

CUPID

"Chapter Six"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

CLAIRE pokes her head out of her office, looks at the empty receiving chair, then asks JACLYN --

CLAIRE

Jaclyn, could you let me know when Trevor gets here? Thanks.

Jaclyn looks up from a copy of a romance novel.

JACLYN

Can't wait to hear the results of your experiment, huh, Dr. Allen?

CLAIRE

It is not an experiment. Not as far as Trevor knows anyway.

(pretty proud of herself)

I simply suggested he spend a week living like a "mere mortal" -- live an ordinary life: no "mission," no matchmaking.

JACLYN

See how the other half lives?

CLAIRE

I told him it'd make good research. Meanwhile I've got him acting like a person for a week... Therapist rule of thumb: get the behavior right, the attitudes will follow.

JACLYN

Meaning a guy who thinks he's Cupid but acts like a regular guy is --

CLAIRE

Just a regular guy with a dumb nickname.

(off her disappointment)

I'm writing a book about Trevor's recovery, Jaclyn. He actually has to recover for me to get past the introduction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN ODD SERIES OF KNOCKS is heard, presaging... TREVOR'S ENTRANCE. Claire checks her watch.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Trevor. Just in time to be ten minutes late... And?

Even through her attitude we can tell, Claire's waiting for news of progress like they were overnight ratings. But Trevor just looks at her, circles around, holding everything in.

TREVOR
... Normal...
(then, a whirlwind)
Average. Plain. Run of the mill.
Vanilla. No sprinkles... I worked forty hours, I Stair-Mastered, I watched the Thursday night line-up, I went to the supermarket, forgot the yogurt, went back -- I listened to Hootie...

CLAIRE
(anxious)
And?

TREVOR
(beat; then, a whirlwind)
How do you people live like that?

CLAIRE
You mean living a normal life.

TREVOR
I mean living without meaning! Living bland, canned, non-essential lives! Life without a purpose -- it's like... a car without gas, a balloon without helium, a bra without balloons, cable without nudity, a point without one last metaphor!

CLAIRE
(the therapist)
So, you find it hard to exist without a divine mandate?

TREVOR
How can anyone be expected to get up in the morning without a raison d'être? A higher calling! A personal quest --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

I get it --

TREVOR

(still going)

A grand design, a lofty aspiration!

CLAIRE

A thesaurus. Alright, alright.

TREVOR

Truth is, I should thank you.

CLAIRE

Really. Go for it.

TREVOR

Yeah, your experiment gave me a whole new appreciation for my punishment. Now if the other gods chucked me down here without making me match a hundred couples -- just a couple months of purposeless purgatory... Yeesh -- then what?

In her head, Claire hears the teensy popping sound of her bubble bursting. She looks to Jaclyn, then back to Trevor.

CLAIRE

Then you might never have gotten arrested even once.

TREVOR

He-heh. Don't be so sure.

Frustrated, Claire heads for her office.

CLAIRE

I want to hear more about this...

She enters, expecting him to follow. He doesn't.

JACLYN

I think she wants you to go in with her.

TREVOR

(coy)

I don't say yes to every girl that invites me on her couch.

JACLYN

Choosy, are you? Only go for goddesses?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR

I have been known to get sidetracked by the occasional water nymph.

Eyebrows arched, Jaclyn sips languidly from her bottle of Evian. ("Is that so... ") Missing it, Trevor enters...

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Claire is already seated, notes opened. Trevor makes himself as comfortable as possible.

CLAIRE

Some of us do find meaning in smaller, more reality-based ideals, Trevor. Work, family, religion, education...

TREVOR

(he'd rather eat sand)
All's I can say is, thank god I'm a god. To be mortal in this day and age?

CLAIRE

Things are different now than they, "used to be? "

Trevor picks up a her name plate, gestures with it.

TREVOR

Sure. Back in ancient Greece, people's lives had purpose. You farmed all day so you could eat. Now you have these meaningless, unexplainable jobs -- consultant, assistant manager, freelancer -- what the hell is a Comptroller anyway?

Claire snaps away Trevor's "pointer. "

CLAIRE

Lifespans have increased. For the first time in human history there's more to life than simply not dying. People are just trying to get the most out of life.

TREVOR

(standing)
The most of the least important. You guys finally figure out how to live longer and how do you use the time? You eat low-fat foods, you watch more TV, you work harder on stupider jobs, you read Grisham.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trevor's a preacher on his pulpit. Claire thinks he has a point, but holds her peace.

TREVOR (cont'd)
The ancients spent their lives in fear of losing what little they had. Your generation lives in fear of standing out!
(to her window)
Fear the norm, people! Surpass!

Riding the moment, Trevor storms out, SLAMMING the door behind him. Claire shudders. After a moment, Trevor opens the door again, pokes only his head in.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Like that? Inspirational, huh? Bet if Morgan Freeman said all that in a movie, half the crowd'd get up and start painting or writing novels or something.

He looks for validation of his brilliance, doesn't get it.

CLAIRE
Kind of spoils the effect when you grandstand.

TREVOR
(ponders; then)
Oh. Hmm. Can I do it again?
(before she can say no; fiery)
"Fear the norm, people! Surpass! "

Again, SLAM! Claire waits for it to open one more time.

JACLYN (O.S.)
(calling)
He left for real this time.

Claire readjusts, thinks. She swivels to face her computer. After a moment she types. As she does, we see the unfold words form on her screen: "The Search for Cupid: Chapter Six." And beneath it: "'Old Gods, New World'."

Pulling back, Claire regards her notion. With pleasure.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire sits at her desk, lights out, concentrating on her computer. She types.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Most delusions, I believe, follow a principle of escapism. Trevor Hale's delusions of being the god Cupid follow that principle utterly. The question I have wrestled with for these months is:

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY

Early morning. A be-jammied Trevor holds a fresh poured mug of coffee, ponders the sorry state of his bead counter.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

What, exactly, is Trevor so desperately trying to escape? His life? His time? His own mortality?

Trevor sips, grimaces. As if answering Claire's question:

TREVOR

... Bad coffee.
(sips again; RE: beads)
Bad progress.

Displeased, Trevor throws on a throw, and heads for the...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

where he warms up his coffee and, walking to the staircase with the pot, YELLS --

TREVOR

Champ, coffee?

CHAMP (O.S.)

In a minute.

Trevor smirks. He loves this.

TREVOR

Lorna?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA (O.S.)
... Um, no thanks.

Champ descends. The man needs a shower. Long night.

CHAMP
Not a word.

TREVOR
From me? Never.

CHAMP
Always.

TREVOR
Just because you're sleeping with the casting director who got you your first national commercial you expect I'll have some wise ass crack to make?
(then)
Fair guess. So does the scotch-guard on her casting couch chafe your butt? When she sends you to auditions does she call up and say, "Best client I ever had -- always willing to go the extra mile."

The look on Champ's face says it all: he's not too happy, or sure, about this arrangement either. WE HEAR LORNA approach.

CHAMP
Fine, you got it all out. Now please try not to embarrass me.
(remembers who he's talking to)
... Much.
(remembers who he's talking to)
... More than you have to.

TREVOR
No problem.
(to Lorna)
Morning sunshine.

LORNA
(naturally caffeinated)
Morning. Sorry, no time for coffee, I'm already late -- "Sunset and Vaughn" is whining for more gritty, yet attractive late-twenties males. They've used up all the Chicago cheesecake, I might have to fly in from New York.
(kisses Champ)
Ta!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gathering her things, she leaves. The door shuts behind her.

CHAMP

Not a word.

TREVOR

Not a one. Besides I've got more problems than having a boy-toy for a roommate.

CHAMP

Watch it.

TREVOR

(re: the beads)

I have been! And look, it's pathetic. I hooked up three couples last month alone and see? Not one of them took.

(to the heavens)

You so owe me! Three! Okay at least two. Fine, one. Harry and Julia? You can't deny me that one!

CHAMP

Which one?

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Trevor stands, very still (**his feet don't move throughout this scene**), before a wall of "English Patient" videos, scouting the area.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

In his efforts to escape reality, Trevor has devised some rather elegant methods for coupling. For example, the technique he calls "video pairing."

Among the video toads, Trevor spots HARRY -- early 30s, charming Texas stock, the kind who can pull off a bolo tie (although he now wears a T.C.U. sweatshirt). Trevor points to the "English Patient Wall."

TREVOR

See it yet?

HARRY

Never thought it'd be my kind of flick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

What's not to like? Boy meets girl, boy helps girl cheat on husband, girl croaks in a cave, boy ends up looking like a potato knish.

HARRY

Breaks your heart.

TREVOR

Last copy. You'll love it.

Trevor hands him a tape. Harry takes it, walks on, when a woman walks past Trevor: JULIA (late 20s, attractive, with well-done but big hair). WE NOTICE Harry noticing her. He stops, not too far off, pretending to look at video titles.

TREVOR

See it yet?

JULIA

See? As much as I could through all the cryin'. That movie was like a shot of lemon juice, right in the eyes.

TREVOR

Think it's time for another shot?

Now that you mention it, it is. She aims for a copy, only...

JULIA

Oh, none left. Too bad... Maybe they rent lemons.

Trevor laughs politely as Julia heads for "Foreign." Harry also moves to leave, but Trevor taps him on the shoulder.

TREVOR

(*sotto*)

Hey buddy. Hear that? The gal you been staring at since she walked in -- she's lookin' for what you gots.

HARRY

(oh, the tape)

Yeah, so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Don't you watch "Profiler"? Slightly younger, carefully coiffured Southern hair, no ring, no boyfriend trying to convince her to rent "Die Hard," no hopes but to sit home and watch a long, romantic movie solo.

HARRY

(kidding)

Aw hell, why don't I just mosey on up'n ask her if I should come on over and watch this at her place.

TREVOR

Bingo!

HARRY

(horrified)

Are you -- people come here, they don't wanna be bothered.

TREVOR

You think people come here for movies? Are you kidding? This is where all the other single people are! And everyone comes here hoping to high heaven that someone'll do the unthinkable, introduce themselves, and make it so they never ever have to come here again.

Harry looks at Julia, alone by the Fellinis.

HARRY

You really think it'd work? Intruding like that?

TREVOR

Saw a lady in half, they call you a cheap magician -- saw a baby in half, they call you a biblical legend... It's all about context.

(Harry doesn't get it)

Just give it a shot.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

It's amazing. It isn't that strangers don't doubt Trevor...

Harry takes a moment to study Trevor's face. And for that moment we see him as a total stranger might: an imp promising, if not fun, adventure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE (V.O.)

They just listen to him anyway.

Harry turns towards Julia. And takes a step forward towards her. After a moment a proud Trevor steps aside -- REVEALING A STACK OF "ENGLISH PATIENT" TAPES, about waist high, carefully hidden behind him... Pretty sneaky, Sis.

INT. TREVOR'S ROOM - DAY (RESUME)

Trevor's proud of that one.

TREVOR

Beautiful! She comes in, the sultry, aging debutante. And who spots her but Walker, Texas Lawyer. They take the bait and hoochie-laka-boom! Didn't even watch the movie, stayed up all night "talking."

CHAMP

Good for you.

TREVOR

Not good for me -- it doesn't get good for me unless a bead moves.

CHAMP

Is that all it takes?

Trying to help Champ simply reaches up and, to Trevor's utter horror, slides three beads over to the good side.

CHAMP (cont'd)

There. Three up, three down. You're that much closer to getting out of my life.

There is a foreboding moment as we ponder exactly what shade of purple Trevor has just turned. Oh man, is it fit-time... Trevor dashes over and rights the egregious wrong.

TREVOR

Wha -- I -- Did you just? No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-no!

CHAMP

Okay someone needs a time out.

TREVOR

Those are sacred, heathen! My one souvenir from Olympus, my only way of knowing how close I am to getting home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont'd)
No one touches these unless they're god
of something better than agent boffing!

CHAMP
Fine. Geez...

TREVOR
(explaining; re: beads)
Sacred...
(re: Champ)
Profane. Get it? Thou shalt not touch!
I mean it! If I ever catch you touching
those again, I'll --

CHAMP
You'll what?

TREVOR
(considers; calms down)
Let's just say I might do something
really gross to your toothbrush. But
then again, I might not.

Trevor shuffles to his room mysteriously, giving a troubling
Jay Sherman "Achem" sound. Then threatens with worse...

TREVOR (cont'd)
"Gee, there's this itch on my butt I can
just never reach. If only I had a short
stick with firm but yielding bristles. "

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

Claire sits, scribbling in a pad. She looks across to
Trevor, as he spots a LONELY-LOOKING WOMAN, staring into her
drink.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Insisting he is from simpler, more
trusting times, Trevor also insists on
pressing his services upon complete
strangers, charming them into doing his --
though ultimately their own -- bidding.

CLOSE - TREVOR

as he sits beside the Woman, and we BEGIN A MONTAGE of
Trevor's "Lemme-setcha-up" pitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR
Howdy... Don't mean to bother you here.
Not too much anyway.
(no laugh)
Okay, thing is, I can help you --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

Now he's with a forlorn COLLEGE GUY... **(NOTE: All of these occur in Taggerty's, with VARIOUS POV/OVER THE SHOULDER shots of Trevor with the various people.)**

TREVOR
See, you look down, a little lonely.
Truth is you look like a borrowed piece
of gum.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

A BAR HOTTIE...

TREVOR
I can tell, I'm kinda plugged into the
collective unconscious on these things --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

Back to the Lonely-looking Woman, distrustful now. She stands to leave; Trevor mollifies.

TREVOR
No-no-no, don't sweat it -- I'm not
hitting on you.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

Trevor patting a SECOND GUY back to his seat.

TREVOR
Promise. Sit back down... It's just
I've got the skinny on a great guy --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

Again, College Guy... Trevor pulls out yellow pad (apparently there's a big list).

TREVOR
Girl for you. Just perfect --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

With an OLDER WOMAN...

TREVOR
He's a doctor --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

With the College Guy...

TREVOR
A bucket o' lust --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

With the Lonely-looking Woman...

TREVOR
A saint --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY (JUMP CUT)

With the Bar Hottie...

TREVOR
A real ladies man --
(thinks)
Or is it man's man? Which is the one
that means he's sweet on girls? Anyway,
his name is --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

END MONTAGE ON - TREVOR

now with HILLARY, 23, pretty, earthy, in a fleece, loose ponytail and, probably, Texas with socks.

TREVOR
Rick. He's a technical writer for a
software firm, earthy, loves kids, avid
jogger...

Trevor refers to the pad. WE SEE a long line drawn from the name "RICK" to the name "HILLARY," which Trevor circles.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Lives in my building -- and we've got a
highly selective co-op board. Here's a
snapshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her a photo, of a great looking guy, holding out an arm -- "Don't take my picture!" But Hillary's a skeptic.

HILLARY

Listen, he sounds great.

(check the photo)

He looks great -- but you can't blame me for being skeptical and all. I mean, who are you?

TREVOR

Me? I'm the gift-horse. Wanna look?

Trevor offers a grand view of his teeth and gums.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Hillary, relax. This is like a hobby of mine. And I'm damn good at it -- proof's in the tapioca. Check it out. See that?

He points across the room where coos the happiest, most into each other, perversely PDA-ing couple you ever did see: TINA and ALLAN (from the Valentine's/Cupid's Day Dance).

TREVOR (cont'd)

That is Tina. Went to a single's group for months until I came along, had her whip up a sketch of her fantasy man, then hung it proud 'til we found him for her...

Trevor refers to the wall of sketches, still up. A sign reading "WANTED" stands above it. Tina's sketch of Allan has "FOUND" stamped on it, loud and proud.

TREVOR (cont'd)

So wudduya say? Will you be mine, won't you be mine, won't you meet my neighbor?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And, remarkably, time after time...

HILLARY

(thinks carefully before...)

Okay.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

People welcome him right on in.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S HALLWAY - DAY

Trevor walks upstairs with RICK, from the picture -- 25, athletic, still in the Ikea stage of post-college life. Rick has with him an awfully cute DOG, COLIN (NOT a poodle!) While RICK plays with the pup throughout, Trevor is very dog-standoffish.

TREVOR

Okay Rick, you tried not to give me any details -- duly noted in the sensitive guy statistics. Now out with it.

RICK

What do you want? Hillary's great.

TREVOR

On a scale of fair to great, or great to magnificent?

RICK

How's this: We've been on two dates, and I couldn't sleep after either of them --
(before Trevor can spin that)
And she never even came upstairs.

Rick means it, he really digs Hillary. He rubs Colin's ears affectionately before opening the door to his apartment.

TREVOR

(off Colin)

You really seem to love that... thing.

RICK

Oh yeah. Colin's my baby.

TREVOR

Huh... He a slobber dog?

RICK

(kisses him in that dog owner way)

What's wrong with a little doggy slobber?

TREVOR

Not nearly as much as there is with what you're doing.

RICK

You a cat person?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Let's just say that on the scale of cat people versus dog people, I'm more of a goldfish kinda guy. More importantly, you and Hillary, so you haven't um...

He offers an unthreatening gesture.

RICK

... Not yet. Thinkin' about it though.

TREVOR

Well thinking won't stain any furniture.
(thinks; remembers a goodie)
How 'bout making her dinner?

RICK

I think she'd be more impressed with food she can eat.

TREVOR

You miss my point. Nota benne: a man invites a woman over for dinner, it's actually code for, "Listen, I'm going to try to hump you this evening." And if the woman agrees, that's code for, "Wonderful, yes I'd like that." Subtext -
- neat stuff.

Rick smiles, digging this idea. The two enter Rick's place.

INT. CLAIRE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

As at the act's opening, Claire types in a darkened room.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Ironically, though he claims to be from another, more sensible era, Trevor navigates the romantic byways of this one with... well, Cupid-like alacrity.

Claire's typing is interrupted by a PERSISTENT BANGING. She stands, annoyed, marches to her closet and the source of all noise: FRANK. He's hammering, delicately yes, but hammering.

CLAIRE

I was wondering if you could do that a little louder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(doesn't even look up)
Not getting the full effect yet?

He starts hammering louder.

FRANK (cont'd)
Better?

CLAIRE
You know, most carpenters would've been
done by now.

FRANK
Most carpenters don't charge by the hour.

He's kidding -- he charges by the square footage.

CLAIRE
If you weren't very good at your job...

FRANK
If I wasn't very good at my job, I
wouldn't be doing it.

The phone RINGS, interrupting Claire's quip, mid-formulation.

CLAIRE
Try to keep it a smidge less bangy, okay?

FRANK
(a whisper)
Okay.

Claire heads back to her desk, pushes the speaker button and
turns back to her computer, expecting to multi-task.

CLAIRE
Hello.

JOSIE (O.S.)
Claire, it's Josie. Have a sec?

CLAIRE
(while typing)
Of course I have a sec. How many sisters
do I have?

JOSIE (O.S.)
Technically, two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

What's up?

JOSIE (O.S.)

Just some news. Remember that project Scott and I have been working on?

CLAIRE

The kitchen? Did the cabinets come in? If they didn't I know a great carpenter.

JOSIE (O.S.)

The other project...
(no recollection from Claire)
Claire, I'm pregnant.

Claire snaps to full attention. She picks up the receiver and squeaks, girly with glee.

CLAIRE

Eeeek! You are? Jos, that's wonderful! Ohmigod, when... Uh-huh? You'll be huge for Dad's birthday... Oh, then call me back when you have more time. Love you.

Claire hangs up and gives a smile so wide and proud you could drive a wide and proud truck through it. She dials on her speaker phone when Frank enters, cleaning his hands.

FRANK

She's pregnant?

CLAIRE

Yup.

FRANK

(deadpan)
Eek.

Ah, sisterhood. Frank leaves. The phone RINGS on speaker. After three or so rings, an ANSWERING MACHINE picks up. Claire is CLEARLY disappointed.

ALEX (FROM PHONE)

Hi, this is Alex -- I'm not going to be near my phone 'til Thursday, so leave a message and hope for the best.

BEEP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE
(her balloon popped)
Hi Alex, it's me... Claire. I have some
news. Call me when you can.

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wearing an apron -- he's produced as fine a dinner as he
could muster -- Rick answers the door. It's Hillary, looking
eminently kissable. The two have very little to say between
bites of one another's faces. Finally, still from the door:

HILLARY
I like your place.

RICK
It's not much. All my furniture is
either early college or late relative.
Just enough for the two of us.

HILLARY
I didn't know you had a roommate.

RICK
That's right, you haven't met Colin
yet... C'mere boy.

The doggy-dog comes charging to the door and up to Hillary.

RICK (cont'd)
Colin, meet Hillary. We like her.

Colin bops all over Hillary. But Hillary expresses not the
complete adoration we'd expect, but total fear. Quickly
transformed into a pre-sneeze grimace.

HILLARY
AH-CHOO! I didn't know you had a--CHOO!!

Rick is speechless. He wonders if this is funny, and even
thinks it is for a moment (just as we do), until he
recognizes the exact ramifications that --

RICK
You're allergic?

HILLARY
(nodding; and how!)
Beyond aller -- AH-CHOO!

Hillary grabs an inhaler from her purse, inhales. Oh yeah,
this is bad. She sneezes rapidly, repeatedly through:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILLARY (cont'd)
I can't get ne -- CHOO! I'm sorry, I've
gotta -- CHOO! I'll call you.

She hightails it outta there. As Rick realizes he's just
entered his worst romantic nightmare.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Trevor trails Harry again. Harry looks at the movie titles, trying to avoid conversation.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Because he idealizes a pre-industrial age, there are certain problems that Trevor -- his considerable intelligence notwithstanding -- is simply not equipped to handle.

TREVOR

C'mon, Harry. I've got an inside track -- if it was going well, I'd know. What's up with you two?

HARRY

Nothing's wrong. Everything's... fine. Really. I promise.

TREVOR

Oh, not too much protesting there. Sorry, I'm sensing a whole lotta doth.

HARRY

(stops; admits)
Well, there is kind of a problem.

TREVOR

Okay. Problems are my specialty.

HARRY

(four shades of purple)
I'm a little old fashioned about these things -- this isn't easy for me to talk about.

TREVOR

I'll be gentle. Just tell me.

Harry steels himself.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Harry and Julia are in bed together, resting, post-coital, pretty pleased. Southern comfort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (V.O.)
It started the first time we... uh --

TREVOR (V.O.)
Wa-booed.

HARRY (V.O.)
Yeah.

JULIA
That was...

HARRY
Yeah.
(then)
But you didn't... uh...

JULIA
No. But don't worry. I'm fine.

HARRY
(playful)
Fine? Can't leave you fine. Tell me
what you like -- I'll do anything.

JULIA
Well... You sure?

HARRY
Positive.

She leans over, opens a drawer with a distinctive KUKLUNK,
takes something out (O.S.) We only see Harry's expression.

JULIA
Oh, can you hand me the remote control --
I keep leaving the batteries in there.

Harry does, swallowing a lump the size of his pride.

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT (RESUME)

Harry absently fingers a copy of "Big Trouble in Little
China."

HARRY
It's been the same every time.

TREVOR
Every time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

She said that's the only way she ever...
(would rather die than discuss)
Oh god.

TREVOR

Achieves...
(Harry nods yes, embarrassed)
And only with the...
(noting Harry's ruby blush)
Blender on frappé, got it...

HARRY

The worst part is when that drawer opens,
it makes this awful thunking sound.
Every time I hear that "thunk" I feel
like a little less of a man... To know I
can't do what a little piece of plastic
can...

TREVOR

It's just a toy, Harry. Like a Furbie.

HARRY

A real romantic one too. "Thanks, that
was a wonderful, tender moment, mind if I
plug this in now? "
(off Trevor's giggle)
It's not funny.

TREVOR

Well, it's kinda funny... C'mon, there
are worse problems, right?

HARRY

Can you imagine what it's like to know
that you're not able to pleasure the
woman you care about most?

Trevor thinks. That'd be a no. A big fat no.

TREVOR

Did she say anything? About why... the
blender?

Off that...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) (JUMP CUT)

Julia and Harry share the same pillow. Julia shrugs, as if
hearing the question asked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

I spent my first marriage liking sex -- not loving it, liking it... My husband loved it, I liked it. It made me feel close to him... Still, with him, with anyone, I never got to that... that place...

HARRY

But if I can't take you there...

Seeing his unease, Julia wraps herself around him, a blanket of comfort. She turns his head to face her.

JULIA

Oh Harry, don't -- it's not your fault. It's just the way I'm built...
(trying very hard to lighten his mood)
Some women are analogue, I'm digital.

Julia pulls his mouth to hers; he concedes. As they kiss...

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT (RESUME)

Harry is crushed by the memory. Trevor feels it.

HARRY

Used to be I'd look at Julia and all I could think about was retiring on a ranch somewhere and living a long, lazy life with her. Now I look at her and all I can think about it that buzzing sound.

Harry walks off, dejected...

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

CLAIRE (V.O.)

While Trevor's problems usually focus on getting couples together, more and more often, his challenge has become keeping couples together despite a very resistant, very new world.

As Claire pokes at a salad lunch, pen in hand, writing those words, Trevor approaches, bringing her a refill. She sets aside her notes (keeping them out of his line of sight).

TREVOR

I'm tellin' you, there is no reason why that couple shouldn't happily-ever-after.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

That's a verb now?

TREVOR

Apparently. But no, modern technology has to go and make a piece of moulding capable of twenty-thousand RPMs more than the human pelvis. Man, people have gotten so off track.

CLAIRE

Not off track. We just have different tracks now.

TREVOR

This from a woman who's boyfriend lives a thousand miles away and thinks it's okay because they both have e-mail.

CLAIRE

The sacrifices of a long distance relationship are simply part of the modern predicament. And I have to say, I don't mind having the space.

He knows she's justifying, but leaves it.

TREVOR

Yeah, well I've got one guy who's going to have all the space in the world because of an appliance. And another because of a dog. A dog! Do you know what canines were to the Greeks?

CLAIRE

(doesn't wanna think about it)
Please don't.

TREVOR

Transportation and food.

CLAIRE

That's actually better than what I thought you were going to say.

TREVOR

If they weren't pulling carriages, they were walking meat freezers. Fresh steaks you didn't even have to lug around.

Claire tries to interrupt. But Trevor's on a roll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR (cont'd)
But you modern day-and-agers go and treat
'em like family. You put off having
kids, get a puppy and call that intimacy.

Trevor pauses, all huffed up. Claire knows he's not done.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
For all his insight, Trevor is hardest to
reach when he's on a roll --

CUT TO:

CLOSE - TREVOR

A SINGLE, so we can't see the b.g.

TREVOR
(finishing the latter thought)
Then one day you get a shot at a real
relationship, you say, "Sorry, but I've
already got Sparky here."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE NOW IN...

INT. SINGLE'S SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

The REGULARS are in attendance. Trevor is on his soap box.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Although I must admit, he does force me
to keep on my toes.

CLAIRE
(on her toes)
Pets aren't always substitutes for
intimacy, Trevor --
(he starts; she silences him
with a finger)
They can be important learning tools,
teaching key relationship tasks.
(and again; "fsst!")
Like responsibility, trust...

VERONICA
Grooming. Most guys could use the
lesson.

PRISCILLA
Oh, and feeding. You need to learn how
to pick the right restaurants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

(trying to impress Veronica)
I could get you and me a reservation at a
great place... Chez Nick... In'erested?

VERONICA

(not impressed by Nick)
Did anyone say "neutering" yet?

He sneers back. But all quipping ends and all heads turn to the back of the room when enters... TINA... Returned from the land of the coupled. And looking like she's just been orphaned. Confused gazes follow her as she takes an empty seat. She's trying to keep it together.

TREVOR

Tina? What are you doing here? Sign says, singles group. You and Allan are supposed to be galloping off into sunsets and castles.

TINA

I know. I know...

She BURSTS into sobs. Her friends crowd around her.

CLAIRE

What happened?

TINA

He dumped me...
(sob)
Things were going so good. For the first time in my life, I was really, really happy. I was sure this was-- you know... And then he cut me off, totally out of the blue.

CLAIRE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

TREVOR

But, what'd he say?

TINA

That's the worst part... nothing. He just said, "I think we should stop seeing each other." And then he left.

This sinks in. Trevor just went from concerned to confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRISCILLA

It's a blessing. A guy does that to you, he's not saying, "I think we should break up." He saying, "Honey, I've got issues."

NICK

Baggage... Big time.

VERONICA

It's like you're saying, "Hey let's take a trip to Paris," and he's saying, "Great! I've got these!"

She holds up her arms as if carrying two great big suitcases.

PRISCILLA

You're lucky you got out now.

The group (minus Trevor) agrees; Tina tries to.

TINA

I know. I just wish I knew why...

INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

The group members pour consolation drinks down Tina, who cries her little brown eyes out all the while. Trevor is at the bar, scowling as he tries to fix a broken keg nozzle.

TINA

And I was going to let him take me skiing.

Most look around, confused. Nick tries...

NICK

Hey, it's okay, we'll take you skiing.

TINA

It's not that. I've never been skiing before -- I was saving it for marriage.

VERONICA

Skiing?

TINA

(shrugs)
I've done everything else you can do, with a guy, this was all I had left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She out and out bawls. Her friends feel for her. Meanwhile... Champ, dressed for a date, approaches Trevor at the other end of the bar. Trevor is wrestling with a jammed part.

CHAMP

She okay?

TREVOR

She's fine!

(off stuck keg)

Dammit! Too bleepin' complicated!

He kicks it.

CHAMP

What's your problem?

TREVOR

("never mind")

Eh, modernity. You going to Lorna's...? Time to make the donuts, huh.

CHAMP

Time to make the donuts...

TREVOR

If it ain't right, run far, run fast...

CHAMP

That's the worst part. It might be right, I can't even tell. I mean, when she got me the Ford spot, I felt like I couldn't say no to her...

TREVOR

Even if you wanted to.

CHAMP

Like I owed her in exchange.

TREVOR

Tit for that? Tell you what, I'll trade you troubles. You do some relationship troubleshooting for me, I'll handle the casting couch.

CHAMP

(half out the door)

Not a chance. But a word of advice: "If they ain't right, run far, run fast. "

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR
(calling after)
Never!

Giving up on the keg, Trevor pulls off his apron. He's heading out.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
With Tina and Allan dissolved, Trevor was determined to salvage what he could, where he could. And using the only means at his disposal.

INT. SINGLE'S SESSION ROOM - DAY

Harry and Trevor sit at the counter Trevor usually perches at during meetings. Trevor has in front of him a stack of textbooks and videos, which he slides to Harry.

TREVOR
(re: books and tapes)
I'm telling you, Harry, you combine sex therapy texts, tasteful porn, and an anatomy primer... and you can beat the blender.

HARRY
Trevor, I don't know...

TREVOR
Yes you do. The only way to defeat the modern world is to use it's strongest weapon against itself: technology.
(taps the stacks)
Don't give up hope. We shall overcome -- know why?

HARRY
Not exactly. No.

TREVOR
Because this is the stuff of legends. Like a modern version of that story -- wussis name? The guy with the iron hammer?

HARRY
John Henry.

TREVOR
Him. His trusty ol' nine pound sledge against the Man's fancy new steam drill.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont'd)

Everyone said he couldn't do it. But he went ahead -- a lone man against the mechanized world. And he won!

HARRY

Didn't he die doing it?

TREVOR

Yeah but, what a way to go... Think about it: that could be you, wielding god's own hammer against the blender. Do it man -- rage against the machine!

After a moment Harry nods, and takes the stacks provided.
(MUSIC UP: "JOHN HENRY.")

LYRICS

John Henry had a li'l woman / Her name was Lucy Ann / John Henry took sick an' had to go to bed / Lucy Anne drove steel like a man / Lord, Lord, Lucy Ann drove steel like a man...

EXT. APARTMENT VESTIBULE - DAY

The music plays on as Trevor delivers a huge bag for Hillary.

LYRICS

Cap'n says to John Henry / "Gonna bring me a steam drill 'round / Gonna take dat steam drill out on de job / Gonna whop dat steel on down... "

HILLARY

What is it?

Her lists off the items as he hands them to her.

TREVOR

Anti-everythings. One of each Psuedophedrine, loratadine, terfenadine -- (squints at a label) sniffle-alazine hydrochloride... You allergic to all pets?

HILLARY

Yes, but it's mostly dander.

Trevor rummages through the bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Thought we'd focus on the Western medicine, but I threw in some homeopathic hoodoo for good measure -- the literature is a little sketchy, but some people swear by it.

HILLARY

Okay. It's a little scary -- if I'd been born before someone invented the inhaler, I wouldn't've made it to age ten.

TREVOR

(shakes his head)

Chamomile, eye bright, nettle, sepa, red onion, ground loofah, sabadilla seed...

He dumps the rest of the bag's contents into her arms. As he leaves.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Start taking. We'll see you at four. And don't worry -- we'll beat this steam engine.

Hillary gives a curious look; Trevor is as focused as John Henry must've been.

LYRICS

John Henry tol' his Cap'n / Lightin' was in his eye / "Cap'n bet yo' las' red cent on me / Fo' I'll beat it to de bottom or I'll die / Lord, Lord, I'll beat it to de bottom or I'll die... "

END MUSIC.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire works at the computer.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Unfortunately, when someone's hopes are so high, it's hard for them to tell when they're falling.

She sits back, stares at her screen, when a thought occurs to her. She tries the phone again. She dials. Someone picks up, surprising her.

CLAIRE

Alex? It's you.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hair wet, he is hurriedly packing a briefcase and putting on a clean shirt.

ALEX

It's me.

CLAIRE

I was starting to think all the phones in New York were out.

ALEX

Just stopped in for a shower and change -- work's been nuts. What's up?

We move into a SPLIT SCREEN.

CLAIRE

(not so excited now)

My sister. She's pregnant.

ALEX

Oh. That's swell. Great.

CLAIRE

Yeah... Great.

ALEX

What? Claire, what's wrong? Or did I just ask a dumb question.

CLAIRE

You didn't even ask me which sister.

ALEX

Okay, which sister?

(when he gets no response)

Was that another dumb question? Look, I'm sorry, Claire.

CLAIRE

So am I. I'm sorry I have to hunt you down just to talk to you. You're supposed to be the first one I tell everything too, who I can get excited with -- whether it's over my sister being pregnant, or my work, or a new bar of soap.

ALEX

Claire, I -- I'm sorry I've been busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Don't be sorry. Maybe that's the way
it's got to be. Maybe I should get used
to minimizing your role in my life...
Good night Alex.

Claire hangs up. (**BUT THE SPLIT SCREEN REMAINS AS WE LINGER
ON THEIR REACTIONS.**)

Alex sits down on his bed, confused, saddened, guilty. He
scratches his head, reaches for the phone again as...

Claire stands, walks. She's steaming, upset. But her
anguish stops after a long moment, when something on a table
catches her eye. A giftbox. She opens it as...

Alex wavers over whether or not to call Claire back. After a
few false starts he decides he shouldn't, or can't. He gets
out of his chair and leaves. Yet the SPLIT SCREEN STILL
REMAINS, his half fixed on the empty chair as...

Claire opens the box. Inside is a lovely, hand-carved baby
rattle -- beautiful, wooden, a gift. We wouldn't even need
to see the attached card (reading: "Eek. -- F. ") to know
who it's from. Claire takes this in, and we become aware of
a PERSISTENT BANGING coming from somewhere in her house. She
turns her head towards the noise. And sits. And smiles.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trevor and Rick are kamikaze cleaning the place. Vacuum, dusting, carpet beating -- the works. Trevor wears a bandana Aunt Jemima style. They've been at it all morning.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

If Hercules cleaned the Augean Stables in the name of penitence, Trevor felt he should at least be able to disinfect an apartment in the name of love...

RICK

This is my worst nightmare: I finally meet the perfect girl and she's allergic to my best friend.

TREVOR

(turns off the dust buster)
Maybe you should find friends with less fur.

RICK

You've never had a pet, have you?

TREVOR

Did know one dog. Bit of a temperament.
(under his breath)
Understandable, he had three heads.

RICK

I got Colin when I was in my lonely post-college social slump. He kept me company until I got my life together.

We look over to a sad-eyed Colin, coping in the corndoned off study. The doorbell RINGS.

TREVOR

Thar she blows.

RICK

Are you sure about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Fret not, I put Hillary on so many things with "ephizene" and "assotate" in it, she should be coated in gelatine and swallowed.

(eyebrows)

And if this works out, I suggest you try that one out.

Trevor opens the door on Hillary, joins her in...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trevor closes the door behind him.

HILLARY

I'm ready. A little drowsy, but ready. Is the field decontaminated?

TREVOR

We've been kamikaze cleaning all morning. There is no dust, hair, air, allergen or sneezergen left in that place that I didn't personally rinse out in sudafed.

HILLARY

I'm allergic to sudafed.
(off Trevor's look)
Kidding, kidding.

Trevor takes a deep breath, then opens the door. They enter. She and Rick exchange looks, very hopeful. This is important to all of them.

RICK

Well...

Hillary breathes. They wait. Things look good.

HILLARY

I think we're okay.

Everyone relaxes. Rick puts an arm around her. Trevor does a happy dance.

TREVOR

This is why you listen to momma when she tells you to clean your room!

RICK

(suddenly concerned)
Your eyes, are they tearing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hillary checks; they are. But she really wants this to work. Trevor snaps back from his reverie.

HILLARY

No. I'm fine. I think the sepa's kicking in.

TREVOR

Sure you don't want a quick acupuncture?

HILLARY

(sucking it up)
Really, I think we're okay.

Believing her, Rick is momentarily relieved. But alas, she can't hold it any longer. Trevor and Rick's face drop as her face contorts again, into that now-familiar pre-sneeze pose.

HILLARY (cont'd)

AH --

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

The sound of platter SLAMMING on a countertop takes the place of the "CHOO!" Trevor has followed Allan (who wears a chef's smock) to his place of work: the busy kitchen of a rather fine restaurant. Allan attempts to assemble ravioli plates while fending off Trevor.

TREVOR

Your therapist?! You broke up with your soulmate because your therapist said so!

ALLAN

Order up, table six.

TREVOR

You're passing up a lifetime as the man of Tina's dreams because some bullshyster told you to!

ALLAN

Overly simplified... yes.

TREVOR

Allan, but -- you -- a shrink! A psycho-therapist! Some masters-level flake!

Trevor sulkily picks food off a plate. Allan sees, hands Trevor the plate and a fork, fixes up a replacement. (Trevor continues to sample bits of food as the trays wizz by.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

Dr. Klein's a psychiatrist, he has an MD.

TREVOR

And he was such a promising young doctor that he turned to the only medical field with less scientific grounding than the Nielsen ratings.

ALLAN

(keeping his calm)

Order up, table nineteen.

TREVOR

Shrinks didn't even exist until ninety years ago. You know who people listened to before then? Their mothers! Call your mother, see what she says.

ALLAN

I did, she said, "Listen to your analyst."

(getting upset)

I talked to Dr. Klein about this for a long time. A long time. And what he said made sense: I'm just not ready yet.

That said, Allan walks away, carrying a finished tray to the bussing station. Trevor calls across the din.

TREVOR

You are nuts! Insane. Maybe I should recommend a good therapist.

ALLAN

(yelling back)

Very funny. I'm sorry.

Trevor is about to counter, then realizes the sad futility.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Of all the things Trevor does well, and there are many, he never has gotten the hang of losing.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire's reading is interrupted by Jaclyn, who KNOCKS.

JACLYN

Dr. Allen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jaclyn enters, uncertain.

JACLYN (cont'd)
You got a telegram.

CLAIRE
Telegram? Who from?

JACLYN
(reading)
Alex DeMouy. Retro boyfriend -- cool.

Claire is less than impressed. She keeps reading her text.

CLAIRE
Read it.

JACLYN
Don't you want to yourself?

CLAIRE
Not particularly. You go ahead.

Jaclyn opens it, reads, way more excited than Claire.

JACLYN
"Tired of talking to you on the phone.
Stop. Am an insensitive schmuck. Stop.
Feel awful and want to make the pain in
my heart. Stop." Uh, I love him.
"Taking eight PM flight to Chicago flying
non --

CLAIRE
(won over; attentive now)
"Stop."

JACLYN
"Be in by ten. Stop. Leaving in morning
so have night free. Stop. All my love
Alex."

Jaclyn looks like she just finished watching "Love Story."
And Claire, her smile could toast a bagel.

CLAIRE
Stop.

She closes her book.

INT. CHAMP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Champ and Lorna are at it, headed for the bed. The clothes left on them fly -- she's mauling him. Champ is into it for a moment, but then hesitates.

CHAMP

Hang on a sec.

LORNA

Something wrong?

CHAMP

Nothing's wrong. Let's just take a sec. Slow down... Talk. We never do that.

She sits on the bed, not overly concerned.

LORNA

Okay. Let's talk. "Mrs. Robinson, do you like art?"

He lies down beside her, languidly, playing it up.

CHAMP

I'm serious.

LORNA

Okay, fine...

(doesn't think hard about it)

Let's talk about your career. Where do you see your career going?

Champ lights up, sits up. He likes this one.

CHAMP

Now that I've made a few bucks doing commercials and cop shows, I'm really hoping to get back into theater. Real theater. The serious, risky kinda stuff I told myself was the reason I was doing...

LORNA

Commercials and cops shows.

CHAMP

Yeah. Like that company that's doing "Peer Gynt"-- cover to cover. Same way --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA

Same way the Royal Shakespeare Company did. I love Ibsen. You should totally go for that.

CHAMP

You think?

LORNA

(a purr)
Absolutely...

Their gazes linger, showing some genuine chemistry. Feeling it, Champ kisses her now. Lorna stops him, a wise-ass.

LORNA (cont'd)

Wait, I thought we were talking. We never talk.

As his answer, Champ CLICKS OFF THE LIGHT (beside the bed), leaving them in complete darkness.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the same pitch dark, WE HEAR much groping and moaning. (MUSIC: Again, "JOHN HENRY," later verse.)

LYRICS

*John Henry was hammerin' on de mountain /
An' his hammer was strikin' fire / He
drove so hard till he broke his po'
heart/ An' he lied down his hammer an' he
died/ Lord, Lord, he lied down his hammer
and he died...*

Suddenly A LIGHT CLICKS ON. Harry and Julia are sitting up in bed, blanket up to their chests. They're both out of breath, having just finished a good bout of thrashing. Harry looks like he's about to get his overnight ratings.

JULIA

(warm; enthused)
Wow. That was all very... new.

HARRY

You liked it?

JULIA

Oh yeah.

HARRY

Um. You didn't seem too...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA
(diplomatic)
Well, no. Not really.

HARRY
Not even when I...

He modestly gestures something.

JULIA
... No...

HARRY
(frustrated)
Analogue...

JULIA
Not that I didn't like it. It was great!
Wow.

HARRY
But not enough.

A long moment passes before a resigned Harry reaches over, picks up the remote control. He clicks it at the TV, but nothing happens.

JULIA
Oh, sorry. Let me get the batteries out.

Julia reaches over to her bedside table. We hear the drawer KURTHUNK. Harry winces. And the MUSIC STOPS abruptly.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire is decked out in sleek black crushed velvet. Lighting the last candle on the table, Claire gives her handiwork a once over. Perfect. She slings a dish towel over a shoulder, walks towards her bedroom to Frank, still hammering away (a sound reminiscent of the guitar beat of our version of "John Henry"). Frank does not look up. Ever.

CLAIRE
Um, I have company coming in an hour.

Claire has other things on her mind than tact.

FRANK
I know.

CLAIRE
Will you... still be here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Not likely.

(then, before she turns away)

You look perfect.

CLAIRE

(stopping)

Excuse me?

FRANK

In case you were wondering. You look perfect.

That she did not expect. In a million, billion years. It changes everything in her.

CLAIRE

Wu -- thank you... You don't think I should go with the red one?

FRANK

Can't wear colors when it's gray outside.

CLAIRE

(hadn't noticed)

Is it... I mean, gray outside?

He slides his hand along the fine panel he was finishing.

FRANK

Can't fight the weather. And you can't improve upon perfection.

Claire thinks of a million, billion stupid things to say, comes up with:

CLAIRE

Thank you.

FRANK

What's for dinner?

CLAIRE

Seared ahi, soy ginger glaze. And... something else... with lemongrass.

FRANK

Pan Asian.

(turns to her, finally)

Lucky man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Again, Claire doesn't have anything to say, though she wishes she did. Mercifully, the phone RINGS.

CLAIRE

I have to get that. The phone. It's ringing. Like last time.

FRANK

I understand.

Claire scampers to the other room, and to the phone.

CLAIRE

Hi, Alex?

(checks the time)

Where are you...? A storm delay?

(her face drops)

You can still get here by midnight...

Well, six hours of travel for five hours together... I guess...

(she knows where this is going)

No, maybe you shouldn't bother then.

(man, is that upper lip stiff)

I understand. Come when you can spend

more time. Maybe next -- oh no, I'm

okay. I just made dinner is all... No,

I didn't go out of my way...

But Claire looks to her dining room. Very romantic set up. Candles, crystal, fresh bread. Sorry bud, she went way out of her way. Brazil.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Not at all. We'll talk tomorrow... Bye.

They hang up. Claire pauses as the bravado melts like so many popsicles in August. She wells up. Until, of all times, Frank chooses now to "Eh-hem" himself known. She turns.

FRANK

Sorry to bother you. But I'm done for tonight. You have yourself a nice evening, Claire.

He turns to go. In a flash, Claire makes a decision; though, if you asked her, I doubt she could explain why she calls:

CLAIRE

Frank?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK

(stops)

Yes.

CLAIRE

You're not a vegetarian, are you?

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Trevor, Rick and Harry sit inauspiciously on the floor between Trevor and Rick's apartments. They're making their way through a second suitcase of cheap beer. Commiseration session, guy style. Rick is nearly passed out off the five empties before him. (On a stereo dragged into the hall, MUSIC PLAYS: Paul Simon's "Born at the Right Time.")

TREVOR

Even after all the --

Trevor makes the same modest gesture Harry made to Julia.

HARRY

Yup. Made me feel about this big.

He holds his finger two inches apart. Harry turns, as Trevor wrestles with himself to keep from making the dick joke.

HARRY (cont'd)

I tol' her I felt like I was in a competition. She was in the middle of tellin' me 'sno big deal when I took off... Can't say it was my finest hour.

TREVOR

Can't force what the gods don't wanna see, Harry. Time to move on.

HARRY

(he knows it; re: his beer)

You can getcher fancy stuff, but for a good sulk, you can't beat the supermarket specials.

He burps. Trevor grunts.

TREVOR

I like this. Now I know what I missed not going to college. 'Sides, that whole fraternity thing -- they borrow our alphabet and suddenly they're Greek?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK
Bastards.

They drink.

HARRY
I misser man.

TREVOR
I know ya do.

RICK
Me too -- BURP -- diff'ernt her tho'.

He turns over to nap. Harry cracks open two more, hands one over to Trevor. Trevor takes a long sip before...

TREVOR
Harry?

HARRY
Yeah-up.

TREVOR
You ever gotten in trouble for somethin'
and you were sure you didn't do it?

RICK
M'dad says I can't hol' my beer.

Snore.

TREVOR
But then you find out maybe you did
deserve it -- maybe just a little bit.

HARRY
S'pose.

TREVOR
I got in trouble with... my family.
They thought I was blowin' off my
responsibilities, threw me out, said I
had to learn my lesson. I thought they
were nuts. But I been looking lately, at
what I was supposed to be taking care
of... And it's a mess. A god awful
mess.

Man, would Claire love to hear this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR (cont'd)
Nothin's the way it should be... And I'm
thinkin' maybe I did screw things up.
(drinks)
Just a little bit.

HARRY
First step man. Admitting you have a
problem -- tha'sa big first step.

TREVOR
Wussa second?

HARRY
(swigs)
Get some help.

Trevor thinks; he knows exactly what, or who, that means.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Forty minutes later and Claire and Frank are seated at the
table, quite familiarly, quite closely, mid-conversation.
Dinner has been served and eaten.

CLAIRE
Your family was rather biblical: the
eldest brother inherits the family trade.

FRANK
(nods)
But Uncle Aldo knew my brother didn't
have hands for it. Fred has the soul of
a woodsman, but the hands of a tax
lawyer.

CLAIRE
That put you in the shop.

FRANK
Right where I wanted to be.

A pause. Neither of them are sure they should be as
comfortable here as they feel.

FRANK (cont'd)
Thank you for having me join you.

CLAIRE
Well, ahi doesn't quite keep...
(and then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (cont'd)

That was a very sweet gift. Before.
That you left. Thank you.

FRANK

My pleasure.

And even Frank feels a slight embarrassment for a moment. He looks to his glass, focuses.

FRANK

It's a nice wine you picked -- I prefer the Chileans. When I was sixteen, Freddy was already in college, my Uncle took me to Chile with him for Christmas, he said to see where his wife had been born. But then he brought me to this winery, a small thing, family owned, in Lontué valley, where they still make all their wine by hand.

(absorbed in the glass, the wine)

They pick by hand, carry by hand, press by hand and foot, pour by hand into barrels cut by hand. To this day. Marvelous. The only mechanical process they have is when the trucks come to pick up the bottles... Seeing that... I still think that was the whole reason Uncle Aldo took me down there.

He sips, appreciating every nuance of flavor.

FRANK (cont'd)

What is it?

Frank takes a few walnuts from the centerpiece Claire has set out. He rolls them around in his hands absently.

CLAIRE

(caught staring)

I -- I'd just thought of you as, you know, "man of few words."

(then)

I've never been there -- I've always wanted to go. I made it to Costa Rica with a boyfriend once, but we went the hotel route.

FRANK

Nothing wrong with creature comforts. As long as they still feel like luxuries -- it's when you get too used to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

From Frank's hands there is a loud CRACK. The walnuts. More than ever Claire stares at his hands.

CLAIRE

You just cracked walnuts, in your hand.

FRANK

(no big whoop; he eats one)
Not hard. Anyone can do it.

CLAIRE

Anyone who works with his hands all day.
For me, changing the paper in my fax is a workout.

FRANK

It's not the hand strength, it's the leverage. C'mere...

Frank pulls his chair up beside Claire. Places two nuts gently in her hand. Claire is a touch startled at the proximity, the touch.

FRANK (cont'd)

Use the hardness of one shell against the other. Jujitsu principle.

CLAIRE

Just squeeze?

FRANK

Don't squeeze so much as turn.

He puts his hand on top of her. Claire, warming, does as he said. We expect a crack... But nothing happens.

CLAIRE

It's not working.

FRANK

I suppose not.

CLAIRE

I thought you said anyone could --

Frank laughs, admitting the ruse: he was just trying to get close. And it worked. Claire hesitates, fearful. We feel her strain to want to do the right thing. But when she finds she doesn't know what that is, she sets aside the mounting fear and accepts her impulse. So she leans forward, just a hair. To where she can smell the lemongrass on Frank's breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Seeing them so close, so unmasked, we wonder who will break the tension first. Claire? Frank? Or...

TREVOR (O.S.)
Hey, Claire-bear, door was opened.
Thought I'd pop in -- matching's gettin'
a wee wiggy and I could really use some--

Trevor walks in, sees the two holding hands, near kissing. He'd be less surprised if he found midgets flipping pancakes on her sofa.

TREVOR (cont'd)
... Help.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (RESUME)

Claire jumps up to head Trevor off. Frank remains at the table, unfazed by the interruption.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Describing the god Cupid, Plato once said that because he is so passionate he "is constantly in a state between wisdom and ignorance." It is my experience that Trevor often favors the latter.

TREVOR

Oh me, oh my. I don't even know where to start.

CLAIRE

Then let me suggest with your exit.

Trevor rubs his hands together, preparing to dig into this feast of mockery. Claire dreads the results.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Oh, here it comes. Trevor, just try not to embarrass me.

(remembers who she's talking to)

... Much.

(remembers who she's talking to)

... More than you have to.

TREVOR

Have you been talking to Champ? Now be polite and introduce me to your date.

CLAIRE

He's not my date, he's my carpenter.

TREVOR

Carpenter... This some kinda midnight armoire crisis? Got a splinter in your ottoman? He gonna pull it out with his huge, throbbing pliers.

(approaching; to Frank)

So, Carpenter... Isn't she a snip too bourgeois for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont'd)
I think I have to object to this
relationship, purely on Marxist terms.

FRANK
Never did make it through "Das Capital."

He sips his wine.

TREVOR
Did she tell you about her boyfriend?
He's got really cool hair. It won him a
Pulitzer.

CLAIRE
Okay, it's time to leave.

TREVOR
Don't go yet, I came here to talk to you.

CLAIRE
Surprisingly, what you came here for is
not high on my priority list right now.

TREVOR
Didn't make the cut? Got bumped for
higher end items like sanding, maybe
getting a good varnish.
(to Frank)
She could use a good varnish.

FRANK
Maybe I should go.

TREVOR
Wait, I haven't even asked you about your
adz. I bet you got a great one. A great
big adz.

Frank leaves, crossing to the bedroom. Claire fumes.

CLAIRE
Look what you did.

TREVOR
Ta da.

Exasperated, Claire goes after Frank.

CLAIRE
Frank, please. You're an invited guest.
Unlike some.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR

Frank? His name is Frank? I love it.
You got a plumber named Phil too?

Entering her bedroom, Claire sees Frank has gone. Trevor pokes his head in -- yup, disappeared.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Whoa... Batman.

Claire fumes.

TREVOR (cont'd)

I know, the gall of him. Didn't even thank you for dinner... So I interrupted your flirt session.

CLAIRE

That was not flirting.

TREVOR

The way you two were were holding hands -- in "Barbarella" that counted as sex.

CLAIRE

And even if I was flirting, what business do you have telling me not to?

Trevor's not quite sure about that. He comes up with:

TREVOR

What about Alex?

CLAIRE

What about him? You're the one who said, "Surpass, surpass!"

TREVOR

Not at the expense of betrayal.

CLAIRE

Suddenly you're on his side.

TREVOR

Call it devil's advocate. Besides, I set you and Alex up -- I have a professional concern.

CLAIRE

It was just a dinner, Trevor. One that I made for Alex, but he wasn't here to share.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREVOR

I thought the sacrifices of a long distance relationship were simply part of the modern predicament.

Not happy having her words turned against her, Claire stomps back to the dining table, begins cleaning up. Trevor re-enters behind her. He's eating a piece of fish he picked up in the kitchen (a new habit).

TREVOR (cont'd)

Look, I came here because I need help and you're the closest thing to a rational person I've met since I was slapped down to this zoo.

(off fish; surprised)

This is actually good.

CLAIRE

Just so you know, that was zero-for-two on the successful compliments.

TREVOR

(ignores; in his own thoughts)

I'm going out of my mind trying to help these people, but they don't even seem to want it.

CLAIRE

Not wanting you around. Hmm... not sure I can identify.

TREVOR

Used to be everyone wanted love. Now they say they want it and then run away when it's right there. And for what? For pets? Or sex toys, or therapists!

Claire puts a stack of empty plates in Trevor's indignance-outstretched arms.

CLAIRE

People have problems, you have to respect that.

She walks to the kitchen. He follows.

TREVOR

Problems? Tuberculosis was a problem! Small pox, the potato famine, the Huns raping your cattle, those were problems!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAIRE

What can I tell you? People often fear having the things they idealize.

TREVOR

Why'd they do that?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Maybe because then they'd have nothing to look forward to.

Trevor plops her plates in the sink, turns to go.

TREVOR

Yeah, well I wanna go home. I really do. And I'm tired of looking forward to it.

CLAIRE

What are you going to do?

TREVOR

Whatever I have to to get there.

Claire watches him go.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The one thing about Trevor, as much as his persistence is a nuisance, it is also a marvel.

As before, Trevor questions Allan. Only now he does so with considerable ardor.

TREVOR

Why aren't you ready?

ALLAN

What do you mean?

TREVOR

You said your therapist convinced you to dump Tina because you weren't ready yet. I wanna know why you aren't ready.

Allan doesn't want this conversation, he keeps his eyes on his pasta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

It all comes down to trust. You can't really be with someone until you trust them. Enough to tell them everything.

TREVOR

Is there something you haven't told her?
(Allan nods silently)
So, you'll tell her. Whatever it is, you'll tell her, she'll understand, everyone's happy.

ALLAN

I wish it were that easy.

Allan looks like he could die from shame.

TREVOR

How bad could it be? Hidden wife? Gay? Murder rap? Terminal illness? Gay?

ALLAN

No, it's -- never mind.

TREVOR

Nuh-uh. Don't "never mind" me on this. I found you your lady love -- if you know of any reason why you two should not be joined in holy mattress-moaning, speak now.

Giving in, Allan flushes, then looks around him to see who's listening. People are about, so he leans to Trevor, whispers into his ear. Trevor takes whatever it is in. And the corners of his angry mouth go wide, wide, wider with glee.

INT. SINGLE'S SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

Claire is mid-lecture. Trevor is not yet there.

CLAIRE

... As hard as it is, we should welcome change. No matter how much we revel in the comfort of the status quo, we can't expect anything to stay --

She stops as Trevor BURSTS into the session.

TREVOR

Tina. The principal needs to see you in the hallway. Now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not quite knowing why, Tina stands.

INT. SESSION ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Trevor leans in close to Tina.

TREVOR

Where did you get his face from?

(she doesn't get it)

When you sketched your perfect man,
before the Valentine's dance, you drew
Allan. Where did you get the image.

She balks at the question.

TINA

I -- I made it up.

TREVOR

Tina, the future of your future depends
on you being honest with me. Honest as
in truthful. Now...

(intense)

How did his face get into your head?

After a moment, Tina sets aside her own shame and leans in to Trevor. She whispers in his ear... If Trevor's grin denoted the eating of anything specific, that thing would be shit.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

In an otherwise empty bar, after due celebration, the single's group bunch sends off an ebullient Tina and Allan. Tina, holding a suitcase, hugs Claire.

CLAIRE

I'm so happy for you two.

TINA

Thanks Claire.

VERONICA

Eloping! Have you ever heard of anything
more romantic?

PRISCILLA

(*sotto*; always a bride's maid)

I once knew a girl who's fiancé actually
married her in public.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Quit it.

Priscilla relents as Trevor gives Tina a lingering hug. He wears the prideful glow of an expectant mother. Allan gives Trevor a warm look of understanding.

ALLAN

Easy there. That's going to be my wife in a couple hours.

TREVOR

My baby's all grown up.
(sniffle)
Say hi to Reno for me.

CLAIRE

Reno? I thought it was Vegas.

TINA

We were gonna go to Vegas, but we wanted to be near Tahoe.
(excited)
He's taking me skiing.

NICK

Where no man has gone before...

Nick hi-fives whoever will accept. The happy couple leaves, in a flurry of ad-libbed CHEERS. Except the moment the door shuts behind them, Priscilla lets her huge scowl show. As the group bunch heads out the door:

PRISCILLA

I used to like them so much.

VERONICA

Can't you be happy for her?

Priscilla thinks, tries, fails, nods no, shoots the rest of her drink, leaves herself. Only Claire and Trevor remain.

CLAIRE

Okay, spill it. What did you say to him, to make him change his mind?

TREVOR

... Nothin'.

Off Claire's confusion, Trevor, fantastically pleased with himself, produces a videotape. Pops it into the VCR above the bar, hits play.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

When we hear (but do NOT see) the telltale signs of a porn -- BOM-CHICKA-WOMP-WOMP music, poorly dubbed moaning, etcetera -- Claire's confusion changes instantly to revulsion. She covers her eyes.

CLAIRE

Trevor, what are you -- turn that off!

TREVOR

Tina had a little collection... Seems he needed the money to get through college. Couyldn

Claire starts, as she peeks through her fingers at the screen... and is shocked by the recognition.

CLAIRE

Allan?

Trevor, nodding, smirking, CLAPS his hands clean...

TREVOR

One down...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Trevor KNOCKS LOUDLY THREE TIMES on Rick's door. Rick answers, hungover, ice pack on his head.

TREVOR

Still miserable without her?

He is, he is.

TREVOR (cont'd)

How do you feel about visitation rights?

Rick ponders that when Lorna passes by behind Trevor, on her way to see Champ.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Oh, hi Lorna.

LORNA

Hiya.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Champ is waiting, waiting, waiting in the barber's chair, holding a copy of the Chicago trades, when the door opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORNA
Hey kiddo.

CHAMP
(cold)
Hi. Come on in. Kick off your shoes.

Not hearing the tone, she does, with a "Whoop!" Lorna then sidles up beside Champ, places arms and lips upon him. He doesn't budge; she doesn't notice.

LORNA
Had the most boring, boring day today. I spent four hours re-alphabetizing head shots because my gorgeous Portuguese assistant still hasn't gotten past "L-M-N-O" in her English primer. How's my Champ?
(finally notices his scowl)
Oh, what's wrong sweetie?

CHAMP
You sent Chris Templeman in for the part of Peer Gynt. And he got it.

LORNA
I know, won't he be great?

Champ doesn't think so. He stands.

CHAMP
I wanted that part, you knew that. And you recommended someone else?

LORNA
(not liking this)
Okay, A) the part is excruciatingly long, and you hate delivering any speech longer than six lines. And B) --

CHAMP
Forget B. You said I should go for the part.

LORNA
That doesn't mean I have to put you up for it. I didn't think you were right.

This hurts Champ's feeling, enough that he forgets himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAMP

You thought I was "right enough" to get me the Ford spot.

Lorna takes a long moment before answering. She gets it now. Her flightiness has just flown for good.

LORNA

You were right for that. Champ. And that was the only reason you got it.

CHAMP

(realizing his mistake)
I didn't mean --

LORNA

Yes you did... "Get you" the spot. You thought that's what this was about -- I stuff your resume so long as you stuff me? I'm a modern woman, buddy, but not that modern.

(grabs her coat)
You know, and the worst part is, I really liked you.

She thinks about getting her shoes, but doesn't want to be there long enough to look for them.

LORNA (cont'd)

Keep the shoes. "You've earned them."

She SLAMS the door behind her. Champ realizes he's missed a very big point, keeps silent.

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Trevor tails Harry once more.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

While some elements of the modern world are surmountable, others even Trevor will concede to. Not that he dwells on it.

TREVOR

Oh no, no moping on my watch, Harry. It's time to move on. And no better place to feed than the hand that bit you.

Trevor presents the array of female patrons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Not right now thanks. I'm still recovering -- all I want to do is curl up with a movie and eat my candy and pretend I'm not too shallow to date.

(grabs an "English Patient")
Still haven't seen it.

TREVOR

Aren't you from back-in-the-saddle country? We gotta keep at it, find you a new, less electronically dependent woman. A sexual Luddite.

Trevor winks big as a FRUMP WITH POTENTIAL walks past.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Hey, what movie you got there?

Reluctantly, Harry turns to hear what she'll say.

FRUMP WITH POTENTIAL

"Laurence of Arabia. " The new DVD just came out. I've seen it before, but... ya' just can't beat digital, can you.

At that word, "digital," we see Harry dissolve, melted completely by his memories of Julia's warmth, of her attempts to ease his discomfort. His expression softens. He looks to the Woman, then to Trevor. And makes a decision.

HARRY

No, you can't. I'm sorry, Trevor, I gotta go.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Still, for all his insights, even Trevor is pleasantly surprised sometimes.

Trevor and the woman watch Harry leave. While Trevor is quite pleased, she is confused. Trevor notices her confusion.

TREVOR

Sorry about that. Didn't mean to bother you here... Not too much anyway. Thing is, I believe I can help you --

As we recognize his pitch, Trevor places an arm around her and walks her off. The spiel unfolds...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TREVOR (cont'd)

See, you look a little lonely. Truth is
you look like a borrowed piece of gum...

EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

Harry, breathless, POUNDS on a door. Julia answers. She's about to ask him a thousand questions, but he stops her, first by placing a finger to her lips. Then by kissing her. (MUSIC: "John Henry" -- final verse.)

LYRICS

*Dey took John Henry to de graveyard / An'
dey buried him in de sand / An' every
locomotive come roarin' by / Says, "There
lays a steel-drivin' man / Lord, Lord,
there lays a steel-drivin' man. "*

HARRY

Just put some put some music on, okay?
The buzzing gets distracting.

Julia laughs, takes his hand, kisses it and pulls him inside.

INT. CLAIRE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Claire is pulled out from bed by her own KNOCK at the door.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Although you should know, as charmed as
Trevor's matches seem to be, not all of
them are immune to failure...

She opens it revealing... ALEX. Claire is stunned. Throws her arms around him.

CLAIRE

Alex. What are you doing here? Where's
your bag?

ALEX

No bag. My flight back leaves in an
hour.

CLAIRE

Six hours of travel time for one hour
here? Why?

ALEX

Because I owe you this conversation. And
I owe it to you to have it in person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They step inside.

ALEX (cont'd)
Now I really wish I'd rehearsed
something...

(then)
I know you were hurt that I didn't come
the other night. That wasn't okay, of
me.

CLAIRE
I'm glad you see that.

ALEX
I do. And I'm sorry...

Claire is pleased with this direction so far. Alex sits,
taking the same seat Frank sat in during dinner.

ALEX (cont'd)
I made you some promises that were going
to make our being apart work. I haven't
kept them.

CLAIRE
No, you haven't.

ALEX
And I don't think I'll get any better at
it.

CLAIRE
This isn't making me feel any better,
Alex.

ALEX
(stands)
That's the problem. I haven't been
making you feel any better since I left.
Worse, I've hurt you... I can't let
myself keep doing that.

CLAIRE
You want -- you want to break up?

ALEX
No. Not at all.
(this is very hard for him)
But I can't hold you back, not when you
could be finding someone who could make
you happier than I am... I care about
you too much, Claire, to keep you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (cont'd)

From exploring something that might be better. Or someone.

CLAIRE

Alex I --

ALEX

Sh... If you say a word all this bravado will fall apart.

Claire manages a smile. Alex kisses her. She accepts.

ALEX (cont'd)

I have to go.

They kiss again, quite possibly for the last time. Finally, Alex leaves. He looks back, wordlessly, pained. The door shuts. And Claire is left with a confused and damaged heart.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

Trevor (shot from the waist up) enters, chipper 'n cheery after his successes (music should reflect that).

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And so, our Cupid proves to be an appropriate present day analogy for that most elusive emotion: love. Like love, he is demanding, nostalgic, obnoxious, and unstoppable.

Champ approaches, done with his shift.

TREVOR

How's your casting situation.

CHAMP

What casting situation?

TREVOR

I see.

CHAMP

How's your bead situation?

TREVOR

Better.

Off that, REVEAL COLIN, as Trevor and Champ look down at him.

CHAMP

Oh yeah, so this is our new roommate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREVOR

Yup.

CHAMP

Hope he's cleaner than you.

As Champ leaves, Trevor heads for the bar, warmly greets the regulars, introduces himself to a new face. And we:

REVEAL CLAIRE, watching Trevor from a table, writing on a pad. She's in her down-time duds.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

... And like love, he comes crashing into your life when you least want or expect it and demands your full attention.

At that, Trevor crashes down beside her. Colin bounds on Claire's lap.

TREVOR

(demanding her full attention)
Like him?

CLAIRE

Aww, what a cutie. Is he yours?

TREVOR

Colin, nah. Just dog-sitting until some new antihistamines hit the market.

Claire fawns all over Colin, petting him, doggy-talking.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Yeah, he's a chick magnet. I'm thinking of renting him out to the goober guys in your group. Help offset the cost of puppy chow. Little freeloader.

CLAIRE

I'm glad you got a dog.

TREVOR

Think I needed more fur clinging to my clothes?

Trevor PULLS some dog hairs off his sleeve, shudders.

CLAIRE

I think you need not to be alone so much. And now you know there's always someone out there who remembers you at your best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sure she means the dog.

TREVOR

I guess it's good to know you've got
someone around. For when you need 'em.

Okay, we're not sure who knows exactly what here. But if
they both knew that they both know everything, we might have
a real moment on our hands... Claire breaks the tension.

CLAIRE

Yeah, I'd hate to have to barge in on
someone in the middle of the night.

TREVOR

You think the fuzzball gives your caliber
of advice? Hey, Colin, how do I get
Champ and his girlyfriend back together?
(nothing from the dog)
See? Nothing...
(gets up; pats his thigh)
A'right, time for walkies... Kid thinks
he's too good for the john. C'mon.

He leaves; Colin follows. Writing one last line, a wistful
Claire watches them. There they go... a god and his dog.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And despite the changing times, Trevor,
like love, endures. And despite all our
rationale, all our fashionable attempts
at detachment, we submit to their charms
and their passions, and allow our lives
to be swept into the current.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END