

CUPID  
"Company Pier"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CLINIC AREA WAITING ROOM - DAY

A GROUP OF PEOPLE wait for their blood tests. From the looks of it, they've been waiting since the dawn of time. They all hold numbers in their hands. The clock TICKS.

Majordomo-receptionist is GLENDA TRAPP, the bureaucrat's bureaucrat.

TREVOR arrives...

TREVOR

(singing)

... Glad to meet you! Hope you know my name! Uh-huh! But fooling you is the nature of my game! Woo-woo! Woo-woo!

(to the people)

Everybody!

(singing)

Woo-woo! Woo-woo!

(to the people on his left)

On the left!

Nothing. They stare at him like lobotomized sheep.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Now the ladies! Sing it high!

(singing)

Woo-woo! Woo-woo! Okay, now just the dried up undead zombies with no hope left in their souls! Sing it low!

(singing)

Woo-woo!

(frustrated)

You know the words! Woo. Woo.

Nothing. He gives up and approaches Glenda.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's too late for these people, they've already died. Let me go first.

GLENDA

Name?

TREVOR

Glenda! It's me! Trevor. Second Monday of every month, I come for my drug test.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 (proudly, as though it's a  
 great honor)  
 I... am a psychiatric outpatient!

GLEENDA  
 Last name?

TREVOR  
 Hasn't changed in the last six  
 months.

GLEENDA  
 If you don't tell me your last  
 name, I can't enter it into the  
 computer. If I don't enter it into  
 the computer, you won't be assigned  
 a case number. If you aren't  
 assigned a case number --

TREVOR  
 (off people)  
 I'll turn into one of them?

GLEENDA  
 They told me their last names.  
 They have case numbers. They are  
 all ahead of you.

TREVOR  
 Okay, I see the problem. Clearly,  
 your riding crop has become  
 painfully lodged in --

GLEENDA produces a mini-recorder, places it on the counter and  
 CLICKS it on. WE NOTICE her long fire-engine red, press-on  
 nails.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 What's that for?

GLEENDA  
 Proof of your rudeness and bad  
 behavior.

TREVOR  
 (into the mini-recorder)  
 Send help. This woman is the  
 reincarnation of Heinrich Himmler.

The people in the waiting room BURST into APPLAUSE.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 (to them)  
 Shut up! You don't go "Woo-woo"  
 when I ask, so the hell with you.

Glenda smiles grimly. She's got this sonofabitch nailed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

OUCH!

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

TREVOR, his eyes tightly shut, squirms and recoils as MAGGIE HOLLINGS --

young, impish, cute, a physician's assistant -- swabs his arm with alcohol in preparation for taking blood. Tacked on the wall behind her, a collection of postcards -- Van Gogh masterpieces.

MAGGIE

Do we have to go through this every time?

TREVOR

At least scrape the rust off the needle.

MAGGIE

We went out again the other night.

MAGGIE inserts the needle, but she's said the magic words. His attention is on her relationship; he doesn't notice the prick. She unwraps the rubber tubing.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Dinner. Movie. Music. It was nice.

TREVOR

Helpful hint: this time when you jab the needle in, stop before it comes out the other side.

MAGGIE

Then, back to my place. Always my place.

(off his arm)

All done. See you next month.

TREVOR looks at his arm, shocked to see that she's finished.

TREVOR

You are the Mozart of bloodsuckers.

(then)

Bachelors like the woman's place.

It's cleaner and easier to escape.

MAGGIE

Or... what if he's not a bachelor?

MAGGIE packages up the sample and heads out, Trevor close behind. Before she exits, she looks in her centrifuge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside is a Hershey's Kiss. MAGGIE smiles as she pockets the candy.

TREVOR

You're worried he's got another squeeze?

And they move into...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Walking and talking --

MAGGIE

He forgets to call, starts playing his fiddle when we're talking, won't plan weekends -- and there's that sacred Thursday night poker game.

TREVOR

So, basically, what you're saying is that he's undomesticated?

MAGGIE

It's like he's got a split personality.

TREVOR

So, why are you still with him?

MAGGIE

Because one of the personalities is really sweet: my windshield is clear every morning, Hershey's Kisses in my centrifuge, fresh strawberries in my urinalysis kit...

TREVOR

Okay, you don't eat that right?

MAGGIE

And every couple days, he sends me a postcard of a Van Gogh painting.

TREVOR

(disapprovingly)  
You like crazy, one-eared Mr. Swirly?

MAGGIE

All these little surprises that say "I love you. I'm thinking of you."

TREVOR

So, to recap, he's perfect except for the fiddle and the card game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie smiles, realizing she sounds paranoid.

MAGGIE

You're right. I shouldn't worry.  
Next thing you know, I'll be  
believing the rumors about these  
"Cupid Cops."

TREVOR

I'm sorry... Cupid what?

MAGGIE

You know, the Love Narcs who make  
sure nobody rips off a quickie in  
the supply room.

TREVOR

(indignant)

That's... that's... against the  
laws of nature.

And off his stunned expression --

SMASH TO MAIN  
TITLES:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE perches on a corner of her desk as DR. MILTON GREELEY sits reading a transcript which is clipped onto a bright red folder marked "CONFIDENTIAL." She is slightly nervous but certain she's right.

DR. GREELEY  
(off transcript)  
Should I be insulted that you've removed the name of your patient?

CLAIRE  
Doctor, patient privilege.

DR. GREELEY  
Does not apply here, Claire. I'm your supervising physician.

CLAIRE  
You're also the Administrative Head.

DR. GREELEY  
Now, don't get mean.

CLAIRE  
I wouldn't usually bother you with this, but it's important you see how company policy has an adverse emotional effect.

DR. GREELEY  
He's an employee of the hospital?

CLAIRE  
(off transcript)  
Page three, line seven, I ask him about that relationship.

DR. GREELEY  
(reading)  
I'm not certain why...

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK) (INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

CLAIRE is now facing an UNSEEN PATIENT. (Dr. Greeley OVERLAPS the dialogue of the characters in the scene.)

CLAIRE & DR. GREELEY (V.O.)  
... You feel such guilt.

UNSEEN PATIENT & DR. GREELEY (V.O.)

I'm supposed to enforce this policy of discouraging romance in the workplace and yet I have romantic feelings myself.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Greeley and Claire.

CLAIRE

He's caught between his job and his emotions...

GREELEY

It's a good policy, Claire. It's designed to crack down on sexual harassment.

CLAIRE

The hospital was slapped with a three million dollar lawsuit and now we're over-reacting.

GREELEY

How about we talk about your patient and not about hospital policy?

CLAIRE flips pages, and...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(off transcript)

Fine. Page eight, line seven...  
(reading)

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLAIRE listens to her Unseen patient... (This time it's CLAIRE doing the overlapping.)

UNSEEN PATIENT & CLAIRE (V.O.)

... In the Dunking Booth at the hospital carnival last August, she dunked me three times. She was just so vivacious. So funny. So energetic. It was this Shakespearean moment -- love at first sight.

(beat, afraid to admit)

Sometimes I have trouble sleeping so I drive by her house early in the morning. Clear the ice off her windshield, dig out the snowdrifts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE & CLAIRE (V.O.)  
It's not abnormal to be preoccupied  
in the early days of a  
relationship.

CLAIRE is full of sympathy for the man.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire and Dr. Greeley...

DR. GREELEY  
Good advice. Why do you need me?

CLAIRE  
I don't want to advise an employee  
to defy company policy.  
(off transcript)  
Next page, line six.

Greeley flips a page.

DR. GREELEY  
(reading)  
I'm afraid that...

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

UNSEEN PATIENT & DR. GREELEY (V.O.)  
... The Cupid Cops will catch us  
and one of us will lose our job.

CLAIRE & DR. GREELEY (V.O.)  
You believe in the Cupid Cops?

UNSEEN PATIENT & DR. GREELEY (V.O.)  
(darkly amused)  
Believe in them? Yeah. I'm one of  
them.

CLAIRE is astounded at this revelation --

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE faces Dr. Greeley.

CLAIRE  
What I need to find out, Milton, is  
if my client is paranoid or if he's  
being ripped apart by a secret  
policy that's effectively hired him  
to ruin his own love life.

Dr. Greeley stands to leave, obviously troubled himself.

DR. GREELEY  
I'll get back to you.

INT. BENDER TALENT AGENCY - DAY

The plush reception area at Chicago's most prestigious agency. CHAMP enters, looking very Black Urban Professional in a suit and carrying a briefcase. He strides up to the busy reception desk, shoots his cuffs, puts his leather briefcase on the desk and opens it with a crisp snap. Suave. He definitely practiced this at home. He removes a small stack of 8X10 pictures and resumes, as KIKI LABROSSE a seen-it-all-I'm-only-22 Assistant turns to him.

CHAMP

Champ Terrace for Lorna Bender.

KIKI

In the basket.

She points to an in/out basket which contains at least 50 similar pictures and resumes. Her phone RINGS. Kiki grabs it.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Lorna Bender's office.

(listens)

Yes, I'll give her the message.

She hangs up.

CHAMP

I wonder if I might speak to Lorna personally?

KIKI

Do you have an appointment?

CHAMP

(bluffing like crazy)

I'm pretty sure, yes --

KIKI doesn't buy that for a second. BUZZES the intercom.

LORNA (OVER INTERCOM)

Yes?

KIKI

The Milk of Magnesia people decided to go ethnic.

LORNA (OVER INTERCOM)

Ethnic. As in African-American?

KIKI

I guess.

LORNA (OVER INTERCOM)

Tell Armando to make the calls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI  
And, uh... there's one here now.

LORNA (OVER INTERCOM)  
One what?

KIKI  
An ethnic man.

CHAMP doesn't know where to look. A long pause, then...

LORNA (OVER INTERCOM)  
Is there an African-American  
gentleman standing there with you  
right now?

KIKI looks to Champ, he nods yes.

KIKI  
Yes.

LORNA (OVER INTERCOM)  
(sweetly)  
Kiki, I'm coming out now. Don't be  
there when I arrive.

KIKI gets up and runs off. Champ prepares himself. The door to the inner sanctum opens and out steps LORNA BENDER, 30, very attractive and very successful. She smiles broadly at Champ and offers her hand.

LORNA (CONT'D)  
I'm Lorna Bender. Is there  
anything I can do or say now to  
improve your opinion of us?

CHAMP  
(smiles)  
Us meaning "you people" or us, this  
agency?

LORNA smiles. This is going to be all right.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLAIRE is packing up to leave as Trevor enters wearing a pair of novelty eyeglasses with grotesquely hanging eyeballs.

CLAIRE  
This office is closed.

TREVOR  
Have you heard about these Cupid  
Cops? Love Narcs? Romance Rats?  
Snuggle Snoops? Kiss Catchers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Rumors, Trevor.

JACLYN pokes her head into the office.

JACLYN  
Dr. Allen? There's a woman here  
with a complaint about one of your  
patients.

Behind Trevor's back, she indicates that it's Trevor.

TREVOR  
Let us review ideal places to meet  
your soul-mate. One: WORK!

CLAIRE elbows her way by him. Trevor follows.

INT. CLAIRE'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

GLENDА sits demurely on the sofa, clutching her mini-recorder, as Claire, Trevor and Jaclyn exit Claire's office. As Trevor passes he gives the glasses to Jaclyn.

TREVOR  
You can't be the relationship  
expert in a hospital that bans  
relationships.

CLAIRE  
(to Glenda)  
I'll be with you in one moment...

TREVOR  
(to Glenda, startling her)  
Schnell! Schnell! Ich Ein  
Berliner! Liebfraumilch!  
Gesundheit! Raust! Raust!

CLAIRE  
(to Trevor)  
Could we discuss this tomorrow?

TREVOR  
I'll drop by your place later.

GLENDА's ears perk up. She thumbs the "record" button on her mini-recorder, unnoticed by any of the others.

CLAIRE  
Not tonight. I'm exhausted.

TREVOR  
It's not like you ever want to see  
me at the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I see you in the morning, I see you at night. I wouldn't be surprised if you popped up in my dreams.

TREVOR

What'll I be wearing?

CLAIRE

It's interfering with my work. Why don't you let me call you for once?

TREVOR

I'll sit by the phone, one hand on the receiver and the other on my --  
(to Glenda, startling her)  
Einsterzen Neubaten!

He CLICKS his heels and leaves.

CLAIRE

(to Glenda)

I'm sorry. Can I help you?

GLEENDA

Oh no, thank you. I'm quite satisfied.

GLEENDA gets up and leaves.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(to Jaclyn)

Sometimes I think you and I are the only sane people in this building.

She turns to see Jaclyn staring at her through the novelty glasses. Neither one of them cracks a smile.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHAMP is practically giddy with excitement. For once Trevor is the more sedate one.

CHAMP

Lorna Bender! I've been trying to scam my way in to see her for two years! Lorna Bender! She owns the best casting agency in town.

TREVOR

Ah, yes -- Bender, Over and Polk.

CHAMP

She represents only the A-list and she's a fan of my work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

You mortals are so addicted to external validation.

CHAMP

Right, "us mortals." And all those animal sacrifices in the Temple of Eros?

TREVOR

Guy can never have too many sheep hearts...

CHAMP

Lorna says I exude authority.

TREVOR

Are you sure she didn't say "nude minority"?

CHAMP

I know it's hard for you to understand, but not everything's about sex.

The phone RINGS. Champ answers.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Hello?

(then surprised)

Hi. Lorna.

(listens)

Sure. That'd be great. What time?

(jots a note)

I'll be there. Okay. Bye.

He hangs up, looking slightly stunned.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

She just asked me out. On a date.

Off Champ, confused. And Trevor smirking.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLAIRE enters, followed by FRANK CANTOS, intense, sexy, confident and carrying a large, wooden toolbox. He is as serene as Buddha. He stops halfway into the room, as Claire proceeds to the corner where the wall is marked up with color-coded anal retentive little lines. She doesn't notice he's no longer following.

CLAIRE

Now, the closet door will be here -- standard size. These red lines here indicate...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks back over her shoulder and sees Frank wandering about the room, peeking into corners and squinting at random walls.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Cantos?

FRANK continues his circuit.

FRANK  
Call me Frank.

He looks over, but says nothing and continues his circuit.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Frank? We're over here.

FRANK  
I'm getting the feel of the room.

CLAIRE  
Just a plain, old room. Nothing special.

She waits for him to finish, and he sedately wanders over to the patterned wall, which he regards with some disdain.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I've marked off --

FRANK  
It's gonna take six weeks.

CLAIRE  
(astounded)  
Six weeks?  
(off Frank's nod)  
The Hodgins said you were good and fast.

FRANK  
I put up a garage for the Hodgins.

CLAIRE  
(not understanding)  
And that's easier than a closet?

FRANK  
You can use power tools for a garage.

CLAIRE  
You're not going to use power tools?

FRANK  
What kind of doctor are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
I'm a psychologist. Now, as I  
mentioned on the phone --

FRANK  
I'm sort of like a psychologist  
myself.  
(off her look)  
Like people, every room has a  
distinct personality.

CLAIRE  
Except for garages?

FRANK thinks Claire has figured things out nicely.

FRANK  
Exactly.  
(off room)  
This is a good space. I'm going to  
help you unlock its potential.

CLAIRE  
Really? Because I thought you were  
going to build me a closet.

FRANK  
No, I'm going to make you happy.

He smiles at her. He certainly does have blue eyes.

CLAIRE  
A closet would make me happy.

FRANK  
And that's what you're gonna get.

CLAIRE stops arguing. Maybe it's the eyes.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

MAGGIE emerges, bundled up and ready for work. She trudges  
to her car, hoping she won't have to wrestle with the scraper  
and is delighted to find that once again the job's been done  
for her. This is the way to start the morning.

INT. CLAIRE'S outer OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE enters her office, shedding coat and briefcase, to see  
Dr. Greeley standing somberly, waiting.

CLAIRE  
Uh-oh, nothing's quite as scary as  
Milton in the Morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GREELEY

I have some difficult news.

(reluctantly)

There have been allegations made to  
the effect that you may be  
having...uh, inappropriate  
relations with Trevor Hale.

CLAIRE can't believe what she's hearing. She feels her  
professional life crumbling around her.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

GREELEY and Claire listen to a tape recorder. With them are two suits: ANDREW SELL, a laid-back, slightly ruffled romantic type, and TIM DELAUNE, perfect to the last detail, including a part in his hair straighter than the straightest thing that ever was straight.

CLAIRE ON RECORDER  
Not tonight. I'm exhausted.

TREVOR ON RECORDER  
It's not like you ever want to see me at the office.

CLAIRE ON RECORDER  
I see you in the morning, I see you at night, I wouldn't be surprised if you popped up in my dreams.

GREELEY looks at Tim. He shuts off the recorder.

CLAIRE  
(numbly)  
That's not in context.  
(regarding Tim and Andrew)  
Why are the Human Resources guys here?

TIM  
It's a Human Resources issue.

CLAIRE  
I'm being fired?

GREELEY  
Now, Claire --

TREVOR KNOCKS and enters. He's in his bartending apron. He looks like a keg of Guinness just exploded on him which is exactly what's just happened.

CLAIRE  
Trevor, you're late.

TREVOR  
Now, Claire, a keg of Irish stout sprung a leak at Taggerty's same time I got your call.

GREELEY  
You managed to get a tap into it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR  
(guiltily)  
Well, that woulda been one way to  
deal with it.

CLAIRE  
(to Greely)  
You really think I would have a  
sexual relationship with this.

GREELEY  
Of course I don't.

ANDREW  
(kindly)  
Given the nature of the tape, we're  
required to investigate your  
relationship with Mr. Hale.

TREVOR now understands what's going on...

TREVOR  
(apologetically)  
We got caught because she hollers  
so loudly when we make love, right?  
Well, not to boast, but if you knew  
the specifics, you wouldn't blame  
her.

CLAIRE  
Trevor --

TREVOR  
Claire, you said we could stop  
hiding our love when --

CLAIRE  
Trevor --

TREVOR  
Sweetie, this is such a relief!  
Now I can shout your name from the  
rooftops! My darling. My fertile  
crescent. My own private Idaho.

No one is amused. Greeley turns to Claire.

DR. GREELEY  
During the investigation, Mr. Hale  
will have to be reassigned to  
another therapist.

TREVOR is blind-sided by that pronouncement.

TREVOR  
But -- but -- but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

I'm not going to pretend that a little vacation from Trevor wouldn't be nice.

TREVOR

But -- but -- but --

CLAIRE

While Trevor does his motorboat impression, maybe I can make a couple of suggestions.

GREELEY

I've already found a volunteer.

Another KNOCK at the door. DR. IAN FRECHETTE enters.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no, no.

FRECHETTE

Good morning.

GREELEY

Trevor, let me introduce Dr. Ian Frechette.

TREVOR

Dr. Straitjacket? Dr. Thorazine?  
(to Claire)  
Tell them the truth, Claire!

CLAIRE

I tried.

TREVOR

Okay, joke's over, we're not even friendly. It's a strict no touching zone, we don't even breathe the same air. Nothing to see here, folks, move along. Move along.

FRECHETTE smiles. It's too late for that.

FRECHETTE

(to Claire)

I have no doubt these allegations are false, Claire, but I am delighted to be helping you with Mr. Hale's case.

TREVOR

Oh, God.

He looks to Claire. She shrugs. It's out of her hands.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

Typical shared office space. A VAN GOGH POSTER adorns the wall between the two desks. MAGGIE and Andrew are making out. As they kiss, Andrew backs Maggie into an ANT FARM, which Andrew catches at the last moment.

ANDREW

Oh, God.

MAGGIE

(throatily)

I know. I know. I know.

ANDREW

I mean Tim's ant farm. Could've infested the whole hospital.

He puts it back as carefully as he can.

MAGGIE

Where were we?

ANDREW

Okay, whoa, time out. What if Tim comes back and catches us?

MAGGIE

Oooo, would he cut off the supply of paperclips?

ANDREW

He'd report us in a heartbeat. He's not a fun guy like me. He takes everything way too seriously.  
(off the ant farm)  
He's like an ant.

MAGGIE

He can carry ten times his own body weight?

ANDREW

He's all about regulations. Completely by the book. The man's never missed a day's work in his life.

MAGGIE leans toward Andrew when Tim enters...

TIM

What's up?

ANDREW just about jumps out of his skin, then freezes in panic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW

Uh --

MAGGIE

I came here to ask a question about my health benefits and Mr...?

ANDREW

Sell. Andrew Sell. Ms...?

MAGGIE

Hollings. Maggie Hollings. Well, Mr. Sell and I started discussing movies.

ANDREW

Miss Hollings suggested that Brad Pitt's Irish accent in --

MAGGIE

"The Devil's Own" was worse than --

ANDREW

Kevin Costner's English accent in "Prince of Thieves."

TIM regards them flatly just long enough for them to think that he doesn't believe a word they're saying, when --

TIM

What about Sean Connery as a Russian submarine commander?  
(imitating Mr. Connery)  
Mr. Krepsulov, please inform the Kremlin that the imperialists running dog lackeys have retreated.

MAGGIE LAUGHS. Tim smiles, his facade cracking for just a moment.

MAGGIE

Well, I gotta --

MAGGIE nods politely at Tim, grimaces at Andrew behind Tim's back and takes her leave. Tim watches her go.

TIM

My name's Tim Delaune, by the way --

But she's gone. Too late.

ANDREW

You weren't coming onto her there, were you Tim?

TIM sits at his desk and starts to work. Andrew sits at his desk and starts playing with a slinky.

INT. FRECHETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

FRECHETTE works at his desk when suddenly a paperclip whizzes past his ear, knocking a mini Wagner bust off of Frechette's computer monitor. Frechette doesn't even look up.

FRECHETTE

I suppose it was your marksmanship that charmed Dr. Allen? Please sit down.

TREVOR enters and peruses Frechette's belongings. Frechette's office is... Wagnerian. Heavy, serious, slightly fascist and humorless. Trevor roams.

TREVOR

Very homey place, if you're a Spartan.

FRECHETTE

I did agree not to alter Dr. Allen's course of treatment, such as it is. Nevertheless, I am not Dr. Allen, Trevor.

TREVOR

Really? Because I know Claire Allen. I've worked with Claire Allen. And... Ian Frechette...  
(eyes him; shrugs)  
... you could pass.

FRECHETTE

Once again, please sit down.

TREVOR picks up the Wagner bust, and holding it in front of his face, BELTS OUT a bit of faux Wagnerian Opera at full volume. "Kill De Wabbit! Kill de Wabbit!"

FRECHETTE flips through Trevor's file.

FRECHETTE (CONT'D)

So, you believe that for each couple you match up, you will win a bead?

(off Trevor's shrug)

And when you receive a hundred such beads, you will magically transport back to Olympus to resume your life of leisure.

TREVOR

Correct -- except there's no magic. An invisible fiery chariot will simply pick me up at Division and Wacker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRECHETTE

I don't think you understand,  
Trevor.

TREVOR

But if I don't understand Trevor,  
who will?

FRECHETTE

(calm as a lake)

I agreed to keep you off medication  
and off the psychiatric ward  
sheerlyout of professional  
courtesy. But if you don't sit  
down, right now, in that chair, I  
will amend your treatment as I see  
fit.

Trevor hears the steel in Frechette and stops moving.

FRECHETTE (CONT'D)

We will begin by talking about your  
earliest memories --

TREVOR

I'm over three thousand-years-old.  
I hope you have a lot of time.

FRECHETTE

As a matter-of-fact, I do not. So,  
if necessary, we will find ways to  
streamline the process.  
Electroshock comes to mind.

A moment, and Trevor makes his decision. He quickly  
stretches out on the couch. Frechette is pleased. He smiles  
and makes a note.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TREVOR is searching for something. He's poking around under  
the sink, in the fridge, through the garbage. He's wearing a  
baseball cap that Mr. Zippy Pizza. Champ enters.

TREVOR

Welcome home from your date. You  
and Lorna Doone what I think you  
been doone?

CHAMP

We went out and had a nice time.

TREVOR

You do a killer "naive."

CHAMP

We barely talked about work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAMP observes Trevor curiously. Trevor is now looking under the couch cushions.

TREVOR

So riddle me this, Bachelorman:  
would you have asked her out if she  
hadn't asked you first?

CHAMP

No.

TREVOR

Because...

CHAMP

I wouldn't want her to think I was  
using her to get work.

TREVOR

And you don't think she's capable  
of using work to get you?

CHAMP

(troubled)  
She did insist on paying for  
dinner.

(off Trevor's odd  
behavior)

I'm pretty sure I'm going to regret  
asking this, but -- what the hell  
are you doing?

TREVOR

Earning a bead. Trying to get  
home. That pizza we had delivered  
last night -- where's the box?

CHAMP

The pizza I had delivered?

TREVOR

Details.

CHAMP begins walking towards Trevor's bedroom.

CHAMP

Dare I ask what it's for?

TREVOR

If I can prove to this amazing  
nurse down at the hospital that her  
boyfriend isn't married, that poker  
night isn't code for poke-her  
night, she'll commit to him.  
There's my bead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAMP gets down on his hands and knees and pulls a pizza box out from under TREVOR's bed.

CHAMP

And you need a pizza box to do it?

TREVOR

Yep.

CHAMP pulls out another box, and another...

CHAMP (CONT'D)

There you go. Save two more relationships.

EXT. ANDREW'S PLACE - NIGHT

TREVOR comes up the porch looking very much like a pizza delivery guy. He knocks. And waits. No response, but he hears the sound of conversation and laughter from inside. Spotting the window beside the door, he stretches to look in, but can't quite see. Standing up on the railing, and grabbing the window frame, he can lean out a little further, and finally gets a peek inside.

angle - Andrew & an attractive blonde sitting on the floor at the coffee table drinking white wine. Although not overtly romantic, it certainly isn't poker with the guys. Just before he loses his footing and tumbles into the bushes, Trevor realizes Maggie's in a world of trouble.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - DAY

GLEENDA sits at her desk, needlessly harassing the person at the head of a long line. Trevor enters, doesn't even glance at the admit desk. Heads straight back to Maggie's workstation. Glenda notices. She's irked.

GLEENDA

Hey! You can't go back there!

TREVOR doesn't slow. He holds up a beaker of amber liquid.

TREVOR

Just dropping off a sample, Frau Blucha, won't be a minute.

She starts to get up, but THE MAN at the front of the line shoves a sheaf of papers under her nose. Glenda sits, and, still glaring in Trevor's direction, starts blindly stamping the forms.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

TREVOR approaches Maggie's area. The bearer of bad news, he's not his usual jovial self. Maggie emerges just as he arrives, carrying several hospitably items. She's happy to see him.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I've seen it before. First they're afraid of needles, then they start to like it.

She keeps walking, and Trevor follows.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(off the sample)

And by the way, I take blood. That you can keep.

TREVOR

It's apple juice. To get by Colonel Klink.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, you're scheduled for one blood test a month and that's all you're getting.

TREVOR

Maggie, I went by Andrew's house last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Ah, poker night. How'd you do?

TREVOR

There wasn't any poker game.

A beat as this sinks in.

MAGGIE

And lemme guess, he wasn't alone?

TREVOR winces and shakes his head. Maggie tries to hide the pain she's feeling without much effect.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

See, the rules are there for a reason. Fishing off the company pier anything you catch, you're gonna have to throw back.

And a movement catches her eye. She looks down the hall, causing Trevor to look as well...

REVEAL - Glenda

who has obviously heard this last bit of crucial information, and she's damn pleased about it. Trevor salutes her with his "sample." Then he chugs it.

TREVOR

Waste not; want not.

Off Glenda's look of disgust...

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

GLENDА barges in, about ready to bust. Andrew and Tim look up from their desks, unimpressed by her enthusiasm.

ANDREW

Oh, boy, here we go again.

GLENDА

You know sometimes I question your dedication to our job.

TIM

Our job? You're a receptionist.

GLENDА

You know my goal is to work in Human Resources. That's where the action is. What's happening with the Dr. Allen case?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM

Unfortunately, we are unable to comment on ongoing inquiries.

ANDREW

So, unless you have something new...

GLEENDA

Maggie Hollings is dating someone at the hospital.

ANDREW is shocked into silence. Tim takes the info in stride.

TIM

Do you have any proof?

GLEENDA

She admitted it right to my face. Almost.

ANDREW

What about a name?

GLEENDA

No.  
(off their disinterest)  
But you have to look into it.

TIM ushers Glenda toward the door.

TIM

If you're going to work in Human Resources, Glenda, you have to understand that gossip isn't proof. You're Doctor Allen tape isn't even holding up.

GLEENDA

Then I'll get proof.

As she leaves. Tim and Andrew share an exasperated look.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE returns to her office, her chair spins around, courtesy of its occupant: Trevor (wearing her glasses.)

TREVOR

(sounding very Dr. Ruth)  
Zis envy you haf for da mens. Eet eez healthy and perfectly natural.

CLAIRE

Get out of here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

(as if this makes it okay)  
But I'm here with an idea.  
Matchmaking in Chicago in winter --  
too many layers of clothes. What  
I'm thinking is by relocating to  
Club Med, flying south for the  
winter, all those oiled, nearly  
naked bodies --

CLAIRE

(the nerve!)  
I'm being investigated for my  
relationship with you, and you're  
suggesting we hop a plane to Club  
Med?

TREVOR

Okay, you can come, too. It'll be  
fun! We'll swim, rub lotion on each  
other, get a tan, rub lotion on  
each other, drink Mai-Tais, rub  
lotion on each other.

Not missing a beat, Claire throws her hands up in the air and  
backs out of the office.

CLAIRE

(yelling)  
Jaclyn! Jaclyn!

CLAIRE flees. Trevor follows.

INT. CLAIRE'S RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

JACLYN looks up.

TREVOR

You'll have to pay, though. I'm  
tap city.

CLAIRE

I am not talking to this man  
because I am being investigated for  
improper conduct and I don't want  
to lose my career.

JACLYN

Can I talk to him?

CLAIRE

Let me just say that if I had it  
all to do over again, I'd avoid  
him.

TREVOR

You miss me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
 (to Jaclyn)  
 He's a child. He has no  
 understanding of what damage he did  
 by corroborating the charges  
 against me.

TREVOR  
 I'm sorry.

CLAIRE and Jaclyn regard each other in shock.

CLAIRE  
 Did he say...?

JACLYN  
 Yes.

TREVOR  
 I'm in Claire withdrawal. Give me  
 a quick fix. Anything! A stinging  
 retort! A withering look!

Claire provides the withering look without even trying.  
 TREVOR reacts as if Claire's expression is erotic art.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Oh, yeah. That was good. Diss me  
 again. This time, say something.  
 Slowly.

CLAIRE heads into her office, SLAMMING the door.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 She misses me, too.

JACLYN  
 Yeah, she does. Me too.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
 I DO NOT MISS TREVOR HALE!

JACLYN nods: "She does too." Trevor heads off, satisfied.

INT. FRECHETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

TREVOR lies on the couch, getting drowsier and drowsier as,  
 Frechette attempts to hypnotize him. Frechette is a study in  
 ignoring Trevor's remarks. Trevor uses a "trance voice."

FRECHETTE  
 The elevator is going down, down...

TREVOR  
 Down, down, past hardwares, past  
 the bargain basement --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRECHETTE

As the elevator approaches the Earth's core, gravity gets stronger. You're unable to lift your limbs.

(then)

Try to lift your arm.

TREVOR tries, and cannot. Frechette is pleased.

FRECHETTE (CONT'D)

Good. You trust me. You trust my voice. I'm your friend.

TREVOR

You're my friend. We played Little League together. We rode bikes together. We indulged in healthy experimentation at Cub Scout Camp --

FRECHETTE

You see a spiral staircase going down right in front of you.

TREVOR

Like a lighthouse.

FRECHETTE

As you walk down the staircase, you become younger and younger.

TREVOR

(an adolescent's voice)

Why does Ganymede get all the nymphs? I'll show that son of a hydra --

He draws back a bow.

FRECHETTE

Another step...

TREVOR

(a child's voice, worried)

Mom and Dad... they're fighting.

FRECHETTE

(intrigued)

What about?

TREVOR

Whether or not to destroy Atlantis.

FRECHETTE

Another step...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

There's a rock floor. Stone.  
Thick.

FRECHETTE

No, it's paper. It's mist. It is  
your delusion. Listen to me. Take  
the step.

TREVOR

(struggling)

I -- I can't. It hurts.

FRECHETTE

It may be painful, but I want you  
to step back to before you were a  
god. Before the delusion.

A long silence... Is Trevor seeing his past?

TREVOR

A girl...

FRECHETTE

(feels he's onto  
something)

What girl?

TREVOR

(heartbroken)

She's leaving. She's never coming  
back. My heart... it's breaking.

FRECHETTE

What's her name?

TREVOR

It's broken. My heart is broken.  
Can't take the pain. I have to  
heal my heart. I have to heal  
all the broken hearts...

FRECHETTE smiles. He's made a huge breakthrough.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLAIRE comes home to find Frank packing up his tools. Claire  
notes that nothing has been done on the closet. She shivers.

FRANK

Long day?

CLAIRE

Why's it so cold in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK indicates the paper plate-sized hole in the wall opposite the proposed closet space. It's covered in opaque plastic.

FRANK

I should have that finished soon.

CLAIRE

There's a hole in my wall.

FRANK

It won't be a hole for long.

CLAIRE

I wanted a closet, over there. On that wall.

CLAIRE points at the opposite wall. Frank shrugs.

FRANK

Dr. Allen, how seriously would you take it if I told you should start prescribing more lithium to your patients?

CLAIRE

As long as we're drawing analogies, wouldn't it make you nervous if your psychologist didn't use modern tools of the profession? If she said, "hold still, let the leech get proper suction."

FRANK

I don't need a psychologist.

CLAIRE

That remains to be seen. Please, plug something in! A belt sander! A cordless drill! How about an electric hole fixer? Handy for those sub-zero Chicago nights.

FRANK

Plug in a cordless drill?

CLAIRE

It's freezing. How am I supposed to fall asleep, tonight?

FRANK

You're such a big fan of electric devices, can I suggest --

CLAIRE

Don't you dare!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK pauses. This woman is crazy.

FRANK  
An electric blanket.

CLAIRE  
An electric blanket. Of course.  
(attempts to laugh it off)  
I'm sorry. That was my Trevor  
reflex.

FRANK has no idea what that means. He ignores it.

FRANK  
Look, if, when I'm done, you're not  
happy with the results, there'll be  
no charge. Do your customers get  
that guarantee?

FRANK picks up his toolbox, departs. Claire calls after him.

CLAIRE  
I don't have customers. I have  
patients.

FRANK (O.S.)  
Not nearly enough.

CLAIRE shakes her head, not appreciating the pun.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANDREW is playing a playful little number on his violin as Maggie returns to the living room. Andrew sets down the violin.

ANDREW  
Okay, a complete tour of the house.  
No sign of a live-in girlfriend.

MAGGIE  
What happened to your Thursday  
night poker game?

ANDREW doesn't miss a beat. He LAUGHS.

ANDREW  
Is that what this is about? Don in  
Pharmacy ratted me out, huh? Well,  
I cancelled it. Would you like to  
know what I did instead?  
(off Maggie's nod)  
I had dinner with the wife of my  
best friend from college.

MAGGIE breathes a sigh of relief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I'm sorry to sound so suspicious...

ANDREW

Have I done something to make you mistrust me?

MAGGIE

Why haven't you brought me here before?

Guilt and worry flash over his face. This is hard.

ANDREW

You've heard about the Cupid Cops, right?

MAGGIE

You're afraid the Cupid Cops will catch us? They're fictional, like the Boogeyman, a story someone made up to keep us in line.

ANDREW

Maggie, they're real.

MAGGIE

Even if they did exist, why would they watch your apartment any more carefully than mine?

ANDREW

Sometimes my boss drops by.

MAGGIE

Tim? He's a Cupid Cop?

ANDREW

Uh, we both are.

MAGGIE

(takes that in, then,  
touched)

You're risking your career to see me?

ANDREW

You see why I maybe act a little weird. Especially now.

MAGGIE

Why now?

ANDREW

We heard a rumor this morning -- about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

Any clue as to what mysterious  
lover I'm supposed to be seeing?

ANDREW

We're looking into it.

MAGGIE

So, with this Cupid Cop job... do  
you get handcuffs?

The pair get lost in kissing.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

TREVOR sees Champ enter looking a little dazed and confused.

TREVOR

How'd Lorna take the news?

CHAMP

Didn't quite get all the words out.

TREVOR

She told you that you're the  
loviest, doviest, most cuddly-  
wuddly boy-toy in town, and you  
folded.

CHAMP

No. She told me she got me an  
audition for a national truck  
commercial.

(beat)

That's when I folded.

Off Champ looking sheepish.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

close - feet walking down the hallway. We pan up to --

REVEAL - a massive ring of keys as one after another is tried  
in a lock. Finally one works, and we continue to pan up to

REVEAL - Glenda as she enters Claire's office, flashlight in  
hand.

EXT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

POV SHOT - MAGGIE & ANDREW

kiss goodbye at the front door. Andrew shuts the door and  
Maggie heads for her car. She looks up to see --

REVERSE ANGLE - TIM

watches from his car. To his surprise, Maggie crosses over to him and knocks on his window. Maggie is two parts sadness, one part disdain...

MAGGIE

Do you like your job, Tim?

TIM

(joyless)

Not always. But it's important.

MAGGIE

I love my job. And I love Andrew.  
Your job is to spoil all that. How  
is that important?

She favors him with one more sad look and heads over to her own car. Tim, emotionless, rolls up his window again.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA - DAY

ANDREW strides up to Glenda's desk.

ANDREW

You better not have called me down  
here cause you saw a couple people  
making eyes in the cafeteria.

She hands him a bright red folder marked "CONFIDENTIAL."

GLEENDA

Here's your proof that Maggie  
Hollings is having an affair with  
employee number 21245.

ANDREW

Two-one-two-four-five?  
(then, off the folder)  
A case file from Dr. Allen. This  
is completely illegal.

GLEENDA

You wanted proof. Frankly, I was  
hoping to find something out about  
Dr. Allen and her lunatic patient.  
In any case, you didn't say it had  
to be legal.

And off Andrew's nervous expression...

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY (TIME CUT)

ANDREW, alone in the office, enters the employee number into his computer, then begins to read the file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREW  
(reading)  
I think about her all day. It's  
interfering with my work.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLAIRE faces her Unseen Patient again. (Both the voices in this scene are OVERLAID by Andrew reading the file.)

UNSEEN PATIENT & ANDREW (V.O.)  
I can't be honest at work. I can't  
do what I'm being paid to do.

CLAIRE & ANDREW (V.O.)  
How do you feel about what you're  
being paid to do?

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

ANDREW  
(reading)  
I don't know anymore...

The computer BEEPS, and he looks up at the screen his eyes go wide.

CLOSE - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

which shows that employee number 21245 is none other than Timothy Delaune.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

For the first time, the camera FINDS the Mystery Patient. And it's our TIM, lovelorn and in pain.

TIM  
All I know is that I love Maggie  
Hollings.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

ANDREW reads the transcript, amazed.

ANDREW  
(reading off transcript)  
And right now, that's all I can  
think about.

ANDREW considers what he's discovered. A smile blooms on his face. All his problems have just been solved.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE - A CLOSED DOOR

The nameplate reads: "Milton Greeley, M.D. - Director of Hospital Operations." PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

ANDREW coming down the hallway, glancing around furtively. Satisfied that no one's around, he slips an envelope under Greeley's door and scampers away.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DAY

MAGGIE enters Tim and Andrew's office wearing a worried expression. Tim is there, rolling up the Van Gogh poster which had been on the wall. A box containing the rest of his personal effects sits on his now barren desk.

MAGGIE  
You're leaving?

TIM  
Moving on.

MAGGIE looks questioningly at Andrew. Andrew is impassive.

MAGGIE  
I'm gonna miss seeing that poster  
when I come in here.

TIM presents her with the poster.

TIM  
A parting gift.  
(to Maggie)  
I really hope things work out for  
you.

There's a sincerity and sadness in his voice that registers on Maggie. He nods, and takes his leave. Maggie looks questioningly at Andrew.

ANDREW  
He resigned.

MAGGIE  
That's good for us.

ANDREW  
Get this. We got evidence that he  
was in love with a hospital  
employee. I mean desperately in  
love. He quit before Greeley could  
fire him.

MAGGIE  
Well, at least he's got integrity.

They share a moment of relief.

BEGIN MONTAGE  
To the Replacements "Can't Hardly  
Wait."

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

MAGGIE opens the centrifuge and finds it... empty.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHAMP has a toy truck set out on the kitchen table. He moves around it pointing out the features, rehearsing for his commercial audition.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - TREVOR

who shakes his head "no." That's all wrong. Trevor moves over to the truck, shows Champ a "better" approach, indicates he should smile more by pushing up the corners of his mouth.

INT. CLAIRE'S FOYER - MORNING

TREVOR walks up to Claire's house with a donut bag. He picks up her paper, takes the comics section, then places the donut bag and paper on the welcome mat, RINGS the bell, then runs away.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

MAGGIE goes out to her car. Pauses, a bit disappointed, when she discovers her windshield has not been de-iced. She shrugs and gets out her scraper.

INT. FRECHETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

TREVOR stretched out on the couch staring vacantly at the ceiling, his lips moving. Frechette nodding along, taking notes, pleased with the progress.

INT. CLAIRE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

CLAIRE watches from her bedroom doorway while Frank, unaware of her presence, sexily sands something.

END MONTAGE.

INT. FRECHETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

TREVOR is on Frechette's couch again, fully entranced. Frechette takes notes proudly.

TREVOR  
(trance voice)  
I was her first -- she was mine.  
We trusted each other with our  
hearts.

CLAIRE enters, quietly. With a wave and a "shush" gesture Frechette tells her to listen quietly and witness the marvel that is Trevor's progress. TREVOR does not notice a thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRECHETTE

What happened between you?

TREVOR

Even my mom liked her.

FRECHETTE shoots Claire a look of supreme smugness.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Everyone did. So beautiful, innocent. I loved her so much... I wish the pain would go away. I want everyone's pain to go away...

CLAIRE reacts. Has Frechette really gotten to Trevor's core?

FRECHETTE

Tell me her name.

TREVOR

But we were never happier than the time we went to Club Med together. We swam, rubbed lotion on each other, drank Mai-Tais, rubbed lotion on each other... She surprised me with the tickets. Two first class tickets. She knew how the winters make me suffer.

CLAIRE bites her upper lip, decides not to say a word.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

TREVOR hands three darts to A PATRON in exchange for his license, then turns to Maggie, who's sitting at the bar.

TREVOR

Darts. Now there's a sharp, pointy thing with a positive purpose. Unlike your damn needles.

MAGGIE

Needles don't poke people; people poke people.

TREVOR

Not often enough, if you ask me. But as long as we're on the topic, how's your favorite poker... player.

MAGGIE

(unintentionally unconvincing)

He's fun. We're having a lot of fun. It's spontaneous, you know... Fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor recognizes that Maggie is attempting to justify her feelings about Andrew. His responses are supportive, but knowing.

TREVOR  
I'm picking up fun.

MAGGIE  
He takes things lightly.

TREVOR  
This would be part of the fun...  
(beat)  
I want your but.

MAGGIE  
You want my butt?

TREVOR  
It's a huge "but."

MAGGIE  
(warning him)  
Y'know, when I'm taking your blood,  
one air bubble in your veins and  
it's over.

TREVOR  
He's fun, spontaneous and a laugh  
riot, BUT, he makes fur coats out  
of Dalmations. BUT, he likes you  
to wear a boy scout uniform. BUT,  
his favorite band is REO  
Speedwagon.

MAGGIE  
He's fun, spontaneous and a laugh  
riot. But, I don't think he loves  
me anymore.

TREVOR  
What's makes you say that?

MAGGIE  
All the little things have just...  
stopped. Postcards. Chocolate.  
Fresh fruit. I have to scrape my  
own windshield.

TREVOR  
Tell him.

MAGGIE  
See, it's hard. We never talked  
about those things. It was sort of  
our romantic little secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

So, maybe he thought you didn't appreciate him. Maybe he's crying in his beer right now: "I did all these stupid --

MAGGIE

Romantic --

TREVOR

Little things and she never said thanks.

MAGGIE SIGHS. Maybe Trevor's right.

MAGGIE

I'll tell him tomorrow.

TREVOR

Tell him tonight.

MAGGIE

Interrupt his precious Thursday night poker game?

TREVOR

Hey, it's just a bunch of guys losing money, right?

Off Maggie considering...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

MAGGIE walks down the hall towards Andrew's door. As she gets closer, she hears something that is cause for concern.

Intermittent SOUNDS of a VIOLIN being played, followed by...

The SOUNDS of female laughter.

MAGGIE pauses. Her first impulse is to feel sorry for herself. Tears well up in her eyes. She hears another burst of violin soloing. Her expression changes on a dime. Anger and resentment replace the sorrow. She raps loudly on the door, wipes her eyes, takes a deep breath. The door opens...

REVEAL - THE ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

wearing a man's dress shirt and little else. This can't be anyone's wife.

The woman gives Maggie a cursory once-over.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

Andy, it's some girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The violin riffing is cut short. The Attractive Blonde steps away from the door to...

REVEAL - ANDREW

caught red-handed. He's also barely dressed.

ANDREW

Maggie.

He can't think of anything else to say as he comes to the door. His violin is in one hand, his bow in the other.

MAGGIE

When you quit loving me, why didn't you just say it was over?

ANDREW

I haven't. Quit loving you, I mean. I know this looks --

MAGGIE

It was so obvious. When everything stopped -- the windshield...

ANDREW

What?

MAGGIE

And the fruit. The chocolate. The postcards.

ANDREW has no idea what she's talking about, and it shows.

ANDREW

Uh...

As Andrew stands there, Maggie has an epiphany.

MAGGIE

You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

Standing there helpless with the violin in one hand and the bow in the other, Andrew scratches the back of his calf with his other stocking-covered foot.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're a grasshopper, Andrew.

And those are the final words Maggie will share with Andrew. She turns and moves down the hall away from him. WE STAY on Andrew watching her go, his expression melancholy.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

What'd she call you?

CONTINUED:

ANDREW  
(what the hell?)  
A grasshopper.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TREVOR and Champ. Champ hangs up the phone.

CHAMP  
Lorna's coming up.

TREVOR  
(enjoying this)  
Sugar Mama's here? I'll clear off  
a spot on the couch so you two can  
"work."

CHAMP  
I can't believe I'm saying this,  
but... please stay.

TREVOR  
Nope. You're on your own, son.

TREVOR goes to his bedroom. There's a KNOCK at the door.  
Champ answers. It's Lorna, carrying a bag of something. She  
buzzes in, kisses Champ.

LORNA  
I come bearing news.

CHAMP  
You heard from the Ford people?

LORNA  
Normally when I've got news this  
good for a client, I like to treat  
them to a fabulous dinner at Les  
Deux. But in this case, I'm  
thinking maybe a quiet celebration  
here with just you and me and this  
bottle of Dom Perignon would be a  
better idea.

CHAMP  
I got the spot?

LORNA  
You did. Congratulations.

As Champ absorbs this great news...

CHAMP  
Let's go out. We'll have a great  
dinner. I'm buying.

LORNA's nervous -- is she moving things too quickly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA

I was more thinking we could stay  
in.

CHAMP

Oh.

LORNA

Is that all right?

Hard to refuse. She pulls a second bottle of Dom out.

CHAMP

Two bottles. We are celebrating.

LORNA

(blushing)

We don't have to drink it all  
tonight.

LORNA is worried she might be pushing too hard. And Champ isn't at all sure what this relationship is based on. He makes his own decision.

CHAMP

Mimosas for breakfast?

They kiss.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CLAIRE wakes up. She sees a kind of blobby group of colors on the wall where her closet will be. She turns to look at the plastic-covered hole. The colors are visible on the opaque plastic. She crosses to the plastic pushes it aside to uncover a STAINED GLASS WINDOW. The overall effect is gorgeous. The pattern of colors from the window picks up a design Frank has carved into the wood.

CLAIRE crosses to the door, and runs her fingers over the colored light, overwhelmed by Frank's work.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

TIM carries a thermos out of his apartment. When he gets to his car, he's surprised to discover that his windows have been de-iced. He runs his hand down the windshield almost as if he believes this is a mirage that's in danger of disappearing.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(re: the windshield)

Nice surprise, huh?

TIM's head whips up.

REVEAL - MAGGIE

thirty feet away, across the road, an ice scraper in hand. She begins walking towards him. Tim can only manage to nod.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No one's done that for me for...  
oh... how long ago did you quit,  
Tim?

TIM

(uncomfortably)  
Nine days ago.

MAGGIE

Nine days. Yeah. Weird. That's  
how long it's been since anyone's  
scraped my windshield.

(beat)

I always thought that Starry Night  
poster was Andrew's.

TIM is speechless.

MAGGIE

Why'd you quit, Tim?

TIM

Uh, that's complicated. Lots of  
things.

MAGGIE

Andrew said something about you  
being in love with someone at the  
hospital.

TIM

Oh, yeah. Well... there was that.

MAGGIE now stands just on the other side of Tim's car. She smiles big. The cat's out of the bag. Tim realizes there's nothing to be nervous about. For the first time in the scene, he allows himself to smile.

MAGGIE

(re: his thermos)  
You already found a new job, huh?

TIM

Yeah.

MAGGIE

Whaddya say you call in sick. Play  
hooky. We could get to know each  
other.

CONTINUED:

TIM opens his car door, unlocks the passenger door electronically.

TIM

I may not even call in.

TIM and Maggie share a smile as they get in the car. The camera stays outside, we just hear them.

MAGGIE

We'll stop at a payphone.

TIM

That'd probably be best.

As the car pulls away, the final image is of her reaching up and obliterating all semblance of the razor-sharp part in Tim's hair.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

TREVOR and Claire stroll.

TREVOR

I'm glad you were cleared, but I found it a little insulting that nobody thought we'd ever --

He makes vaguely suggestive motions which Claire stops.

CLAIRE

Really? I was mortified that anyone even felt they had to investigate.

GLENDa hurries by them, carrying her box of belongings.

GLENDa

(to Trevor)

It's a sad state of affairs when a lunatic can get someone fired.

CLAIRE

Glenda, it was me who got you fired for stealing a confidential file. If you're going to break into people's offices, you should glue those nails on tighter.

GLENDa

I want you to know I'm going to dedicate my life to proving you two are fooling around. Then I'll get my job back.

TREVOR "shivers" in fear. Glenda heads off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

(re: the departing Glenda)  
Imagine what the bad witch must be like.

(then, back on the topic)  
I could've gotten you fired if I'd wanted.

CLAIRE pokes Trevor. Frechette is coming toward them. Trevor smiles at CLAIRE. Claire sees what's coming.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Trevor... don't gloat.

Too late. Trevor rushes up to Frechette, the very picture of unhappiness.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(distracted)  
Dr. Frechette! I just got the news! They can't do this can they? Keep us apart? Make me go back to her?

He points to Claire, who has decided, for once, just to enjoy Trevor in full Trevor mode.

FRECHETTE

It was always an interim arrangement. I'm glad we made some progress --

TREVOR grabs Ian's lapels.

TREVOR

She doesn't understand me the way you do! She makes me work and strive to get better! With you, I just take a nap and have the nicest dreams...

FRECHETTE

Dreams?

TREVOR pretends to be a HYP-NO-TIZED zombie.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm going down the stairs! Down, down, DOWN! I'm a baby! I'm a sperm!

FRECHETTE realizes Trevor had him fooled.

CLAIRE

Don't worry about it, Ian. He's a tough nut to crack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRECHETTE

He was in the trance. I could tell.

TREVOR

I'm a god, Dr. Frechette. We invented trances so you people could see us, not the other way around.

FRECHETTE shakes his head and moves down the hallway. Trevor returns his attention to Claire. They continue down the hallway. WE STAY on their backs -- an EXIT sign represents the sunset in this scenario.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Now, about Club Med...

CLAIRE

The walls have ears, Trevor.

TREVOR whispers to one of the walls.

TREVOR

The woman is insatiable, unquenchable, a black hole of sexual desire.

CLAIRE

You know, from time to time, I forget that you're a mental patient. Then you do something that brings it all back into focus.

TREVOR

Really? Like what?

CLAIRE looks over to regard him. Notices he's DOING SOMETHING straight out of the Ministry of Silly Walks.

CLAIRE

Oh, stuff.

CLAIRE pushes open the double door at the end of the hallway. Trevor follows her out.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END