a toast.

CAROL

Here's to you, asshole!

She drinks it in one long gulp.

The clock on the cable box reads 9:30.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The pool of bourbon spreads until it is touching the edge of the album.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - LATER

The clock on the cable box reads 1:59, then clicks, slowly, to 2:00.

On the table in front of the sofa stand two bottles of wine.

One is empty, the other half so.

Next to the bottle is a glass with a few dregs of wine left in it.

Carol lies, SNORING, on the sofa. Cradled on her chest is the phone.

Slowly, she opens her eyes, and tries to focus on the clock.

CAROL

Fuck.

Carol dials.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Richard lies, still, on the floor of the storage room. His phone RINGS inside his coat. He moves slightly, but doesn't get up.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol is now sitting up, holding the phone in one hand and her head in the other.

CAROL

(into the phone, slurring)  
Hey, asshole. Where are you? You think you can stay out all night like this? Who the hell do you think you are? I don't even have Michael's number.

Carol grabs the half-empty wine bottle and pours herself another glass.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I'm going to stay up until you get home, guy, and then you're really going to get. Yes. You. Are.

She hangs up and finishes her glass of wine. She pours herself another. Unsteady, she spills the wine all over her clothes.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Shit!

She starts to take off her shirt.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - LATER

The clock on the cable box reads 5:15.

There are now three empty bottles of wine on the table.

Carol lies, in her underwear, on the sofa, eyes open, unfocused, holding a fourth, half-empty, bottle of wine.

Her wine-spotted clothes are flung all over the apartment.

In her other hand she holds the phone, from which we hear a TINNY RINGING, then Richard's VOICEMAIL MESSAGE. Slowly she brings it to her mouth. Her speech is now extremely slurred, the words barely distinguishable.

CAROL

Richard. Do you remember our  
honeymoon? Richard?

Carol shuts the phone off, puts the bottle down, and rises, unsteadily, to her feet.

Slowly, she shuffles out of the room.

We hear, O.S., the door to the apartment OPEN and SHUT.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT

GEORGE, 60-ish, a balding uniformed doorman with a white walrus mustache, lies back, asleep, in a swivel chair behind the desk of the entrance to the building. His jacket is on the back of the chair.

O.S. we hear the DING of the elevator, then the DOORS OPENING.

After a few moments, Carol, still in her underwear, slouches into frame, leaning, with difficulty, against the desk counter. She is still barely coherent, with unfocused eyes.

CAROL

George! Wake up!

George starts awake, sitting up abruptly. He looks around, then finds Carol. He gets up quickly.

GEORGE

Mrs. Taylor! Are you all right?

He takes in her nakedness, then smells the wine, taken aback.

CAROL

(belligerent)

Where the fuck is Richard?

George takes his jacket off the back of his chair, and comes around to the front of the desk. As he speaks, he tries to put the jacket around Carol's shoulders.

GEORGE

Mrs. Taylor, you can't stand here  
like this. Go back upstairs.  
Please.

The elevator DINGS again, and a 30-something WOMAN with a small white DOG steps out. She stops, shocked, taking in the scene as Carol fights off George's attempt to cover her with his jacket.

CAROL

Where's Richard? Where did he go?

George tries to put the jacket on Carol again. She grabs it and throws it on the ground, then grabs George's arm.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You asshole! I asked you a question.

GEORGE

Mrs. Taylor, I don't know. Please go upstairs now.

Carol slaps him, but the effort makes her fall down. George reaches down to help her, but she grabs his face, hysterical now.

George just barely manages to hold Carol down. He looks up at the Woman with the Dog, who still stands, shocked, by the elevator, and gives her a pleading look. Her Dog BARKS HYSTERICALLY.

The Woman pulls out a cell phone and dials as Carol lies on the ground, SOBBING.

INT. BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - MORNING

Richard slowly regains consciousness. He grabs the back of his head, wincing. He manages to sit up and looks around him.

He takes in the broken bottle, the smell, and the box that fell on top of him. He looks at his watch. It reads 6:30.

Slowly, unsteadily, he tries to get to his feet. After a moment, he manages to do so. He pauses by the mess of the bourbon and the spilled containers. He drags two fingers through the bourbon and raises them to his nose, inhaling. He winces. It's too much to cope with now. He staggers away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - MORNING

Richard stands in the elevator. The same 30-something Woman from earlier, with the same Dog, stands as far away as it is possible to do in such a small space. She looks warily at Richard and wrinkles her nose. Her dog strains at the leash to get to Richard's coat.

Richard tries a wan smile.

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT ENTRANCE - DAY

Richard opens the apartment door. To his surprise, it is unlocked. He steps in and calls out.

RICHARD

Carol?

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Richard walks into the living room and surveys the scene.

He sees the three bottles on the table, and one on the floor, on its side.

He walks over to the sofa and sits.

The TV is still on, but with the VOLUME LOW. Richard shuts it off.

Gently, almost reverently, he picks up the wine bottle from the floor.

He brings the bottle up to his nose and inhales, deeply.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Liz and Tim

FADE OUT.

EXT. A ROAD IN MASSACHUSETTS - NIGHT

It is dark. It is late. It is deserted. Just a paved road cutting through the woods, and only moonlight to see by.

The night is slashed in half by the brights of a gray sedan as it comes around the bend at a decent speed. However, it starts to slow in fits and starts, obviously suffering from some technical trouble.

Eventually it pulls off onto the tiny shoulder, and settles under the night shadows of some overhanging branches. Through the dim light we make out two figures in the car.

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

LIZ, 27, sweet and perhaps a touch nervous, turns to the car's driver, TIM, 28, full of energy and immaturity.

TIM is scowling at the dashboard instruments. AN INDIGO GIRLS-LIKE SONG drifts from the radio.

There is a beat. Then:

TIM

Shit!

LIZ

What is it?

TIM

The fucking gas. We're all out.

LIZ

But . . . But didn't it give us a warning?

TIM

Yeah, it did, but usually I still have at least another fifty miles. It must not be getting the same mileage. Since you insisted on moving to the city it just sits in the lot all the time, rotting away.

(forcing a smile)

Don't worry, it's really not all your fault. I just wish we could have left earlier, Liz.

He checks his watch and frowns, smacking the wheel in frustration. Liz plays with a diamond ring on her left ring finger.

TIM

Shit, shit, shit! They're expecting us by 1 a.m. at the latest. We were already going to be late, and now . . .

Silence. Tim turns the MUSIC OFF.

TIM (CONT'D)

I really wanted to show them the ring tonight.

He takes Liz's left hand in his and smiles. She smiles back. He picks up her hand as if to kiss it, but he just looks at the ring.

TIM (CONT'D)

It's a nice stone, isn't it? Almost one-and-a-half carats.

Liz looks as if she'd prefer a kiss right now.

LIZ  
Yes, it's lovely.

TIM  
Took me a lot of time to find  
it, and I got a great deal. And  
now I won't be able to tell Alan  
about it 'til Sunday. This just  
sucks. Alan will be so pissed when  
I tell him about it, he paid more  
for the one he got Missy.  
(pause)  
Did I mention how much this sucks?

LIZ  
Tim, I'm sorry we couldn't  
leave earlier, but I had to  
attend that dinner. It's our  
biggest account-

Teasing, Tim messes with her hair, pushing it into her face.

TIM  
I know, I know, Lizard, it was  
important to you. You're a big  
career gal now. It's just  
that this trip is a family  
tradition . . . and we could only  
make it for the weekend.

Liz smooths her hair back and tries to smile.

LIZ  
It was just bad timing.

Tim takes out his cell phone and consults it. He tries to dial. Evidently there's no reception. Liz digs into a shoulder bag looking for something.

LIZ  
(gently, looking in bag)  
I guess we should have stopped  
at the gas station back there  
by the highway.  
(putting her bag down)  
I thought you filled it before  
we left.

TIM  
I didn't want us to be any  
later.

Unbuckling his seat-belt, Tim opens the door and gets out of the car, putting his jacket on over his t-shirt and jeans.

LIZ  
(nervous)  
What are you doing?

She doesn't receive an answer. Anxious, Liz gets out of the car, too.

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tim walks away from the car, his ear pressed to his cell phone. Liz follows him, hugging her sweater tightly to her body and trying to avoid the grasping fingers of the overhanging branches. She is still dressed in her corporate work clothes.

LIZ  
Where are you going?

Tim is too engrossed in his cell phone to notice.

LIZ  
Tim . . .

TIM  
Just a sec, can't you see  
I'm trying to find signal?  
(a beat)  
Nothing.

The hand holding his cell phone drops to his side.

LIZ  
Oh. We could try mine.

TIM  
I already did.

He takes another cell phone from his pocket and hands it to her.

LIZ  
Oh. I was wondering where that  
went.

TIM  
You left it in the change holder.

There is a pause, as the two of them look at their surroundings. Liz slowly turns in a circle. Nothing but trees.

TIM  
(cheerfully)  
Well . . . looks like we're stuck.

Liz shivers. Tim zips up his jacket.

LIZ  
(shivering)  
Mmmmaybe we ought-t-ta get back in  
the car.

Tim turns to look at her.

TIM  
Are you cold?

Liz nods, grateful that he noticed.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Why don't you get something out  
of your bag, so you don't freeze?

Smiling, he hands her the keys and walks back to the car. He gets inside, shutting the door with a muffled CLICK.

A beat. Liz walks back to the car, ducking under the branches on the passenger's side of the car. She reaches the trunk and inserts the key. It CLICKS open, the sound loud in the silence.

There is a RUSTLE in the trees. Liz shivers and looks around. As if she's feeling watched.

EXT. LIZ'S POV OF THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

It's dark out. The CAMERA PANS from shadow to shadow.

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Nervous, Liz rummages through the truck. There is a SOUND OF A ZIPPER, and she yanks a sweater clear.

She SLAMS the trunk and quickly heads to the door. She gives a MUFFLED SHRIEK when a branch taps her on the back. She throws herself into the car.

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Tim stares at Liz as she pulls the door closed with a SLAM even though she's barely in the car. After catching her breath, she looks at Tim and tries to compose herself, forcing a tight smile.

TIM

What happened to you? You look like  
you saw a ghost.

LIZ

I'm fine . . . just tripped a  
little.

A little more composed, Liz pulls on the sweater, and then  
tries to look nonchalant, giving Tim a brilliant smile.

There's a TAP - a branch on the window. Liz shivers again.

TIM

(teasing)  
You're scared.

LIZ

(shaking her head)  
Just cold.

TIM

Well, looks like we're stuck here  
'til someone comes along.

A beat.

TIM (CONT'D)

Or I could walk to that gas station  
back there. Can't be that far.

LIZ

(quickly)  
No.

Tim gives her an odd look. Liz puts on a brave smile.

TIM

You are scared.

LIZ

No . . . just careful.  
(relaxing a little)  
Okay, maybe it's too many  
campfire ghost stories. It's  
possible.

Tim grins.

TIM

Silly Lizard.  
(yawning)  
Just wish we had something to  
(MORE)

TIM (cont'd)  
eat. We stopped for fast food  
way too long ago.

Liz rummages through the bags on the floor.

LIZ  
All we have are some cookies and  
the bottles of wine for your  
mother.

Tim starts looking around for something.

TIM  
Why don't you break some of that  
out then? I have a cup around here.

He locates a soda cup from a fast food place and opens the door a crack to dump out any remaining drops. Liz watches him open and close the car door but doesn't say anything.

Tim holds out the cup.

TIM (CONT'D)  
How 'bout it?

LIZ  
We don't have a corkscrew.

TIM  
I have a Swiss army knife in the  
glove compartment . . .

Liz opens the glove compartment and takes out the knife. She gingerly starts to screw the corkscrew into the cork.

Tim watches her tentative actions, half amused and half frustrated.

TIM  
Here let me . . . don't want you to  
spill in the car.

He opens the bottle and pours some into his cup. He takes a sip.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Not bad . . . .

He takes another sip.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Do you want any?

Liz shakes her head.

LIZ  
I don't have a cup.

TIM  
Share my cup. Or drink it out  
of the bottle.

Tim offers her the bottle. Liz hesitates, then accepts it and drinks.

LIZ  
It's good.

She drinks a little more, then shivers.

TIM  
Still cold, huh?

Liz nods. Tim puts an arm around her, drawing her close. He kisses the top of her head. Liz relaxes and SIGHS, closing her eyes.

Tim takes a few more sips of wine. He glances at the back seat and pulls Liz tighter.

TIM  
Well, it could be worse. I could  
be out here alone.

LIZ  
(without opening her eyes)  
Hmm . . .

She moves herself closer to him and buries her face in his neck. Tim strokes her hair and shoulder, then his hand starts to wander downward.

TIM  
Or you could have your period.

LIZ  
Hmmm . . .

A beat. Then it sinks in. Liz's eyebrows furrow, and she sits up.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
What?

TIM  
Well, you're cold right?

LIZ

Yeah, but-

TIM

So why don't we?

He nods his head in the direction of the back seat.

TIM (CONT'D)

We could pass the time, stay warm,  
and have a little fun. All in one  
simple activity.

Liz looks doubtful.

LIZ

What if someone stops to help and  
they see us?

TIM

It's so quiet here - we'd have  
plenty of warning. Plus I don't  
think anyone will come by soon -  
definitely not in the next ten  
minutes.

LIZ

I don't know, Ti-

He stops her with a kiss.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(through the kiss)

Mim!

Still annoyed, Liz resists a bit, but soon gives in - they obviously have a strong physical attraction, and Tim seems to be a better kisser than comforter. Besides, it's cold.

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Tim's activities can be seen through the window. Liz's hand presses against the glass as Tim increases the heat.

The CAMERA PANS to the trees, which are RUSTLING with the wind. Or something else.

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - TEN MINUTES LATER

Post-coital cuddle, made a little awkward because it's the backseat of a car.

Unfortunately, the heat of their passion is now cooling off, and Tim's jacket - spread out over them - is only covering a section of their bodies.

Liz shivers and moves closer to Tim. Tim jumps a bit.

TIM  
Your feet are freezing.

He sits up and starts putting his clothes on.

LIZ  
Sorry. I'm cold.

TIM  
Put your clothes back on. It'll help.

He struggles to put his shirt back on.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
I should start for the gas station anyway. I'm not going to wait all night for a yokel local to come by.

Liz sits up and starts to put her clothes back on.

LIZ  
I'll come with you.

TIM  
No way. This is a nice car. I don't want to leave it. This model's like the second most popular car to rip off.

LIZ  
We'll lock it. It'll be fine.

TIM  
Easy for you to say, but it's my car. Besides, it's cold, and I want to get there fast. You won't be able to keep up.

LIZ  
I'll just get my sneak-

TIM  
(frustrated)  
Liz, just stay here with the car, okay?!? I don't know why you have to argue about everything.

He finishes putting his pants on and moves up to the front seat.

In the back seat, Liz stops struggling with her clothes. She pulls Tim's jacket around herself.

LIZ

Tim . . . .

Tim struggles to get his shoes on.

LIZ (CONT)

Tim . . . please don't go. Let's just wait.

Tim ties his shoes and turns around, leaning toward her.

TIM

C'mon Lizard, you know you don't get anywhere by waiting around. If this was your career, you'd be singing a different tune, right? Well, this is my car, and my trip. So just pull it together and stay here, okay? You're being ridiculous.

Liz looks unhappy but nods and manages an attempt at a smile.

TIM

That's my gal.

He leans forward and gives her a kiss on the cheek. Then he takes the jacket from Liz and puts it on. Liz grabs her sweater from the front of the car and pulls that on.

Tim opens the door to the car and gets out. Following Tim with anxious eyes, Liz moves into the front seat. There is a CLINK.

TIM

What was that?

He reaches down on the inside of the car.

TIM (CONT'D)

Shit, you knocked over the red wine! It's all over the rug now.  
(muttering)  
Damn it.

LIZ

I'm sorry.

TIM

Par for the course on this trip.

He moves away from the car.

TIM (CONT'D)

(grumpy)

I better get going.

LIZ

Can you leave the keys? I want to turn the radio on for a little.

TIM

(frowning)

I don't think that's a good idea, Liz. I don't want to wear the battery down. I'll keep them.

LIZ

(shivering, self-pitying)

God, I'm fr-freezing.

Tim finally looks a little concerned.

TIM

Why don't you just put another layer on. You can use one of my sweaters if you have to. There's a couple in my bag. You can open the trunk with the button on the left.

Liz looks outside and shakes her head. She pulls her sweater tighter and hugs herself to keep herself warm.

LIZ

That's okay.

TIM

Well, I'll be back soon. Be good!

He smiles and closes the door with a CLICK.

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tim waves at her and walks in the direction they originally came from. He doesn't look back.

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Liz turns her head, looking through the back window as Tim is swallowed by shadows. Gone. Nothing.

Trees RUSTLE IN THE WIND. There is a CLICK as Liz locks the doors.

A moment passes. A couple of the overhanging branches TAP the car roof, causing Liz to jump.

Another moment passes. Liz moves over to the driver's seat.

She winces, and feels underneath her. The keys. He left them.

Looking guilty, Liz turns the power on. She hits the radio - HAPPY ROCK MUSIC begins playing merrily.

Liz looks at the dashboard clock. 1:15.

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The sound of MUFFLED HAPPY ROCK MUSIC can be heard for a moment. Then it is drowned out by the RUSTLING OF TREES.

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The clock says 1:30 now. Liz is still listening to MUSIC. But the guilt is too much. Taking a deep breath to summon up courage, she switches off the power. Silence.

Outside, trees RUSTLE, a dog HOWLS, and shadows move.

Inside, Liz shivers. She checks the door. Still locked. Liz SIGHS, and looks outside. Just shadows.

TAP! Liz jumps - pushed by the wind, yet another branch TAPS the car roof. Liz struggles to master her panic. Her eyes fill with tears. Annoyed with herself, Liz blinks them back.

LIZ  
What am I, five?

She looks back in the direction Tim had gone.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
Come back soon . . .

She turns back and looks at the clock. Time is going very slowly - it's only 1:32.

After a moment, Liz starts to HUM. Then:

LIZ  
(singing)  
"Inch by inch, row by row,  
(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)  
I'm gonna make this garden  
grow . . ."

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - NINETY MINUTES LATER

3:00. The trees are still RUSTLING, the branches are still TAPPING the car, and Liz, sitting behind the wheel of the disabled car, her voice hoarse, is STILL SINGING children's songs to herself.

LIZ  
(singing)  
"Rise and shine and give God  
your glory glory! Rise and shine  
. . ."

Liz almost nods off mid-song, but then recovers a little.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
(mumbling)  
". . .glory glory! Rise and-"

EXT. POV SHOT FROM THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Something is approaching the car.

INT. THE GRAY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Liz continues.

LIZ  
(mumbling)  
"give God your glory glory,  
children of the -"

There is a loud TAP from the back of the car. Wide awake, Liz turns around. Nothing.

LIZ  
You're okay, silly. Just a  
tree, right?

Liz takes a DEEP BREATH. BLOWS the air out. Calm.

LIZ  
(singing)  
"So Noah, he built him, he built-"

Another TAP. Liz turns around. Still nothing. Liz pauses.  
Then:

LIZ  
(voice wavering)  
"an arky arky, So Noah, he built  
him, he built him an arky arky . .  
."

But something is wrong. She can feel it. STILL SINGING, slowly - as slowly as one can possibly move - Liz turns her head around.

Suddenly a dark shape fills the back window. No face - only black.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
"Barky!!!!!!!"

Terrified, SOBBING HYSTERICALLY, Liz covers her head with her hands. All those campfire stories are coming true.

LIZ  
(through sobs)  
Go awayyyy!

The dark shape comes to the passenger-side window. The dark falls away - it was Tim with a coat on his head. He's grinning. He KNOCKS on the window.

TIM  
(muffled)  
Lizard, you doofus, it's me.  
Let me in.

Liz stops, mid-sob. Slowly she lets her hands drop, so she can see Tim through the window and her tears. She makes eye contact.

Something changes, something breaks. Her terror is replaced by pure anger.

Outside, Tim doesn't seem to notice the anger.

TIM  
(muffled)  
See? Just me. Let me in. It's cold! I had to wait at the station 'til they could locate a tow truck guy. Took a while, but they gave me some coffee. He should be here by now - these country people fucking take their time, don't they?

Liz just stares at him.

TIM  
(muffled whining)  
Come on, let me in, will you?  
I only walked like three miles  
to get you help.

Liz doesn't move a muscle.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(muffled anger)  
Liz, c'mon!

Liz reaches for the passenger door. She lowers the window a crack. Then she twists off her engagement ring, pitches it at him, and closes the window.

TIM  
(muffled)  
Owe! That hurt, what the fuck?!

Liz does nothing, just moves back to the driver's seat and stares out the window on the other side. Ignoring him.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
Are you fucking nuts?! Can't  
you take a little joke? That ring  
is expensive!  
(a beat)  
Now I can't find it! See what  
you've done? You better come  
out and help . . .

Liz turns the car ignition - the power goes on. She turns a knob. HAPPY ROCK MUSIC begins and gets louder, until it drowns out Tim's protests.

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

MUFFLED HAPPY ROCK MUSIC fills the air as Tim - still YELLING but made incoherent by the music - crawls around looking for the ring.

Through the windshield Liz is visible, smirking.

After a moment, the headlights of a tow truck slowly appear over the rise.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Carmela and Thomas

FADE OUT.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CARMELA, a 30-year-old hottie with sad eyes, her head on the pillow of a bed, grimaces, in CLOSE-UP, in what appears to be pain. Gradually, she grows more and more agitated. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN slowly from her face to her pelvis, under the sheets, where her hand is working furiously.

She reaches climax in a silent howl of pent-up frustration and lies limp, her body spent, her brow beaded with sweat.

After a beat, she opens her eyes and looks at the silent form next to her. This is THOMAS, about 35, serious even in sleep. He breathes evenly, unaware of the activity he has just missed. Surrounding the both of them on the bed is a variety of stuffed animals.

Carmela turns away and looks at the alarm clock on the bedside table. It reads 5:00 A.M. She closes her eyes and starts to cry, silently.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARK SLOPE BROOKLYN STREET - EARLY EVENING

As the sun sets on a nice street in Brooklyn with well-maintained brownstones, Carmela walks around the corner, dressed in a dark gray skirt suit, a briefcase in one hand and shopping bag in the other.

Walking briskly, a nervous air about her, she nearly runs into a JOGGING MAN, who appears to be about her age. He manages to jog sideways at the last minute, preventing a collision.

Carmela barely acknowledges the near-accident, seemingly distracted by her own thoughts. But Jogging Man looks at her with interest.

JOGGING MAN

Sorry about that . . . miss?

Jogging Man jogs in place for a moment, studying her trim form appreciatively as she walks away. Carmela frowns slightly and picks up her pace.

Jogging Man gets the hint and jogs off as Carmela turns and walks up the steps to one of the brownstones, takes out her keys, and enters the building.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Thomas sits at a desk in a sizable living room, a window opening onto the world outside. This is Thomas's office as much as a TV den. Besides Thomas's desk, where we see the latest iMac, there is also a stereo in a stereo case, bookshelves, a flat screen TV, and a lived-in sofa.

Thomas, headphones on his head, is watching and fiddling with an indistinct bit of video, his eyes a bit glazed. From the headphones comes the TINNY SOUND of rhythmic music.

From over Thomas's shoulder we can see the entrance foyer of the apartment, the door to which opens inward as Carmela enters.

Carmela puts her briefcase and package down, and looks at Thomas, who is lost to video land, and doesn't notice her. Carmela SIGHS, takes her shoes off, and disappears down the corridor.

After a beat, she comes back and walks towards Thomas. Thomas catches her in his periphery, and turns, startled, to Carmela, quickly hiding the video on the screen with a click of a key.

THOMAS

Whoa, there, sweetie! You startled me. Did you just walk in, or . . .  
(chuckles)  
. . . have you been stalking me for a while?

Thomas rubs his eyes, which are almost bloodshot.

CARMELA

I just got in.  
(suspicious)  
Why? What's on the computer?

Thomas looks back at the screen, then turns to Carmela and smiles, guiltily and goofily, both.

THOMAS

Just ... something I'm working on.

Carmela raises an eyebrow and SNORTS.

CARMELA

Working? I bet.

Thomas shakes his head. They've had this conversation before.

He stands up, stretching his back, then walks playfully towards Carmela and hugs her, nuzzling her neck, breathing in her scent.

THOMAS

I'm glad you're home. God! You smell so good. And look so good.

He gets up and walks to the other side of the room. Carmela's face falls for a moment, but she masks it. Then Thomas returns - with a small digital camera.

THOMAS

You look too good not to photograph.

Carmela is trying not to smile - although part of her obviously wants to.

CARMELA

You're silly. I don't have time-

Thomas kneels, setting up the shot.

THOMAS

Okay, smile for the camera. I know you can work it.

Carmela almost smiles.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

C'mon, sexy.

After a beat Carmela gives up - and smiles. Perhaps a bit impatiently.

THOMAS

Beautiful!

The camera makes a SNAP sound and flashes. Thomas walks over to Carmela and shows her the shot on the camera's digital screen.

THOMAS

What a stunner, right? You look like a model. My own movie star.

CARMELA

(rolling her eyes)  
Yeah. Movie star.

She moves to get up but stops when Thomas nuzzles her again, kissing her neck.

THOMAS

You smell good enough to eat.  
(mock suspicious)  
Hey ... how come you always smell

so good after a day at work?

Carmela likes the attention, but she's sort of angry, and gently pushes Thomas away.

CARMELA

I shower at the gym, stupid.

THOMAS

Stupid? Who you calling stupid?  
You think I'm going to take that?  
Come here . . .

Thomas advances on Carmela playfully. He looks a lot younger when he's smiling.

Carmela backs away - she doesn't have time for this! - but Thomas catches her and pushes her down onto the sofa. The two collapse, LAUGHING, with Thomas on top.

Their faces are very close, and a vibe passes between them.

THOMAS

You. Are. So. Beautiful.

CARMELA

You think so?

THOMAS

I do.

They kiss, sweetly, the kiss of two people who know each other very well. Thomas breaks the kiss and kisses Carmela's chin, then her neck, then her ear, eliciting soft MOANS from Carmela.

THOMAS

(whispering)  
I love you.

Carmela is becoming aroused, but there is that same air of anger in her face, from earlier. Thomas stops his kissing and comes back up to her face.

THOMAS

Sweetie, I know it's been a while,  
and I'm sorry, it's just that . . .

Carmela is suddenly furious. The mood is broken, and she stands, abruptly, spilling Thomas onto the floor. One of her earrings falls off onto the sofa pillow, unnoticed.

CARMELA

. . . that what? What, exactly, is the problem, Thomas? Huh? You like somebody else? Are you gay? Getting old? You want some Viagra, maybe . . . baby?

Thomas is taken aback and demoralized, both, and struggles to get up off the floor, unable to make eye contact.

THOMAS

Don't yell at me. Damn it, I've told you before, it's not-  
(struggling)  
I can't . . . It doesn't help anything if you're always angry at me.

Now on his knees and about to stand, Thomas pauses, looking up at her.

THOMAS

So don't yell at me.  
(a beat)  
Please.

CARMELA

You say that all the time, guy, but I'm tired of hearing that. This. Is. Supposed. To. Be. A. Relationship. And that means sex, and not just once in a while.

THOMAS

(getting angry now)  
Hey . . . listen . . . you want to fight? Fine. Fine! But you yelling at me does not make me want to fuck you . . .  
(beat)  
. . . in case you hadn't notice already.

CARMELA

(beat)  
Whatever. At least you've got your computer.  
(sad)  
I have to go meet Kerry. Here . . .

Carmela walks back towards the entrance foyer and picks up the shopping bag, then comes back towards Thomas.

CARMELA (CONT'D)

. . . I got you dinner.

Purposely she puts the bag down hard on his computer's keyboard. Thomas runs over to steady the bag.

THOMAS

Careful!

Thomas is about to say something more, but then stops, reconsidering.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Thank you for dinner.

Carmela looks at Thomas, almost says something, then just shakes her head and walks back to the entrance door.

She puts her shoes back on, then turns to look at Thomas one more time before opening the door to go out. She looks sad and a bit resigned. They make eye contact.

THOMAS

Have fun with Kerry.

Carmela goes out the door, letting it close with a decisive SNAP.

INT. DARK MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT

JASON, a fit 25-year-old All-American, square-jawed jock, sits at a small table in a dimly lit crowded bar. He surveys the scene, closely watching each and every woman who walks near his table. The WOMEN who notice him really notice him, with an almost double take.

After a few moments, something seems to catch Jason's eye at the entrance to the bar.

Carmela walks in, holding a pink carnation, looking around nervously.

Jason stands and, all smooth operator, walks over to Carmela, leans in and smells the carnation. Carmela stands, apparently in a bit of shock.

JASON  
(playfully)  
You had better be the woman I'm  
supposed to meet, or else I just  
did something really strange, even  
for me . . .

Carmela looks around, checking for familiar faces, then looks  
back at Jason.

CARMELA  
(very nervous)  
Jason?

JASON  
(still playfully)  
Oh, my God. No, it's Ralph. Shit,  
I feel like such a fool.

Carmela looks like she is about to cry. Jason changes his  
tone, still seductive, but more serious.

JASON  
Hey, it's okay. I am Jason. Two  
points. And you're Carmela.  
(beat)  
So I guess you weren't kidding when  
you said you'd never done this  
before, huh?

Carmela seems to find her voice, her strength returning a  
little, and manages a weak smile.

CARMELA  
Jason? Would you mind if we just  
skipped the seduction part and went  
straight to your place?

Jason smiles a knowing smile, as if this happens to him all  
the time. He reaches one hand up to her left ear, drawing  
our attention to her missing earring.

JASON  
I like the lopsided look, by the  
way.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Thomas sits at a kitchen table in a tastefully furnished  
kitchen. Using chopsticks, he listlessly places the last bit  
of sushi, from a now empty plastic package on the table, into  
his mouth, chewing reflexively.

Thomas stares at the wall, seeing nothing.

After a moment, Thomas gets up and walks to the sink, opening the cupboard below and throwing the sushi in the trash can.

He walks out of the kitchen.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thomas walks into the living room and lies down on the sofa. He holds a pillow and breathes deeply, inhaling Carmela's scent.

Seeing something shiny, Thomas bends down and picks up the earring that Carmela dropped earlier. He SIGHS.

THOMAS  
(to himself)  
Carmela.

Thomas rubs the earring as if its alive, then gets up and walks to his desk.

Thomas sits down in front of the iMac, clicks on the mouse a few times to get the computer out of sleep mode, and waits for his project to appear. He rubs the earring again and SIGHS.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason and Carmela burst through the door of Jason's bedroom. In the dim light we see a soulless high-performance bachelor pad.

Jason and Carmela kiss, hard and needy, in the doorway. It is difficult to see whose need is stronger. Jason's hands grope Carmela's body, and Carmela's hands grope Jason's.

They work their way across the bedroom to the bed, where Jason manages, gracefully, to tip Carmela down, with him on top, grinding his pelvis into hers. She MOANS.

Jason undoes Carmela's shirt, kissing the parts of her breasts that are free above her black lacy bra. Then, in one smooth gesture, he reaches underneath her shirt and snaps open her bra from behind, freeing her breasts completely. He dives in, and she MOANS again, arching her back to meet him.

Slowly, he works his way down from her breasts to her stomach, and, with a mischievous glint in his eye, kissing her belly button, he pulls her skirt down.

Carmela's eyes are closed, in a state of rapture tinged with sadness. Jason works his face down to her underwear, rubbing his hand over the black lace, as Carmela GASPS.

Jason kisses Carmela gently in the middle of her underwear, then sits up.

JASON

(quietly)

Just going to take my shirt off, if you don't mind.

(beat)

Be right there.

Carmela opens her eyes and takes in the sight of Jason's perfect muscles as he leans in to kiss her on the mouth, grinding his crotch into hers as he does so. She kisses him back hard, wanting him.

Jason breaks the kiss and kisses Carmela's chin, then her neck, then her ear, eliciting more soft MOANS from Carmela.

FLASH TO:

Thomas kissing Carmela on the chin, ear and neck.

FLASH BACK TO:

JASON

You. Are. So. Beautiful.

FLASH TO:

THOMAS

You. Are. So. Beautiful.

FLASH BACK TO:

JASON

This is such a great Craig's List hook-up.

Jason begins to move his face back down Carmela's body, his hands running along Carmela's inner and outer thighs.

But something has changed in Carmela's attitude. She is no longer moaning. She begins to cry, silently, instead.

Jason grabs the edge of Carmela's underwear in his teeth and begins to pull down, his hands stroking her legs.

Something doesn't feel right, though, and he looks up at Carmela's face.

Suddenly angry, he spits out her underwear and sits up.

JASON

Carmen, you're not like crying, are you?!

Carmela sits up, too, and pulls her shirt tight around herself, hiding her breasts.

CARMELA

It's Carmela, asshole, and I have to go.

Carmela gets out of bed and starts to gather her clothes, getting dressed as fast as she can. Jason watches her in disbelief.

JASON

I don't believe this shit. What the fuck?

Carmela finishes dressing and turns to Jason, mustering her pride.

CARMELA

You're a good-looking boy, with big broad shoulders, but it takes more than that to make a man, and you've got a long way to go.

Carmela turns on her heel and walks out, shutting the door to the bedroom with a decisive CLICK. Jason stares after her.

JASON

Thanks?

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S ENTRANCE FOYER - NIGHT

Carmela gently and quietly opens the door to the apartment, removing her key so gingerly as to make no sound. She takes her shoes off and, as she does so, notices, in the late night gloom, a handwritten note on the floor.

INSERT - THE NOTE

"I WENT TO BED. HOPE YOU HAD FUN. I LEFT SOMETHING ON THE COMPUTER. PLEASE WATCH IT. I LOVE YOU. THOMAS."

BACK TO CARMELA

Carmela's eyes tear up as she reads. She wipes away the tears before straightening up and walking down the hall to the back of the apartment.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carmela gently pushes open the door to the bedroom. Lying on top of some of the stuffed animals, hugging one of them, is Thomas, fast asleep.

Carmela looks long at him before backing out, closing the door.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S BATHROOM - LATER

In a very cute blue and pink bathroom, filled with both men's and women's toiletries, Carmela washes her face furiously, then brushes her teeth.

She looks into the mirror and starts crying.

INT. CARMELA AND THOMAS'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Carmela sits at Thomas's computer, apprehensive. The screen is dark. She jiggles the mouse, waits a beat, and then the screen brightens, showing an open QuickTime file.

Carmela waits a beat, then presses the spacebar, and the movie starts.

MONTAGE: (PLAYED TO A CATCHY TUNE)

-- Caption "How We Met"

-- Animated still photos of a younger Thomas and Carmela laughing and kissing.

-- A photo of a messy bedroom with the caption, "Thomas's Apartment."

-- A photo of Carmela, looking disgusted.

-- A photo of a very clean bedroom, with a single stuffed bear on the pillow, with the caption, "Carmela's Apartment."

-- A photo of Thomas, looking disgusted.

-- Animated stills of Thomas and Carmela on the beach, in an amusement park, in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

-- Caption "Dating"

- A photo of Thomas giving Carmela one of the stuffed animals we have seen in their current bedroom.
- Animated stills, taken by waiters, of Thomas and Carmela at various restaurant tables.
- Stills of Thomas and Carmela in front of movie theaters.
- A photo of Thomas giving Carmela another stuffed animal.
- Caption "Sex"
- Stills, obviously taken by either Thomas or Carmela, of a naked Thomas and Carmela, wrapped in sheets (or not), in near pornographic poses.
- Caption "More Sex"
- More near pornographic poses, one of them cuddling as reflected in a mirror.
- A photo of a naked Carmela giving a naked Thomas a stuffed animal.
- Caption "Love"
- A still of a sleeping Carmela, in early morning light. She has a stuffed animal under each arm.
- Caption "Living Together"
- Stills of Thomas and Carmela, with VARIOUS FRIENDS, carrying boxes into the Brooklyn brownstone, one of which is filled with stuffed animals.
- Caption "Lately"
- The still that Thomas had taken of Carmela earlier - looking beautiful, smiling, and . . . impatient. Or sad.
- Caption "And . . . next?"
- Video of Thomas, sitting on the living room sofa, holding the earring that Carmela dropped. In a flash of white light, the image changes to . . .
- Caption "What happened?"

END MONTAGE

Carmela sits in front of the computer, CRYING QUIETLY. Unseen behind her stands Thomas, who walks up slowly and puts his hands on her shoulders.

Carmela turns and buries her face in his stomach, CRYING HYSTERICALLY, as Thomas kneels down, CRYING LOUDLY too, and hugs her to him.

The two remain locked in a passionate, sobbing hug, crying all of their unspoken emotions and needs into each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Michelle and Jake

FADE OUT.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

LOW ANGLE SHOT of a suburban kitchen from another room. Wearing comfortable weekend clothes, MICHELLE, 30s, cuts up vegetables for pasta sauce while cradling a phone to her ear.

MICHELLE

Have a great time, Suz - sounds like a lotta fun . . . I know it's Saturday but I- . . . I won't, I promise. All right? 'Kay, talk to you soon. Bye!

She hangs up the phone and SIGHS. She TURNS TO CAMERA.

MICHELLE

Oh, Jake. Susie means well but she drives me up a wall sometimes.

She WALKS TOWARD CAMERA.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle sits on the couch next to JAKE - a small cat wearing a red collar who is watching her benignly. She pets him.

MICHELLE

I just don't feel like going out. Nothing wrong with that, right, Jake?

Still petting Jake, Michelle's gaze is drawn to the phone, which is on a table by the other side of the couch. Noticing the distance, she gets up and sits on the other side of Jake. Jake, disturbed by her movement, shifts over.

MICHELLE

Sorry.

She picks up the phone - DIAL TONE. Yep, it still works.

Pause. She notices a picture frame by the phone. She turns it over and gets up.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle stirs the sauce while looking out the window.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Two hours later. Michelle is putting together a plate of pasta and sauce. She carefully garnishes it with a sprig of parsley and pours herself a glass of red wine.

MEOW, MEOW! Jake gets under her feet.

MICHELLE

You want to go out for a bit, Jake?  
All right, all right, I'm coming -  
just don't start howling to come  
back in in two minutes. I have  
better things to do than open the  
door for you all night.

Michelle opens the door and Jake goes out.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

An Ice Cream Truck passes by, playing "POP GOES THE WEASEL" to announce its presence. Jake heads for the bird-feeder as Michelle watches from the door.

MICHELLE

Leave them alone, Jake!

The 30-something pony-tailed DRIVER of the Ice Cream Truck nods at her as he stops nearby.

MICHELLE

And now I'm talking to myself.

Michelle closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle picks up her plate and glass and heads to the living room. The phone RINGS.

In her haste to pick up the phone Michelle spills red wine all over the floor and only just manages to save the glass.

MICHELLE

Shit!

Michelle grabs the phone and pauses to compose herself.

MICHELLE

(brightly)

Hello?

(frowning)

Oh, no, I'm afraid you have the wrong number.

Michelle puts the receiver down. She stands there staring at it for a moment. Then she turns to the mess on the floor.

MICHELLE

(under her breath)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

She takes some paper towels and wipes the spill up, then pours herself another glass of wine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle enters, carrying her plate and glass. She places them on the coffee table. She SIGHS. Her eyes glance at the frame by the phone.

It is very quiet. She gets up.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Michelle opens the door.

MICHELLE

Jake?

(louder)

Jaaaa-aaake!

Nothing. Down the street the Ice Cream Truck Driver is handing a CHILD a cone. "POP GOES THE WEASEL" starts again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle returns. She picks up her silverware, puts a napkin on her lap, and turns on the television. VOICES from the television fill the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several hours later. The plate and glass are empty.

Michelle is still watching the television, the light from it flickering across her face. Frowning, Michelle looks at her watch. She turns the TELEVISION VOLUME DOWN and listens.

Nothing.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle opens the door.

MICHELLE

Jake?

(pause)

Jaaaaake! Kitty, kitty, kitty!

She listens. Nothing.

MICHELLE

Jaaaaake! Here kitty, kitty, kitty!

Silence.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Kitty, kitty!

Across the road Michelle can see a TEENAGE BOY hanging out on the porch, smoking a cigarette. He waves at her and grins.

The door to his house opens and his middle-aged MOTHER steps out. They ARGUE and then go inside. Michelle closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Michelle, in her pajamas, gets into bed. She picks up a book but is obviously not focused on reading it. She puts it down and listens.

After a moment, she gets out of bed and puts her slippers on.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle opens the door. She hesitates, but doesn't call. Then she turns to go back inside, pressing something on the wall. The porch lights flicker on.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

In the additional light Jake's collar can be seen on the lawn near the bird-feeder.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle enters, sitting down on the couch. Her gaze rests on the turned-over picture and the phone, then drifts to the television. Michelle turns on the television.

Pause. She turns the VOLUME DOWN. A moment passes.

Michelle turns the television off again and just sits there in the silence and darkness, waiting.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Michelle walks in the middle of the street, swinging a FLASH LIGHT in huge arcs.

MICHELLE

Jake! Jake! Kitty, kitty, kitty!

Lights go on in some of the houses as she walks up the street.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Still clad in pajamas and jacket, Michelle is sitting collapsed over her coffee looking like death personified.

She glances at the clock - 6:45 A.M.

Carrying her coffee, she drags herself off her stool.

EXT. YARD - SAME

Michelle walks off the porch, turning off the porch light that is still burning. Coffee cup in hand, she surveys the neighborhood from her yard. No cat. Just sleepy suburbia.

Turning back to the door, she stops suddenly - Jake's collar. She picks it up. It's broken. She fights off tears, biting her lip, as a newspaper lands at her feet.

TEENAGE BOY (O.S.)

Kitty, kitty!

Turning around, Michelle sees the Teenage Boy on a bike delivering papers. She picks up the paper and almost throws it back at him, but he's out of range.

A HANDSOME MAN and PRETTY WOMAN jog by and hear the Teenage Boy.

HANDSOME MAN  
(with a thumb at Michelle)  
Kitty-kitty.

The Pretty Woman LAUGHS. But unfortunately both of them are now also out of Michelle's throwing range. Michelle retreats to the door as a car goes by.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey, kitty-kitty!

Michelle turns around but her glare only manages to catch the trunk of the disappearing car. But she can hear LAUGHTER.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle sits on the couch, desperately clutching her coffee. She throws the unopened paper onto the coffee table and lifts the top of the toppled frame. She looks at it, then gently drops the frame back to its face-down position.

After a moment, she picks up the phone receiver, then puts it down.

She EXITS FRAME for a moment, then RETURNS with a yellow pages phone book and a pen. She pages through the phone book. Locating a number, she picks up the phone receiver and dials.

MICHELLE  
Hi . . . Hello? This is the police station, right? I'd like to know the procedure for reporting a missing cat . . . no, "cat" not "kid" . . . the shelter? Ten A.M. . . thanks, I'll call them then.

Michelle hangs up the phone and looks at the clock. 7:00 A.M.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Thirty minutes later. Michelle enters wearing jeans and a sweatshirt, her hair wet. Glancing at the clock that reads 7:30 A.M., she looks through the fridge, then opens a cabinet. SIGHING, she pours herself more coffee and puts some dry cereal in a cup.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle sits and eats a few pieces of the cereal half-heartedly. She takes the newspaper out of its plastic wrap. She opens it, partial headlines visible: "Family of Five Missing and Presumed . . .", "Bus Accident Claims the Lives . . .", "Families in Israel Mourn the Loss . . .".

EXT. STREET - DAY

Michelle walks down the street. It's quiet, too early for most people to be out. She stands in the middle of the street and slowly does a 360.

Nothing.

She's utterly alone.

Suddenly a DOG WALKER and his DOG appear at an intersection and turn onto the street. Michelle approaches them eagerly.

MICHELLE

Sir?

The Dog Walker stops. As she comes closer, the Dog BARKS at Michelle, startling her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Uh . . . I . . . sorry to bother you, I just wondered if you'd seen a gray cat on your walk. He . . .

The Dog Walker's Dog BARKS FURIOUSLY at a passing car and bounces around. Michelle jumps a little. The Dog Walker struggles to control his animal as the Dog pulls him down the street.

DOG WALKER

(to the Dog)

Stupid fucking dog!

The Dog Walker heads down the street. Michelle continues in the other direction.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Michelle sees two small children - a BOY age 7 and a GIRL age 10 - playing on a swing set in the yard. Michelle stops on the sidewalk.

MICHELLE

Hey, have you two seen a small cat?

BOY

What?

MICHELLE

A cat.

GIRL

What kind of cat?

## MICHELLE

Just a small gray cat. I wish I had a picture but I don't . . . wait, I might have one. I'll be right back.

Michelle almost runs toward her house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle grabs the turned-over frame by the phone.

EXT. FRONT OF THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - SAME

Out of breath, Michelle hands the Girl the frame. The Boy pulls the Girl's arm down so he can see it too.

The picture shows Jake being held up to the camera by a laughing young MAN in his 30s.

The Girl and Boy shake their head. The Girl GIGGLES.

## GIRL

Is that your boyfriend?

Michelle gives a tight, crisp smile.

MONTAGE:

-- Michelle on a porch showing an OLD WOMAN who is holding a BLACK CAT. The Old Woman smiles and tries hands her Cat to Michelle.

-- Michelle shows the picture to a WOMAN IN A CAR. The Woman shakes her head and then passes it to her HUSBAND, who then passes it to the CHILDREN. Michelle finally gets it back and has to wipe jelly off the frame.

-- Michelle walks down the street, CROSSING FRAME RIGHT TO LEFT.

-- Michelle talks to a WOMAN pushing a baby carriage with a BABY.

-- Michelle tries NOT to take the Black Cat from the Old Woman.

-- Michelle shows the picture to a BUNCH OF SKATEBOARDERS.

-- Michelle tries to get the attention of a MAN mowing a lawn, waving at him until he notices.

-- Michelle walks down the street, CROSSING FRAME LEFT TO RIGHT.

-- Michelle tries to hand the Black Cat back to the Old Woman.

-- Michelle in a yard waiting as a FAMILY sitting at a picnic table eating burgers pass the frame around. When she gets it back she wipes ketchup off it.

-- Michelle hesitantly approaches some road kill then turns away, looking relieved as well as a bit disgusted.

-- Michelle puts the Black Cat down and walks away from the Old Woman, who looks confused.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

10:00 A.M. sharp. Michelle is on the phone.

MICHELLE

He's gray with a bit of white, no collar . . . yes, I'm sure he's a he. No? All right, I'll just keep checking in . . . I know, he normally has a collar but he got it off somehow.

(trying to be patient)

I know, I will - but I need to find him first. I'll call back later.

Hanging the phone up, Michelle sinks down on the couch. She glances at the picture in her hand, then averts her eyes - she just can't look at it.

The clock TICKS.

From outside comes the tune of "POP GOES THE WEASEL."  
Michelle quickly flees the room.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Michelle runs after the Ice Cream Truck, which is making its way slowly down the street. The Driver sees her in the mirror and stops. Michelle heads for the window.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - SAME

The Driver smiles at her.

DRIVER

Hello, miss. Nice day for an ice cream, isn't it? What would you like?

CUTTING BETWEEN THE STREET AND THE INTERIOR OF THE ICE CREAM TRUCK:

MICHELLE

Oh, nothing. Actually I wanted to ask you if you saw my cat last night. He's gray. You were in the area yesterday afternoon when I let him out. I thought you might have seen him.

DRIVER

(disappointed)  
No, no cats. Just kids.

He opens the window a bit wider and lights up a cigarette.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Sorry I can't help you.  
(brightening)  
Maybe a snow cone will make you feel better. Or a Chocolate Rocket?

MICHELLE

No, I don't think so. But thanks.

DRIVER

Sure, any time. If I see anything I'll let you know. But I'm pretty sure I didn't see your cat. I didn't see anything interesting.  
(rolling his eyes)  
Just kids.

He blows some smoke a bit too near Michelle and sits back, reflecting.

DRIVER

Y'know, there was one thing. I felt . . . nah, it's not important.

MICHELLE

What was it?

DRIVER

Well, it was probably just some trash or something, but I do remember going over a kind of . . . well, a bump.

MICHELLE

What?

DRIVER

Well, I didn't think about it too much at the time, but maybe I hit something.

MICHELLE

(upset)

What?! You didn't stop to check?!

She backs away from the vehicle.

DRIVER

Uh, no. I guess I just didn't worry about it then. I had just sold three ice cream sandwiches and I saw a bunch of kids down the street waiting, so I just kept going. Ya always gotta be looking for the next sale in this business.

MICHELLE

(beginning hysteria)

You should have . . . you should have checked! You can't just drive around and not check when you think you hit something. What if it was . . . what if it was an animal and was injured? What if it was a child?

DRIVER

(beat)

Nah, it would have been a bigger bump. Besides, when I looked later there wasn't any damage to the truck, only a smudge - just a bit of gray fuzz or something. So it couldn't of been a kid, okay? And .

. .

END OF CUTTING BETWEEN THE STREET AND THE TRUCK

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Michelle's expression grows more and more horrified and angry. The driver's VOICE FADES as the CAMERA PUSHES IN TO HER FACE.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Ice Cream Truck moves down the street with "POP GOES THE WEASEL" blaring and Michelle running after it, her SCREAMS drowned out by the song. The truck speeds up, leaving Michelle behind in the middle of the road, panting.

The Ice Cream Truck reaches the Boy and Girl down the street - the same two Michelle had spoken to earlier - just as Michelle catches her breath and "POP GOES THE WEASEL" ENDS.

MICHELLE

You asshole!

The Two Children look shocked and angry. Insulting the Ice Cream Man!

Michelle turns on her heels and runs back to her home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle runs in and throws herself on the couch, face in hands. She chokes back a SOB. Then she straightens herself out and picks up the phone. She dials.

MICHELLE

(under her breath)

Please God . . .

(hopeful)

Hello? Yes I called about the missing gray cat . . . no? Okay thank you. I'll call again later.

She puts down the receiver and leans back, choking back another SOB.

MICHELLE

Jake . . .

Exhausted, she clutches the photo tighter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A couple of hours later. Michelle is asleep on the couch, absolutely spent. Suddenly there is a MEOW at the door.

Michelle's eyes open. Disoriented, she looks at the clock. Her eyes widen - it's late. She reaches for the phone.

There is another MEOW. Michelle's eyes snap toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michelle runs to the door and sees Jake through the screen.

MICHELLE

Jake!

She opens the door and scoops him up, hugging him, overjoyed. He PURRS. There are FOOTSTEPS outside.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Michelle looks outside. There's a SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN wearing an apron approaching the porch. Jake struggles a bit so Michelle puts him down. He heads right for his food bowl.

Michelle steps out on the porch, leaving the door open.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

The Slightly Heavy Woman walks onto the porch.

SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN

(puffing slightly)

Is that your cat? Oh, good. I'm so glad he's not a stray.

MICHELLE

Yes, yes he's mine. His name is Jake. Thank you so much for bringing him back.

SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN

Jake? We were calling him Amy.

(offering a hand)

I'm Sarah Morgan from Clayton

Street, a few blocks over. And he brought himself back. When . . . Jake . . . took off a few minutes ago I followed him to make sure he had somewhere to go. We thought he was a stray.

MICHELLE

No, he's mine. Where'd you find him?

SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN

Well . . . er. . . he actually found us. My family. We were grilling fish outside last night, and he came over and begged, and the kids fed him . . .

(MORE)

SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN (cont'd)  
then after dinner, he just walked  
inside our house like he owned the  
place. Moved right in. Couldn't get  
enough attention. Spent the night  
on my daughter's bed.

Michelle's expression has been slowly changing from an  
expression of relief to a mask of hurt.

SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
He didn't have a collar, and we  
just thought he was trying to get  
himself a home with us.

MICHELLE  
(voice cracking)  
It fell off last night - I found it  
in the yard. I was so worried.

The Slightly Heavy Woman finally sees Michelle's expression.

SLIGHTLY HEAVY WOMAN  
Oh, well. I guess he's home now.

The Slightly Heavy Woman and Michelle turn to look inside.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake is wolfing down his food.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle collapses onto the couch. She sits there for a  
moment.

She picks up the frame and looks at the picture of Jake and  
the laughing young Man. She starts to SOB. She SOBS for a  
bit, loudly and fiercely. Then she gets up, holding the  
picture.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle pitches the picture and frame into the garbage.  
Grabbing tissues, she stomps right by Jake, who is still  
eating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Michelle sits on the couch, crying. She buries her head in a  
pillow.

There's a MEOW. Michelle looks up as Jake jumps into her lap.  
He PURRS loudly, rubbing his face against her face.

MICHELLE

Oh, Jake.

More PURRING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Some time later. An exhausted but content Michelle is watching the television. Jake is on her lap. The CAMERA PANS to the table next to the couch - the frame is back. In it is the same photo, but most of it is missing.

Only the piece with Jake remains.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Kitty, kitty . . .

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Toby and Donna

FADE OUT.

INT. WEDDING BANQUET HALL - EARLY EVENING

TOBY, 30, a Ken Doll look-alike, only more plastic, stands in a tux. Next to him, sitting, is DONNA, 22, blonde and happy, in a wedding dress, who stares at him rapturously.

Toby holds a champagne glass, toasting, confident.

TOBY

. . . to my beautiful bride, Donna,  
with whom I hope to make a  
beautiful life . . . in Christ.  
Amen.

A CHORUS OF "AMENS" greets the toast.

Donna blushes and cries.

INT. WEDDING BANQUET HALL - LATER

Toby and Donna dance in the middle of a crowd of WEDDING GUESTS.

DONNA'S DAD, short, bald and stocky, dancing with DONNA'S MOM, an obese woman with dyed red hair, dances close to the happy couple.

DONNA'S DAD  
(to Donna)  
You look beautiful, pumpkin.

DONNA  
(still rapturous)  
Thank you, Dad.

DONNA'S DAD  
Are you happy?

DONNA  
(looking at Toby)  
Yes . . . very.

TOBY  
Sir, I'm going to make her the  
happiest woman in the world.

DONNA'S DAD  
I've no doubt about that, son. Just  
hope your ministry doesn't keep you  
out all night, every night. I know  
you have those community outreach  
programs . . .

TOBY  
I'll find the time.

DONNA'S DAD  
I mean, don't get me wrong. We are  
so proud of you.

DONNA  
We're all so proud.

Donna smiles and hugs her husband. Toby beams.

DONNA'S DAD  
(laughing)  
Marrying a minister - that's a  
guaranteed ticket into heaven,  
right pumpkin?

DONNA'S MOM  
Our little angel.

Donna's Dad puts his arm around his wife.

DONNA'S MOM (CONT'D)  
Just don't forget about us, too.  
We'd love a grandkid . . .  
(MORE)

DONNA'S MOM (CONT'D)  
or four, or five . . . before too  
long. No pressure, though.

Donna's Dad and Mom LAUGH, modestly. Donna blushes. Toby looks suddenly panic-stricken, as the CAMERA ZOOMS IN to his eyes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The camera ZOOMS OUT of Toby's still panic-stricken eyes, to reveal Toby, now in a white undershirt and boxers, sitting on a large bed.

Behind him, in a simple white shift, leaning on a pillow against the headboard, sits Donna. She is holding a small golden cross on a chain around her neck, fidgeting.

As the camera PULLS BACK some more, we see that Toby is holding a St. James Bible, thumbing through a passage.

DONNA  
Sweetie?

TOBY  
(sharply)  
Yes?  
(gentle)  
Yes, honey. I just thought . . . we  
should pray first. Now that we are  
beginning our journey as man and  
wife.

DONNA  
Oh . . . okay. Of course.  
(a beat)  
Is there a . . . a special prayer?  
For this . . . moment?

TOBY  
(preacher-like)  
Honey, every prayer is special, and  
there is a prayer for every  
moment.

DONNA  
Yes, of course, honey.

TOBY  
So let us now hold hands . . .

He takes her hands and guides her out of the bed. Together, they kneel on the floor by the bed, eyes closed. Like children saying their bedtime prayers.

TOBY

(commanding)

Dear Lord . . . Bless us on this joyous occasion, as two of your humble servants celebrate both your holy love and their secular love for each other by sharing their bodies as well as their spirits.

Donna suppresses a slightly bewildered look.

TOBY (CONT'D)

And if this night is to be blessed, indeed, then show us a sign, oh L-

Donna, seeing herself as the sign, throws herself at Toby, kissing him passionately on the lips.

Toby, shocked and a little scared, breaks away. He is breathing heavily, more than a little panic in his eyes. As quickly as it flared, Donna's passion now subsides.

DONNA

We . . . don't have to.

TOBY

What . . . what do you mean?

DONNA

We could . . . wait, you know. I've waited 22 years, another night isn't going to matter.

TOBY

But it's our wedding night!

DONNA

Sweetie . . . I love you and you love me. That's all that matters . . . isn't it?

Toby stares down at the Bible. The he puts it down, crosses himself, and stands, firm with resolution.

TOBY

I'll show you what matters.

Toby walks over to the bedside lamp and switches it off. It's time for him to take charge.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Donna switches the light on, an unhappy look on her face, which she quickly smooths into a dutiful smile.

She is still in her shift, though half under the sheets, and her hair is now a little ruffled and her lipstick a tiny bit smeared.

Behind her, his head turned away, still in his undershirt, and also half under the sheets, lies Toby.

DONNA

(soothing)

It's okay, honey. I'm sure it happens to everyone on their first time.

(beat)

It is your first time, isn't it?

Toby turns, wiping a guilty look from his face as he does so.

TOBY

Of course, you know it is, honey. You've always been the only woman for me.

DONNA

Well, then, we'll just have to be patient.

A sudden idea comes over Donna, and she gives a warm, almost seductive look.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Why don't we cuddle for a bit? Maybe that will work . . .

She smiles at him. Toby hesitates, then gets up.

TOBY

I'm just nervous, you know.

A sudden idea comes over him now, and he strides in a manly fashion to the refrigerator. He opens the door, then turns to Donna, over-eager.

TOBY

Let's get drunk!

Donna's smile fades.

DONNA  
But . . . why?

TOBY  
(excited now)  
I bet it will help!

DONNA  
But . . . I mean . . . is this  
really . . .  
(suddenly helpless)  
Do we have to?

Toby is the minister again now.

TOBY  
Honey, even Jesus drank wine.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The camera PANS OVER a wide assortment of empty small liquor bottles on the bedside table, coming to rest on Donna, her head on a pillow, SNORING.

Toby lies next to her, his eyes closed. Suddenly, he opens them and starts, turning to Donna, unaware. He gathers himself, slowly, then looks at his watch. 11:30.

Toby gets out of bed and walks to the refrigerator. Empty.

He walks to the bedside table and inspects the bottles. Empty.

He leans into Donna.

TOBY  
(whispering)  
Sweetie. Are you asleep?

Donna MUMBLES something, then rolls over.

Toby sits down on the chair, grabs the Bible, opens it to a passage he seems to know well, and begins reading Psalm 86, quietly, to himself. As he reads, we hear his voice, but see the MONTAGE, below.

TOBY (V.O.)  
"Bow down Your ear, O LORD, hear  
me; For I am poor and needy.  
Preserve my life, for I am holy;  
You are my God; Save Your servant  
who trusts in You!  
(MORE)

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

Be merciful to me, O Lord, For I  
cry to You all day long. Rejoice  
the soul of Your servant, For to  
You, O Lord, I lift up my soul. For  
You, Lord, are good, and ready to  
forgive, And abundant in mercy to  
all those who call upon You. Oh,  
turn to me, and have mercy on me!  
Give Your strength to Your servant,  
And save the son of Your  
maidservant. Show me a sign for  
good, That those who hate me may  
see it and be ashamed, Because You,  
Lord, have helped me and comforted  
me."

MONTAGE:

- Toby walks back and forth in front of the bed.
- Toby checks his watch: 11:40.
- Toby drains a last drop from a liquor bottle.
- Toby sits next to Donna, staring intently, with his hand down his boxers, fishing around, apparently trying to masturbate.
- Toby walks back and forth in front of the bed.
- Toby checks his watch: 11:55.
- Toby drains a drop from another bottle.
- Toby tries to masturbate some more.
- Toby walks back and forth some more.
- Toby checks his watch: 12:20.
- Toby holds three bottles in his mouth, his head tilted back, willing more alcohol.
- Toby pulls his hand from his pants. Nothing at all. He buries his head in his hands and cries.

END MONTAGE

The Bible closes.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT.

A dimly lit, wood-paneled bar off the hotel lobby. A middle-aged BARTENDER is wiping the counter.

At one end of the bar sits a good-looking EXECUTIVE with graying temples. He is reading the Wall Street Journal and sipping a scotch. The clock above the bar reads 12:35.

Toby walks in, dressed in his tux, sans bow tie.

He sits at the bar, looking around. He and the graying Executive exchange nods. Toby turns to the Bartender.

TOBY

I'd like a glass of red wine,  
please.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry, sir, but last call was  
at 12:30.

The Bartender jerks his head up at the clock. Toby looks up and SIGHS. The Executive watches him. Toby starts to get up, then leans into the Bartender.

TOBY

Look . . . I just got married today  
. . . and, well, my wife and I are  
having a little, you know, party .  
. . could I get something to go?

The Bartender looks down at Toby's wedding band and raises an eyebrow.

BARTENDER

But you were just ordering a drink  
for yourself a minute ago.

Toby leans in closer.

TOBY

Please?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Toby walks into the room, an open bottle of red wine in his hand. He closes the door, gently, and walks over to the bed.

Donna is still asleep.

Toby walks to a chair opposite the bed and slumps, dejected. He takes a swig straight from the bottle, then reaches inside his pants, looking at Donna as he does so.

He starts to cry.

INT. HOTEL GYM ENTRANCE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Toby, dressed in shorts, his undershirt and sneakers, stumbles towards the door to the gym, down a brightly lit hallway. A sign on the door reads "Open All Night." He pushes the door open and goes in.

INT. HOTEL GYM - SAME

Toby stands in the middle of a brightly lit hotel gymnasium, empty except for him. Toby is doing bicep curls with a large barbell. The veins in his arms are bulging. His face is red. As he pumps iron he repeats, under his breath, the following:

TOBY

Lord, show me a sign.  
Come on, Lord, show me sign . . .

Suddenly, a male voice cuts through his muttering and grunting.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

My, my . . . I thought this place  
would be empty now . . .

Toby, startled, turns around. Standing in the door to the gym, in a hot tank top and shorts, is the Executive from the bar. He is not bad for an old guy. Not bad at all. Looks like he could give George Clooney a run for the money.

EXECUTIVE

Oh, don't mind me.

The man smiles slyly at Toby.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

(slick)

How was the party with your wife?  
Over so soon?

Toby starts to come out of his stupor. His cheeks are flushed red, and he tries a little too hard to look the other man in the face.

TOBY

I'm . . . sorry?

EXECUTIVE

You know . . .? At the bar? You .  
. . oh, never mind.

The Executive shakes his head.

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

I'm just going to the sauna.

The man crosses the gym to a door marked "Sauna." As he gets there he turns and looks directly at Toby.

EXECUTIVE

You should check it out. It's a very hot sauna.

The man smiles and walks through the door.

Toby stands, still holding the barbell.

Slowly, he puts it down and walks over to the bench press machine. As he walks, he winces, stops, and feels his crotch. Wake-y wake-y . . . He jerks his hand back up and looks around. No one has seen him. Phew!

Toby looks up to heaven. A sign?

The clock in the gym reads 1:15.

INT. HOTEL GYM - LATER

The clock in the gym reads 1:30.

Toby is on the leg press machine, straining to lift an alarmingly large pile of weights. Just. One. Last. One!

He lets the weights fall and lies on the chair prone, his eyes closed.

He opens his eyes and looks up at the sauna door.

The gym is still empty.

And Toby is horny. He has a raging hard-on that he can barely keep from touching.

Toby gets up. His body is pumped up. His libido is pumped up. He walks to the sauna door, opens it, and goes through.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Donna lies asleep in bed.

The bedside clock reads 5:45.

As she SNORES, the door opens, O.S., with a soft CLICK.

Toby walks up to the bed. His earlier tension is gone. He leans into Donna and kisses her forehead.



DONNA'S MOM  
Paris, France. Imagine!

A beat. Everyone looks around awkwardly for a minute.

DONNA'S DAD  
You'll go back to work in, what,  
two weeks?

Toby stares, frozen, off to another table, where the Executive sits, looking right at him.

DONNA'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Toby?

The Executive nods at Toby, understanding the situation. Toby zeroes back into Donna's Dad, all business.

TOBY  
Oh. Yes?

DONNA'S DAD  
I asked you if you're going back to  
work right away after the  
Honeymoon?

TOBY  
Well, you know, we do have another  
minister watching the flock while  
we're gone, and he's quite good, so  
Donna and I don't feel any pressure  
to rush back.

DONNA'S MOM  
Paris, France. The city of love.  
Remember . . .

Donna's mother leans in, grabbing both Toby's and Donna's hands.

DONNA'S MOM (CONT'D)  
. . . grandchildren.

Donna blushes. Toby catches himself in the middle of a wince. Donna's Mom and Donna's Dad lean back, GIGGLING conspiratorially.

Donna leans in to Toby.

DONNA  
(whispering)  
About last night. Did we . . .  
(MORE)

DONNA (cont'd)

(beat)

. . . get a sign?

Toby looks up as a young hot WAITER leans in to pour water, separating Toby and Donna for a moment.

Toby and the Waiter make eye contact. Just for a second. Then the Waiter goes back to pouring.

Toby turns to Donna.

TOBY

(whispering)

Yes, honey, we got a sign.

Donna glows.

DONNA'S DAD

So, Toby, before you go, I've been meaning to ask you some questions I had about your sermon last week and how . . .

As Donna's Dad PRATTLES ON, Toby watches, out of the corner of his eye, the ass of the Waiter as he walks away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: Rachel and Ted

FADE OUT.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT - EVENING

It is dark. Very little can be seen besides the view through the window - the Manhattan skyline lit up at night. Just a little bit of the Hudson River can be seen, below the fading colors of a dying sunset. The apartment - filled with tasteful furniture, artwork, and decorations - grows darker with every passing second until it is almost completely black.

On the couch is the silhouette of a lone figure - RACHEL, although in the dark it is hard to tell if it's a man or a woman. She barely moves, but there is a small twinkle as her wine glass refracts some light from the world outside the window.

The sounds of KEYS RATTLING and A LOCK OPENING break the silence. The front door of the apartment WHINES open, spreading a growing shaft of light across the room. The light stops short of Rachel on the couch.

A beat. Then a silhouette of BRIAN is visible in the doorway, some papers in hand. He pauses for a second, then starts to enter.

RACHEL

Ted?

Brian jumps. He turns his head towards the couch.

BRIAN

Rachel?

RACHEL

You're not Ted.

She lifts the wine glass to her lips and takes a sip.

BRIAN

No. It's Brian.

(a beat)

I'm sorry Rachel. Rachel's silhouette shrugs.

BRIAN

I actually didn't know you'd be here. Ted said you were going to be visiting friends. In California. That you needed to get away since-

Rachel's BITTER LAUGHTER cuts him off, and continues for too long. There's a beat.

RACHEL

Well, I'm here.

(taking a sip)

Not gonna make it easy for the bastard. Or his little followers.

BRIAN

Rach . . .

He pauses, uncertain.

RACHEL

What. Brian.

BRIAN

Rachel, can I turn on a light? I can't really see you, and it would be easier . . .

Rachel LAUGHS again. It is followed by a CLICK, and a lamp turns on. Rachel, 32 with a trim figure and circles under her eyes, withdraws her hand from the lamp.

RACHEL  
Easier now?

She takes a sip of her glass of red wine.

Brian walks away from the doorway and into Rachel's lamp-light. He is about her age, tall, well built, and appears to be very uncomfortable. He squints in the light.

BRIAN  
(with a half-hearted grin)  
Not really, under the  
circumstances. But thank you.  
(clearing his throat)  
It's good to see you. You look . .  
. you look good. Rachel CHUCKLES  
bitterly.

RACHEL  
You mean for someone who's just  
been dumped and had her entire life  
go up in smoke. Go ahead and say it  
- I look like shit.

BRIAN  
No. You always look good. Silence.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
I really am sorry about this,  
Rachel. You have no idea. More  
silence.

RACHEL  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, I'll bet. Save it. Even more  
silence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(making amends)  
Want a glass of wine while you're  
waiting?

Brian shakes his head. Rachel glances at the doorway, takes a sip from her glass, and studies the remaining wine.

RACHEL  
So when is he supposed to come and  
meet you? He's always late, you  
know.

BRIAN  
Yeah, he is.

They almost share an affectionate laugh. But then they remember the situation. Their smiles fall away.

BRIAN  
He's not coming.  
(glancing at the door)  
Just me and the movers.

He indicates the papers in his hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
He gave me a list. Of his things.

RACHEL  
(laughing bitterly)  
Ha! Good ol' Ted.

FOOTSTEPS and the SQUEAKING OF WHEELS in the hall cause Rachel and Brian to look towards the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Hello?

BRIAN  
In here.  
(turning to Rachel)  
The movers.

RACHEL  
The super will never allow you to move at night. This building is very strict. You can only move between nine and five.

Brian looks at the floor, then at Rachel.

BRIAN  
Ted fixed it up with the super. And the management.

RACHEL  
(smiling faintly)  
Of course he did. Silence.

Two wiry dark-haired men - MOVER #1 and MOVER #2 - show up in the doorway, both pulling carts. They are wearing black t-shirts with "Moses Moving" written on the front. Brian turns to them.

BRIAN

Hi . . . just hold on one sec and I'll be with you. He turns back to Rachel.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to supervise this? You're welcome to. He gave me a pretty detailed list, but . . . you can keep an eye on things to make sure they don't take any of your stuff accidentally.

Rachel looks back at him, expressionless.

BRIAN

Rachel? Or you can leave if you like. Whatever you-

RACHEL

I'll just stay here. Most of it is his shit anyway. When we moved in together I put a few things in storage, but I got rid of most of my stuff. Ted preferred his own furniture. He said it was nicer.

She curls up in the corner of the couch and looks back at the window, turning her head away from Brian. Even from her profile he can tell her eyes are filled with tears.

BRIAN

We'll start in the bedrooms then.  
(pause)  
I'm sorry.

RACHEL

(sarcastic)  
Right.  
(without turning)  
He already took his clothes out of the closet. The brown dresser is mine, and the framed photos on the wall. The bed and everything else is his. Everything in the guest room except the lamp and the night table is his.  
(glancing at him)  
Oh, and the miniature animals. Those are mine. The case is his.

She turns back to the window. Brian opens his mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. Instead, he just nods.

BRIAN  
(to the movers)  
We'll start in here.

He points towards a hall off to the side. Mover #1 and Mover #2 leave their carts in the hall and head for the bedroom.

Brian looks back at Rachel, who hasn't moved. Then he follows the movers down the hall, flicking on a hall light switch.

Rachel looks towards the new pool of light coming from the hall. Then she turns back to the window.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT - LATER

A small bedroom. There is a breeze blowing the curtains on the window.

Brian opens the door and takes a look around. He tries to find a light switch on the wall, but without success. He can make out the form of the lamp and night table on the other side of the room. On the other side of the bed that is no longer there.

Noticing the curtains, Brian walks towards the window. There is the sound of GLASS BREAKING. Brian freezes, then backs away. He carefully walks towards the lamp and finds its switch.

The lamp comes on with a CLICK. Robbed of their case, numerous small animals made of glass, china, stone and wood are set up on the floor, twinkling in the light.

Brian walks over to the edge of the collection, where a glass horse lies broken in half on the floor. With a grimace, he picks up the pieces.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT - SAME

Rachel seems to be in the same position on the couch, staring out the window. The CAMERA RACK FOCUSES as Brian walks in, carrying the remains of the glass horse. He CLEARS HIS THROAT. Behind him, Mover #1 walks out the front door with a dinning room chair.

BRIAN  
Rachel?

She turns her head towards him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Rachel, I'm sorry, I knocked this over. It wasn't the movers, it was me.

Rachel shrugs. Mover #1 comes back into the apartment and walks O.S.

RACHEL

It's okay. He gave me that one. It isn't very expensive. He didn't know I knew that. But I liked it. Now . . .

She shrugs again and turns back to the window.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You can throw it out. There's a trash can over there.

BRIAN

I'm really sorry.

RACHEL

It's just glass.

Brian dumps the glass in the can and turns to leave. Mover #2 comes through holding a large glass vase.

RACHEL

Wait - that's mine. He bought it for me when we were in Italy.

(lost in a memory)

I carried it back on the plane and everything. Ted thought I was crazy, but I loved it so much it was worth the effort. Something about the color and shape.

BRIAN

I'm sorry. It was on the list. Rachel looks at her wine glass.

RACHEL

I see.

She smiles a humorless smile.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It was expensive.

BRIAN

(to Mover #2)

Leave it.

(to Rachel)

I'll just tell him we couldn't find it. You keep it. Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

Never mind.

Mover #2 looks a bit uncertain but exits with it.

BRIAN

Anyway, I'm sorry about the horse.

He turns to leave.

RACHEL

Did he ever tell you how we met? It was a fund-raiser for the museum. We were on the roof. All the city lights in the background.

(sighing)

Very romantic. Very city romantic.

Did he ever tell you about it?

(with a bitter laugh)

Guys probably don't talk about that crap.

Brian hesitates.

BRIAN

Actually . . . I was there. Rachel turns to him, confused.

RACHEL

You were? How come . . . I don't remember. How embarrassing. I didn't have much to drink. I'm sorry, Brian. Brian smiles.

BRIAN

Oh, we weren't introduced . . . don't worry.

(pausing)

But you and I . . . we actually met first.

RACHEL

We did?

BRIAN

Yes. When you walked in you dropped your shawl and I-

RACHEL

You picked it up for me. That's right.

She looks at him, as if for the first time.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That was you.

BRIAN

I said, "miss-"

RACHEL

"You dropped your shawl. It's not really my color, and it looks much prettier on you." Brian LAUGHS self-consciously.

BRIAN

It's all I could think of. Pretty stupid line, wasn't it?

RACHEL

You had a nice smile. You brushed the shawl off, and handed it back to me.

(frowning)

Then you excused yourself and walked away. I remember . . . you know . . .

(a beat)

To be honest, I was disappointed.

Brian smiles.

BRIAN

Ted had already headed to the bar, and I had to catch up with him. You know what he's like - hates to wait.

He stops, looking at the pieces of glass in his hands.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I . . . I did try to find you later. To introduce myself. But by the time I found you . . . you were already talking to Ted.

(smiling)

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Guess he's always been better with the pick up lines.

(shrugging)

I had to get to work early the next day, and I didn't want to interrupt. So I just left. He shrugs again.

Mover #2 comes through with another chair and heads out the door. Brian and Rachel watch him go.

BRIAN

I better see how they're doing in the kitchen. They're probably done with the dining room.

Rachel nods, looking at the remaining wine in her glass as Mover #2 walks back in and heads O.S. A beat.

RACHEL

The blue dishes and the pots are mine. Everything else is his. Even this glass. Here.

She goes to hand the glass to Brian but lets it go too early. The remaining red wine spills on the couch and the glass SHATTERS on the floor.

RACHEL

Ooops.

BRIAN

I'm sorry if I . . .

RACHEL

Oh, don't worry. The couch is his, too.

Brian looks at her suspiciously. Her expression is unreadable. Then he smiles and shakes his head.

Mover #1 and Mover #2 walk through with a dining room table wrapped in blankets and exit out the front door.

BRIAN

Don't move - I'll get something to pick up the glass. It's all over.

Rachel nods and backs away, then turns to the window. Brian grabs the trash can and brings it over to the glass on the floor. He looks around for tissues or paper to use. But there's nothing.

Studying the glass on the floor, Brian gingerly picks up a piece and throws it in the can. He reaches for another piece but grabs it the wrong way and cuts himself. There is a sound of BREAKING GLASS as he drops the piece and puts his finger in his mouth.

BRIAN

Hmmm!

Rachel turns around.

RACHEL

Are you okay?

BRIAN

(finger in mouth)

Yesh. Jes cut myself a lil.

RACHEL

Let me see.

BRIAN

-m fine. Careful of the glass.

Rachel walks over to the sideboard and opens a drawer. She takes out a white linen napkin and comes over to Brian.

RACHEL

Let me see it . . .

Brian takes his finger out of his mouth and shows her. She starts to wrap the finger with the napkin.

BRIAN

Don't use the napkin, it's too-

RACHEL

Oh, don't worry. It's Ted's.

She grins. Brian grins back as she wraps the finger.

Mover #1 and Mover #2 walk in.

MOVER #1

What in the kitchen goes?

Rachel and Brian's grins fade. Brian looks at Rachel. She turns away.

BRIAN

I'll go help . . . then I'll clean this up.

He hesitates, then exits towards the dining room. Rachel sits on the couch. After a moment, she starts to SOB.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT - LATER

Rachel is lying on the couch, having cried herself to sleep. Behind her, the window seems lighter - somewhere, the sun is rising.

Brian enters quietly carrying paper towels, his finger still wrapped in the linen napkin. He carefully uses the paper towels to wipe up the shards of glass and throws them in the trash can.

As he finishes Mover #1 enters. Brian turns, nods to him, and motions for him to wait a moment.

BRIAN

Rachel?

Rachel doesn't stir.

BRIAN

Rachel . . . Her eyes open.

BRIAN

Sorry . . . they're ready to do the living room. Do you want to go somewhere else?

RACHEL

(groggy)

No, no. I'll stay.

Mover #2 enters. Both movers look at Brian.

BRIAN

What stays?

RACHEL

Hmm . . . just the clock over there, and the phone. And

the books on the bottom two shelves.

The stereo system and TV stuff are

all his.

Mover #1 and Mover #2 nod. Mover #1 grabs a small antique chair.

RACHEL

Wait . . . except for that. That was my grandmother's.

She gets up and walks over to it. She picks it up and carries it to the corner, next to the window.

RACHEL

I'll just sit here . . . out of the way.

She sits as Mover #1 and Mover #2 grab some boxes.

BRIAN

Um, everything but the phone, clock, and the books on those shelves, okay? I'll be back in a sec.

Both Movers nod. Rachel watches as they start packing books.

RACHEL

Where are you from?

MOVER #1

We're from Israel. But now we live in Queens.

RACHEL

The movers we used when we moved in were Israeli too.

MOVER #2

Several of the moving companies in this city are.

RACHEL

Hmm . . . that's odd.

MOVER #1

(smiling)

Not really. Us Jews are used to moving.

Mover #2 LAUGHS. Rachel manages to crack a smile.

MOVER #2

Miss . . . we're sorry. None of our business, but . . .

He shrugs. Mover #1 elbows him to shut up, but Rachel smiles at him.

RACHEL

Thanks.

She turns back to the window. Her shoulders shake as she starts to cry, silently.

Brian walks in and sees her. But he remains silent. What can you say?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

It's a bit lighter now, although there is still no direct sun. There are a couple of neat piles of books on the floor. The phone and clock are also on the floor. As are a few dust bunnies. Pretty much everything else is gone.

Rachel sits on the chair in the corner, hugging her legs to her chest and staring out the window.

Brian enters.

BRIAN

Well, I guess we're done.

Rachel nods, and wipes her eyes on her sleeve.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you . . . are you going to be okay?

Rachel nods again and smiles ruefully.

RACHEL

If Ted can handle this, I can. I'm sure he's not worrying about any of this, is he?

BRIAN

I don't really know. Rachel, I . . . well, ever since he told me what was happening, we haven't been talking. I- He stops for a moment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I didn't like what he was doing. What he did to you. For what it's worth. Yesterday when he called me to do this - that's the first time we've talked in weeks.

(soberly)

I don't think we'll ever really be friends again.

(forcefully)

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

He's too much of a shit. He looks at her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you'll be all right? She forces a smile.

RACHEL

Don't worry. I'm a big girl. Brian forces a smile back.

BRIAN

I know. But if you need anything-

RACHEL

I'm fine.

Brian nods. He turns as if to leave, hesitates, then walks over to Rachel. He leans down and kisses her on the forehead.

BRIAN

Take care, okay?

A bit surprised, Rachel nods. Brian walks towards the door, and Rachel gets up.

RACHEL

Brian?

Brian turns to her. A beat.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I wish it had been you. That night at the museum. I wish you had found me again. Before he did.

(shrugging)

For what it's worth. Brian nods. There is a pause.

Then Rachel walks up to him, stands on her toes, and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

RACHEL

I'm going to go clean myself up a bit.

She starts to walk out but stops and turns around.

RACHEL

Thank you.

She exits. Brian watches her go. A door CLOSES O.S.

INT. BATHROOM OF HIGH RISE APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

It's pretty empty - no shower curtain and very few towels. Rachel finishes splashing water on her face and reaches for a towel that isn't there. With a wry smile she grabs a hand towel and pats her face dry.

The front door closes O.S. with a CLICK. Rachel turns towards the sound, then turns back to the mirror. She takes a few deep breaths, then reluctantly opens the door and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF A HIGH RISE APARTMENT - SAME

It's much lighter now. There is a pool of direct sunlight in the corner. Rachel walks in - then freezes.

In the center of the room is the glass vase - the one from Italy. Without taking a second look, Rachel starts to run to the front door.

RACHEL  
(calling out)  
Brian, you forgot . . .

She stops by the vase - she can now see a piece of paper on the floor beside it.

She walks over, reaches down, and grabs the paper. She looks at it.

INSERT - THE NOTE

"BRIAN 646 555-1435 . . . IN CASE  
YOU DON'T HAVE IT"

And below it:

"WHEN YOU'RE READY - SECOND  
CHANCE?"

BACK TO RACHEL

Rachel smiles. She picks up the vase carefully and walks to the chair by the window and sits.

Hugging the vase to her chest Rachel rereads the note, the light from the sunrise crosses the floor until she, too, is lit from the outside . . . and within.

AS Rachel sits there we see flashes of the following:

## MONTAGE:

- Peter waking up in a pile of Cathy's clothes. Alone.
- Cathy, crying, in the car with Monroe.
- Marcy putting down the phone, looking like she's been up all night worrying about Fred.
- A triumphant Fred being picked up by the car service at the Verrazano Bridge.
- Carol behind bars, in a drunk tank.
- Richard pouring all the alcohol in the apartment down the sink.
- Tim in the bushes looking for the ring and SCREAMING.
- Liz talking to the HOT TOW TRUCK DRIVER who's being very attentive and sweet.
- Carmela and Thomas having sex in a loving way in their bedroom - with stuffed animals all around them.
- Michelle waking up in bed with Jake licking her face. On the floor is a dead bird.
- Donna and Donna's Mom and Dad talking and looking at Toby fondly while Toby pays the bill - and slips his business card to the waiter with a knowing wink.
- Brian giving the moving truck a tap to send them off and walking away with a spring in his step.

## END MONTAGE

We return to Rachel, who hugs the note to her chest. The sunlight increases in intensity until we BLOW OUT TO WHITE.

FADE OUT.

## CREDITS

THE END