

CUPID

"Botched Makeover"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

1

The GROUP listens attentively while TOM CAIGHNE, gorgeous in a former Phi Delt rush captain sort of way, speaks. PRISCILLA and other female group members are getting a little misty. The guys listen to this with a bit more skepticism.

TOM

... She was always saying how she wanted a yellow lab puppy. She even had a name picked out -- Barnaby. And I thought, you know, what a great three-months-of-dating gift. So I show up to her house. I knock...

(beat, this is difficult)

... and her ex-boyfriend answers in a towel.

Priscilla shakes her head: "that evil bitch." CLAIRE'S expression tells us she may not be buying this.

TOM

It was just so... post-sex. You know?
(he pauses dramatically)
Barnaby's seventy pounds now, and I know my apartment isn't a great place for him. But what can I do? I love the guy.

(shrugs)

I guess I'm just afraid to get back out there... afraid of getting hurt.

Sympathetic female faces. Except for previously unknown group member DAPHNE. She's pissed.

DAPHNE

I'm sorry, but I can't take this anymore. That is the biggest, heaviest, densest load of crap I have ever heard.

Audible GASPS from the group. TREVOR'S eyes flicker.

CLAIRE

Uh, Daphne, we've talked about "respectful listening..."

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DAPHNE

I listened respectfully when he told me he couldn't wait for me to meet his parents. We saw each other every night for a week. After I slept with him, I never heard from him again.

TOM

(as if this makes it all right)
I just didn't feel a connection. I kind of thought we were on the same page about that.

("admitting" his mistake)
We probably should've talked --

Daphne looks like she's about to blow a gasket. Claire tries to interject, but a shy woman, VELMA, speaks up.

VELMA

He made me a treasure map leading to two tickets to "La Boheme." He said I was his destiny. The next morning, I woke up alone.

TOM

(hates to bring this up, but...)
If you hadn't snored --

VELMA

Snored!?

Reactions from the group: this is getting interesting. Trevor's reaction is enigmatic. A new voice --

VERONICA

He told me he was looking for commitment. Lucky I noticed in time that his video tapes were labeled "Gina, August 15" and "Sabrina, October 31..."

Tom's reaction says he can't believe this is happening to him.

LAURENCE

(to Mike, incredulous)
The man got himself a witch on Halloween.

VERONICA

Oh yeah... And I didn't see any seventy pound dog.

Tom starts to protest his innocence; Claire's heard enough.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2) 1

CLAIRE

Tom, it's pretty clear what's going on here. You have some real issues with women that I think we could work on in a private session. In the meantime, your presence here is a distraction. I'm afraid I have to ask you to leave.

Tom scans the room. Decides there's no option, but he's resentful, as if he genuinely doesn't think he should be asked to leave.

TOM

(never in a million years)
I'll call in and book that appointment right away, Dr. Allen.
(to the group)
It's been real.

Tom heads toward the door. Trevor puts his arm around him. Claire gives them a quizzical look. WE HEAR Claire's first couple of lines to the group as Trevor and Tom EXIT.

CLAIRE

We've talked before about the dangers of dating members within the group. I really suggest a lengthy getting-to-know-you period if you decide to --

2 INT. SESSIONS ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 2

Trevor escorts Tom out. Claire's voice fades.

TREVOR

So she threw you out. That's cold, my friend...

TOM

Yeah, that is one frigid --

TREVOR

(loaded with irony)
Yeah, what was she thinking -- you being such a swell guy and all.

Tom clues in. Trevor is NOT commiserating. Trevor's pissed.

TOM

Weren't you the guy who rushed to the defense of nude twister last week?

*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

TREVOR

Hey, Don Juan. Pay attention.

Tom does as he's told.

TREVOR (cont'd)

My problem isn't with the sex. My problem is that you're not a very nice guy. And guys like you just make my mission harder.

Tom sneers and tries to walk away. Trevor grabs him by the arm and pulls him back. *

TREVOR (cont'd) *

Consider yourself lucky that an assault conviction would probably land me back in an asylum. *

Tom wants to laugh that off. In fact, he may even get the first notes of a chuckle out, but Trevor's dead serious expression cuts it off. Suddenly, Tom's not so sure Trevor is exaggerating.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY (THE ONE NEXT TO THE STUDIO) 3

GUNSHOTS. Then tight on a wounded western-dressed, though thoroughly modern, sexy and masculine police detective, SUNSET. He pants as BULLETS RIDDLE the side of the building around him.

CHAMP (O.S.)

Brother, you are in some serious jelly
this time.

Sunset turns. His expression registers shock, then fear.

SUNSET

Cohen?

CHAMP emerges from a cloud of black smoke, an apparition on the mean streets of Chicago, immune to the flying bullets.

CHAMP (COHEN)

Prior to my untimely demise, your hands
didn't shake.

SUNSET (cont'd)

(w/genuine Don Johnson angst)
Cohen? But you're dead. Your wife got
the folded flag, 'cuz I didn't cover your
back.

CHAMP (COHEN)

I'm wearing the chalk outline 'cuz some
skell carved out my heart. No blemish on
your conscience.

SUNSET

(hopefully)
On the line?

The fog machine kicks into overdrive and rookie detective Cohen begins to fade into the urban landscape.

CHAMP (COHEN)

I'm tellin' it straight. Just get that
junkie who ended me. Make 'em pay,
Sunset. Make 'em pay!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Sunset, now determined, grits his teeth, counts to three to himself, then darts from behind the cover of the building, firing away like Butch or Sundance.

ROGER

Cut!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a working film set. A crew is busy filming the (CBS-esque) prime time cop show "Sunset and Vaughn." Executive producer ROGER PYTKA, wearing a battered "Sunset and Vaughn" baseball cap, directs.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

ROGER (cont'd)

That's Champ TerROSS' last shot in the movie. Let's break for lunch.

Cast and crew give Champ sporadic applause and begin heading for the catering truck. REVEAL a bored Trevor watching the scene. Champ approaches.

TREVOR

(imitating/mocking Champ)
Make 'em pay, Sunset. Make 'em pay!

CHAMP

You wanted to see how television is made.

TREVOR

If I ask how paint dries, let me die curious. "Die" being, of course, hyperbole.

(gesturing to himself)
Immortal -- just a reminder.

CHAMP

(having fun with Trevor)
Hey, I've got the afternoon free. Let's test that immortality out. We've got some very tall buildings in Chicago. I could push you off...

Trevor takes Champ by the shoulders, looks deep in his eyes and feigns sincerity.

TREVOR

Your lack of faith disheartens me.

CHAMP

My roommate is the god of love exiled to earth until he matches a hundred couples. What's there not to believe?

TREVOR

Look on the bright side, everyone has roommate problems -- playing the stereo too loud, using up all the hot water -- at least your roommate problems are interesting.

CHAMP

But you also use up all the hot water.

TREVOR

Hey, cleanliness is next to me-liness.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3) 3

CHAMP
(sighing)
Let me sign out, so we can get out of
here.

Trevor follows Champ into the offices.

4 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS' ROOM - DAY 4

The writing staff of "Sunset and Vaughn." Attractive and overtly sexy KIM BRABER, JOSH BAERWALD, cute in a nebbish sort of way, and two anonymous male writers toss ideas around a table. Frumpy, dowdy, orthopedic shoe-wearing writer's assistant KRISTY HOLBROOK hands out the writers' Chinese food lunches. Kristy is effectively invisible to the men in the room. Kim, on the other hand, inspires lust. Roger enters, harried.

ROGER
What've you got for me? Whose gonna tell
me what makes the perp crack.

The writers exchange nervous looks. Apparently they have nothing.

JOSH
I was thinking, how 'bout we find out the
perp's mother's gonna have to leave her
old folks home --

KIM
"Now for a very special 'Sunset and
Vaughn...'"

JOSH
All right, they're interrogating the guy
and Sunset just loses it...
(demonstrating)
... starts punching the perp like a -- *

ROGER
Seen it. People. Focus. What makes the
perp crack?

Kristy, who has been listening intently, speaks under her breath as she hands Josh his copy.

KRISTY
He could be diabetic.

4 CONTINUED:

4

JOSH

Kristy, say that louder.

The writers turn to Kristy expectantly, except Kim who's annoyed. They wait, but Kristy doesn't speak.

ROGER

What is it, Kristy?

KRISTY

What if they don't know the perp's diabetic --

KIM

(amused by Kristy's audacity)
Assistants say the darndest things...

KRISTY

So they starve him out, and then when they realize --

KIM

(no longer amused)
Some defacto torture at the hands of our two leads?
(facetiously)
Network'll love that.

ROGER

Not bad, I'm not quite sure I buy it.
Here's what I want: everybody go back and write the scene. At the end of the week, we shoot the best one.

Writers begin to rise.

JOSH

(to Kristy, encouraging)
See? "Not bad."

ROGER

And Josh. Make it good this time.

Josh sighs. He's clearly not having a banner season.

ROGER

Good work, Kristy.

Kim's none too happy to see Kristy getting attention.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

KIM

Oh, Kristy, could you take my dogs out for a walk? You know where I keep the plastic bags...

Kristy nods. She's been put in her place.

5 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 5

Kim, holding leashes, catches up to Kristy. A FLOWER DELIVERY BOY approaches. WE STAY on the back of his head.

KIM

At least ten minutes of fetch this time...

Kristy signs for the daisies. Kim peers slyly over the clipboard.

KIM

From your "cousin" again?

KRISTY

No -- no, I ordered them. For my desk...

KIM

(stage whisper)
You should really pick them up at the shop next time. Otherwise people might think it's a little... desperate.

She smiles like she's just told Kristy soda works on stains.

KIM (cont'd)

I don't mean to embarrass you, I just don't want the others to think you're pretending to have a boyfriend.

Kim walks off. Kristy looks at the flowers sadly. PULL BACK to REVEAL Trevor. He's heard the whole conversation.

TREVOR

I send myself flowers all the time. Makes me feel pretty.

Kristy's too close to losing it to care who she's talking to.

KRISTY

I just thought maybe they'd cheer me up.

TREVOR

And I see it's worked like a charm.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

Kristy laughs in spite of herself. Champ enters, ticked.

CHAMP
Trevor, I told you to wait for me by the
reception desk.

TREVOR
(ignoring Champ)
Hey, listen. I run a singles group.

Champ can't believe Trevor just said that.

TREVOR (cont'd)
You oughta stop by, I think we could hook
you up. What's your name?

KRISTY
(bewildered)
Kristy.

Champ hauls Trevor out of the room.

TREVOR
I'll call with details. And I say you
take those flowers and ram 'em up that
woman's --

But Champ's got Trevor out the door before he can finish.

6 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS 6

As Champ attempts to lead Trevor out of the building, we
discover the vilest bunch of character actors ever assembled.
WE SEE pages marked "Lousy Perp Scene" hanging from the wall.

TREVOR
What's this?

CHAMP
Actors' purgatory. They're waiting to
audition.

TREVOR
For what? Sleazebags?

A few of the actors look up, only mildly offended.

TREVOR (cont'd)
I could be a sleazebag.

CHAMP
Could be?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

Trevor takes a copy of the sides and approaches a brutish looking actor nearby.

TREVOR
Wanna run lines?

Champ grabs him by the arm.

TREVOR (cont'd)
That's right. Rough me up, it'll be more authentic --

CHAMP
Trevor, acting is not a hobby. People train years to --

TREVOR
Play a convincing sleazebag? Did I mention I could be a smidge late on the rent this month?

Champ sighs and takes a seat.

BEGIN MONTAGE

of Trevor memorizing lines theatrically in the reception.

7 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY (TIME CUT) 7

Sleazy actors have dwindled.

8 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY (TIME CUT) 8

Only a couple actors left.

9 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY (TIME CUT) 9

Only Trevor is left.

END MONTAGE.

10 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS' ROOM - DAY 10

CLOSE - TREVOR

performing with a capital P. This guy is emoting! He's playing Lousy Perp and he needs his junk.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)
C'mon, Enrique, I need some candy. And
you're the Candy Man.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

REVEAL ROGER, KIM & JOSH

observing Trevor from behind a desk. Kim starts to speak, but Trevor cuts her off with a bit of improvisation. (No singing.)

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)

Who can take a bent spoon? Hold it to the flame? Enrique can. Enrique can... that's who.

They are agog. Kim blinks, remembers that she's reading with him. She reads the part of Enrique with a complete lack of intonation -- an actor's worst nightmare.

KIM

Watchoo doin' here? Doncha know you is hot. The thin blue line is onto you, man. And you lead 'em here? To Enrique's?

The flatness of Kim's reading throws Trevor for a moment, but he recovers in style.

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)

So you want me out there? On the street? Why doncha save the cops the time and put a gun to my head your gutless self.
(getting in Enrique's face)
Boys in blue hassle you, my brother, invade your business affairs, I take care of your problem. You owe me. You owe me.

Kim, Roger and Josh shoot each other looks. This is the guy.

11 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY 11

Trevor is now being led back by Roger, Kim and Josh.

KIM

What kind of training did you get in Europe?

TREVOR

Classical.

ROGER

It shows.

Champ simply can't believe what he's hearing. Trevor grabs Champ and pushes him toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

TREVOR

You are looking at one breadwinning
thespian.

CHAMP

All hail the conquering sleazebag. For a
crazy person, you got a hell of a lot of
luck. *

TREVOR

Help me get this straight jacket off,
I'll buy you a lottery ticket. *

12 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT 12

Group session. All the regulars. MIKE holds up Claire's
column. Then, dubiously...

MIKE

Claire, were you serious about this
week's column?

VERONICA

(dry, to Claire, aimed at Mike)
Or was it an elaborate practical joke?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CLAIRE

Veronica, please.
(to Mike)
Something you didn't like?

MIKE

This "we're seeing the return of traditional courting methods." Honestly, Claire, I'm just getting the hang of the modern techniques.

CLAIRE

Everything's cyclical, Mike. We've gone through a period in which singles go out in groups, dance in groups, vacation in groups. People no longer date. They "hook up."

LAURENCE

And that's bad?

CLAIRE

It's not bad or good. But, what worked for us in our teens and twenties, doesn't hold up as well, especially for women, when we're facing our thirties. We begin to want more structure.

TREVOR

Claire, you wanted more structure in the womb.

CLAIRE

Mark my words, we're going to see a change in the romantic landscape.

TREVOR

(can you hear yourself?)
Romantic landscape.

CLAIRE

Dancing cheek to cheek. Dressing up. Etiquette. Pre-arrangement.

PRISCILLA

That'd be nice. Men don't ask you out anymore. They corner you.

VERONICA

I don't know. One on one is so...
(searching for words)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

VERONICA (cont'd)
... face-to-face. Know what I mean? And
with a stranger? It's kinda creepy.

General ad-libbed commentary from everyone. Claire notices
shrinking violet Kristy. Hoping to get her involved...

CLAIRE
How 'bout we hear from someone new.
Trevor?

TREVOR
(confused, willing to wing it)
Oh, um. My name is Trevor Hale. Women
frighten me --

CLAIRE
You brought a guest, Trevor.

TREVOR
That's right! Everyone, this is Kristy
Holbrook. Kristy, tell 'em a little
about yourself.

Ad-libbed greetings from the group.

KRISTY
(dreadfully shy)
Uh, I'm a writer's assistant on "Sunset
and Vaughn..."

CLAIRE
(abnormally school-girlish)
I love that show!
(doing the show's tagline)
Two Hollywood cops! One a former Texas
Ranger. One a South Central ganglord
gone straight. *

Claire notices that people are gaping at her a bit. Her
Sunset & Vaughn mania is a bit out of character.

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Wow. Kristy, that's impressive. *

(back to the subject)

All right. So give us your two cents.
Going out in groups or official dates?

KRISTY

(quietly)

Can you skip me? Just this first week?

CLAIRE

(realizing)

Sure. That's not a --

TREVOR

No. We learn to swim here by diving in.

CLAIRE

Kristy, you don't have to...

12 CONTINUED: (4) 12

KRISTY

I'm just not sure my opinion should
really count. I mean, the reason I'm
here, I guess, is because I never go out.

Claire handles this in stride, the complete pro.

CLAIRE

Meeting people these days is tough,
Kristy. When you're ready to get out
there, we can work on interpersonal skill
generation, dating process sensitization,
and risk-taking capacity augmentation --

*
*
*
*

Trevor cocks his head, his attention focused on Kristy's
frumpiness. Kristy looks like Adrian in the first Rocky.

TREVOR

I say we get you a make-over.

Lots of murmuring from the group. Claire shoots a "prepare
to die" look at Trevor, who appears pretty self-satisfied.
(Go figure.) Our regulars know it's time to duck and cover.

MIKE

Look out.

13 EXT. SESSIONS BUILDING - NIGHT 13

Members of the group spill out.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Tom, his pal, flask-chugging MATT and two
other cronies. Unseen, they watch the group members exit.

TOM

(spotting Kristy)
There. That one's new. She'll be next.

MATT

She should only count as a half.

TOM

It was a bet, not a beauty pageant.
Three girls in three weeks. And I've got
one week left. Won't be a problem.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT 14

Claire follows Trevor into Taggerty's, carrying on a battle we know started at group. Champ tends bar.

CLAIRE

Trevor, from now on, can ya wait 'til the second meeting to torture new members?

TREVOR

What's so wrong with wanting to get a girl a date?

CLAIRE

Nothing. Telling her she's too unattractive to find one, on the other hand --

TREVOR

(weary of this conversation)
That's not what I said, and relax -- she declined the make-over.

Trevor walks around the bar, puts on an apron, joins Champ.

CLAIRE

She said she didn't think it would do her any good. It nearly broke my heart. Did you see the way it took the wind out of the group's sails?

TREVOR

Now that you can't blame on me. That was all you.

CLAIRE

Me, how?

TREVOR

Telling 'em they have to set their dating "way back" machine fifty years.

CLAIRE

Now that would be a field trip I wish I could take them on. They'd learn so much.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

TREVOR

Champ, the relationship expert...
(indicating Claire)
... says we're going back in time. Why
don't we put a peephole on the front door
and turn this place into a speakeasy.
Whaddya say, Daddy-O?

CHAMP

There's already a speakeasy in Chicago --
Morty's.

CLAIRE

(eureka!)
Morty's!

TREVOR

(what the hell?)
Morty's?

Claire looks at Champ. She's excited about something.

CLAIRE

(don't ya get it, Champ?)
Morty's.

CHAMP

(cluing in, nodding)
Morty's.

TREVOR

If somebody doesn't --

CHAMP

It's a swing club.

CLAIRE

People dancing cheek to cheek. Strangers
asking each other to dance. Dressing up.
There's our dating wayback machine.

TREVOR

Swing dancing? Figures you'd latch on to
something that has rules to it. Don't
you understand the real purpose dancing
serves?

Off Champ and Claire's blank expressions.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

TREVOR (cont'd)

It shows what you're like in the sack!
It shows how much booty shakage your
partner can expect! Are you all about
slow and steady?

(working a sexual slow groove)

One of those all-over-the-place types?

(Trevor does something that
resembles a member of Devo
getting it on)

Maybe you're more of a punisher.

Before Trevor can fully demonstrate --

CLAIRE

Don't you have some work to do?

TREVOR

Why? You interested in checking out
my...

(demonstrating)

... daily grind?

(referencing his own grinding)

Hell, sometimes it's more like three...
four times a day.

CLAIRE

What about those people who've taken the
time to learn the steps?

TREVOR

How sexy does this look to you?

(mumbling)

One... two... three... four. One...

Trevor does a wooden square dancing move, planting his feet
as if there were cut-out shoe soles taped to the floor. This
is not sexy.

CHAMP

Sounds to me like someone doesn't know
how to dance.

TREVOR

What's the point in using the word
"someone" when we all know you're talking
about me?

CLAIRE

Wow. Something you can't do.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3) 14

TREVOR

Claire, believe me, anything that requires hip movement, I can do better than you.

CLAIRE

(pleased w/Trevor's chutzpah)
Really? Well, then, you'll probably be excited to hear that Morty's has a swing contest every Saturday. Champ...?

CHAMP

(loving showing Trevor up)
Oh, I'd love to.

TREVOR

(to Champ)
Et tu, Champé?
(sotto to Champ, his acting peer)
That's Shakespeare.
(to both)

Look, I'd love to learn to swing dance just to wipe those smug looks off your faces. Unfortunately, I'm a little strapped. No money for lessons.

Claire and Champ exchange a look. Yes, they're cocky.

SMASH CUT TO:

15 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT 15

Claire and Champ complete an impressive swing move. The group is impressed. Trevor's dumbfounded expression tells us he never would've guessed that Claire was this good.

CLAIRE

And that's called a "Sugar Push."

CHAMP

All right. Your turn. Everyone partner up.

Everyone begins to do just that. Trevor looks around. He desperately needs a good partner.

TREVOR'S POV - VERONICA, THEN PRISCILLA, ANOTHER GROUP MEMBER

with a dancer's physique. In PANNING across the room, he passes right over cowering wallflower Kristy. BUT, his eyes come back to her. She's trying to sneak out toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

TREVOR

sucks it up. Even though this is going to make it that much tougher to beat Claire, he's gonna do the right thing.

TREVOR

Kristy. Get over here. You and me, babe. Get ready to win a dance contest.

Trevor's gesture isn't lost on Claire. It's moments like this that she catches herself loving the guy. It's moments like this when we all love the guy.

CLAIRE

We've got the room every night this week, folks, so try not to miss or your partner will be left out.

Group members continue to pair off self-consciously.

MIKE

Claire?
(beat)
What are we doing?

CLAIRE

We're practicing "one on one." We're relaxing and having fun. We're going back in time.

MIKE

(whatever you say)
Okay.

16 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 16

As Tom and Matt stroll across, Matt whips out his flask.

TOM

Starting a little early, aren't ya?

MATT

(as if this makes it all right)
Bloody Mary.

TOM

Ah. So... whadja find out?

MATT

One of those single group knobs talked to her after the group. Her name's Kristy.

(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

MATT (cont'd)
She works on "Sunset and Vaughn."
Somebody's assistant. She said she won
the Atlantic Monthly fiction contest. *

TOM
Great... that's great.

MATT
Not much time left.

TOM
More than enough. In fact, just to make
it interesting, I'll play it right down
to the wire.

MATT
Why?

TOM
Because I'm an artist, my friend.

Matt gives him a look that says, "no, it's because you're a
twisted fuck, but I like that about you."

17 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN STAGE - DAY 17

Kristy, carrying a writer's tablet, leads Claire on a tour of
the stages. Carpenters, grips, etc. wander around in b.g.
Claire is very excited. The interrogation room set is
directly behind them.

CLAIRE
I can't thank you enough for inviting me
down here, Kristy. This is so cool.

Claire points out a two-seated bicycle.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Hey, that's from the episode where Sunset
and Vaughn chased the perp who tried to
get away on the police horse. Wow!

KRISTY
I was a little surprised to find out
you're a fan of the show.

CLAIRE
Why's that?

KRISTY
College-educated female professionals
aren't our main demographic.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Claire attempts to stutter out a response, but...

KRISTY (cont'd)

Mostly it's the breasts and guns and violence that pull in the masses. That and the fact that we show Sunset's naked butt nearly every week.

We get the distinct impression that's the reason a red-faced Claire watches the show.

CLAIRE

Oh? Ha! Really?

(Off Kristy's nod)

Hadn't given it much thought. Some women...

(then attempting seriousness)

I think it's reductive to categorize the show that way.

KRISTY

Ah, speaking of the devil... Wanna meet him?

REVEAL SUNSET

in a robe, carrying a script. Out of character, Sunset is neurotic, insecure and self-absorbed. From the way Kristy said devil, we understand that she was speaking literally.

KRISTY (cont'd)

(shyly)

Uh, Robert...

Sunset takes Kristy's pad and scribbles something.

CLOSE - THE PAD

he's autographed it.

KRISTY (cont'd)

(still quite the mouse)

I work here.

No recognition from Sunset. Claire notes Kim's mousiness.

KRISTY (cont'd)

I'm Kim Braber's assistant. Anyway, Dr. Claire Allen, this is Robert Patton who plays --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

CLAIRE
(starstruck)
Sunset!

SUNSET
(all Texas accent gone)
What kind of doctor?

KRISTY
She's a psychologist.

CLAIRE
It's a privilege, really. You're a
terrific actor.

Sunset takes Claire by the arm and pulls her away to share a private moment.

SUNSET
You really think so? Sometimes I think
it's just the chin implant people like.

CLAIRE
(the illusion begins to fade,
but Claire attempts to help)
No. Really. You should feel really
great about yourself.

SUNSET
Are psychologists allowed to prescribe?
The Xanax my regular shrink prescribed --
he said it should do me for a month, but
he doesn't understand the pressures of
carrying a hit show. Three days. Three
days and it's gone.

Kristy gives Claire a sympathetic look, points at her watch and departs. Claire tries to focus on Sunset's insecurities.

SUNSET (cont'd)
Four straight People's Choice best actor
awards, but do the Emmy people even
notice? Does my shrink care? How can a
man who doesn't own a television
understand what that sort of snub can do
to an actor's psyche.

Claire nods along wanting nothing more than to get out of there.

18 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY

18

Kristy arrives and finds a wonderful bouquet of roses. Kristy glances around, suspicious. She finds a card: "From your secret admirer. Call me." There's a phone number. Kim walks by.

KIM
(rubbing it in)
More flowers!

Kristy starts to object, but Kim has already walked off. Kristy reaches for the phone. Stops. Reaches again. Stops herself again. Reaches again. Dials six numbers. Hangs up. Begins to reach for the phone again.

JOSH (O.S.)
You have to prime it, like a grill.
Don't ever try to just pick up and
dial...

Kristy looks up. She's wearing that hand-in-the-cookie-jar expression. REVEAL Josh.

JOSH (cont'd)
Don't mind me. I've never understood the
tao of office appliances. Listen, I
wanted to ask you --

KRISTY
(blurting)
I don't know who they're from!

JOSH
(as if he has no clue what
she's talking about)
I wanted to ask if you'd help me write
that interrogation scene.
(a regular Wally Cleaver)
I thought your idea was swell.

KRISTY
Are you... I mean, really?

JOSH
Gosh, only if you'd want to.

KRISTY
Yeah. Yeah, I do...

JOSH
Great. Great. I'll come by later.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

He starts to leave, but turns midstep, indicates roses.

JOSH (cont'd)

If you really don't know who sent them --
they're from me.

He smiles shyly as he goes. Kristy, confidence bolstered,
picks up the phone and dials.

KRISTY

Hello? This is Kristy Holbrook.
Calling. About... the flowers.

(beat)

Uh, wow. Thanks.

(beat, whatever he's saying,
she can't believe it)

... Yeah. Okay. How will I recognize
you?

(beat, repeating his question)

How will you recognize me?

Kristy looks at her reflection in the office window and
winces. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Kim, down the
hall, making a point, very flirtatiously with Roger, who
appears to be acquiescing, won over by her feminine charms.

19 INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY 19

Trevor polishes glasses and hands them to Champ.

TREVOR

... And I was having trouble with it, you
know, until I figured it out...

CHAMP

What's that?

TREVOR

My motivation. I just can't believe this
is coming so easily to me. It's like I
was born to do it.

CHAMP

You're clearly a natural.

TREVOR

Watch, I can do both drama masks...

Trevor demonstrates. This whole thing amuses Champ.

TREVOR (cont'd)

And I can cry on cue.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CHAMP

A summons to amateurs everywhere to pack their bags and head to Hollywood...

TREVOR

It was like waterworks the other day in my trailer... I'm getting into my intention. You know what that is, right?

CHAMP

I think I remember.

TREVOR

And suddenly out of nowhere, I'm imagining Persephone, trapped in the underworld, and I'm just bawling --

CHAMP

That's the substitution I always use...

TREVOR

Substitution, yeah, one of the actors on set was telling me about that. Seems like a lot of trouble to me though, since I can just do it on my own. Is that pretty rare you think?

CHAMP

In average people? Yeah. Numbers are probably a little higher for outpatients.

TREVOR

Hey maybe you could run lines with me...

The PHONE RINGS. Trevor picks up.

TREVOR (cont'd)

(gleefully)

Ah, Kristy, the Rogers to my Astaire...

A19 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY (INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

A19

KRISTY

Trevor, that make-over you were talking about... I want to do it.

Trevor THROWS OFF his apron with glee and stands at full attention, the eager scout ready for the job ahead.

(CONTINUED)

A19 CONTINUED:

A19

TREVOR

Kristy, my love. Just tell me what you want. Don't hold back.

KRISTY

(this is very difficult)
I want to be noticed.

Trevor's expression tells us that won't be a problem.

20 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

20

Group members are partnered up for dancing. Claire and Champ demonstrate.

CHAMP

Women, be sure to keep resistance in your arms when you turn, you don't want to end up in the next county, or with a new partner...

Veronica glances at her dance partner, Mike. His eyes are shut he's concentrating so hard. His lips move because he's counting to himself.

VERONICA

Speak for yourself.

Trevor eyes the door wondering where Kristy is.

CLAIRE

Let's try the underarm turn once -- only once, try not to get carried away.

TREVOR

Wouldn't want that. You might actually graze an erogenous zone.

CLAIRE

(shooting a look at Trevor)
Get into starting positions.

CHAMP

On the count of three, folks... one... two... thr...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

REVEAL KRISTY

entering. Or rather, the new Kristy: attractive and very sexy, dressed much in the style of her boss, Kim. Men gawk. Claire's jaw drops.

CLAIRE
(forced calm)
Trevor, can I see you for a sec.

21 INT. SESSIONS ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 21

CLAIRE
You have done all the things I've warned you not to do.

TREVOR
Not all of them. I've still haven't opened that tabasco lubricant.

CLAIRE
Don't you see? Now she's getting a response to her looks and she'll think she's okay --

TREVOR
Or be okay... a distinction you shrinks tend to overlook. Bad for business.

CLAIRE
This make-over won't change anything. Maybe men will be attracted to her physically, but for Kristy this sudden attention could be a Pandora's Box.

TREVOR
Ummmm... Pandora. Now you wanna see someone who could move her hips.

CLAIRE
Let me put this in terms you can understand. You find people their true love, you get a match, a bead, a step closer to home.

TREVOR
Not to mention a tremendous feeling of self worth.

CLAIRE
This method is more likely to get Kristy hurt than get you a bead.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

Claire notices that Trevor doesn't seem to be paying attention to her. He's looking through the glass door.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Trevor?

TREVOR

Yeah, I can feel her pain from here.

Claire eyes what's caught Trevor's attention. REVEAL Kristy smiling, being fawned over by Mike and Laurence. Claire shakes her head.

22 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 22

All the couples dance, including Trevor and Kristy who are doing pretty well for having had two lessons.

TREVOR

We're on fire. We're a pyrotechnic display. We are burning up the faux hardwood tiling and it's all because of you.

KRISTY

(having fun, but her line is tinged w/irony)
Oh yeah. We're smoking...

Mike and Veronica dance up to Trevor and Kristy.

MIKE

Please, allow me to cut in.

Mike's request is well-rehearsed. It sounds like it came straight from the audio tape that accompanies Claire's finishing school for modern dating.

VERONICA

Please, allow him to cut in.

TREVOR

All right, but don't touch anything. I've got her running just right.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Laurence dances with Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

You know, back in Atlanta, this sort of thing just wasn't done.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

LAURENCE

(misinterpreting)

Well maybe it's time Atlanta entered the twentieth century. Maybe, for once, Dixie shouldn't look away. Maybe the taboos of our fathers shouldn't be --

PRISCILLA

(matter-of-factly)

I meant swing dancing.

Off of Laurence's silent embarrassment. Claire approaches Trevor who watches Kristy dance with Mike.

CLAIRE

Your dancing's really coming along, Trevor.

TREVOR

"Coming along?" I am the Mambo King.

CLAIRE

This is swing. Where you're still sort of a minor viscount or... unlanded duke...

(softening)

You're doing very well for a beginner.

TREVOR

(taking exception)

Let's put an end to your delusions of grandeur once and for all...

CLAIRE

(quite the smartass)

Gosh, I knew one of us could use a dose of reality.

(rubbing her chin)

I suppose I thought --

TREVOR

Morty's amateur dance contest. Next Saturday. If my partner and I take first prize --

CLAIRE

You won't.

TREVOR

You have to be my personal assistant for a day.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

CHAMP

I'd make him define "assistant."

TREVOR

Light filing, some faxing, sensual
massage. Bring a Water Pic. And if you
and Champ win --

CLAIRE

We will.

TREVOR

A prize of your choosing.

CHAMP

(to Claire, just a suggestion)
See if you can get a laryngectomy out of
the deal.

A serious look crosses Claire's face.

CLAIRE

You know? There is something I want.

TREVOR

All right, but don't be offended if I ask
you to wear a bag over your head.
Nothing personal. File it under
"fetish."

If this were Ally McBeal, Claire would have to take a moment.

CLAIRE

When Champ and I win, you'll start
keeping a dream log. I've been begging
for months.

CHAMP

A dream log?

TREVOR

She wants me to write down my dreams.
One more way to peek into my damaged
psyche.

(to Claire)

Fine, but if you sell any of them to
men's magazines, the cash comes my way.

CLAIRE

Deal.

(to group)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3) 22

CLAIRE (cont'd)
All right, gang. That's it for tonight.
Great job.

TREVOR
Taggerty's, everybody.

Mike returns Kristy to Trevor.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Coming? We can talk strategy. I've got
this move worked out where I swing you by
one arm -- all four limbs off the
ground... high degree of difficulty.
It's a favorite with the Romanian judges.

KRISTY
I can't.
(Off Trevor's questioning look)
I have... a date.

Trevor and Claire share a look. They both believe this
proves their point.

23 INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT 23

Kristy arrives for her date, sees Tom standing there and is
bowled over by his godlike mien. She works up her nerve.

KRISTY
(shy)
Hi.

TOM
(attracted)
Hi.

Kristy waits for him to say more but he doesn't. Confused,
she tries again.

KRISTY
Do you want to sit down?

TOM
Thanks. I'm waiting for someone.

KRISTY
Me. You're waiting for me.

TOM
(good-natured)
No, I really am waiting for somebody.
But that's a great line...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

KRISTY
I'm Kristy Holbrook. You are Tom, aren't
you?

Tom is now totally befuddled.

TOM
Kristy, God... you look so different
than... than...

Tom thinks he's screwed. Kristy bails him out.

KRISTY
Than the picture in the magazine. I...
cut my hair.

A maitre d' approaches to lead them to their table. Tom
follows Kristy, still awed by her new look.

24 INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT 24

It's dessert time. Dinner has gone well.

TOM
I still can't believe I'm here, eating
with you -- this woman I'm so in awe of.

KRISTY
Really?

TOM
You're this talented, professional
writer... and beautiful to boot.

KRISTY
(touched)
I don't think I've ever heard that
before.

TOM
(all charm)
Really? "To boot?" Midwestern thing, I
guess. I just... You've got me all
rattled.

KRISTY
Are you often rattled?

TOM
(calculatedly shy)
No, never. I don't know what it is...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

TOM (cont'd)

Listen, maybe sometime, if it wouldn't
bore you, we could talk about your
writing, if that'd be all right...

Kristy nods, her quietly delighted expression telling us it would be more than all right. As she blushingly glances down at her napkin, WE SEE a smug expression flicker across Tom's face. He'll have no problem winning this bet. It really is just a matter of when he wants to pull the trigger.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY

25

Kristy works quietly at her desk trying not to pay attention to the two anonymous writers across the room who are ostensibly loitering at the coffee machine, but are clearly just there to check out her new look. Roger comes motoring through the room. He catches a glimpse of Kristy out of the corner of his eye. His DOUBLE-TAKE isn't even discreet. He doesn't quite crash into a wall, but he nearly does. Josh approaches Kristy's desk.

JOSH

Wow. You look great. Ready to get to work?

26 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

26

Kristy and Josh sit at the conference table. The brainstorming is fast and furious.

*

KRISTY

So the perp's got this bag --

JOSH

Can't take a bag into the room.

KRISTY

Okay, he's stashed the knife on his body -
-

JOSH

I don't wanna think about where --

KRISTY

We think they haven't found it -- which they haven't -- but when they press him he slips and --

JOSH

Right, right, I see where you're going with it, that's great.

KRISTY

You're gonna have to work harder to convince me I'm good at this, Josh...

JOSH

Glad to. How about over lunch?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

KRISTY
I think I'm gonna be busy.

JOSH
(playing it safe)
That's cool. Short notice.

Josh glances at Kristy, now jotting notes, if he was asking her out -- and he was -- she didn't notice or didn't care.

27 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY 27

Kim needs something. She approaches Kristy's desk.

KIM
Kristy, have you picked up my...

But Kristy's not at her desk. Kim notices the flowers at Kristy's desk. She rolls her eyes.

28 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS' ROOM - DAY 28

Kim's voice buzzes in, interrupting Josh and Kristy's friendly brainstorming.

KIM (O.S.)
Hello... Kristy? Do I still have an assistant...?

Kristy gives Josh a worried look, scurries back to her desk.

29 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 29

As Kristy gets back to her desk, she sees Kim looking at the card that goes with the flowers. Kim reads without looking up.

KIM
(saccharine sweet)
"Tom." That's your dad, right? Didn't he send you candy for Valentine's, too? That is so thoughtful, when he knows, you know, that you're not seeing anyone --

TOM (O.S.)
Hey, Kristy. Now an okay time for lunch?

Kristy looks up. REVEAL Tom in all his gorgeousness. Kim's jaw drops. Then she looks at Kristy for the first time. This is almost too much for her to absorb.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

KRISTY
(pointedly)
Hey, Tom.

30 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS 30

Trevor enters carrying a jambox. WE SEE him from behind the sullen, engrossed-in-her-crossword-puzzle receptionist.

TREVOR
I need to talk to the writers. I have some ideas for punching up the script.

The receptionist nods. Trevor walks back down the hall but is faced with a number of doors. He hesitates, chooses one.

31 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS' OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS 31

Ad-libbing small talk, Tom helps Kristy on with her jacket as they head down the hall. Tom slips into the bathroom while Kristy, responding to a summons, slips into an office.

32 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS' OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS 32

Trevor comes out of a doorway. Starts to walk in another door. As he passes the bathroom, Tom opens the door, sees Trevor, has a split second of recognition and ducks back inside for a moment, to let him pass. He then heads down the hall, now behind Trevor.

33 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS' OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS 33

Trevor peers into the conference room before stepping in.

TREVOR
Hey there. I'm your "lousy perp." Got a sec to talk about my motivation?

The nonplussed writers aren't sure how to react. Trevor steps inside.

34 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS' OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS 34

Tom, heads down the hall, sees Kristy going back to her desk.

TOM
(a little anxious)
Hey. Let's get out of here before somebody remembers something urgent you have to do.

As they walk out, Tom glances nervously behind him.

35 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS' OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS 35

At this moment, Trevor is being shooed out of the Writers Conference room.

TREVOR

I'm not married to the Scottish accent.
We can work something out here...

Kim approaches.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Hey, have you seen Kristy around?

KIM

Why do you ask?

TREVOR

She's my dance partner. Gotta teach her
our stealth move -- the "No-Handed
Lizzie."

It's a new world for Kim, who departs shaking her head.

36 EXT. LUNCH TRUCK OUTSIDE SUNSET & VAUGHN SET - DAY 36

Tom and Kristy get their food and duck inside...

37 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN SET - DAY - CONTINUOUS 37

to eat.

KRISTY

(shyly)

So... what was it that you liked about my
Atlantic Monthly story...?

Tom experiences a moment of panic which he quickly covers.
What Kristy interprets as the impassioned stuttering of the
true admirer, we recognize as the desperate bluffing of a guy
who didn't read her story.

TOM

Well, like I said on the phone, your
story was... it was just... it was...
powerful. I think what impressed me most
was the... unconscious nod to the
metaphysical.

KRISTY

(slyly)

Wow. I wasn't even conscious of it.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

TOM

But that's the power of the -- you're making a joke. You're trying to tell me I'm getting carried away.

KRISTY

I doubt you ever get carried away, Tom.

TOM

What do you mean?

KRISTY

You seem very much in control.

Tom's a little shaken: is she onto him?

TOM

No, I'm, I'm --

KRISTY

You were that guy in high school, snap your fingers and the entire student body drops their pants -- in formation and on cue --

Tom relaxes, realizing she doesn't know what he's up to.

TOM

(with a reluctant grin)
Their butts spelled "Beavers." It was college actually. Oregon State.

KRISTY

I've wondered what it would be like -- to be that guy. You. I always thought it would be fun for a day, and after awhile, it would just be this... job.

This hits Tom close to the bone and his expression shows it. *

KRISTY (cont'd) *

Maybe I'm getting too personal... *

TOM *

(recovering) *
No, no, it's fine. *
(re: catering table) *
Dessert's on me. What can I get you?

KRISTY

Surprise me.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

TOM
(as much to himself as her)
I'm not sure if I'm gonna be able to.

*

37 CONTINUED: (3) 37

And as we try to decipher that double entendre --

38 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS' ROOM - DAY 38

Kristy's walking by the writers' room. She spots Trevor inside. He smiles, waves her in.

KRISTY
Trevor, what're you doing here?

TREVOR
Shut the blinds. I've gotta show you something.

KRISTY
Famous last words.

TREVOR
A dance move. Here's how we're gonna win.

39 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 39

Tom and Matt loiter. Tom's reading Kristy's "Atlantic Monthly" article while Matt girl-watches.

MATT
What are you reading?

Tom doesn't respond. Matt reconsiders the question.

MATT (cont'd)
Why are you reading?

TOM
Kristy's story. Pulled it off the internet.

MATT
Gotta admire a man who'll go to any lengths to win a bet.

Tom goes back to the article.

CLOSE - THE ARTICLE

WE SEE a photo of Kristy in frumpy mode and a headline that reads "My Barbie Was A Slut."

MATT
Hey, hey, hey! Hottie. Ten o'clock. Babe-alicious-ness.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Tom, engrossed, doesn't look up. Within seconds he's chuckling.

40 INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS' ROOM - DAY 40

Josh walks by the writers' office. WE HEAR the faint SOUNDS of SWING MUSIC, and the THUD of a body landing. Josh considers for a moment before deciding, then pokes his head in. He sees Trevor on the floor. Both Trevor and Kristy are breathing hard and laughing. A disappointed look from Josh?

JOSH

Hey, Kristy. I think I've got something for that scene, so... I'm just gonna run with it on my own.

KRISTY

(disappointed but accepting)
Okay, Josh. I hope yours gets picked.

Trevor observes the dynamic. Hmmmm.

41 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY STAIRCASE - NIGHT 41

The end of a long-in-the-good-kind-of-way date. Tom leans in romantically to give a very willing Kristy a goodnight kiss.

41 CONTINUED:

41

KRISTY

Do you want to come up?

Yes, she means what we think she means. Tom pauses, looking carefully at her face. A LONG beat -- he's deciding what to do. Finally, he kisses her on the forehead.

TOM

I'm really tired. I think it might be best if I just head home.

KRISTY

(covering)

Okay, sure... that's fine.

TOM

You understand, don't you? It's just... by Friday I'm usually pretty much wasted for the week.

KRISTY

Yeah, me too.

TOM

(noticing Kristy's deflated expression)

But I can't wait to see you dance at Morty's tomorrow night.

KRISTY

That's right.

TOM

You still want me to come, don't you?

Kristy, the good camper, nods and smiles. Tom looks pleased as he takes off. We're left wondering whether he really has a thing for her or if this is part of his plan to nail her in the eleventh hour the following night.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

42 INT. CLAIRE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

42

Claire is dressed to the nines for swing dancing, the picture of '40s swing chic. A KNOCK on the door. She answers. Champ stands on the other side, not dressed to the nines.

CLAIRE
(embracing him)
Hello, welcome! You look --

She finally gets a good look at him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
... like you're standing me up.

CHAMP
They need me back at "Sunset and Vaughn"
for reshoots tonight.

Claire's eyes narrow suspiciously.

CLAIRE
(Newman!)
Trevor.

CHAMP
Trevor? What about him?

CLAIRE
Who called you from "Sunset and Vaughn?"

CHAMP
(not getting it)
Trevor took a message.

CLAIRE
And you called to confirm?

CHAMP
The PA put me on hold for ten minutes.
Then hung up on me.

CLAIRE
Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Then isn't it highly
possible that Trevor could have taken the
message down wrong?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CHAMP

Well I guess --

CLAIRE

(becoming more convinced)

Perhaps he meant to say they might need you or they thought they'd need you, but he intentionally left out the qualifiers.

CHAMP

(confident about this)

He said they needed me --

CLAIRE

(rambling, getting carried away)

What am I saying? There probably wasn't any call at all. Trevor knew we were going to win the dance contest. He's a schemer. You know he's a schemer. He sat there saying to himself "how can I make sure Claire and Champ don't win. I know, I'll play on the actor's ego..."

Champ is a tad insulted by the direction this is going.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

"I'll tell him a big television show needs him tonight. He'll never question that. Claire won't suspect, because she's so..."

Champ can't believe this normally rational person is losing it like this. He takes her by the shoulders.

CHAMP

Claire. Did you skip your classes on paranoia? Listen, I came by to tell you because I knew it was important to you, but I really gotta go.

CLAIRE

Just promise, if they don't need you, you'll race back to Morty's.

CHAMP

I promise.

Off Claire's defeated expression.

43 INT. MORTY'S - NIGHT

43

The club is hopping. Big-Bad-Voodoo-Daddy-esque band in full swing, couples dancing in hip neo-'40s outfits. Martinis abound.

MIKE & LAURENCE

looking good. Looking "swing." They ask a couple of women at a table to dance. The women accept and begin to get up from their table.

REVEAL KRISTY & TOM

entering arm-in-arm. There seems to be a real affection between them.

TOM

You're not gonna make me get out there,
are ya?

KRISTY

(teasing)
I have a partner. You'll have to get one
of your own.
(pretending to search club)
What're you into?

Tom pulls Kristy close.

TOM

I dig writers.

KRISTY

So you're saying if Jackie Collins shows
up, I'm screwed.

Off the happy couple...

AT THE BAR

Trevor sits at the bar. He can't see Kristy and Tom enter. Claire approaches. Trevor whistles when he sees her.

CLAIRE

So they desperately needed Champ back on
the set tonight?

Claire takes the stool next to Trevor's.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

TREVOR

That's what they said.
(flagging bartender)
Hey, Rip Van Winkle, about my drink?

CLAIRE

But they didn't know about this desperate
need until today?

TREVOR

TV people aren't planners, Claire. They
are the "music makers." They are the
"dreamers of dreams..."
(to Bartender)
You rim the glass with a fresh lemon
wedge. Rim the glass!

CLAIRE

What? So they don't schedule ahead?

TREVOR

(ignoring Claire, to Bartender)
My man! Do you need me to come back
there and show you?

Claire reluctantly gives up her inquiry as Trevor seems
genuinely oblivious. Trevor glances out at the dance floor.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Lookie there.

VERONICA & A STRANGER

dancing cheek to cheek. Veronica seems pretty happy.

MIKE & LAURENCE

dancing, adequately, with the women they asked to dance.

PRISCILLA & ANOTHER SINGLES GROUP MEMBER

dressed up. They stand at the edge of the dance floor
chatting with a couple strangers.

TREVOR

Even though you're not going to win the
dance contest, all your energy hasn't
gone to waste.

Claire smiles. She does take comfort in that.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

CLAIRE

Yeah.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Kristy is a step away from Tom ordering from a waitress as Tom's SLOPPY DRUNK pal, Matt, taps him on the shoulder. Tom is surprised to see him.

MATT

My man, look at this fine looking woman.
So what happened with that bag lady from
the singles group you were gonna nail?

REVEAL KRISTY

turning back in time to catch this. The room starts to spin for her. She's numb. *

REVEAL TREVOR IN CLOSE UP

his eyes go wide, then shrink to slits of fury.

TREVOR'S POV - TOM ACROSS THE ROOM HOLDING HANDS W/KRISTY

Trevor begins to march over. Claire sees what's going on.

CLAIRE

Trevor! Don't do anything stupid!
(sotto)
Who am I kidding?

She follows Trevor.

CLOSE - TREVOR'S HAND BALLING INTO A FIST

Before Trevor or Claire can get there...

BACK ON KRISTY, TOM & MATT

MATT

You had a week to do it. That was the
bet. One week.

Kristy hauls off and SLAPS THE SHIT out of Tom. REALLY lets him have it.

TOM

Kristy, wait --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

She slaps him again. Tom just takes it. Kristy departs.

TREVOR & CLAIRE

approach Tom. Claire catches Trevor, takes his arm.

CLAIRE

He's not worth it, Trevor.

It takes all of Trevor's willpower not to bust Tom's ass.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Let it go, Trevor. Let it go.

FAVORING MATT

who follows Tom toward the exit. Matt checks his watch.

MATT

Damn, man, you get slapped a lot. Hey!
Your week ended last night! You had to
nail that singles group girl by last
night.

TOM

That was her.

MATT

(finally realizing)
Damn.
(about the bet)
So...?

A beat as Tom decides what kind of person he's going to be.
Sadly he goes into Big Cool Daddy mode.

TOM

Last night? You're sure! I thought I
had tonight.

MATT

Nope. Last night was Friday. You
forgot?

TOM

I was gonna pull the trigger tonight.

MATT

Loser.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4) 43

TOM
(fully aware of what he's done)
It won't happen again.

They leave together, two parlor snakes in a pod. Just as the reach the door, WE SEE Tom give a last lingering look at Kristy.

44 INT. MORTY'S - NIGHT - LATER 44

Claire, Trevor and Kristy in a booth near the dance floor. The dance contest appears to be gearing up. Couples stick numbers on each other's backs.

KRISTY
I don't feel much like dancing, Trevor.
I just wanna go home and scrape off the
slime...

TREVOR
I'll stop by tomorrow. Help you make a
voodoo doll.

Kristy smiles, gathers her bag and things. She looks at Trevor and Claire sitting next to one another, both sort of looking around. Kristy makes a suggestion.

KRISTY
Neither of you has a partner.

Trevor and Claire look at each other. Claire takes one lingering look at the entrance hoping for a Champ sighting. None is forthcoming. She sighs...

45 INT. MORTY'S - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT 45

The group members ring the dance floor. Trevor and Claire are dancing, and damn they're good. They're genuinely great together. We don't even have to stick around for some perfunctory trophy scene, because we know...

46 INT. KRISTY'S DESK - DAY 46

Claire, annoyed, arrives to be Trevor's personal assistant. She finds Kristy dressed not like the frump she was at the beginning of the episode, but not as the sex kitten either. Classic, stylish.

CLAIRE
Hey, Kristy. I like your outfit. It's
really... elegant.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

KRISTY

Thanks. C'mon. I'll take you to Trevor.
(highly amused)
I can't believe you're going to be his
assistant.

CLAIRE

Oh, neither can I.

KRISTY

But you didn't actually lose, right?
Because you both won the dance contest --

CLAIRE

He said "If my partner and I win," then I
have to be his assistant. Well, his
partner and he won. I, on the other
hand, said if Champ and I win --

KRISTY

And he remembered those details?

CLAIRE

Trevor? Oh, yeah.

47 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

47

Trevor as "Lousy Perp" gets interrogated by Sunset and
Vaughn. Sunset is bandaged per his wound in the opening.
The scene plays like a NYPD Blue or Homicide interrogation
scene. Trevor is sweaty and disheveled; LOOKS LIKE a junkie
who needs a fix. He's very good.

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)

You think I'm gonna get sick, need some
candy. Newsflash, I'm off the junk and
I don't know nothing about no knife.

SUNSET

The one in Cohen's back, you sonofabitch!

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)

If it's in Detective Cohen's back, then
that'd be the best place to look, doncha
think?

Sunset lunges toward the perp and yanks him across the table.

SUNSET

(intently, sotto)
I hope you don't confess.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

SUNSET (cont'd)

Pretty boy like you? You're gonna be a real treat for the amorous-minded in cell block D.

Trevor sneers. Vaughn pulls Sunset off him.

VAUGHN

(to Sunset)

Let me reach out to him.

Sunset backs off to let Vaughn play "good cop."

VAUGHN (cont'd)

Maybe you did kill him, maybe you didn't -
-

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)

How many times I gotta tell you --

VAUGHN

Your words take on some additional weight with us in this matter if we was to find the knife. That a consideration you'd be amenable to mulling over?

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)

I ain't mulling nothing. You pigs come down to my neighborhood bulging out of your fat pig suits picking up any brother who's got a look on his face. Get me a lawyer!

SUNSET

(on the verge of losing it)

You don't wanna lawyer up on me, boy.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Cut!

48 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY 48

Kristy is pissed.

KRISTY

What the hell is this?

All eyes are on Kristy, and we mean all eyes: Roger's, Sunset's, Vaughn's, Trevor's, Claire's, the entire crew's. Suddenly everyone's talking at once.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

SUNSET VAUGHN
Are we rolling? We're not rolling. *

KIM ROGER
What is my assistant doing? I say "cut." I say "cut." *

SUNSET VAUGHN
She's lost her mind. I told them to hire my nephew. *

KIM ROGER
Kristy!! Get the hell over here! Kristy, what the hell is going on?

With everyone's attention now focused on Kristy...

KRISTY
I wrote this.

Roger, puzzled, looks from Kristy to Josh. Kim is left gaping.

ROGER
I thought this was your scene, Josh...

JOSH
It is but --

KRISTY
But I wrote it.

JOSH
It was your idea but I made it work.

KRISTY
How, by putting your name on it? What's the next line of the script, Josh?

JOSH
(scrambling)
It was -- Sunset, about him cracking, uh -
-

KRISTY
"Perps crack like eggs. And I like my eggs scrambled."

Roger takes a hard look at Josh. Josh can't meet Roger's gaze which gives Roger the answer he needs.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

ROGER

Take the day off, Josh. When I cool
down, I'll call and let you know if you
should come back in.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

Josh goes, his tail between his legs. Kristy is left with Roger.

ROGER (cont'd)

I'm really embarrassed about this, but I really love the scene. Don't want to cut it. How can I make this up to you?

KRISTY

Give me a script of my own.

Kim exhales forcefully, rolls her eyes, but Roger thinks about it. He's reluctant, but...

ROGER

Do it on your own time. If it's good, we'll put you on staff. We may have a spot opening up.

Kim looks like she's going to blow a gasket.

KRISTY

(thrilled but in control)
Sounds fair.

Roger wanders off, but Kim catches up to him quickly. It's clear she wants to talk to Roger about this latest development.

Trevor and Claire wander over to where Kristy is standing.

TREVOR

(as if he's totally impressed)
You wrote this scene?

Kristy nods.

TREVOR (cont'd)

The line "I ain't mulling nothin'..." I was thinking maybe...

KRISTY

(firm)
Say the line, Trevor.

Trevor decides not to argue with this forceful woman.

TREVOR

Yeah. Okay. Hey, new threads. Not bad, but I'd like to put in a good word for cleavage. Men everywhere love the sight of --

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

KRISTY

That look didn't really do much for my luck with men, Trevor. I think I'm gonna play it cool for a while.

Roger calls for Kristy.

ROGER

Kristy, could you come here for minute, I've got a couple questions about the scene.

KRISTY

Gotta boogie. See you at group.

Kristy leaves Trevor alone with Claire.

TREVOR

There's no bead in playing it cool. There's no bead in getting to write a script...

CLAIRE

Nope.

TREVOR

She's more alone than she ever was.

CLAIRE

She's not more alone, Trevor --

TREVOR

Alone, more alone, it's a figure of speech. The point is... about the make-over... I guess I was wrong. There, I said it, happy?

ROGER

Okay, I need first team in position!

TREVOR

That's my cue. Grab me a latte. Some grapes. Remove the seeds. Meet me in my trailer. We'll run some lines.

Trevor heads to the set. Claire is left to herself. Suddenly... from all the way across the studio.

KIM

(shouting)

Kristy, it's time to walk the dogs!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (5)

48

From where she's standing next to Roger, Kristy shouts back.

KRISTY (cont'd)
(pleasantly)
Great! And could you run by Starbucks
and pick me up a latte while you're out.

On Claire, SMILING.

CLAIRE
No, Trevor, you weren't wrong at all.

Claire's reverie is broken by --

TREVOR (O.S.)
Claire! Where's my script? I need my
script!

Claire rolls her eyes and moves towards Trevor's trailer.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END