

**CUPID**

"Pilot"

by  
Rob Thomas

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EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS SCRUBLAND - NIGHT

Two men work in the darkness. They stand on makeshift scaffolding busily tying off the corners of a huge tarp. The first of the men to speak, DAVE, (late 20s, laid back, scruffy sexy) has an Irish (alternately, English) accent.

DAVE

You're confident this will impress  
her -- not send her into witness  
protection?

The second man (35, brash, confident, manic) wears a leather jacket over a "Virginia is for Lovers" T-shirt. For the time being, we'll call him CUPID.

CUPID

Grand gestures, Dave. It makes them  
weak in the knees. Ready?

Dave takes a deep breath, nods.

CUPID (CONT'D)

One... Two... Three...

The two men hoist the tarp up and over a wooden ledge. They regard each other. Cupid grins, jackhammers his eyebrows.

CUT TO:

Dave and Cupid step into a blinding light. They squint as their eyes adjust. They turn and regard their work. Spotlights are illuminating the tarp draped over what must be a billboard. A QUESTION MARK has been painted on the tarp.

CUPID (CONT'D)

Trust me. This'll blow Holly's  
mind.

DAVE

On that, we can agree.

HELICOPTER SHOT starts on the two men at the base of the question mark. As the SHOT GOES WIDE and opens out on the million lights of Hollywood and the L.A. Basin, we realize we're looking at the HOLLYWOOD SIGN. The men have covered up the "W" with a giant question mark, and they've masked the final three letters with blank tarps.

The sign now reads -- HOLLY?

CUT TO:

Cupid and Dave climb up the scrubland toward the street.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
How long you think we've got before  
the cops show up?

CUPID  
Oh, I'm pretty sure they'll be up  
there waiting for us.

Dave stops in his tracks.

DAVE  
Excuse me?

CUPID  
(nonchalant)  
Yeah, that's the best part. You get  
arrested. Then interviewed. You  
tell the reporter your story. You  
can't buy that kind of publicity.

DAVE  
(frantic)  
Dude! I'm here on an expired visa.  
They'll send me back to Ireland. My  
story won't matter.

Cupid strokes his chin, considers.

CUPID  
I wish you'd mentioned that.

DAVE  
I wish you'd brought up the *getting  
arrested* part earlier. I thought  
we'd take credit in a personals ad  
or something.

CUPID  
(sighs, then...)  
Fine. I'll tell your story.  
(gazing dramatically up  
the hill)  
'Tis a far better thing I do than  
I've ever done...

DAVE  
You sure? Because I *can't*...

CUPID  
Go. I'll make it happen. We're  
gonna find Holly. Bank on it.

Dave offers up his hand. Cupid shakes it. Dave heads out into  
the darkness. Cupid continues up the hill.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS OFF A SQUAD CAR'S CHERRYTOP toward a spot where a spotlight has illuminated a stretch of roadside. A beat later, Cupid ascends into the light. He's again momentarily blinded.

CUPID

Evening officers. Beautiful night.

The silhouettes of two of L.A.'s finest, move toward Cupid. One of the officers begins to roughly cuff him.

CUPID (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey! Gently, please.

The cop who cuffed Cupid jerks his arms up, leads him back to the car despite Cupid's ongoing ad-libbed protestations.

CUPID (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

POV SHOT of the HOLLYWOOD SIGN which still reads "HOLLY?"

ANGLE ON DR. CLAIRE ALLEN (35, professional, sexy) waiting on a street corner. She gazes up at the Hollywood sign with an amused, curious expression. The "Don't Walk" sign changes to "Walk," and Claire crosses Sunset toward Border's Books.

INT. BORDER'S BOOKS - NIGHT

Claire moves through the store, climbs a flight of stairs.

INT. BORDER'S BOOKS 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Claire enters a glassed-in private room. CAMERA STAYS on a sign on the door that reads, "Mondays -- Mystery Readers Book Club; Tuesdays -- Dr. Claire Allen, Dating for Life."

INT. BORDER'S BOOKS READING ROOM - NIGHT

An eclectic group of singles are seated in furniture angled toward Allen. A flannel shirt-wearing GUY'S GUY has floor.

GUY'S GUY

Everyone see the Hollywood sign tonight? *Someone's* got cojones.

JUST-OFF-THE-BUS INGENUE

Out there somewhere, there's a Holly realizing -- *someone loves me*. It's terribly romantic. Don't you think, Dr. Allen?

CLAIRE

I don't know. I know most of you regulars have heard me say romance is in the eye of the beholder. I'd ask myself, if I were this Holly, what kind of man have I become involved with? The sort of man who breaks the law? The sort of man who won't take no for an answer?

JUST-OFF-THE-BUS INGENUE

I guess it's more of a fantasy.

PRUDENCE

Fantasy is overrated.

All eyes shift to Prudence (29, Pretty by normal standards. Cute by television standards.) Given the way the others react, we get the sense she isn't one of the regular talkers.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's just... I'm a reporter for The Times, and I used to work the police beat. I'd get these calls for violent crimes. I'd show up, and almost without fail the victim and the perpetrator were lovers. Pretty soon I figured out these domestic disputes occurred in the exact moment that the *fantasy* of what these people believed their lives together would be like crashed into reality of what their lives had become. That's why these days my goal is to find a relationship that doesn't make me crazy or *inconvenience* me.

Claire's cell phone rings. She looks annoyed, but she checks it. CLOSE ON PHONE: the caller ID says "HOSPITAL."

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)

What is it? I'm in a meeting?

DR. GREENBURG (O.S.)

Claire, we need you to come down here. Tonight, if possible.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)

Why? McCormack's on call.

DR. GREENBURG (O.S.)

Yeah, but you won't want to miss this one. He's right up your alley.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER - NIGHT

Claire walks with her colleague, DR. CHARLES GREENBURG (50s.)  
Claire references a folder in her hand.

CLAIRE  
This is the guy who changed the  
Hollywood sign?

DR. GREENBURG  
Not the guy; the *god*.

Claire shoots Greenburg a "what the hell?" look. Greenburg  
points further down the file. Claire reads; her eyes go wide.

CLAIRE  
Really?

Greenburg hands over a plastic bag containing several items.

DR. GREENBURG  
No ID. That's all he had on him.  
Chapstick, balloons, a novelty pen,  
and a feather. How's the follow up  
to your first book coming?

CLAIRE  
It's not. I'm mediating a singles  
group hoping that I'll find  
inspiration. So far, nada. I may  
have to return the advance money.

DR. GREENBURG  
Keep the advance, Claire. There's a  
best seller waiting in your office.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cupid sits in a chair across from a desk. An orderly, ISAAC,  
stands behind him. Claire enters, moves toward her desk.

CLAIRE  
Hello, Mr...?

CUPID  
It's Cupid.

CLAIRE  
Cupid. I'm Claire Allen, one of the  
doctors here.

CUPID  
Then I suppose you'd like me to  
disrobe.

Cupid begins taking off his shirt. Isaac steps toward him, but Claire shakes her head. She can handle it.

CLAIRE

That won't be necessary. Isaac, I'm fine here.

ISAAC

I'll be just outside the door.

Isaac gives Trevor a warning look on his way out.

CUPID

I thought he'd never leave. So, where were we? That's right! We were about to play doctor.

CLAIRE

I'm going to have to ask you to refrain from that kind of innuendo. I can't help you until we establish some boundaries.

(indicating who's who)

Doctor. Patient.

CUPID

You want to help me? Get me out of this place. I've got a job to do that I can't get done in here. I'm supposed to be telling Dave's story to a reporter right now! How's Holly gonna know he's looking for her?

CLAIRE

So this is a *job*? Interesting choice of words...

CUPID

Punishment, more like it. Two hundred mortals matched. One hundred happily-ever-afters before I'm allowed back.

CLAIRE

Back where?

CUPID

Olympus.

CLAIRE

Of course.

CUPID

You asked.

Claire leans back in her chair, kicks her feet up.

CLAIRE

So this punishment..? Did you do something wrong?

CUPID

Oh, at my expulsion, they yammered on about relearning my craft, the screwed up state of love and romance. Frankly, I had trouble taking the whole thing seriously.

Claire catches Trevor admiring her legs, she tucks them under her desk as he answers the question. Trevor doesn't register any embarrassment. If anything, his eyes continue to linger.

CLAIRE

Why's that?

CUPID

A hundred couples? I used to knock that out before lunch.

CLAIRE

How'd you pull that off.

CUPID

My bow. My arrows.  
(as if to a small child)  
They're magic.

CLAIRE

Do you have those with you now?

CUPID

You mean...at this moment?

CLAIRE

Maybe you could shoot me, and I'd more fully understand this...*magic*.

CUPID

(perhaps *you're* crazy)  
Do you see a bow?

CLAIRE

So how long you think this quest will take you? ...*Bowless*?

CUPID

Ten days..? Two weeks, max.

Off Cupid, confident, and Claire, moderately amused.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

Claire walks down the hall, speaks into a micro-recorder.

CLAIRE

Four days into observation, patient presents no relief from his delusional state. I have no explanation why such high dosages of Haloperidol and Risperidone have yielded no observable effect at all.

As Claire walks, she spots Cupid in the REC ROOM playing ping pong with Isaac the orderly. She pauses, backs up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

As a side note: he has managed to win over much of the staff as well as most of his fellow patients.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER REC ROOM - DAY

As Trevor and Isaac volley.

CUPID

So, Isaac. Guess who I saw checking you out at breakfast?  
(off his curious look)  
Marla.  
(off Isaac's smile)  
That's what I thought. So what're you gonna do about it?

ISAAC

Play it cool, I guess.

CUPID

No you're not.

ISAAC

I'm not?

CUPID

No. You're gonna walk up to her and tell her the best part of your day is watching her medicate the old timers in that big bay window. You can't go wrong with backlighting and a white uniform.

ISAAC

You noticed that, too. Huh? Man, I can't tell her that.

CUPID

Tell her you like her lips. Tell her  
you'd face the Persians at  
Thermopylae for one taste. Let her  
know that you can feel her eyes on  
you, mentally undressing you,  
wondering what kind of lover you--

REVEAL CLAIRE has stepped into the room behind Cupid. The  
last bit of dialogue was delivered for her benefit.

CLAIRE

That'll do, Pig. That'll do.  
(addressing Isaac)  
Follow his advice, Isaac, and it's  
likely you'll end up facing sexual  
harassment charges.

CUPID

Who're you going to listen to, my  
man? The God of Love or the  
spinster in nurse shoes?

Isaac is clearly torn which irritates Claire. Finally...

ISAAC

Well...she *is* the relationship  
expert.

CUPID

(shocked)  
She's the what?

INT. CEDARS-SINAI HOSPITAL GLASS BRIDGE - DAY

ON AN AMUSED DR. GREENBURG. Walking.

DR. GREENBURG

Of course he finds it difficult to  
believe you're an expert in the  
field of love. He believes he's the  
god of love.

TWO SHOT. Claire is walking and talking with Greenburg.

CLAIRE

I'm not offended, Charles. I'm just  
suggesting his lack of respect, his  
view that I am merely mortal or a  
woodland nymph he can charm is  
interfering with the therapy. It's  
been ten days. I'm afraid I need to  
be more aggressive in punching  
holes in the delusion.



Cupid leans forward, takes a FRAMED PHOTO off Claire's desk.

CUPID (CONT'D)

You know, if you just let me out of here, let me get back to the business of hooking up human-kind, you can be free of me. I'm starting to see the pages of a calendar flip every time I close my eyes.

CLAIRE

Well, I do so worry about your timetable.

CUPID

I'm immortal, and, yet, I can feel myself aging.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO which features a grinning 60-year-old man on a boat. He's holding up an adorable STUFFED-ANIMAL SHARK.

CUPID (CONT'D)

Your husband?

Claire doesn't take the bait, though she does reach across the desk, take the photo from Cupid and carefully put the photo back in the exact spot it was before.

CLAIRE

My dad.

TREVOR

He looks fun.

CLAIRE

Yes, my dad is certainly that. No one can deny that the man is fun.

Trevor gives Claire a look. Her tone confuses him.

CUPID

Nothing wrong with fun.

Claire takes a beat, decides whether to engage in a discussion about fun. She opts out. Instead she opens the mythology text.

CLAIRE

Tell me more about Olympus. Describe "home" to me.

CUPID

(quoting a poem)  
"There the inhabitants divine  
rejoice forever."

(MORE)

CUPID (CONT'D)

(then...)

Non-stop, clothing-optional party.  
An amazing place. You have no idea.

CLAIRE

A *vague* idea. You just described  
the Playboy Mansion.

CUPID

Body shots of ambrosia. Apollo and  
the Muses playing the hits...

CLAIRE

You miss it. I got it. Moving on.  
Mercury. Tell me about him.

CUPID

Homie's got my back. He's bailed me  
out of so many jams...

CLAIRE

Let's focus on career highlights,  
why don't we.

CUPID

Oh, I see what you're doing. Fine.  
Mercury: Messenger of the gods. Son  
of Jupiter.

CLAIRE

Venus and Mars.

CUPID

Mom and Dad. C'mon...

CLAIRE

We started easy. Romulus?

CUPID

Founder of Rome.

CLAIRE

Peneleos.

CUPID

Theban leader during the Trojan  
War. Way into black chicks.

CLAIRE

(frustrated)

Fine. You know your mythology. So  
tell me, how did Psyche react when  
the gods sent you back to earth.

CUPID  
Who?

CLAIRE  
Psyche.  
(off his blank stare)  
Psyche? Cupid's wife.

CUPID  
My what?

CLAIRE  
His wife. She was a mortal. He fell  
in love with her despite the god's  
objections. I can't believe you  
don't know this! This is the best  
known myth of Cupid!

CUPID  
That never happened.

CLAIRE  
Sure it did. There's the picture.

CUPID  
No, it--

CLAIRE  
Here. See for yourself...

Shaken by this news, Cupid glances down at the book. (Careful viewers may note the sketch resembles Claire.)

CUPID  
You're saying Cupid was married?

The third person reference makes Claire beam. A breakthrough!

CLAIRE  
Yes, *he* was.

Off Cupid, troubled.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER REC ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE TV. Captain Kirk is exhorting the crew.

ANGLE ON CUPID watching said TV passively. His spark is gone.

ACROSS THE ROOM Claire talks to our plump nurse.

CLAIRE  
So no more trouble from him? He's  
not riling up the other patients.

PLUMP NURSE  
He's even quit trying to set me up  
with Dr. Evans.

Claire nods. It seems that all is well.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER HEARING ROOM - DAY

A three-member mental health panel sits at a long table in front of the room. Cupid sits next to Claire facing the panel. He remains passive

CLAIRE  
...he demonstrates no danger to  
himself or others. Given our  
current bed situation, I feel I can  
recommend this patient's release  
with some degree of confidence.

DOCTOR 1  
A John Doe? You still have no idea  
as to his true identity? No name?

CUPID/TREVOR  
It's Trevor -- Trevor Hale.

Claire looks at her patient. The news surprises her.

DOCTOR 1  
Well, good. That eases one of my  
qualms. Now, does he have any  
money? A place to stay?

CLAIRE  
We're looking into shelters that--

TREVOR  
I've got a place to stay. And I may  
still have a job.

DOCTOR 1  
Excellent. I think I can speak for  
the committee when I say we'll  
approve the release of Trevor Hale  
on a trial basis if you continue to  
monitor his progress.

CLAIRE  
But, uh...

DOCTOR 1  
To that end, we'd like to receive  
weekly reports keeping us informed  
of the patient's progress.

CLAIRE  
My caseload is such that...

DOCTOR 1  
If you find the patient stops making progress, he should be readmitted immediately. Thank you, Dr. Allen. Next case.

Off Claire's weary look.

EXT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Trevor exits Cedars. Claire exits a beat later, calls out.

CLAIRE  
Hey, ...Trevor!

Trevor turns, stops, waits for Claire to catch up. He is in a cheery mood. He's his old self. She hands Trevor a card.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Tuesdays and Fridays. I mediate a group.

TREVOR  
Look at that, you've got a card.

CLAIRE  
Yes. I've got a card. It's a singles' group. I provide free counseling to people who have become disenchanted with the dating process. That's the address. It'll be a good place to deal with some of your issues.

TREVOR  
A singles group? Perfect! Fish in a barrel.

CLAIRE  
(apprehensive)  
What are you saying, Trevor?

TREVOR  
I'm saying I've got a job to do. Find Holly... Match another 99 couples.... Lots to do before I get to go home. I sure wasn't going to get it done inside there.

CLAIRE  
(gobsmacked)  
Look, Trevor, I just staked my  
professional reputation on you.

TREVOR  
Which was sweet.

CLAIRE  
Trevor, you are not a god! You are  
not Cupid. You are a man who--

Trevor interrupts, calls out...

TREVOR  
Isaac! Marla! Have a good weekend!

Claire turns to see Isaac and a woman who must be Marla  
exiting the hospital hand in hand. Claire shakes her head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
They're going down to Laguna for  
the weekend, do some waterboarding.

CLAIRE  
Waterboarding?

TREVOR  
I said that wrong. On the water?  
With a board? What's that called?

CLAIRE  
(concerned)  
Trevor, Marla has a reputation as a  
real man-eater.

TREVOR  
*Surf*boarding. That's it. They're  
going surfboarding.

Trevor starts walking away, turns around.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
See you tonight. Sounds like these  
people need me.

Claire dejectedly watches Trevor depart. It's clear from her  
expression that she expects this to end badly.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND ESCALATORS - DAY

Trevor appears at the top of the escalator as we hear the sound of an acoustic guitar and a talented singer.

STREET MUSICIAN (O.S.)

*Where will I wander and wonder?  
Nobody knows. But wherever I'm  
going, I'll go in search of a rose.*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON DAVE. He's the source of the song we've been hearing. He's singing to a couple tourists who have stopped in front of his open guitar case.

DAVE

*I'll savor the softness of summer/  
I'll wrap up when winter blows/ And  
wherever I'm going, I'll go in  
search of a rose.*

Dave sees Trevor. He strips off his guitar and embraces him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Where've you been? I thought they sent you up the river.

CUPID

All that matters is we're back in business. Got plans tonight?

INT. BEVERLY HILLS INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

DIGGER LENARDI (40s) in a cheesy mustache and a Members Only jacket leans back in a chair with his feet up on a desk.

DIGGER (ON PHONE)

*I've got the goods, ma'am. I'm  
staring at the money shot as we  
speak. And as soon as I receive  
payment, I will happily e-mail you  
your key to a prosperous divorce.*

ANGLE ON DIGGER'S COMPUTER SCREEN. There's a photo of a man (50s) in poolside recliner straddled by a sweet young thing.

Claire enters the office, begins looking around uncertainly. Digger raises his eyebrows at the sight of her.

DIGGER (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

You know where to find me. Bye.

Digger hangs up in a hurry, stands to greet Claire.

DIGGER (CONT'D)  
Welcome, Miss...?

CLAIRE  
Dr. Allen.

DIGGER  
What can I help you with, Dr. Allen?

CLAIRE  
I want to find out if there are any  
missing person reports for a man  
named Trevor Hale. If there are,  
I'd like to find out if this is the  
same man.

Claire hands Digger a picture of Trevor in patient garb.

DIGGER  
You've come to the right place.

CLAIRE  
You see, this man is a patient of  
mine, and if he turns out to be  
Trevor Hale, I might get some  
insight on how best to treat him.

DIGGER  
(I don't care)  
Great.

CLAIRE  
(thinking aloud)  
I could do some additional  
investigating on my end. Even in  
cases of severe delusions, patients  
slip up. They mention a street they  
lived on or reference the snow on  
the ground. I mean, if he mentions  
snow, we could eliminate--

DIGGER  
Residents of Hawaii.

CLAIRE  
We'll keep each other posted on  
what we dig up.

DIGGER  
That can be our plan.

Off Claire's satisfied nod. She knows what she needs to do.

EXT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - DAY

Trevor enters the courtyard of Tres Equis, a former adult movie theater that's been converted to a Mexican-themed bar.

Trevor bounds up a set of exterior steps to an apartment. He's surprised to find a "ROOM FOR RENT" sign in the window. He tries his key. It doesn't work. Trevor heads back down the stairs, moves through the courtyard. We take note of the adult theater marquis which proclaims tonight "MARIACHI KARAOKE NIGHT." Trevor enters...

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - CONTINUOUS

Trevor heads past the bar, climbs a spiral staircase that leads to the old projection room now serving as the office.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor enters and finds bar owner FELIX ARROYO (late 20s) chatting with his sister LITA (sexy, 24.)

TREVOR

You're renting out my room?

FELIX

You're here a week, then disappear for two weeks. What was I supposed to do? Where've you been?

TREVOR

I've been in the hospital, thank-you-very-much.

FELIX

How was I supposed to know that? Are you okay?

TREVOR

I was misdiagnosed. It was nothing.  
(addressing Lita)  
Buenos dias, Lita. Quiero beber su sodor.

FELIX

Hey! That's my sister.

LITA

Grow up.

\*  
\*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What? The guy at Baja Fresh told me that's a common Spanish greeting. So, can I get a new key?

FELIX

Do you have the rent?

TREVOR

I will if you let me pick up some more shifts around here.

Lita shoots Felix a look, shakes her head.

FELIX

We haven't been exactly been packing them in lately.

TREVOR

Keep me on, Chief, and I promise you'll be packed tonight. Got a Sharpie on you?

Off Felix, intrigued.

INT. BORDER'S BOOKS READING ROOM - NIGHT

PAN OFF A SERIES OF HANDMADE PHOTOCOPIED FLYERS promising half-priced margaritas at TRES EQUIS. PAN FINDS Claire addressing one her singles group women.

CLAIRE

Margaret, I respect your decision. I do. All I'm suggesting is that if you're going to continue to place an ad in the personals, it might be wise to mention your chastity pledge within the text.

A QUICK PAN for reactions among the group suggests the other attendees are in total agreement. The PAN lands on Trevor and Dave seated together.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

All right. It seems like we have time for one more person.

Trevor's hand shoots up. Claire winces.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Trevor, maybe it would be a good idea if you just audited the first couple sessions.

TREVOR

Not me. My buddy Dave, here. He could use some help.

CLAIRE

(relieved)

All right. Welcome Dave. Tell us about your love life.

DAVE

Uh, yeah. Okay. As it turns out, I've also been chaste, just over six months now, though, in my case, unintentionally.

CLAIRE

I'm not sure what your friend told you, but we workshop long-term relationships. We're not here to facilitate hookups.

DAVE

Oh, no. That's not what I meant to suggest. No, my problem is purely romantic. Singularly-romantic.

CLAIRE

All right, then. I'm sorry. Go on.

DAVE

Okay... Last Christmas, I was working at my dad's pub, and this American woman comes in asking for directions to Connolly Station. We spent twenty minutes talking before she had to go catch a plane home to Los Angeles, but those twenty minutes were all it took. We had this transcendent, palpable connection. Unfortunately, all I got was her first name, Holly.

JUST-OFF-THE-BUS INGENUE

Oh my god. You're the guy who changed the Hollywood sign!

DAVE

Yeah, with a little help.

Dave glances at Trevor. Suddenly the room is buzzing.

TREVOR

So you know what Dave did? He took all his money, bought a ticket to L.A. He's been here six months, out on the streets, on a quest. So spread the word, people. You know a Holly who had a magic moment with a guy in a music store in Dublin? He's here. He's looking for her. That good people, is love.

ANGLE ON PRUDENCE, wearing a look of amused disbelief.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, that may be romantic,  
but it's not love.

TREVOR

Hello? *Transcendent connection?*

CLAIRE

Perhaps we can agree to call it  
infatuation.

TREVOR

We can agree to disagree. What are  
you preaching in here? Just *don't*  
do it? Reach for the *copper ring*?

CLAIRE

I tell people be smart.

TREVOR

Love isn't smart. Love is retarded.  
You wanna drink from that trough?  
Take it from me and Captain Kirk --  
Be bold.

CLAIRE

Love at first sight is a myth. Love  
is built on a sturdier foundation,  
Trevor -- shared interests, values,  
aspirations. Mutual respect,  
friendship -- things you can't  
possibly establish in a couple  
days, let alone twenty minutes.

TREVOR

No. Love is heat. Love is passion,  
chemistry, sex.

CLAIRE

No. Love is what's left after the  
heat and passion fades away, and  
you can learn that lesson in here,  
or you can learn it the hard way.

TREVOR

Wow. Who ripped out your heart?

Claire realizes she put this too bluntly. She takes a deep  
breath before addressing her suddenly silent group.

CLAIRE

This is probably a good place to  
take break.

Group members stand, begin milling out.

TREVOR

An announcement, though. Tres  
Equis, just down the street, is  
offering half-price Margaritas  
tonight for singles. It's mariachi  
karaoke duets night. I'll be  
bartending and pouring 'em strong.

The announcement gets enthusiastic response.

CLAIRE

Trevor. Stay.

Trevor nods, not offended. Claire drums her fingers on the  
arms of her chair, waits for the crowd to disperse. Then...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Fifteen years of training has  
prepared me to help these people.

TREVOR

Oh, and being the Roman God of Love  
since the dawn of time has prepared  
me for what? Celebrity judge on  
Blind Date?

CLAIRE

Let's just say for a moment that  
you really are Cupid. Remind me  
again how you made your matches?  
Oh, that's right. You shot them.  
Random people falling madly in  
love. Look around you, *Cupid*.  
There's an entire economy built  
around romantic dissatisfaction.  
Your methodology didn't work. How  
about you let someone who actually  
gives a damn take a shot?

TREVOR

But you're *not* taking a shot!  
You're telling them not to trust  
their guts. You're slowing me down,  
Toots! Maybe you've forgotten, but  
I wanna go *home*!

CLAIRE

Oh, I haven't forgotten. You've  
been very good about reminding me.  
Another thing: I don't want you  
feeding Dave's fantasy. He'll end  
up getting hurt.

TREVOR  
*Or, living happily ever after.*

CLAIRE  
I promised the hospital board you  
were no danger to yourself or  
*others*. Don't make me regret that.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - NIGHT

RAKING ON A SINGLES GROUP MALE and a SINGLES GROUP FEMALE.  
They're on the bar's de facto stage performing a karaoke  
version of Pat Benatar's, "Love is a Battlefield." They're  
backed by a five-piece mariachi band in full costume.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Trevor entering. He finds a very busy Felix  
behind the bar. Felix looks up, tosses Trevor an apron.

FELIX  
Margaritas are half price?

Trevor catches the apron, heads behind the bar, shrugs.

TREVOR  
It's L.A. They're still six bucks.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - LATER

TEN SINGLES GROUP MEMBERS are seated around a large table. We  
find an urban hipster named JIMMY attempting to chat up  
Prudence.

JIMMY  
You can't back out. We're already  
signed up. Tell you what: I'll go get  
us tequila shots. Liquid courage.

PRUDENCE  
(worn down)  
Fine. I'll sing, but do not get me  
a shot. I'll take a coffee if  
you're getting up.

JIMMY  
Right back. Don't go anywhere.

Jimmy approaches Trevor at the bar.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Tequila shot, por favor. And a  
coffee.

TREVOR  
Coffee's gonna take a minute.

JIMMY

That's fine. Gotta hit the head  
anyway. Coffee's for the lady.

Jimmy points out Prudence with his eyes.

TREVOR

Making that happen, huh?

JIMMY

Working on it. She's a tough nut,  
though -- a reporter for The Times.  
Jaded. You know the type.

Trevor reacts. A *reporter, huh?* He slides the tequila shot in  
front of Jimmy who downs it in a gulp.

TREVOR

I'll take the coffee out to her.

Jimmy nods, heads off toward the bathrooms.

AT THE GROUP TABLE

Trevor takes a seat next to Prudence, sets her coffee down.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Trevor. I'll be your server  
tonight. Coffee. Black. Word is  
you're a reporter.

PRUDENCE

That's right.

TREVOR

So how about a story on my friend  
Dave? You guys owe him. He got no  
pub whatsoever for the Hollywood  
sign. What happens is Holly reads  
it. She shows up here at Tres Equis  
where he's playing. You get not  
one, but *two* heartwarming stories.

PRUDENCE

How long have you lived in Los  
Angeles, Trevor?

TREVOR

A few weeks.

PRUDENCE

I'll let you in on a little secret.  
People don't come to Los Angeles to  
find love.

(MORE)

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

People come to Los Angeles to become stars. Your friend is working an angle.

ON STAGE

A PAIR OF SINGLES GROUPERS put the final touches on "You Don't Bring Me Flowers." The crowd cheers. The singers hand off one of the mics to Lita who checks her clipboard.

LITA

Next up. Jimmy and Prudence.

BACK AT THE GROUP TABLE

Prudence glances over at Trevor.

PRUDENCE

That's my cue. Sorry I can't help you.

Prudence stands, makes her way to the stage. Trevor stewes, then has an idea. He hops up, heads to the restrooms.

The men's room and supply closet doors are next to each other. Trevor unspools the power cord to a nearby vacuum. He loops the cord between the two door handles, effectively preventing either door from being opened from the inside.

ON STAGE

Prudence is standing self-consciously alone waiting for her singing partner. The music has already started.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Jimmy? Where are you?

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - SAME TIME

Jimmy stands at a urinal. The sports page hangs in front of his eyes, and he seems engrossed in a story.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - NIGHT

Trevor finds Dave quaffing pints with a couple guys.

TREVOR

Dave. Get up there on stage. Opportunity is knocking, my friend. She's a reporter. She can help us find Holly.

Dave regards the stage, puts down his pint.

ON STAGE

PRUDENCE

(low voice male part)

*Don't go breakin' my heart*

(girl part)

*I couldn't if I tried*

(male part)

*Oh, honey if I get restless*

(female part)

*Baby, you're not that type*

Prudence performs gamely despite the lack of a partner.  
But...

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Jimmy. Wherever you are. You're a  
dead man.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - SAME TIME

Jimmy finishes air drying his hands, reaches for the door.  
He's perturbed when he can't seem to open it. He pulls  
harder, then begins pounding on it.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - NIGHT

Prudence's had enough. She starts to put the microphone back  
on the stand. She doesn't see the new performer take the  
stage, until...

DAVE

*Don't go breaking my heart*

Prudence turns, discovers Dave on stage with her. She's too  
taken aback to hit her next line. Dave picks up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

*Honey, when you knocked on my door--*

PRUDENCE

(tentative)

*Oooh, I gave you my key.*

As the song progresses, Dave's performance begins to win over  
Prudence. His voice is dreamy. His performance is charming --  
just the right blend of cheeky karaoke savoir faire and  
genuine talent. What's more, his confidence is contagious.  
Prudence "turns it on" a bit.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Claire enters. She spots Trevor standing behind the bar. A  
voice calls her from the big singles group table.

OBLIGATORY BRASSY REDHEAD

Dr. Allen!

Claire moves to the table and takes a seat. Group members ad-lib enthusiastic greetings. Our REDHEAD leans closer to Claire, indicates Trevor behind the bar.

OBLIGATORY BRASSY REDHEAD (CONT'D)

So who's the new guy?

CLAIRE

Oh, just a guy I know from work.

OBLIGATORY BRASS REHEAD

(intrigued)

A doctor?

CLAIRE

No. Just a guy.

OBLIGATORY BRASSY REDHEAD

Kinda sexy.

CLAIRE

Sexy how?

OBLIGATORY BRASSY REDHEAD

(are you daft?)

Sexy in that I'd-like-to-have-sex-with-him kinda way.

CLAIRE

No. He's *not*.

Obligatory Brassy Redhead gives Claire a look.

ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOORS

Jimmy forces his way out. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM out to the main floor just in time for Prudence and Dave's big finish. The pair hammily clasp hands and bow like they're Fleetwood Mac. The crowd, with the notable exception of Jimmy, cheers enthusiastically.

AT THE BAR

Claire approaches Trevor.

TREVOR

Couldn't stay away from me.

CLAIRE

I wanted to verify employment. I'm responsible for you. Remember?

TREVOR

Likely story. What can I get you?  
Sex-on-the-Beach? Screaming Orgasm?  
After-hours-Grope-on-a-Lunatic's  
futon?

Claire is at a momentary loss for words. A patron at the other end of the bar waves a bill.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Think about it.

Trevor wanders down the bar. Claire notices Prudence loitering by the exit. She wanders over to her.

CLAIRE

Hey. Great job up there.

PRUDENCE

Thanks. My partner carried me.

CLAIRE

Yeah. He was something. Can you get over his story? If you were that Holly, wouldn't you be scared to--

Dave sidles up to Prudence, hands her a coat. Claire blanches.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. You two are leaving, huh?

PRUDENCE

Yeah. We're gonna find some place quiet. I think I'm going to do a story about Dave.

CLAIRE

(you're shittin' me)  
Wow. Yeah... Good idea.

PRUDENCE

Yeah, well. Trevor deserves the credit. It was his suggestion.

Claire's jaw drops. Prudence and Dave ad-lib goodbyes as Claire turns back to Trevor. He catches her eye, reads her frustration. Off Trevor's "what's up?" shrug.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - NIGHT

Lita exits the Tres Equis office, descends the staircase. She furrows her brow at the sound of arguing and peers out.

LITA'S POV - Trevor stacks chairs on tables as Claire lectures him. The bar is otherwise deserted.

CLAIRE

I told you not to keep feeding  
Dave's fantasy.

TREVOR

Hera once told me to clean the  
Augean Stables.

CLAIRE

(ah ha!)  
*Hercules* cleaned the Augean Stables.

TREVOR

Yeah. That's my point.

CLAIRE

(sighs, then...)  
Look, it's one thing to proclaim  
you're Cupid, the god of love. It's  
something else entirely when you  
insert yourself into strangers'  
lives, Trevor.

TREVOR

Yeah. *Then* it's called divine  
intervention.

Lita's absorbs the conversation, heads back up the stairs.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lita enters and finds her brother on the phone. He looks up, gives her the "one second" finger. Meanwhile...

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - NIGHT

Claire and Trevor continue their discussion as Trevor clears tables by the dart boards.

TREVOR

What's the problem? It's not like  
I'm telling my believers to send me  
their social security checks. I'm  
finding people their soulmates.

CLAIRE  
Trevor, you don't *have* believers.

TREVOR  
Is that so? Then why is there a  
Temple of Eros down on Melrose?

CLAIRE  
They sell trashy lingerie.

TREVOR  
Of course they do! It's one of the  
sacraments.

CLAIRE  
What's next on the agenda for Dave?  
*After* the newspaper interview.

Trevor finds a dart on a table. He picks up a nearly-full mug  
of Guinness from the table. He faces away from the dart board.  
He lines up the dart board in the beer's reflection.

TREVOR  
Dave claims Holly is a super fox.  
Tomorrow I'm taking him out where the  
beautiful singles mingle. See if we  
can't track her down.

Trevor tosses the dart over his shoulder, hits the bullseye.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Can you dig it?

CLAIRE  
Oh, so I suppose Tom Brady is Thor.

TREVOR  
I could ask around.

CLAIRE  
(shaking it off)  
I'm going with you tomorrow.

TREVOR  
Why?

CLAIRE  
To make sure you're "doing no harm"  
like I promised the hospital board.  
Plus, I want to set up a weekly  
session. I've got Fridays at 3  
available.  
(off Trevor stewing)  
Or did you want to be recommitted?

Off Trevor, not pleased.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - OFFICE - NIGHT

Felix hangs up the phone, regards his impatient sister.

LITA

You've gotta fire your tenant.

Off Felix, curious.

INT. CANTER'S DELI - NIGHT

Dave and Prudence occupy a booth. Prudence takes notes in a REPORTER'S PAD. A grizzled waitress warms their coffees.

DAVE

Thanks, Mary.

(once the waitress leaves)

This place is exactly what America looks like in the movies. The waitresses all call me "shug" or "darlin.'" I quite fancy it.

PRUDENCE

(playfully)

Here we file that under easily amused. So, how did your family react when they heard you were flying off to California to track down this mysterious stranger?

DAVE

My dad *had* to support me. He met my mom at the matchmaking festival in Lisdoonvarna back before it turned into an aren't-we-Irish-quaint tourist event

PRUDENCE

I'm not sure which I have a harder time buying: a matchmaking festival or a town called Lisdoonvarna.

DAVE

Both real. Each year, after the harvest came in, single men and women of Western Ireland would show up hoping to find a spouse. These farmers' kids were so spread out, they might not have met otherwise. Back in '59, my dad was there. He spotted my mom standing outside a dress shop.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

They were engaged two days later.  
I've never met a happier couple.

PRUDENCE

So you're mom must've been  
supportive as well.

DAVE

She was killed when I was 12. Drunk  
driver.

PRUDENCE

I'm so sorry.

DAVE

Yeah. Me, too.  
(offering up his phone)  
There's a picture of her. She was a  
music teacher.

Prudence takes the phone, regards the picture.

PRUDENCE

(touched)  
She's your screensaver.  
(then...)  
Be careful who you show that too.  
This is Hollywood. Did you not see  
the "you must be...  
(putting out hand)  
...*this* cool to enter" sign?

DAVE

Then I'm in real trouble. First,  
I'm absurdly uncool myself. It's  
hard to picture Steve McQueen  
chasing a girl across the globe,  
isn't it? And I've never wanted to  
hang out with cool people, you  
know. They're usually a drag.

Prudence is charmed by Dave's answer.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR as Trevor enters. He spots Dave and  
Prudence, beelines toward their table, plops down next to  
Prudence.

TREVOR

So I'm mopping up back at the bar  
and I get this idea -- what if you  
get the newspaper to hire a sketch  
artist to do a composite of Dave's  
dream gal? Run it with the story.

PRUDENCE

We can do that.

(to Dave)

It's been six months. You think you can give a description?

DAVE

Absolutely.

Off Prudence, surprised to feel stung by his enthusiasm.

INT. FELIX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Felix is sound asleep, until we hear the sound of POUNDING. Felix's eyes snap open. He shakes his head unhappily. The two mixed-breed dogs -- one large, one small -- in bed with him perk up, whine, unhappy about the disturbance as well.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Felix, wearing a robe, and trailed by the dogs, trudges across the room toward the source of the noise.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Felix enters. He's nonplused by what he sees. Trevor is standing on a chair nailing up a pool hall counter across one corner of his room.

FELIX

You don't plan on opening a pool hall in here, do you?

TREVOR

Nope.

Trevor steps down from the chair, drags it across the room. Felix isn't quite sure what to do next. He settles on...

FELIX

My sister heard you arguing with a woman after closing last night. The woman called you Trevor.

TREVOR

Yeah, that was my shrink.

FELIX

(on eggshells)

She said you believe you're Cupid?

TREVOR

Yeah, it's a real bone of contention between us.

FELIX

You told me your name was Ed Ross.

TREVOR

No. I said my name was...

(drawing it out)

...Eros.

(moving on)

That's what the Greeks call me. The  
Italians say Cupid. Take your pick.

Trevor begins nailing the other end of the counter up.

FELIX

I'll go with Trevor.

TREVOR

Whatever makes you comfortable.

FELIX

Um. I don't have much experience  
with mental health patients. Do you  
know whether your doctors would  
want me to play along as though the  
delusion is real or refuse to be  
engaged by it.

Trevor slides all the beads to one end of the counter.

TREVOR

Oh, definitely play along. Any  
harsher therapy should be doled out  
by trained professionals.

Felix seems relieved. He indicates the pool hall counter.

FELIX

So what's all this about?

TREVOR

I don't get to go home...

(cutting off Felix off)

Mount Olympus -- until I match a  
hundred couples. This just helps  
keep score.

FELIX

So...what? You get a point every  
time a couple you hook up, you  
know, rocks the casbah?

TREVOR

I wish. Nope. It only counts if the  
gods decide it's...

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(this is nauseating)  
...*true love*.

FELIX  
So how're you supposed to know when  
that happens.

TREVOR  
I'll know.

Trevor exits the room. We hold on Felix processing.

INT. LOS ANGELES TIMES - DAY

Dave looks over the shoulder of a SKETCH ARTIST.

DAVE  
Her eyes are more...*playful*.

The sketch artist gives Dave a look, begins revising.

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS Trevor and Prudence positioned around Prudence's cubicle. The newsroom itself is a hive of activity.

PRUDENCE  
I'm starving. Anyone else hungry?

CUPID  
I've been trying to find a decent  
Greek place.

PRUDENCE  
(lighting up)  
Yummm. Baklava...

SKETCH ARTIST  
(checking watch)  
Aren't you meeting the photographer  
down at the pier in an hour?

Both Trevor and Prudence deflate.

PRUDENCE  
Damn. Should we all drive down  
there together?

TREVOR  
(still unhappy about this)  
Can't. I have to meet someone  
first. I'll catch up though.

Dave glances at the slide show playing on Prudence's computer screen, double-takes.

DAVE

Did I just see a picture with you,  
Daryl Hall and John Oates go by.

PRUDENCE

That's right. Got something to say  
about it, Sport?

DAVE

(shrugs helplessly)  
Why..?

PRUDENCE

Because they're awesome. That's  
why. The picture was taken at the  
Greek after their *sold-out* reunion  
show. They invited the web-masters  
of the top ten fansites in the  
country to hang out backstage.

TREVOR

There are ten Hall & Oates fans?

DAVE

I certainly feel better about my  
"property of the borg" boxers.

PRUDENCE

Get a life, nerd.

Dave smiles, enjoying the give-and-take.

SKETCH ARTIST

Something like this?

The sketch artist reveals his work to the others.

DAVE

(stunned)  
That's her. That's the woman I came  
here to find.

TREVOR

Let's see.

ANGLE ON THE SKETCH. The woman is breathtaking.

RAKING TWO SHOT on Trevor and Prudence. They're both  
momentarily speechless.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

That'd launch a thousand ships.

OFF Prudence trying her best not to reveal her disappointment.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Dave is beautifully framed with the lights of the Ferris wheel spinning behind him as he poses with his guitar. An L.A. TIMES PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos as Prudence observes.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I think I got it.

PRUDENCE

Thanks, Roger.

DAVE

I wonder where Trevor is.

Prudence looks past Dave, lights up.

PRUDENCE

Dance Dance Revolution!

Prudence moves past Dave affecting a zombie gate, tone.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Must. Dance.

As she passes Dave, Prudence speeds up. Dave watches her curiously, bends down to put his guitar in its case.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE - MOMENTS LATER

Dave catches up with Prudence just as she feeds quarters into the DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION VIDEO GAME at the mouth of an indoor/outdoor arcade. A 14-YEAR-OLD ASIAN BOY waits stoically next to her.

DAVE

What are you doing?

PRUDENCE

Teaching this youngster how we kicked it in the mid-90s.

The video game cranks up, and Prudence and the 14-year-old start dancing, stomping on the lighted dance floor in time to the patterns scrolling down the screen.

PUSH IN ON DAVE as he observes Prudence dancing with playful abandon. He smiles, utterly charmed by her gusto. Prudence is decent at the game. The kid next to her, though, is an ace.

DAVE

Is it like golf? The lower the score the better?

PRUDENCE

Shut up.

(still dancing)

So what happens if you find Holly, and she has a boyfriend? Or worse, what if you didn't have quite the same impact on her that she had on you?

DAVE

I get over it eventually. Not knowing whether it was real would be worse than knowing it wasn't.

PRUDENCE

I guess.

(what the hell...)

I suppose the reason I'd never go on a quest like yours is because I gave up believing in happily-ever-afters...this whole 19th century invention we call *romantic love*. Arranged marriages in the dark ages had a better chance of survival.

DAVE

To be fair -- wives were considered property in the dark ages. Not many breakups under the circumstances. ...So then, will your parents be choosing a husband for you?

PRUDENCE

I believe in love. Just a *pragmatic* love. It's why I started going to Dr. Allen's sessions. She gets it.

Dave is dubious. Prudence points out a lovey-dovey couple of teenagers strolling through the arcade hand in hand.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Okay, take these two... For them, love is winning a giant stuffed animal, a photo-booth make-out session, a ride on the Ferris wheel, but that's not *real*...

DAVE

Couldn't tell you. I've never been on a Ferris wheel.

Prudence stops dancing. She can't believe it.

PRUDENCE  
Inconceivable.

14-YEAR-OLD  
Better luck next time, lady.

Prudence turns to the kid, gives him a feisty look, then shoves him off the machine. She dusts off her hands...

EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Trevor is pacing impatiently. He hears a honk, he turns and spots Claire driving up. She rolls down her window.

CLAIRE  
Sorry. Traffic.

Off Trevor, grumbling.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Claire and Trevor stand in the spot where Dave was posing.

TREVOR  
Dave was supposed to be right here.

CLAIRE  
(digging for clues)  
Don't you love amusement parks? Did you go to many as a kid?

Trevor gives Claire a flat look.

TREVOR  
You mean when I wasn't inspiring poets or shepherding the Amoretti through their bacchic rites?

CLAIRE  
Yeah. When you weren't doing that.

CUPID  
Back off, Nancy Drew. I'm on a mission here. And despite your wet blanketry, I've got a good feeling about tonight.

CLAIRE  
You think maybe you and Dave might be better served by altering your expectations.

TREVOR  
Poppycock. That's mortal-think.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

Dave and Prudence ride the Ferris Wheel. They're at the very top. Dave looks over the side. He appears frightened.

DAVE

I thought these things were kiddie rides. You know, like a merry-go-round tipped on its side. This is terrifying.

PRUDENCE

You were right. You're totally uncool.

DAVE

Yes, but, on the other hand, you've gotta admire my keen self-awareness.

PRUDENCE

Here. We'll get through this together.

Prudence blithely offers up her hand to hold. The two smile at each other -- a fun moment.

CAMERA GOES CLOSE ON THEIR HANDS as they squeeze tightly. Prudence's thumb rubs the back of Dave's hand.

We're on Dave's face as he realizes what's happening. He turns to Prudence and finds she's already looking him in the eye. Prudence leans over, kisses Dave. For a moment Dave isn't an active participant in the kiss. He's merely a passenger. After a couple seconds of this, he seems to be won over.

As the kiss continues, the pair revolves to the bottom of the Ferris Wheel where Claire and Trevor have been searching.

ANGLE ON CLAIRE AND TREVOR

Claire taps Trevor on the shoulder, points to the kissing couple. Trevor deflates.

TREVOR

I blame you for this.

CLAIRE

Chalk one up for mortal-think.

Off a two shot: Trevor forlorn, Claire pleased.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. THE SKY BAR - NIGHT

Trevor, Claire and Dave are near the front of line of beautiful people waiting to get into the club.

TREVOR

So, remember, when we get inside, we're looking for the woman who inspired you to buy that one way ticket to America. Try not to trip and land with your tongue in anyone else's mouth.

DAVE

(head still swimming)  
Yeah, I'm not quite sure how that happened. Prudence's just so easy to talk to...

TREVOR

Focus, man.

CLAIRE

"Ease of communication" is one of my four pillars of a sound--

TREVOR

Zip it.

DAVE

You should see her dance. She'd probably really fancy this place.

A LARGE BOUNCER makes an announcement to everyone in line.

BOUNCER

People! If you're not on the list, you will not get in tonight. We're having a private party.

As people in front of our group disperse, Trevor muscles his way up to the Bouncer, indicates Dave.

TREVOR

My buddy was here last night, and he thinks he left his credit card at the bar. Can he go in and check?

BOUNCER

Quick like a bunny.  
(to Trevor and Claire)  
You two wait right here.

TREVOR  
(sotto to Dave)  
Take a quick lap. See if she's here.

INT. SKY BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dave wanders through the bar scanning the faces of patrons. He's about to give up when he spots a woman in one-quarter profile by the pool. His jaw drops. The woman looks like she could be the one from the sketch. Dave starts moving toward her. Then he does something strange: he stops.

It appears he's not sure he wants to find out if this is his dream girl. He cocks his head, weighs his options before finally turning back toward camera with renewed determination. He walks toward the look-alike, but before he gets there, she turns fully toward Dave. It's not her. Strangely, Dave appears a mix of relief and disappointment.

EXT. SKY BAR - NIGHT

We return to Trevor and Claire waiting for Dave.

CLAIRE  
I don't get it. You say you're on a mission to match one hundred couples. We find a man and a woman you introduced hitting it off, kissing, and yet, you drag him away.

TREVOR  
Have you not been paying attention? I get credit for a match when it's true love, the kind of love "you'd cross oceans to find." They were very specific on that point. Romeo and Juliet counts. Romeo and the coat check girl doesn't. Got it?

Dave emerges from the club. Trevor spots him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
There he is. Any luck?

Dave shakes his head. Nada. Off Trevor's disappointment.

INT. LOS ANGELES TIMES - NIGHT

Prudence sits at her keyboard in her cubicle. She's staring at her completed story on screen. She appears torn.

FEATURES EDITOR  
It's a human interest piece. It's not Watergate. Ten more minutes.

The editor exits. We hold on a conflicted Prudence. She turns, stares out the window at downtown Los Angeles. We note the PRUDENTIAL LIFE BUILDING in the foreground.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Claire walks down a hallway. She notices the fruit of Trevor's labor -- Isaac and a Marla -- engaged in a private tete-a-tete. Isaac looks unhappy. Claire regards the pair, concerned. She shakes it off, keeps walking. Her phone rings.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)  
This is Claire.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS INVESTIGATIONS - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

Digger sits up in his desk, refers to his notes.

DIGGER (INTO PHONE)  
Dr. Allen. It's Digger. I think I've got something for you. An R.T. Hale from the Chicago area was reported missing a while back. Never found.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)  
R.T.?

DIGGER (INTO PHONE)  
Just R.T. Doesn't stand for anything. I talked to the cop who worked the case. Hale was a professor at Northwestern, and the university was investigating him for sexual misconduct. Local police assumed he threw himself off one of the bridges. They're trying to track down a photo for me.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)  
Thanks, Digger. Let me know. Bye.

Claire resumes her trek down the hall engrossed in thought.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HOSTEL - DAY

CAMERA HOLDS ON THE SIGN ON THE DOOR. Suddenly the door opens and Dave steps out onto the street, guitar case in hand.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
Dave!

Dave turns, discovers Trevor jogging toward him, waving the L.A. Times. Trevor catches up, hands the newspaper to Dave.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Front page. Calendar section.  
Prudence came through for us.

Dave finds the page. The story on Dave features the sketch of Dave's dream girl, a photo of the altered Hollywood sign and a photo of Dave on the pier with the Ferris Wheel behind him and the headline: The Face that Launched A Thousand Tips.

DAVE

This is amazing.

A stranger walking down the sidewalk calls out to Dave.

STRANGER

Hey, you're that guy! Good luck.  
Hope you find her.

DAVE

Cheers, mate.

TREVOR

The price of fame.

DAVE

Gets worse. The local top-40  
station wants me to come down for  
an interview before tonight's show.

TREVOR

If Holly still lives in L.A.,  
she'll be there tonight.

DAVE

I sure hope so, because I'm a  
foreigner with an expired visa who  
just took credit for an unlawful  
act in a major American newspaper.

Dave points out the photo of the HOLLY sign, winks.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER OFFICE - DAY

Claire sits at her desk holding a compact up to her face. At first, we believe she's checking her reflection, but on closer inspection, we see that she's eyeing a felt dartboard on the wall behind her. She aims, then tosses a Velcro-tipped dart over her shoulder. She fails to hit the board.

She turns, regards several darts on the floor below the board. She growls. Before she can make another attempt, her iPhone rings. She regards the screen. We see from the picture/text that it's "Dad" calling. It takes Claire some energy to psyche herself up to take the call.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE)

Dad!

Claire listens. A beat later all of her positivity evaporates.

CLAIRE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Dad. Please do not do that.  
It's *not* the Alamo. Squatters rights  
do not apply in this situation!

Off Claire's frustration.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - DAY

Claire walks hurriedly across the parking lot. She eyes a  
SPEEDY REPOSSESSION truck and boat trailer.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Claire's dad, BILL ALLEN (still dashing and charismatic at  
60) stands on the bow of a 10-year-old "sport yacht." Note:  
these run around \$200,000 used. It's not an impressive boat  
when one contemplates *living* in it.

BILL ALLEN

I speak as a child of God and  
brother to the suffering poor!  
I speak for those whose land is  
being laid waste, whose homes are  
being pillaged, whose culture is  
being subverted! I speak as a  
citizen of the world, for the world  
as it stands aghast at the path we  
have taken!

As Bill Allen rails against his fate, we realize there's a  
thin line between the "crazy" Claire deals with at the  
hospital and the "crazy" she grew up with...

REVERSE ANGLE shows us Claire arriving and sidling up beside  
two bewildered blue collar men wearing SPEEDY REPOSSESSION  
shirts. They're standing on the dock watching Mr. Allen. The  
African-American Repo Man turns to his partner.

REPO MAN

I swear I heard this before.

CLAIRE

(interjecting)  
It's Martin Luther King -- "The  
Trumpet of Conscience."

The Repo Man nods -- *sounds right*. Bill notices his daughter  
on the dock. He seems to regain some of his composure.

BILL ALLEN

Hey there, Claire Bear. These gentleman are trying to take my home, my castle.

CLAIRE

It's a boat, Dad.  
(to the repo men)  
Can I write you a check for the missed payments?

Off Claire's hopeful, pleading expression.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER OFFICE - DAY

Claire is on the phone dealing with her finances.

CLAIRE

No. Just move the money from savings into checking... I don't know. I'll think of something.

As Claire hangs up, Trevor knocks and enters in one motion.

TREVOR

Guten Tag, herr Doktor. Let's make this snappy. I've gotta hundred things to do before Dave's show tonight. I've got balls in the air.

CLAIRE

(displeased)  
It's 4:30.

TREVOR

(checking his wrist)  
Why, yes, it is. Very good. During our next session, we'll work on days of the week.

CLAIRE

I raced back here, so I could be on time for our 3 o'clock appointment.

TREVOR

That's because *you're* a responsible adult.

CLAIRE

And what's wrong with *that*? Isn't that a good thing? Did someone decide that responsibility was a quality possessed solely by nerds and losers?

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(getting worked up)

Why is it that irresponsible people are always the heroes. They get to be the dreamers, the visionaries, the romantics. But if you're *responsible* you're a killjoy.

TREVOR

I didn't make the rules.

CLAIRE

I'll let you in on a secret. It's that responsible "killjoy" who ends up making the boat payments...who makes sure the dreamer she loves takes his medication. It's the responsible one who ends up with 400 HD DVD players in storage shed in Van Nuys and five percent share in a revolving restaurant downtown. It's the responsible one who has to say, "No, dad. You did not win the Canadian Lottery."  
(emphatically)  
Can you dig it?

Trevor takes a long considerate beat. Then...

TREVOR

How much are you asking for those HD-DVD players?

CLAIRE

Let's take a walk. I could use the fresh air. Plus, there's a love story I want to share with you.

TREVOR

I'd prefer a courtroom thriller. I'm up to my nards in love.

Claire simply points toward the door.

EXT. PACIFIC DESIGN CENTER PLAZA - DAY

Trevor and Claire walk and talk, coffee cups in hand.

CLAIRE

The story is about a scholar -- a university professor. He falls in love with one of his students.

TREVOR

Old story.

CLAIRE

He falls *madly* in love with her. She reciprocates. But the semester ends. For her it was a passing fling. For him it was much more.

TREVOR

Like I said -- old story.

CLAIRE

But it doesn't end there. He can't stop thinking about her. He stalks her, leaves drunken messages on her machine. She reports him to the university. He resigns in disgrace. He snaps. He has to get as far away from her as possible. He changes his identity. Eventually he can't even remember who he is. He tells people he's the god of love.

TREVOR

Okay. Not bad. But I've got a better one. Let's take your professor. This time, let's say he's a real ass hound. Always seducing the co-eds. Then, unexpectedly, he falls for one of his peers -- another professor. He's head over heels. This morally bankrupt man finally finds someone who turns him into the man he was supposed to be.

Claire is rapt. She thinks she's hearing Trevor's real story.

CLAIRE

And then?

TREVOR

Then some jealous co-ed he tossed away the year before makes it her mission to spoil his happiness. She tells the new woman about the girls he's seduced. Provides names, numbers. The professor's lover can't take it. She wants to escape, to sleep until it doesn't hurt any more. She's got some pills. She figures the more she takes, the longer she sleeps. Our Prince Charming finds her in bed, but no matter how many times he kisses her, she won't wake up.

There's a long beat as Trevor reflects on the story. Claire's heart goes out to the man in front of her.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Poetic justice? Or is it irony?

CLAIRE  
Trevor, I know I can help you.

TREVOR  
I'm not sure about your ending, either. A tad hackneyed. Instead of the insanity thing, let's say he travels from village to village wrestling Minotaurs for sacks of gold.

CLAIRE  
(warm, empathetic)  
Trevor, Marla dumped Isaac today. There was a big scene here at the hospital. You have no magic. You aren't a god.

TREVOR  
(exasperated, weary)  
No bow. No arrow. I've explained that. I can't make you believe me. After tonight, I'll have my first match, and I'll be that much closer to going home and getting out of your hair forever.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER OFFICE - LATER

Trevor is gone. Claire opens her laptop. She clicks on a word-processing program, opens a title page. She types.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: IN SEARCH OF CUPID: A CASE STUDY.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - OFFICE - NIGHT

The music cue fades as we find Felix tending to his books. He wears a concerned expression. There's a KNOCK and Lita pokes her head in. Felix looks up.

LITA  
You should come look at this.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - NIGHT

Felix descends the stairs, turns a corner, his eyes go wide.

THE BAR IS PACKED. It's wall-to-wall humanity. We catch a glimpse of Dave on stage tuning his guitar. Felix is thunderstruck. Trevor calls out to him from behind the bar.

TREVOR

Yo! Boss! Little help?

Felix turns to Lita. They share a smile. They needed this kind of night badly.

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - LATER

The packed house applauds as Dave wraps up a version of the Turtles' "Happy Together."

Dave glances out into the crowd, smiles. CAMERA FINDS the person he smiled at -- Prudence. She's seated next to Claire at a small table enjoying the show. Claire observes the smitten way Prudence watches Dave's performance. She smiles.

CLAIRE

(knowingly)

You look awfully nice.

PRUDENCE

Am I being stupid? He's in love with someone else.

Claire gives a supportive smile.

CLAIRE

You're being proactive. That's chapter one of my book.

PRUDENCE

A few days ago I felt sorry for the girl on the Hollywood sign. Now I'm jealous of her.

CLAIRE

Don't be. He's only in love with the *idea* of someone else.

DAVE

I learned a new song especially for this night. It goes out to someone who is spectacularly uncool. And that's what I dig about her.

Dave starts playing guitar. Prudence shakes it off, turns her attention back to Dave who is performing the Hall & Oates standard, "You Make My Dreams Come True."

DAVE (SINGING) (CONT'D)  
*What I've got's full stock of  
 thoughts and dreams that scatter.  
 You pull them together. And how, I  
 can't explain. You make my dreams  
 come true. Hoo hoo. Hoo hoo.*

Prudence is smiling wide. Most of the patrons of the bar have started singing along, so we don't immediately notice when Dave stops playing. Prudence notices, though. We're on Prudence as she realizes what's happened.

PRUDENCE'S POV - Dave has stopped playing. He looks like he's seen a ghost. And there she is - the DROP-DEAD GORGEOUS WOMAN who inspired him to come to America. She's made it to a table just a few feet from the stage and Dave has spotted her.

ANGLE ON TREVOR AT THE BAR as he realizes what's happening.

ANGLE ON CLAIRE as she sees it, too.

The audience -- now without any accompaniment -- begins cluing in. They've all read the story. Someone starts applauding. Others join in. Dave steps down from the stage. The mystery woman stands. The two come together.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 Holly. I knew I'd find you.

Dave embraces the mystery woman. Trevor is thrilled. He glances over, notices Prudence walking sadly toward the door. Trevor moves to catch her.

TREVOR  
 Prudence. Don't go. This is it.  
 You've got your story.

PRUDENCE  
 I didn't want to be the girl who  
 got the story this time, Trevor. I  
 wanted to be the girl who got the  
 song.  
 (holding up thumb and  
 forefinger)  
 I came *this* close.

Prudence takes one look back at Dave hugging his mystery woman. She forces a wan smile and exits.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TREVOR'S CONCERNED FACE. We hold on this tight shot as his eyes scan from side to side. He grunts unhappily.

TREVOR

Huh.

REVEAL TREVOR'S POV. The pool bead counter. All the beads are still lined up on one end.

INT. CANTER'S DELI - NIGHT

Trevor enters the diner, spots Dave and Holly in a booth. He approaches the table. Dave sees him and lights up.

DAVE

Trevor this is Holly. Holly, this is a friend of mine, Trevor. He's the person responsible for twisting the fabric of space and time and bringing us back together.

Holly is beautiful, friendly enough, supremely self-confident, and ever-so-slightly hipper-than-thou.

HOLLY

A regular Cupid, huh?

Trevor shakes Holly's hand and sits down next to her.

TREVOR

No such thing.

A WAITRESS approaches, sets down cappuccinos. Holly sips hers as the waitress serves Dave.

HOLLY

Uh. I asked for non-fat.

WAITRESS

It is, honey. I made it myself.

Holly grimaces in an I-hate-to-be-a-pain way.

HOLLY

Maybe the container was mis-labeled.

The waitress glances at Dave who says nothing. She picks up Holly's cup, heads away from the table. Holly addresses Dave.



Off Trevor's nod. *The plan is in motion.*

INT. CEDARS-SINAI MENTAL HEALTH CENTER HEARING ROOM - DAY

Claire stands in the back of the room in which Trevor's release was approved. Another psychiatrist addresses the same trio of doctors we've seen before. Claire glances up momentarily and something catches her attention. Engraved in the marble above the doctors is an epitaph...

THE WORLD FELT A TREMOR  
AND DOWN CAME THE HAIL

CLOSE ON THE FINAL TWO WORDS -- TREMOR, HAIL. Claire shakes her head, allows a smirk. Her cell phone rings. She answers.

CLAIRE  
Hello?

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - INTERCUT

Trevor is on the pay phone.

TREVOR  
Hey. It's your favorite patient.

CLAIRE  
*Tremor* Hale?

TREVOR  
(shaking it off)  
Uh... Yeah. Listen, I've been up all night brainstorming. As much as I hate to ask, I need you. What do you say? Help me OB-1-Claire-nobi. You're our only hope.

CLAIRE  
What'd you have in mind?

INT. LOS ANGELES TIMES - NIGHT

Prudence returns to her cubicle wearing a dour expression. She's surprised to see Trevor waiting there for her.

TREVOR  
Baklava. You and me. I did some investigating. I know where we can find the best baklava in the great state of California. You with me?

Prudence isn't in the mood, but it requires less energy to go along with the plan than to resist. She picks up her purse.

PRUDENCE

What the hell. I'm done here.

EXT. DISNEY HALL - NIGHT

Trevor and Prudence walk past the Frank Gehry masterpiece.

TREVOR

...to understand the history of baklava is to understand the history of Cyprus, which is to say, the narrative of the Greek/Turkish conflict...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Trevor and Prudence ride in the elevator with others.

TREVOR

...some heretics will try to convince you syrup is an authentic topping. Humbug. Me? Give me honey.

PRUDENCE

I appreciate what you're trying to do. It's really sweet of you to check in on me, but I'm not sure I'm going to be very good company.

TREVOR

That's okay. I'll be great company.

Prudence manages a grateful smile.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trevor and Prudence sit across from each other in candlelight browsing their respective menus. The view of the downtown skyscrapers surrounding them is breathtaking.

PRUDENCE

I don't even see baklava on the menu.

TREVOR

I think you must have to special order it.

Prudence looks out the window, cocks her head.

PRUDENCE

Are we moving?

TREVOR

Yeah, it's one of those restaurants  
that spins.

Prudence glances down, sees the seem in the floor. The outer  
ring of tables is revolving around an inner ring.

PRUDENCE

Huh... I didn't know these even  
existed anymore--

Prudence stops talking abruptly as she hears the sound of an  
acoustic guitar being strummed. She turns her head in the  
direction of the sound.

Trevor and Prudence's table is essentially moving toward the  
restaurant bar. There on a small stage is Dave backed by the  
Tres Equis house band. Dave is already looking Prudence in  
the eye as he begins singing the first line of the song.

DAVE (SINGING)

*I've been so many places in my life  
and time. I've sung a lot of songs.  
I've made some bad rhymes. I've  
acted out my love on stages with  
ten thousand people watching, but  
we're alone now, and I'm singing  
this song for you.*

ANGLE ON PRUDENCE. Her jaw has dropped. She's unsure how to  
respond. Trevor reaches over and taps her on the hand.  
Prudence regards Trevor who points out the window.

PRUDENCE'S POV. The restaurant has rotated enough that the  
PRUDENTIAL LIFE BUILDING has come into view. The sign on the  
top no longer reads "PRUDENTIAL LIFE," however.

The sign now reads "PRUDENCE 4 LIFE."

TIGHT ON PRUDENCE as she tries vainly to choke back tears,  
and yet she seems frozen in her seat as Dave begins to spin  
by. She looks at Trevor imploringly.

TREVOR

Ask yourself...what would Captain  
Kirk do?

Prudence grins, then bolts out of her seat and rushes toward  
Dave. Dave rips off his guitar. The two embrace and begin  
kissing to the surprise of the restaurant's patrons. Though  
the singing has stopped, the mariachi band continues to play.  
The violin takes over the melody line.

CAMERA FINDS CLAIRE sitting at the bar. She also finds herself a bit misty-eyed. She glances over, sees Trevor savoring the moment. She regards him for a moment. He turns and catches her eye. Off Trevor and Claire sharing a satisfied look.

EXT. PRUDENTIAL BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The song continues to play as CAMERA FINDS Felix and Lita admiring their own handiwork. They have managed to use tarps to cover the appropriate letters.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes,  
I doubt I would've believed it.

INT. PRUDENCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave and Prudence kiss. They unbutton and unfasten each other's clothing. They make the cat collar hanging from the bedpost jingle. The images are sweet, romantic, sexy.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Certainly there was no magic bow  
and arrow, but Trevor created a  
romantic scenario that witnesses  
would almost universally first  
think to describe as "magical."

Prudence and Dave roll off the bed in hysterics.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire walks around her office speaking into a headset.

CLAIRE  
My casebooks are full of stories  
about soldiers who have seen so  
much blood and suffering on the  
battlefield that the only way they  
can cope is to convince themselves  
they're Jesus Christ -- the prince  
of peace.

ANGLE ON HER LAPTOP as voice recognition software types in everything Claire dictates.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
In many cases, the delusion  
actually protects these patients'  
fragile minds. I believe my mystery  
patient who calls himself Trevor  
Hale has experienced no less a  
tragedy.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The key to dispelling the delusion,  
I believe, is to learn the cause  
and then to treat the heartbreak.  
Of course to learn the cause, I  
must learn the patient's identity  
with little to go on beyond a...

Claire reaches into her desk drawer, pulls out the plastic bag containing Trevor's effects.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...pink feather, a tube of cherry  
chapstick, a novelty stripper pen  
and a trio of party balloons...

Claire looks more closely at the balloons. Something catches her eye. She holds a balloon up to her eye, then, surprises us by blowing into it. She ties it off, regards the balloon.

TIGHT ON THE HEART-SHAPED BALLOON: "Fete Accompli Party Supplies -- Olympia, WA."

Claire stares at the balloon, intrigued. She dials her cell.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hey, Mr. Lenardi... Yes, Digger.  
You can forget about RT Hale in  
Chicago. I've got a new lead. Can  
you find out if the man in the  
photo I gave you went missing from  
Olympia, Washington?

Off Claire, a bit more hopeful than before.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Dave, wearing a look of supreme bliss, strides down the sidewalk, turns into the HOLLYWOOD HOSTEL.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOSTEL - CONTINUOUS

Dave passes through the lobby, but he's stopped by two men in suits before he gets very far.

MAN IN SUIT

Dave Linehan? I'm agent Morris with  
the INS. I'm afraid we're going to  
need you to come with us.

Off Dave, crestfallen.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. TRES EQUIS CANTINA - AFTERNOON

Trevor enters in a cheery mood. He moves behind the bar, puts on an apron. Felix appears, and Trevor looks up.

TREVOR

Hey, boss. What's the good word?

FELIX

That singer, Dave, called hoping you were around. I guess the INS caught up to him. They put him on a plane back to Dublin...

(checking watch)

Dave wanted me to tell you thanks for everything...say goodbye.

Trevor looks like he's been hit with a sledgehammer.

FELIX (CONT'D)

You should really get a cell phone.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Trevor enters, approaches his pool hall counter. All the beads remain grouped on one side. Off Trevor, demoralized.

INT. BORDER'S BOOKS READING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stands at the door ad-libbing greetings to the singles arriving at the session. She spots Prudence coming up the stairs, clearly upset. Claire approaches her, pulls her aside.

CLAIRE

Prudence. What's wrong, honey?

PRUDENCE

I've got a question to ask you, and I already know your answer, and it's not your decision to make, but I want a sober voice in my head...

CLAIRE

You lost me.

PRUDENCE

The INS took Dave away. Back to Ireland. And I think I may be in love with him. But I know that's impossible. I've known him two days. People don't fall in love in two days, do they?

Claire regards Prudence sympathetically, but the resignation in Claire's expression indicates her she won't be giving Prudence the answer she was hoping for.

TREVOR (PRELAP)

For thousands of years I just shot people. Sat back. Laughed at the results.

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAN OFF an unwrapped cell phone box, find Trevor using it.

TREVOR

It was a game. An easy game. I *prefer* the easy game. Why do mortals make falling in love so difficult?

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

We find Claire in a downtown loft, modern design. She stares out at the lights of the city, a glass of wine in hand.

CLAIRE

You'll get used to it, Trevor. In fact, I find my moments of playing god much more taxing.

TREVOR

What?

CLAIRE

Nothing. I just... I just gave some advice tonight, and I'm not sure it was good advice.

(shaking it off)

No. I'm sure it was good advice, it's just no fun always being the one telling people to slow down.

(then...)

I'm thinking about disbanding the group. I've been using them for research. Maybe it's not fair.

TREVOR

No. You can't. They need you. I look around that singles group of yours and think, "buddy, get a dog. Order the complete cable package." I'm in there looking to make the easiest match. But not you. You show up at those sessions thinking you can save them all.

CLAIRE

There's someone for everyone, Trevor.

TREVOR

You say that with your authoritative tone, and even though I know better, I almost believe you.

CLAIRE

Someone broke your heart -- I'm sure of that much. But you'll heal. You'll even fall in love again.

TREVOR

Here? With a *mortal*? Not likely. They'd never let me go back, and sister, I'm getting back as soon as I can.

CLAIRE

Cupid fell in love with Psyche. She was a mortal.

TREVOR

I'm telling you. That never happened.  
(changing topics)  
I never did get my baklava. You ever hear of this place -- St. Nicks?

CLAIRE

Greek place in Silverlake. People rave.

TREVOR

Let's go tomorrow. We'll meet for lunch -- you and me. I'll buy.

CLAIRE

I don't think that's a good idea, Trevor. There are rules...

TREVOR

*Doctor. Patient.* Lest I forget. Tell you what: I could use some counseling, Dr. Allen.

CLAIRE

Suddenly doubting your omniscience?

TREVOR

No. But from what people tell me, you're the best shrink around.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It may take some time, but with  
around-the-clock availability, some  
moxie, you might cure me of this.

CLAIRE

This what?

TREVOR

Homesickness.

Claire smiles. As she does, we INTERCUT...

EXT. LARCHMONT VILLAGE - NIGHT

Prudence walks down the street. She's sad, lost in thought.  
Something catches her attention in a storefront window.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

All right. I'll meet you down  
there, see if we can't make this  
work. You know where we're going?

TREVOR (O.S.)

No earthly idea.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE BUSINESS as the window frames Prudence  
who puts her face against the glass.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

That omniscience kinda comes and  
goes, huh? It's on Fountain,  
between Pacific and Atlantic. How  
does one o'clock sound?

Trevor doesn't answer immediately. He's facing his window,  
staring at something. He almost appears to be in a stupor.

TREVOR'S POV: One bead has moved all the way across the pool  
hall counter line strung across his bedroom.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Trevor?

TREVOR

(mystified)  
I'll be there.

We hear a SERIES OF NOODLED PIANO CHORDS begin to play.

EXT. LARCHMONT VILLAGE - NIGHT

PRUDENCE'S POV - A travel poster features the Cliffs of  
Mohrer beckoning travelers to IRELAND. The slogan underneath  
reads, appropriately-enough: "BOLDLY GO!"

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS that Prudence is staring into the window of the MERCURY TRAVEL AGENCY. PUSH IN ON PRUDENCE'S FACE as she considers, allows a smile.

EXT. SAINT NICK'S - DAY

Claire and Trevor sit at an outdoor table engaged in conversation. From this distance the two look more like friends or people on a date than a doctor and her patient. We leave them feeling as though their relationship evolved into something new.

EXT. DUBLIN STREET - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS A WOMAN down a winding Temple Bar street, past U2's Clarence Hotel, the Ha'penny Bridge a FISH AND CHIPS shop and into...

INT. LINEHAN'S PUB, DUBLIN, IRELAND - DAY

We find the source of the music. It's Dave. He's sitting at a piano in a mostly-deserted pub attempting to figure out the chords to a Hall & Oates song. He begins to sing.

DAVE (SINGING)

*She's gone. Oh I, oh I'd better  
learn how to face it. She's gone.  
Oh I, oh I'd pay the devil to--*

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

Dave looks up. He's overwhelmed to find Prudence standing over him. If Prudence had any doubt about whether Dave would be glad to see her, it's gone in an instant.

Dave knocks over the piano bench in his anxiousness to take Prudence in his arms. As the two fall into a mind-bending kiss an older man appears behind the bar, having ascended from the cellar. He sees his son wrapped in this embrace. The older man allows a smile.

CAMERA CIRCLES the love-struck couple. Music swells as we...

FADE TO BLACK.