



CLYDE

He does seminars for the funeral directors.

JACK

I thought he was just an undertaker.

Jack passes the joint back through his car window to Clyde, who takes a final toke and discards the ends.

CLYDE

She calls the funeral directors. Phone sales.

JACK

Cool. What's her name?

CLYDE

Connie. So, I'll tell Lucy it's on.

Jack sees a man, his uncle Frank, emerge from the office of Classic and head their way.

JACK

(indicates Uncle Frank)  
Here's my Uncle. Don't mention it --

CLYDE

Hey.

JACK

That it's...y'know... because...

CLYDE

I won't.

JACK

He won't let it rest.

CLYDE

Not a word.

JACK

It's how he is...

Uncle Frank appears outside of Jack's car window. He gives the men a small wave and a knowing look.

UNCLE FRANK  
Gentlemen.

You two talking about me?

JACK  
No.

CLYDE  
Only about the money we make you.

UNCLE FRANK  
That's allowed. Your lips to God's  
ears.

He turns and walks back toward the Classic office. Jack turns up the volume on Rivers of Babylon. Listens with serious appreciation. Jack detects a warble in the tape.

JACK  
The tape's getting stretched.

CLYDE  
You should go CD.

JACK  
Probably.

CLYDE  
Go high tech.

JACK  
Yeah.

Clyde observes Jack mouthing the words.

CLYDE  
Jack. Turn it down a minute.

Jack turns it down.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Would you call yourself a rasta  
man?

JACK  
No.

CLYDE  
You thinking of becoming one?

JACK  
No.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLYDE  
I just wanted to ask.

\*

JACK  
You like the song? Reggae's mainly positive.

CLYDE  
Some of the words, you know, I don't get, so it's hard to commit.

JACK  
"Over I" is a hard one.

CLYDE  
"Over I?"

JACK  
"Over I," yeah.

CLYDE  
We'll just order something and hang out.

JACK  
Yeah.

CLYDE  
No biggie.

Clyde drives off. Jack listens to the song a moment, drives away.

CUT TO:

Jack drives. Italian woman in rear. Boxes and bags of purchases. *The Italian woman is on her cell phone, talking in Italian. Her short talk is punctuated by the names of high end clothing stores, Barneys, etc. She hangs up, with kisses. After a moment--*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ITALIAN WOMAN  
You drive long time?

JACK  
Yeah.

ITALIAN WOMAN  
You married?

3 CONTINUED:

3

JACK  
No.

ITALIAN WOMAN  
I practice my English. Sorry.

JACK  
That's OK.

ITALIAN WOMAN  
I love New York. People are nice.  
In Rome. Awful. Rude.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

4

Jack stands at the opened door as the Italian woman puts packages into the limo.

ITALIAN WOMAN  
"Dressing for success." That's right?

JACK  
Yes, ma'am. Dress for success.

ITALIAN WOMAN  
*Dress* for success. Maybe shoes now.

She climbs into the limo.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA - NIGHT

5

A valet drives away the car of a newly arrived couple, who carry gift wrapped packages. Immediately following, another car pulls up, and behind it, Clyde's limo is in line, ready to deliver his passengers.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CLYDE'S LIMO - NIGHT

6

Clyde eyes the happy couple in the back seat from the vantage of the rear view mirror. A young daughter of five between them. She has an extravagantly wrapped present on her lap, and is playing with the bow.

DADDY  
Leave the pretty bow alone, sweetie.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

6 CONTINUED:

6

MOMMY  
You heard Daddy, honey, we want it  
pretty like you.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA - NIGHT

7

Clyde pulls the car up to the valet station. He gets out and opens the door for the happy family. They exit the car and enter the hotel.

CLYDE  
(to Valet)  
Can I get a minute, I got to run to  
the men's room?

VALET  
Pull it out of the way. And don't  
be all day.

\*  
\*

CLYDE  
Thanks.

\*

He hustles into the limo to pull it out of the way.

CUT TO:

8 INT. WALDORF ASTORIA MENS ROOM - NIGHT

8

An attendant stands by the opulent wash basins. Clyde finishes at a urinal and moves to wash his hands. The attendant offers Clyde a squeeze of a French hand soap from a fancy looking bottle. Clyde washes his hands. The attendant smiles and readies a towel. Clyde dries his hands. After another moment of the two men looking at one another, more or less expressionless, Clyde takes some change out of his pocket.

\*

ATTENDANT  
No coins.

The attendant steps back. Clyde puts a buck in a tip bowl and exits.

CUT TO:

9 OMIT

9

\*

CUT TO:

10 OMIT 10 \*

CUT TO:

11 SECOND LOBBY, WALDORF ASTORIA - NIGHT 11 \*

Clyde looks into and enters busy second lobby. He notices busboys/pastry assistants going into Empire Room. Clyde follows them. \*

CUT TO: \*

S \*

12 INT. SECOND LOBBY/EMPIRE ROOM - (CONTINUOUS) 12 \*

Clyde looks in at the room catered for a wedding reception. Gifts. Guests, including the couple and child he drove who are at a table picking up id name tags, ("Hi, I'm Nonnie Plimpton".) Clyde enters the lobby. A small gathering of the well-dressed arrivals for the event sip cocktails and chat with each other near a pianist playing appropriate music. A trolley of desserts passes Clyde. Guests part to make way for it. A very tall pastry chef in white is revealed giving directions on the placement of the desserts. Clyde observes the man. After a moment, young woman with a guest list approaches Clyde. Her smile hides her obvious opinion that Clyde doesn't belong. \*

EVENT ASSISTANT

May I help you?

CLYDE

No. No.

Clyde heads for the exit.

CUT TO:

13 INT. DR. BOB'S MORTUARY BASEMENT AREA - DAY 13

Connie is on a phone at a work space studying with nervous intensity a form of instructions titled, "Overcoming Objections."

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm calling from Dr. Bob's Grief Seminars. Dr. Bob's. Yes. Is this Mr. Pendecker? Did you get Dr. Bob's flyer on the upcoming seminar in Phoenix? Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

CUT TO:

14

INT. ANOTHER ANGLE ON BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

14

Lucy, around Connie's age, and her immediate boss, walks past two phone sale workers at their separate work stations that are making calls and giving pitches for Dr. Bob's seminar/workshop services to other funeral directors across the nation. She gives one a thumbs up as she takes a confirmation slip from her and moves on by --

LUCY

Someone's getting the bonus.

Lucy walks to the open office door to Dr. Bob's office. Dr. Bob dips into view as he gives Lucy a quick congratulatory hug. At the same time, he looks over at Connie, struggling at the phone.

DR BOB

What's the verdict?

\*

\*

LUCY

The jury's still out.

\*

\*

Lucy turns and crosses to Connie's work area.

CONNIE

Well, Dr. Bob's not here, right this minute, but I...

\*

LUCY

(quietly emphatic)

Credit Card.

CONNIE

The new seminar experience offers techniques-- that's right-- "violent acts... The pain of sudden deaths--" I did?

LUCY

Credit Card.

CONNIE

Oh, ah-- Mr. Pendecker?

(to Lucy)

He said to call back tomorrow.

LUCY

Remember, it's "Hello, the opening, gimme the credit card, the pitch, blah blah, gimme the credit card..." it's a mantra...



14 CONTINUED:

14

CONNIE  
 (repeats it quietly)  
 Gimme the credit card.

\*

LUCY  
 They want you to give them  
 permission to invest in themselves.

\*

\*

\*

Dr. Bob appears, places a hand of reassurance on Connie's shoulder.

DR BOB  
 Another peek at the website might  
 help with the calls. Get you  
 familiar with what we do.  
 (moving on)  
 Night, night.

\*

\*

\*

Dr. Bob heads out and down the hall to leave the mortuary.

CUT TO:

15 INT. DR. BOB'S OFFICE, BASEMENT AREA - DAY

15

Connie is watching the Dr. Bob website on a computer. The office is decorated with Dr. Bob's prominent memberships in various national councils related to his profession, degrees, certificates, etc. Family pictures on his desk.

CUT TO:

16 INT. DR. BOB'S MORTUARY BASEMENT AREA

16

Lucy's just outside the office tending to some final paperwork.

LUCY  
 Jack's a sweetheart. We've known  
 him a long time. You like Chinese?

CUT TO:

17 INT. DR. BOB'S OFFICE, BASEMENT AREA

17

Connie is not sure what she's heard.

CONNIE  
 He's Chinese? I think. I've not  
 known many, but...

LUCY  
 We'll just order some.

17 CONTINUED:

17

Website headings: Journey Through Grief-- Life and Loss -- appear and dissolve on the screen in a stylish manner, followed by site choices: "Estate Planning, Cremation Workshop, Grief Certification..." Connie hits one of the headings "A message from Dr. Bob," and an image of Dr. Bob comes on in a bucolic setting.

\*

DR BOB

\*

Hi, I'm Bob Thomas. My great grandfather started as a cabinet maker and undertaker in the small town of Pacerville, Oregon in 1885--

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

18 INT. DR. BOB'S MORTUARY BASEMENT AREA - DAY

18

\*

Lucy is shutting down the area in preparation to leave. From inside Dr Bob's office the "A Message from Dr. Bob" is heard continuing.

\*

\*

\*

DR BOB (V.O.)

\*

For three generations Thomas Mortuaries have lovingly cared for the needs of family, and of loved ones, in short-- service -- a tradition for one hundred twenty-five years...offering a supporting hand under life's final transition. Bob Thomas Mortuary is a humble partner in helping you see to all your needs in affordable and complete funeral service.

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\*

LUCY

Time to get out of here.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

19 INT. DR. BOB'S OFFICE - DAY

19

\*

Lucy enters.

\*

LUCY

Tonight will be low-key. I think you'll like Jack.

\*

Connie signs off. Dr. Bob's screen saver pops on.

CUT TO:

20 INT. JACK'S BASEMENT APT - EVENING 20

Jack looks through his mess of a wardrobe for something to wear.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DISCOUNT CLOTHES STORE - EVENING 21

Jack looks at clothes displayed outside the store. Boxes of shoes, socks, underwear, undershirts; racks of pants, shirts, etc.

JACK

Dress for success.

He walks down the block to another, more upgrade men's clothing store. He looks at men's clothes in the window before entering the store.

CUT TO:

22 OMIT 22 \*

CUT TO:

23 OMIT 23 \*

CUT TO:

24 INT. CONNIE'S STUDIO APT - EVENING 24

She sits on the bed. The clothes from cleaners, in a plastic bag, across her lap. She gets up, takes a dress from the wrapped clothes and puts it on. She looks at herself in a tall, skinny, cheap mirror that leans against the wall. 9.99 red sticker still on the frame. \*

CUT TO:

25 INT. SMALL DINING AREA, CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT 25

Jack and Connie at the table. Remnants of Chinese food. An uncomfortable silence. Clyde enters from kitchen.

JACK

I'm sorry, y'know... to see your Dad like that...

CLYDE

Yeah... In a coma, man.

Clyde takes a couple plates into the kitchen.

JACK  
... after not seeing him for a  
while... then...

CONNIE  
The coma nurse said when he gasped  
for air his body did it in a  
reactive mode.

Clyde returns relighting a joint.

JACK  
Aw, that's...  
(to Clyde)  
...right?

CLYDE  
Yeah...

CONNIE  
Like a dry pump. That's how he put  
it. I was glad when he left, and I  
was alone with my dad.

JACK  
...ahem...hem...that's good, that  
he left... because...

CLYDE  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
I was glad he left.

JACK  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
He was coming on to me.

JACK  
The coma nurse?

CLYDE  
Right there?

CONNIE  
Yeah.

JACK  
Right there in the coma room?

CLYDE  
That's not right.

CONNIE  
He let his hand stay on my arm  
without saying anything until my  
dad gasped. Then he left the coma  
room. My dad was right there. In a  
coma, but still...

CLYDE  
That's not right.

JACK  
No, in the coma room with your dad  
right there...? In a coma, yeah,  
but still...

Clyde passes the joint to Connie.

CONNIE  
I'm fine.

Jack takes it.

CUT TO:

Lucy is digging through the ice cream freezer.

LUCY  
No Chunky Monkey?

DELI WORKER  
No. No Chunky Monkey.

She exits deli.

CUT TO:

Clyde offers joint to Connie. She hesitates, takes the joint  
from Jack, does a small toke. Gives it to Clyde. After a  
moment--

CLYDE  
Just getting your head around  
that...

JACK  
Yeah...

CONNIE

My dad would gasp and twist his body, y'know, I thought, he wanted to get out of there. So, when I was alone with my dad, I told him it's OK to go, that he didn't have to stick around. I told him I loved him, and that he was a great dad, that he was free to go to heaven.

JACK

Yeah...

CONNIE

Two days later, he woke up out of the coma.

CLYDE

Fuck.

JACK

That's... wow... woke up?

CONNIE

... after three months.

CLYDE

Fuck.

Clyde passes the joint. Connie takes it, starts to pass it on, does another small hit, passes it to Jack.

CUT TO:

28 INT. DELI #2 - NIGHT

28

Lucy digs through the freezer of another deli, finds and lifts a carton of Chunky Monkey up.

LUCY

Yes!

Goes to counter.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SMALL DINING AREA, CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

29

Connie shakes "no" to the tiny end of a joint offered by Jack, who puts it down in the ashtray.

CONNIE

He talked in a soft voice...  
like... y'know... I thought he's in  
like a zombie state. Not like Dawn  
of the Dead, but a zombie state  
where you stay around because  
there's some unfinished business  
you're responsible for-- like  
taking care of my mom.

JACK

Yeah, your mom, of course...

CONNIE

He went back to be with her at  
Sunshine Valley Care Facility.

JACK

God, that's... got up from a coma  
and went home.

CONNIE

They were married fifty-two years.

CLYDE

Fifty-two? Unbelievable... I mean,  
I believe it, but, wow, fifty-two  
years.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

...yeah, to make sure she was...

\*

CONNIE

Then he fell down in the hallway  
and hit his head, and then he died.

JACK

God...oh... after waking up... a  
kind of...

CLYDE

Yeah... a miracle coming from a  
coma, and then...

JACK

...cuz he wanted to take care of  
your mom.

CONNIE

She was blind. She couldn't walk, really. She saw things in the air near the end. She was blind but she'd look in the air like she was seeing them. I don't know what, y'know... I asked if she was afraid to die and she said, no, but that she'd rather not. The bathroom's back there?

CLYDE

Yeah.

Connie heads to the bathroom. Jack motions for Clyde to follow him to the front room.

CUT TO:

30 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 30

Connie breathes as though to stem an oncoming panic attack.

CUT TO:

31 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 31

Jack and Clyde talk so Connie can't hear them.

JACK

I thought, ask about her parents, y'know, make conversation.

CLYDE

She needed to talk about it, I guess.

JACK

Yeah...

CLYDE

Lucy's gone awhile, right? They probably didn't have Chunky Monkey so she's on a search.

Buzzer.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Huh? Huh? How many times you think, "Hey, y'know, they been gone a long time," then, buzz, y'know, they're there.



31 CONTINUED:

31

JACK  
Yeah.

CLYDE  
It's hard to explain.

JACK  
I don't think you can.

CLYDE  
Good point.

Buzzer.

CLYDE  
(into intercom)  
Yo! Who is it?

CUT TO:

32 EXT. APT BUILDING - NIGHT

32

Lucy's at the intercom.

LUCY  
Yo! Me.

CLYDE (V.O.)  
"Me" I never forget my keys me?

LUCY  
No. Buzz me fucking in me.

Door buzzes and she pushes in.

CUT TO:

33 INT. FRONT ROOM- NIGHT

33

Clyde's at the opened apt door.

CLYDE  
What?

JACK  
Nothing.

CLYDE  
It's a game.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 34

Connie stands in the bathroom at the mirror, distraught, near tears. \*

CUT TO:

35 INT. FRONT ROOM- NIGHT 35

Lucy enters the apt and holds up deli bag.

LUCY  
Are you ready for Chunky Monkey?!

Sheds her coat and scarf.

LUCY  
Three delis!

-- as she heads into the hall to the kitchen -

LUCY  
Where's Connie?

CUT TO:

36 INT. HALL - NIGHT 36

As Lucy passes the bathroom door, Connie answers from within.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
I'm here.

LUCY  
Time for Chunky Monkey!

Lucy keeps moving on into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 37

Connie takes a deep breath. Exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 38

Snow falls. Connie and Jack look for a cab.

CONNIE  
It'll have to be warmer though.

JACK  
Yeah. Boating weather.

CONNIE  
Yeah.

Jack raises his arm to hail an oncoming cab. It passes by without seeing him. They continue on towards the corner intersection.

JACK  
You sure you don't want me to drive you?

CONNIE  
No, really, it's... It's alright.  
This is plenty. I liked tonight.

They walk a few moments in silence.

CONNIE ALT  
Winter. Boating. \*

JACK  
Yeah.

They continue in silence. Jack observes Connie with the snow falling on her. She looks at him, and he turns away shyly, searches the street for a cab. He sees a cab and steps out to stop it. The cab pulls over and he opens the door. She gets part way in and then impulsively plants an awkward kiss on his cheek and practically stumbles back into the cab, which takes off. Jack stands in the aftermath of the kiss, a kind of slam-kiss.

CUT TO:

Clyde tastes coffee.

CLYDE  
Hmmm. I'm tempted to say--  
(interrupts judgment)  
Jack's been gone a long time. \*

LUCY  
Come on, five bucks you can't tell.

Buzzer.

CLYDE

Ha!  
(into intercom)  
Yo!

JACK (O.S.)

(from intercom)  
Yo!

CLYDE

I thought maybe they ran off.  
(smells coffee, musing)  
Is it K...?

\*

LUCY

You're supposed to taste it, and  
say what it is. Not stall around.

CLYDE

My nose has lost its edge. Your  
nose goes, your taste goes.

LUCY

It's not the only thing.

CLYDE

What's that mean?

Jack enters. Snow on him.

JACK

It's snowing.

LUCY

They say, a foot.

CLYDE

Took you some time.

JACK

No cabs.

LUCY

Clyde thought maybe you went off  
together.

JACK

I offered to drive but she said  
it'd be too much trouble. Queens,  
but I would have.

LUCY  
Coffee's ready.

JACK  
Maybe a cup before I go. She caught  
a cab to the "R" train.

\*  
\*

CLYDE  
You liked Connie?

JACK  
We got along pretty well outside, a-  
hem... She said she'd like... a-  
hem... She'd like to go boating.

CLYDE  
Boating?

JACK  
Rowing in a boat. She said, y'know,  
to go boating...a-hem, a- hem...  
sometime, when it's, hem, when...

\*

Jack drinks some water.

CLYDE  
So what did you say?

JACK  
What?

\*  
\*

CLYDE  
When she asked you to go boating.

\*  
\*

JACK  
Maybe, when it's warmer.

CLYDE  
You made a date for summer?

JACK  
No, I'm not, y'know... that bad to  
say let's do something next summer,  
y'know, like six months from now.

LUCY  
No, no, no, we know.

JACK  
It started to snow, and it came up,  
y'know, warm weather, and it got to  
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)  
summer, to go rowing in a boat.  
Going boating when it's warmer. I  
said, yeah, but...

CLYDE  
If you're afraid, it's not a good  
idea.

JACK  
No, I'm not afraid...

CLYDE  
No, I know--

JACK  
I don't know if I want to go out in  
a boat. I can't swim ...

CLYDE  
I told you I'd teach you.

LUCY  
There's plenty of time before  
summer.

CLYDE  
Five years ago I said I'd teach  
you.

LUCY  
He taught me.

JACK  
You said it caused problems to  
teach someone you're close to...so,  
when you asked, later, I thought,  
you know, I don't think so.

CLYDE  
I said it was the swimming lessons.

JACK  
It wasn't the lessons?

LUCY  
It was humans make mistakes.

CLYDE  
It was personal.

JACK  
Yeah.

LUCY

He's a good teacher.

JACK

I should learn, I guess, in case,  
y'know, I go boating.

LUCY

While you're learning, do some  
winter thing, go ice skating... see  
movies...

CLYDE

By summer, you'll be going away  
together for weekends to a lake  
that rents boats. Boating at night.  
In the moonlight. Huh? Under the  
stars.

JACK

I should learn.

CLYDE

We'll go to the pool uptown. State  
of the art, ozone filtration.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

Heated?

\*  
\*

CLYDE

I'm serious.

\*

JACK

I'm serious.

CLYDE

It'll get me back going. I used to  
go three, four times a week.

JACK

Well. I better go.

(to Lucy)

I wanted to play this for you.

(to Clyde)

You liked it, right?

CLYDE

Yeah.

LUCY

He told me you were into reggae.

39 CONTINUED: (5)

39

JACK

It manifests a positive vibe.

Plays portable player. "On the Rivers of Babylon."

LUCY

Makes me want to manifest ganja.

She exits to the beat of the song.

JACK

Here comes the "over I" part.

(sings along with song)

"...over I"

The song plays on. Lucy returns with a lit joint.

CUT TO:

40 INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

40

On the subway back to Queens, Connie looks over Dr. Bob's phone sales information. She studies the Ten Basic Objections to Overcome in Booking Seminars: "Too Busy," "Cash flow," "Talk to Partner," "Took the Last One," etc, committing them to memory. A man is sitting across from her.

MAN

I'll bet you're a model. You could be a model.

(pause)

A model or actress?

CONNIE

You want to know what I do? You know riga mortis? Your face gets distorted. The tongue sticks out like wood. Your arms and legs get contorted. The hands are in knots. That's where I come in. I massage the dead. I rub dead bodies all day till they're relaxed.

The man gets up to stand by the doors.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

41

Jack and Clyde in the water. A distance away, an ungainly swimmer does a lap to the end, before resting a bit, and heading back.



CLYDE  
Let's go a little deeper.

JACK  
Deeper?

CLYDE  
You'll still touch. A little deeper. Come on, a little more.

They walk deeper.

JACK  
It's getting deep.

CLYDE  
A little more.

JACK  
It's pretty deep.

CLYDE  
OK. Try it now.

Jack ducks in and out.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
That's good, but...Jack. That's good, but go under. Make the bubbles under the water, then come up, take a breath, and go under, bubbles, come up, and get a rhythm going. Breath, under, bubbles, up.

JACK  
OK.

CLYDE  
You'll get used to it. We'll do it together. Ready. But, it's good. Ready. Breath.

They take a breath.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Under.

They go under. Make bubbles. Jack resurfaces first.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
You can keep your eyes open.

JACK  
The goggles leak.

CLYDE  
They should suck around your eyes a  
little bit. How do they feel?

JACK  
OK.

CLYDE  
They suck around your eyes?

JACK  
Yeah, I think. Yeah.

CLYDE  
See if they leak.

JACK  
They feel tight.

CLYDE  
Go under and see?

Jack dips his head under. Up, quickly.

JACK  
They seem OK.

CLYDE  
You don't have to close your eyes,  
though.

JACK  
OK.

CLYDE  
I want you to visualize.

JACK  
Visualize?

CLYDE  
It's a technique. Close your eyes.

JACK  
Not open them?

CLYDE  
 When you do it yeah. But now-- it's  
 something you can do at home,  
 "Visualization," when you're not  
 actually in the water. I want you  
 to close your eyes.

JACK  
 OK.

CLYDE  
 See yourself going under, blowing  
 bubbles, coming up.

JACK  
 OK.

CLYDE  
 Try it. See yourself do it.

JACK  
 OK.

He does so.

\*

A42 **IMAGE: JACK, EYES CLOSED, VISUALIZING HIMSELF. THOUGH IT DOESN'T APPEAR THAT HE IS IN WATER, BUBBLES FLOW FROM HIS NOSE.** A42

\*  
\*  
\*

CLYDE  
 Good. Jack. Jack.

Jack stops visualizing.

CLYDE  
 You visualized?

JACK  
 Yeah.

CLYDE  
 Your eyes were open?

JACK  
 You said close them.

CLYDE  
 No, to visualize, yeah, when we do  
 it, but, when you visualized you  
 went under, your eyes were open?

JACK

I think.

CLYDE

Try it again.

He visualizes going under, eyes open, blowing bubbles. **IMAGE:** \*  
**JACK CLOSSES HIS EYES AND SEES HIMSELF, EYES WIDE OPEN, HUGE,** \*  
**AND BUBBLES FLOWING FROM HIS NOSE. HE STOPS VISUALIZING.** \*

JACK

Yeah. Open.

CLYDE

Good. OK. Look at me when we do it.  
 We'll do it now. Together. Ready.

They do it **once**. \*

CLYDE (CONT'D)

You're doing good.

JACK

I can do better.

CLYDE

You're doing good.

JACK

I can do better.

Jack attempts to do so. The wide-stroking, ungainly swimmer crashes by them.

CUT TO:

42 INT. MTA BUILDING - EVENING

42

Jack hurries to the door of the employment office of the MTA. It's not open. He's about five minutes late. He taps on the window. A worker inside indicates they are closed.

JACK

I just need the job application.

The worker shakes his head.

WORKER

Closed.

Points to office hours sign on door.

42 CONTINUED:

42

JACK (CONT'D)  
Just the application.

The worker shakes his head. Jack stands a moment in frustration, staring at the worker. Knocks to get the guy's attention, gives him the bird and walks away.

CUT TO:

\*

A43 INT. SUBWAY - MORNING

A43

\*

Crowded car. Jack looks across at the MTA EMPLOYMENT poster. His expression turns more critical. He locates the sound of loud chewing and the source of his distraction: a seated subway rider eats potato chips from a bag -- crunching loudly, obliviously-- chips falling on his belly and on to the floor of the car. Jack raises the earphones, presses the button on an older style portable tape player.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

43 INT CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - MORNING

43

Lucy in the living room, getting ready for work. She puts the final touches on her makeup, pulls her hair back, talking to Clyde who is in the bathroom.

LUCY  
(to Clyde, off)  
It's a sales job. That's the bottom line. If you don't close, you don't last.

Clyde, cup of coffee in hand, enters in pajamas, robe, and slippers.

CLYDE  
I was on the phone with Jack.

LUCY  
I was talking to you.

CLYDE  
I was listening.

LUCY  
What'd I say?

CLYDE  
You have to fire Connie.

LUCY  
When do you go in?

CLYDE  
Tonight. Why?

\*

LUCY  
What's with Jack?

\*

CLYDE  
He was upset about a guy at the MTA office. Wouldn't give him an application because he was a minute late.

LUCY  
He needs to hook up. It's time. Shit, I'm running late.

Lucy exits to the outer hallway.

CUT TO:

44 INT. OUTER HALLWAY - (CONTINUOUS)

44

Clyde follows her to the stairs.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Jack's got me and you, and the limo job. That's it.

CLYDE  
That's it for me. I got you. Jack's a friend. I drive a limo.

They head down the stairs.

CUT TO:

45 INT. STAIRS - (CONTINUOUS)

45

Clyde, coffee in hand, follows her down the stairs.

LUCY  
You take business classes at City.

CLYDE  
He's talking about the MTA.

LUCY

I love Jack. But Jack's like, I don't know what to call it. What would you say?

CLYDE

I don't know what it is you don't know what to call.

LUCY

It's something.

CLYDE

Maybe it's nothing.

She heads down the second landing, Clyde following. She reaches the bottom of the stairs and heads down the hall to the front doors of the apartment building, Clyde after her.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. APT BUILDING - DAY

46

Clyde follows Lucy from the building to the stoop.

LUCY

Connie might be good for him. It would be easier to help it along if she were working there, but... and she needs whatever it is...

(she turns to him)

I'll call.

CLYDE

This is what? This is the Sumatra, right?

LUCY

The Kona!

Lucy continues down the street towards the subway. Clyde pulls a joint out of his robe pocket. Lights it.

CLYDE

This is Haze, though.

(sings)

Purple haze all in my brain  
Lately things don't seem the same  
Actin funny--

(tokes)

Am I happy or in misery?

(MORE)

\*

46 CONTINUED: 46

CLYDE (cont'd)  
 Whatever it is, that girl put a  
 spell on me...

CUT TO:

47 INT CROWDED SUBWAY CAR - MORNING 47

Connie stands crushed between people in a crowded subway car. She feels a man uncomfortably close, pressing up against her. She squeezes through the crowd. Their eyes meet. She looks away. She looks back to see the man has moved closer in her direction. He's got a bleary smile on his ruddy mug; drunk? a psycho? He keeps moving closer to her.

CONNIE  
 Keep fucking away from me!

Other riders strain to see what the commotion is at the end of the crowded car.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. BROOKLYN RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY 48

Lucy walks down a sidewalk towards 4th Avenue.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. 4TH AVE, BROOKLYN 49

Lucy turns down 4th Avenue and walks towards the Dr. Bob Thomas Funeral Home.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. DR. BOB THOMAS FUNERAL HOME 50

Lucy briskly walks up the steps and enters.

CUT TO:

51 INT. DR. BOB THOMAS FUNERAL HOME LOBBY 51

Lucy crosses the lobby, passing the chapel and the family counseling rooms. At the end of the interior of the building, she opens and enters a door to the Grief Seminar offices.

CUT TO:

52 INT. DR. BOB'S GRIEF SEMINAR OFFICES - DAY 52



Lucy hangs her coat, hat, and scarf and proceeds into the offices towards Connie who is at her workstation. Her back is to Lucy.

CONNIE

If he's there, we can conference.  
No, I'll hold.

She coughs, winces from a sharp pain in her side.

LUCY

You're early. I need to talk to you  
when you're done. Dr. Bob wanted to  
be here.

\*

Connie winces, holds her side. Lucy sees she's in pain, face bruised, eye with a knot on it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

CONNIE

I was attacked.

LUCY

No.

CONNIE

On the subway. Yeah. A man. I'll be  
alright. I'm fine.

Connie coughs up blood.

LUCY

Get off the phone.

CONNIE

I'm gonna close Curtis-Lopez.

LUCY

Give me the phone.

Connie moves away, holding her side.

CONNIE

Please.

LUCY

Get off.

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

CONNIE  
I'm going to close!

Lucy digs out her phone to call 911. *Connie wipes blood off.* \*

CONNIE  
Mr. Curtis? Hi. Mr Lopez. OK.  
Let's get your credit card  
reservation done. *Get your  
American Express, sure.  
3715. 333 OK. 992 OK. 5692.  
Expiration?*

LUCY  
I need an ambulance--  
A woman was attacked. She's  
coughing blood. Blood.  
Coughing. She was attacked  
on the subway. \*

CUT TO:

53 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

53

Clyde enters the waiting area, sees Lucy, who meets him.

CLYDE  
She's alright?

LUCY  
Thanks for coming.

CLYDE  
Lucky I caught some time. Roads are  
no picnic.

She takes a call.

LUCY  
Hello. Mr. Kendal, thanks for  
calling back. Sure. I'll wait, no,  
I'll wait.

CLYDE  
You OK? You sounded pretty worried.

LUCY  
I thought it was internal bleeding  
but it was blood from her nose that  
bled backwards.

CLYDE  
Backwards? Weird.

LUCY  
Yeah, backwards into your stomach,  
like a lot. A ruptured dorsal  
something. She has a couple  
fractured ribs.

53 CONTINUED:

53

CLYDE  
But she's OK, I mean...?

LUCY  
We can say hello soon.

Clyde answers his phone.

CLYDE  
Classic Limousine Service. Yeah.

54 INT. HOSPITAL PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

54 \*

Jack, phone to ear, parks the limo, gets out.

\*

JACK  
You there?

\*

CLYDE (O.S.)  
Yeah.

\*  
\*

JACK  
She OK?

\*  
\*

CLYDE (O.S.)  
She's OK. Yeah.

\*  
\*

Jack hurries on his way to the hospital.

\*

CUT TO:

55 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

55

Clyde on phone to Jack. Lucy on hold.

CLYDE  
A rupture of the dorsal something  
in her nose and it bleeds backwards  
from there not forward like usual.  
Basically, a bloody nose.

\*

LUCY  
(phone)  
No, you're worth waiting for.

Clyde shoots a look Lucy's way.

CUT TO:

56 INT. HOSPITAL GIFT SHOP - DAY 56

Jack enters the hospital. Goes in the gift shop. He's seen through the glass as he looks at the stuffed animals.

CUT TO:

57 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY 57

Jack, holding a stuffed animal, rides up in an elevator with a patient on a gurney and a nurse.

CUT TO:

58 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY 58

He gets out of the elevator and walks to the waiting area to join Clyde and Lucy.

CLYDE

What do you have?

JACK

It's a Koala bear.

Hands it to Clyde.

CLYDE

(reads)

Authentic Koala Bear.

JACK

She's OK?

LUCY

Terrible, huh?

JACK

She's OK though?

LUCY

They said she'll be fine.

CLYDE

He got her a Koala.

JACK

Think she'll like it?

58 CONTINUED:

58

LUCY  
Sure, it's cute. I'm gonna see if I  
can learn anything.

Lucy exits. Jack answers his phone.

JACK  
Classic Limousine Service. The  
hospital.

CUT TO:

\*

A59 EXT. DINER - DAY

A59

\*

Uncle Frank, on phone to Jack, is exiting the diner with  
takeout.

\*

\*

UNCLE FRANK  
So, how's the gal, what's her name?

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

B59 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

B59

\*

Jack on phone to Uncle Frank.

\*

JACK  
She's OK. A dorsal something broke.  
No, the nose. Dorsal, something.  
Makes it bleed backwards a lot. It  
happens. Yeah.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

59 EXT. DINER - DAY

59

\*

Uncle Frank talking on phone to Jack, as he heads to his car.

\*

UNCLE FRANK  
So what'd you get her? You got her  
something, right?

CUT TO:

60 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

60

Jack on phone to Uncle Frank.

JACK  
I got her a Koala bear. A stuffed  
bear. Koala. They live in  
Australia. Ko- al-a.  
(spells it)  
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)  
 K-o-a-l-a. OK. OK. Roger that.  
 (puts away phone)  
 I told him about Connie, y'know,  
 that I was coming here. Now, he'll  
 be asking all when am I seeing her  
 again.

CLYDE  
 Just, y'know....

JACK  
 Yeah...

Lucy returns.

LUCY  
 We can say hello now.

CLYDE  
 OK.

LUCY  
 Hang on.

Lucy gets a call.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Hi, Dr. Bob. You got my messages?  
 (moves away to talk)  
 No, before I could tell her. She  
 closed Lopez, broken ribs, blood  
 and all.

\*

She walks out of sight.

CLYDE  
 We're on for tomorrow?

JACK  
 Yeah.

CLYDE  
 You've been doing the  
 visualizing?

JACK  
 Yeah.

Clyde's phone rings--

CLYDE  
 Classic Limousine Service. Yes,  
 sir. OK. No, I can. I'm on my way.  
 (MORE)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

CLYDE (cont'd)  
(to Jack) )  
The Plaza client wants to take his  
kid to Serendipity for the hot  
chocolate sundae.

JACK  
I hear they're good there.

CLYDE  
Yeah. Where's Lucy?

Clyde exits the waiting area. Jack remains. The bear in the  
next chair. They're alone a moment. Clyde returns.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
She said to go in.

JACK  
Go in?

CLYDE  
She's on the phone with her boss. I  
gotta go. Down the hall. Room 302.

Clyde exits. Jack finally rises. Exits clutching the stuffed  
bear.

CUT TO:

61 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY 61

Jack passes hospital rooms, some opened doors, a patient is  
wheeled by in a wheelchair.

CUT TO:

62 INT. HOSPITAL CONNIE'S ROOM 302 - DAY 62

Jack's POV: An open window with a view of the river and city  
skyline. Momentarily disoriented, he turns from the view to  
see Connie on the bed, bruised face, heavily opiated feel-no-  
pain expression. \*

CUT TO:

63 INT. HOSPITAL CONNIE'S ROOM 302 - DAY 63

Jack peeks around the dividing curtain. \*

JACK  
I brought a friend.

CONNIE

This is so sweet.

JACK

A Koala bear. From Australia.

CONNIE

Oh... Shouldn't you be working?

JACK

The airport's closed. Blizzard conditions, so...

CONNIE

You gotta be careful driving.

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

I look forward to when winter's over.

JACK

It's not summer for a while.

CONNIE

It seems forever.

JACK

We could do something before summer. I mean, when you're better.

CONNIE

OK.

JACK

Maybe, I don't know, dinner, when you're up to it. A big feast. Just have like too much of everything.

CONNIE

No one has done that for me before.

JACK

I hope you're a good eater.

CONNIE

No one has ever cooked for me before --

JACK

... cooked?



CONNIE  
... no one has before.

JACK  
Well... a... cooking...

CONNIE  
That'd be so nice.

JACK  
No one has ever cooked for you?

CONNIE  
My mom, yeah.

JACK  
I only have the basement at my  
uncle's...but, y'know... a hot  
plate...

CONNIE  
No, it's OK...

JACK  
No, no, Clyde and Lucy have a  
kitchen. I'm gonna cook for you.

CONNIE  
A dinner party!

JACK  
Well... small... So, you feel OK?

CONNIE  
I think I'm on drugs.

\*

JACK  
Probably.

CONNIE  
Someone rubbed up against me. I  
could feel he was, y'know...It was  
pressing against me...

JACK  
Oh, shit, no.... That's...

CONNIE  
It wasn't out! I shouldn't have  
told you. You'll think of it when  
you look at me.

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

JACK

No, it's not your fault. Ahem,  
 hmmm... You think you might want to  
 listen to this song? It's a  
 positive vibe.

CONNIE

OK.

He puts the tape player by her side.

JACK (CONT'D)

Some of the words are hard to get,  
 at first, so you have to listen a  
 few times.

She plays the song, Rivers of Babylon. Jack looks at her  
 listening to the song.

CUT TO:

64 INT. DINER - 1:00 AM 64

Clyde in a window booth, staring at the bottle of beer in his  
 hand.

\*

65 OMIT 65 \*

\*

66 INT. DINER - 1:00 AM 66

Clyde swigs the beer. A knock at the window. He sees Jack  
 peering in at him.

CUT TO:

67 INT. DINER - 1:00 AM 67

Jack enters, passing a waitress at the counter, as he heads  
 to Clyde's booth.

JACK V.O.

Cheeseburger deluxe and fries.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

68 INT. DINER BOOTH- 1:00 AM. 68

Clyde's had a beer or two too many. A couple empties still  
 on the table.

\*

\*

CLYDE

You want to cook for Connie. This is something you want to do.

JACK

Yeah.

CLYDE

The problem is you don't know how to cook.

JACK

Yeah.

CLYDE

I don't know how to cook. Lucy doesn't cook. Plenty of people don't know.

JACK

Yeah. And I don't know.

CLYDE

So what's the solution?

(pause)

The solution is to have the Cannoli teach you how to cook a meal.

\*

JACK

Who?

CLYDE

Someone Lucy knows. The head pastry cook at the Waldorf Astoria. Desserts. But he can cook food, too. He can write out the recipe, and teach you how to cook it.

JACK

He'll do it?

CLYDE

He'll do it for Lucy. What do you think you want to make?

JACK

Chicken?

CLYDE

OK. Be open though.

JACK

Chicken, fish, or beef. Any one of those.

CLYDE

But be open because the Cannoli might suggest something else, like a... I don't know, a casserole... How much do you want to spend?

\*

JACK

About a hundred and something?

CLYDE

Plus wine. It could be one-fifty, to do it right. So say, one-eighty something, counting practice meals.

JACK

I guess I should practice it.

CLYDE

Sure, what do you think? When do you have in mind for the dinner party?

\*

Clyde gets the waitress's attention. Holds up beer bottle.

\*

JACK

I was thinking in about a month?

CLYDE

A month?

JACK

About a month from now.

CLYDE

OK. Well, then, that means there's no rush. That's good.

JACK

Is Cannoli an actual nickname--

CLYDE

No. Federic. The Cannoli is something I call him. Federic.

Waitress puts Clyde's beer down.

\*

\*

\*

\*

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
I don't like him that much, but  
he's a good guy, I'm told.

\*  
\*

JACK  
Why don't you?

CLYDE  
What?

JACK  
Like him.

\*

CLYDE  
Jack.

JACK  
Yeah.

CLYDE  
I'm a little drunk. A little.

Waitress approaches with Jack's order.

\*

JACK  
I'm gonna drive you. Leave the car  
here, and we'll get it in the  
morning.

(to waitress)  
Can I get this to go?

\*  
\*

The waitress turns in her tracks. Clyde puts on his coat,  
etc.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

Wind blows up snow from the ground. Jack and Clyde walk to  
Jack's limo.

CLYDE  
I'm riding in the back. Be the big  
shot.

Jack opens the rear door for Clyde, who starts to get in,  
stops.

CLYDE  
I want to tell you something. Yeah.  
Fuck. I don't want to but I got to.  
I don't want you to freak.

JACK  
Freak?

CLYDE  
Don't freak.  
(pause)  
Lucy and the Cannoli. They had a  
thing.

JACK  
What?

CLYDE  
A thing.

JACK  
A thing?

CLYDE  
That's the deal.

JACK  
Oh, no. You mean...

CLYDE  
Yeah. It was when it was the  
swimming lessons. In that time  
frame. I should have told you  
before. You're my fucking friend.  
She said it was a one time thing.  
Then we got honest. It fucking went  
on for two years. \*

JACK  
Two years?

CLYDE  
Off and on. She said. That's it.

Clyde gets in the back seat. Jack looks in at him. \*

JACK  
I don't know if I want this guy to  
show me anything. Maybe the dinner  
thing can just, y'know...ahem... \*

CLYDE  
 Don't go there. I recommended him,  
 didn't I?

\*  
 \*  
 \*

JACK  
 So that was like five years ago?

CLYDE  
 Yeah.

JACK  
 But like you said, it's... hem,  
 ahem... I mean she wanted to tell  
 you, to be honest, and come  
 clean...

CLYDE  
 Yeah. Get in. It's cold.

\*

Jack shuts the door. Gets in the front. Starts the car. Looks  
 at Clyde in the rear view mirror. Clyde sits with a troubled  
 look. A pause.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 She was on the phone with Dr. Bob,  
 and she's telling him about a big  
 Cannoli, she was saying, a big, big  
 Cannoli, and I was listening. I  
 didn't know what it was at first.

JACK  
 Aw, man...talking about, y'know,  
 aw...

CLYDE  
 ... y'know, about, y'know, a big  
 Cannoli-- big, big... the way she  
 was saying it.

JACK  
 Aw...

CLYDE  
 Never ever mention it to Lucy.  
 Ever.

\*

JACK  
 No, no no, of course.

\*





69 CONTINUED: (4)

69

Clyde starts out of the car, shutting the rear door. Jack, inside, holds the steering wheel, discomfited. \*

CUT TO: \*

A70 EXT. LIMO

A70 \*

Clyde fumbles his jacket open, his fly, talking as he does. \*

CLYDE

It was already over, so she said, it's in the past. But I had just found out, so it wasn't in no past for me. \*

He realizes the window is up. Taps on the window. Jack lowers it. \*

CUT TO: \*

B70 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

B70 \*

Clyde leans into the window. \*

CLYDE

You've never been hooked up with someone long term. You take some fucking shots. \*

Clyde buttons up. He gets in the front seat of the limo. A snow plow passes, a thick cloud of snow blows from the road as it passes and covers the windshield. Jack puts on the wipers. After a moment-- \*

JACK

I couldn't handle it.

CLYDE

Fifty percent of couples, someone betrays the other-- and more than once! That's the test.

JACK

Wait.

CLYDE

What?

JACK

It happened again?

CLYDE  
There was this death guy, this  
grief expert, did seminars with Dr.  
Bob. "Charismatic," she said.

\*

JACK  
Hem...ah-em... A death guy?

CLYDE  
She only kissed him, she said. In  
the elevator, helping move a body.  
I only kissed him, she said. That's  
what you live with, never knowing  
for sure.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jack stops at the entrance.

\*

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
You've never been through anything  
like I'm telling you?

JACK  
No.

CLYDE  
If it becomes long term with  
Connie, and if you learn about  
something, and you stick it out  
anyway, know that you will have  
vivid images, and know that they  
will recur probably forever.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK  
Did Lucy tell you something about  
Connie I should know?

CLYDE  
No. Nothing. You OK?

JACK  
Yeah.

CLYDE  
Well, thanks.

JACK  
Yeah.

CLYDE  
I needed to unload that, I guess,  
y'know? You OK?

B70 CONTINUED: (2)

B70

JACK  
Yeah. Ahem...hem...

CLYDE  
I wanted to tell you a couple years ago, but... so like with the Jets, it wasn't the Jets, it was me, you know, I love the Jets, you know that. And I love you. You know I love you?

JACK  
Yeah.

They sit in silence, snow starts to fall. Jack drives out on to the highway. \*

CUT TO: \*

C70 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - 2:30 A.M. C70 \*  
Clyde enters, looks in bedroom at the sleeping Lucy. \*

CUT TO: \*

D70 INT. CONNIE'S APARTMENT - 2:30 A.M. D70 \*  
Connie in bed, lamp on, reading a James Lee Burke paperback, "In the Moon of Red Ponies." She looks over at bedside clock. \*

CUT TO: \*

E70 INT. JACK'S BASEMENT APT - MORNING E70 \*  
Phone alarm wakes him. On bed, earphones by his head, still in his hand. Jack rises, checks time on phone, stares at phone in thought. \*

CUT TO:

70 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, QUEENS - NIGHT 70  
Jack and Connie stand outside of Connie's apartment building. It is snowing. They are covered.

CONNIE  
I liked the movie. Thanks for taking me.

JACK  
It was intense.

CONNIE

I like the scary ones.

They stand in the falling snow.

JACK

It's dark already.

CONNIE

It seems like only two seconds  
we've been talking.

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

Now, we're snow people.

JACK

I like talking to you.

CONNIE

I should invite you up but my place  
is a total mess. I'm gonna clean  
it, and invite you up next time.

JACK

Mine's worse.

CONNIE

I'm usually neat, well not neat,  
but not disgusting.

JACK

It's not sloppy people that screw  
things up in the world.

CONNIE

We couldn't find them to screw up  
if we wanted to.

JACK

I'm glad you're better.

CONNIE

Almost. Getting there.

\*

JACK

Well...

CONNIE

Yeah... guess it's time.

JACK

Well... Maybe a little good night  
kiss.

CONNIE

Maybe.

JACK

Nothing overwhelming.

CONNIE

OK.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

Connie at her desk, closing a deal. Dr. Bob enters the Grief Seminar area, unbuttons his overcoat as he walks toward his office.

CONNIE

This is great, Mr. Richter. Dr. Bob  
will be happy you're on board.

She hangs up the phone, and begins to fill out a confirmed card. Dr. Bob passes Connie's work station cubicle.

DR. BOB

You skipped lunch?

CONNIE

I wanted to reach Richter Brothers  
at ten out there.

DR. BOB

Richter flirts but never commits.

He continues on.

CONNIE

I closed him.

DR. BOB

You're kidding?

She raises the confirmed card as Dr. Bob returns to Connie's work station and reaches for it. His hand partially rests on her breast, unconsciously, as he looks at the confirm card.

71 CONTINUED:

71

DR. BOB (CONT'D)  
 (quietly, as he reads)  
 So, I'll see his happy face in  
 Seattle. That'll be a first.

She is super aware of his hand on her breast. He puts the card back down and gives her shoulder a squeeze. He continues on to his office.

DR. BOB (CONT'D)  
 (as he moves away)  
 Have Lucy say hello when she gets  
 back.

Connie doesn't answer. Dr. Bob's office door shuts. She stares straight ahead at nothing in particular, wondering what just happened.

CUT TO:

72 INT. DR. BOB THOMAS GRIEF SEMINAR OFFICES - LATER

72 \*

Connie and Lucy are putting on winter coats, scarves and hats to leave work.

LUCY  
 Dr. Bob's gay.

CONNIE  
 You said women get crushes.

LUCY  
 Even when they know he's gay. Shit goes on in funeral homes. I'm not saying it doesn't. There was a grief counselor worked here, a total narcissist pig, but really charismatic, hit on women all the time. I know things can happen, but with Dr. Bob it had to be innocent.

They leave the Dr. Bob Seminars office area.

CUT TO:

73 INT. DR. BOB'S FUNERAL HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

73

They pass an open casket in the hall. A middle-aged man is in it, ready for a viewing. In the chapel a funeral worker is putting flowers next to the viewing area.

CUT TO:

74 INT. DR. BOB THOMAS MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS 74

Connie and Lucy head to the front exit. They pass quietly by one of the counseling rooms, where Dr. Bob sits with the grieving widow of the deceased middle aged man.

DR. BOB

I understand, the loss is real.  
 Let's visualize his  
 kindness...celebrate the time you  
 had with him, the gift that was his  
 life, a long life...I know, I know  
 ...so special...let's think of the  
 flowers he loved...the music...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He puts a comforting hand on the grieving widow.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. DR. BOB THOMAS MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS 75

They exit the funeral home and head to the sidewalk.

CONNIE

I didn't know how to deal with it.

LUCY

"Hands off the merchandise."

They continue on toward the subway station.

CUT TO:

76 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT 76

Clyde's looking at a text book. TV on a basketball game. He mutes TV. Returns to text book.

CUT TO:

77 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 77

Lucy still in clothes from work is seated on the edge of the bed typing on her laptop. She closes it, puts some papers in a folder next to her.

CUT TO:

78 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT 78

Clyde engrossed in homework. Lucy enters with folder and laptop, and puts them in a briefcase. Looks over at Clyde. Picks up an empty water glass and goes to kitchen.

\*

78 CONTINUED:

78

He turns page of book. Lucy returns to the front room. Picks a joint from an ashtray, lights it.

LUCY

This is nice stuff. Where'd you get it?

CLYDE

(eyes on homework)  
A music type executive.

Lucy goes into bedroom. Clyde folds his book. Gets up and crosses to bedroom door.

CUT TO:

79 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

79

Lucy is looking into mirror, brushing her hair.

CLYDE

How'd Connie say the breast thing happened?

LUCY

Dr. Bob reached to look at the confirmation card. She thought he copped a feel.

CLYDE

She's one of those. Things go on inside the mind. I understand it.

He watches her a moment longer, turns away from the door.

CUT TO:

80 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

80

Clyde takes up the joint, lights it, takes a hit. Puts it back in the ashtray. He looks at muted ball game. Lucy enters in her panties and bra. Goes to ashtray, lights joint.

LUCY

She said he let his hand stay on her breast.

CLYDE

So, she made it up?

LUCY

No, but, I don't know.



There's a silence. He takes the joint from her.

CLYDE

A mystery. So to get at the truth,  
to recreate the scene to determine  
the possibilities... They're  
alone... She confirms a deal. Dr.  
Bob enters.

He moves his hand up her body.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

"Let me look at your confirmation  
card."

LUCY

Ah, no, it's too weird.

CLYDE

Do you like it here at the  
mortuary?

He pulls her tightly to him.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

What actually happened? Can't you  
tell me? \*

LUCY

(barely audible)  
She doesn't even know.

He releases his hold on her. Abruptly turns and sits on the  
couch. He looks at the game playing in silence, then at her,  
then away from both. He hums to himself, stops immediately.

CLYDE

I can't get it out of my head.

LUCY

What?

CLYDE

Nothing. \*

She moves and sits on the sofa. Curls her knees up. Hugs  
them. Looking at him. He stares at the game on TV.

CUT TO:

81 INT. MTA OFFICE - DAY

81

Jack sits waiting for his number to light up the call board. Most of the folding back chairs are taken by job applicants. Finally his number flashes and he gets up to go to the appropriate window, application forms in hand. He hands in his forms to the worker he flipped off, who looks at him deadpan. The worker scans the forms.

WORKER

Any felonies?

JACK

No.

WORKER

Drug convictions?

JACK

No.

The worker further **peruses** the forms. Makes a couple notations, stamps them, puts them in a pile. \*

WORKER

You'll be notified for an interview.

JACK

Ahem... how, hm... about when?

WORKER

Two to four weeks.

The worker signals for the next applicant who makes his way. Jack exits.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. CARPORT CLASSIC LIMO - DAY

82

Clyde waits in the covered carport as a limo is being cleaned. Jack pulls into the yard and parks. Frank **comes from office, yells immediately to Jack.** \*  
\*

FRANK

You put in the application?

JACK

Yeah.

FRANK

'Cause I talk to the guy. \*

82 CONTINUED:

82

JACK

Takes two to four weeks for the interview.

FRANK

I want you to do your thing, but it don't work out, you can always come back.

He goes back into the office. Clyde gets into the limo.

CLYDE

It was OK with the Cannoli?

\*

JACK

Ahem, yeah, OK.

CLYDE

Good.

He backs the limo out of the car port.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

83

Sunny winter day. People enjoying the break in the cold snap. Lucy hurries down the street talking on a cell phone.

LUCY

I'm meeting him now at Food Emporium.

\*

\*

CLYDE (V.O.)

Food Emporium?

\*

LUCY

Yeah.

As she hurries toward the store that's on the next block.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. ELEVATED WALK, HUNTER COLLEGE - DAY

84

\*

Clyde, a book bag slung across his shoulder, walks through the college to his class room.

CLYDE

That's funny.

\*

LUCY

What?

84 CONTINUED: 84

CLYDE  
Food Emporium and Jack.

\*

He turns up a stairway.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY 85

Approaches the store.

LUCY  
He's gonna practice the dessert  
today. Pears done à la some kind of  
way.

She enters the store.

CUT TO:

86 INT. FOOD EMPORIUM - DAY 86 \*

Jack, by a cart with a few items in it, looks at the variety  
of pears, overwhelmed by choices.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. ELEVATED WALK, HUNTER COLLEGE - DAY 87 \*

Clyde walks the exterior elevated walkway toward the  
classroom dialing a call.

CUT TO:

88 OMIT 88 \*

CUT TO:

89 EXT. ELEVATED WALK, HUNTER COLLEGE (CONT'D) - DAY 89 \*

Clyde on the phone as he reaches classroom. \*

CLYDE  
I hear you're cooking up some  
pears?

He looks in the window at the attractive female teacher  
taking out student exams from a briefcase. A few adult  
students at desks.

CUT TO:

90 INT. PRODUCE AISLE - DAY 90

Jack on phone. *Lucy joins him.* \*

JACK  
(on phone)  
*Caramel pears with figs and brandy  
walnut sauce. A dessert thing.* \*

CUT TO:

91 INT. OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY 91 \*

More students go into the class.

CLYDE  
Class is starting. See ya, *Chef.* \*

He heads into the classroom.

CUT TO:

92 INT. FOOD EMPORIUM- DAY 92 \*

Lucy *and* Jack *at fruit bins.* \*

JACK  
A lot of different kinds of pears  
here.

LUCY  
The fat ones look good.

CUT TO:

93 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 93 \*

The teacher makes the rounds returning corrected exams. She  
puts Clyde's in front of him.

TEACHER  
Good work. *You show real aptitude.* \*

She moves on.

CUT TO:

94 INT. FOOD EMPORIUM - DAY 94 \*

Jack *pushes cart, bag of pears, other items.* \*

JACK  
I'm gonna practice the dessert a  
couple times, if it's OK.

LUCY  
No arguments here. *Let me see the  
list.*

She takes the list, looks it over.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
It went all right with Federic?

JACK (CONT'D)  
Yeah, the Cannoli was cool.

LUCY  
Uh-huh.

JACK  
*Sifter.*

Jack pushes *the cart on*, looking for utensils.

CUT TO:

95 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

95

Clyde looks up from his paper at the teacher, appreciative of  
her and her attractiveness. She's busy at her desk. After a  
moment, she notices him doing so, turns back to her work  
without a thought about it.

CUT TO:

96 INT. FOOD *EMPORIUM* - DAY

96

JACK  
*Sifter, ahem, sifter...*

Jack *selects a sifter and moves on*. Lucy *walks with him*.

LUCY  
You got the nervous thing.

JACK  
Mmmm.

LUCY  
"Ahem...hem..." It's what you do  
when you're nervous, right?

\*

JACK  
I might not even know I'm nervous,  
then my throat thing starts.  
Cooking, I guess. Maybe.

LUCY  
Yeah?

JACK  
...ahem... the MTA, maybe, it would  
be a new thing. The thing with  
Connie, hoping that goes OK. Ahem.  
Learning to swim. Thinking about  
boating. Rowing. So many new  
things. Ahem... em...hem... That  
could be part of it.  
(looks at list)  
Let's see now...flour.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LUCY  
What'd Clyde say about the Cannoli?

\*  
\*

JACK  
Who?

\*  
\*

Jack turns corner into another aisle. Lucy on him.

\*  
\*

97 INT. FOOD EMPORIUM AISLE - (CONTINUOUS)

97

\*

LUCY  
You called Federic the Cannoli.

JACK  
Clyde said it was a nickname.

LUCY  
Clyde doesn't like him.

JACK  
He said he was a good guy, though.

\*

Jack puts bag of flour in cart. Moves on. Lucy on him.

\*

LUCY  
So what else did Clyde say?

JACK  
Ahem...hem...hem...

LUCY  
Jack? He told you.

JACK  
What?

LUCY  
He told you. \*

JACK  
Ahem...hem...hem

LUCY  
We worked through it.

Jack stops. \*

JACK  
Two years, though, that's what  
would get me.

Pauses while a shopper passes. Jack and Lucy are now close  
together. \*

JACK  
Not knowing what was going on, but  
sensing something, that something  
wasn't right, and not knowing,  
thinking it was me, and I was  
paranoid. Then finding out. I  
couldn't handle it.

LUCY  
It was five years ago.

JACK  
I just found out. I'm talking about  
what's up with me about it, and I  
shouldn't.

He pushes cart on.

CUT TO:

Jack carries box of items, Lucy a bag.



98 CONTINUED:

98

JACK  
Limo's right around the corner.  
Ahem...

They turn the corner.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. JACK'S LIMO, STREET - DAY

99

Jack takes a ticket from the window. He and Lucy get inside.

CUT TO:

100 INT. JACK'S LIMO - DAY

100

Jack puts the ticket in the dash compartment with a few others.

JACK  
No problem.

He sits in thought. Lucy looking at him. *Jack starts limo.*

\*

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ahem...

*Pulls away into traffic.*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

A101 EXT. STREET - DAY

A101

\*

*Jack parks on Lucy's apartment block. He and Lucy take out groceries and supplies from the limo. Jack's doing his best to busy himself, and ignore an uncomfortable topic. He starts down the sidewalk. Lucy does a half step to catch up.*

\*

\*

\*

\*

LUCY  
*What is it? Jack.*

\*

\*

*Jack stops, takes a breath.*

\*

JACK  
He mentioned a death guy. Some guy you worked with...a death guy.

\*

\*

LUCY  
He told you that too?

A101 CONTINUED:

A101

JACK

You said, you just kissed the death  
guy in the elevator, but he didn't  
know for sure. That's what he said  
he had to live with. Not knowing  
for sure.

\*

\*

LUCY

What else did he tell you?

JACK

Nothing.

LUCY

Yeah, well, there are things he has  
to deal with too, on his side.

JACK

Ahem. I shouldn't have talked about  
it.

\*

Jack starts toward the apartment stoop of Lucy's building.  
Once again, Lucy catches up.

\*

\*

LUCY

He didn't mention the woman he  
drove to Poughkeepsie before the  
Cannoli? Just once, in the back  
seat, he said, like that made it  
OK.

\*

\*

\*

JACK

I'm sorry.

LUCY

For what?

JACK

I don't know.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. LUCY AND CLYDE'S APT BUILDING - DAY

101

Jack and Lucy walk up the stoop.

LUCY

You've never been in a relationship  
for any length of time. A lot  
happens.

\*

JACK

That's what he said.

\*

101 CONTINUED:

101

LUCY  
A lot of good things.

JACK  
Yeah.

LUCY  
A lot of things you wouldn't wish  
on your enemy.

JACK  
Ahem...em...hem...

She opens door. They head inside.

\*

CUT TO:

102 INT. STAIRS, LUCY AND CLYDE'S APT BUILDING

102

Lucy leads the way up. As she unlocks the door--

\*

LUCY  
If it becomes something with  
Connie, I mean, when you stay  
together with someone, things come  
up that you have to live with.

\*

They enter the apt.

\*

CUT TO:

103 INT. LUCY AND CLYDE'S APT - DAY

103

\*

Lucy and Jack enter.

JACK  
Ahem...em... Has she told you  
anything? I mean, are you saying  
something?

\*

\*

LUCY  
Don't trip.

JACK  
No, ahem... OK. Well... I better...  
I'm gonna core the pears.

\*

He goes into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

104 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 104

Jack starts taking items from the box. Lucy enters with the bag she carries. Jack visualizes. Subtle gestures. \*

JACK  
Squeeze lemon. Combine syrup and  
lemon juice. Perfect. Stir till  
blended.

He repeats gestures.

CUT TO:

105 INT. SWIMMING POOL 105

Clyde talks to Jack, who is in the water with a kickboard, from the pool deck.

CLYDE  
You kick like this, the whole leg,  
not just the feet, not just from  
the knees. Like this. Not like  
this. Not like this. Like this.  
Let's see you. \*

Jack makes an attempt, stops, looks to Clyde.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Right. Like this. Then, breath,  
like this, breath, head down, like  
this, kick, kick, kick, kick,  
breath out, up, kick -- OK, go for  
it.

Jack makes an attempt.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Good, kick, kick--

Jack stops, look to Clyde.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Hold it out like this --

JACK  
Like this?

CLYDE  
More out in front. Keep the end up  
a little like this--

JACK

Like this?

CLYDE

Like that and breath in, breath  
out.... Good. OK, go for it.

Jack does better. He kicks furiously. Clyde shouts encouragement.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Kick... kick for the side... kick,  
kick, kick, kick... Good, good.  
Head, head, head. Breath -- kick,  
kick, kick -- head down, head down,  
bubbles, bubbles, good, good,  
good, champion, champion, master  
kick board champion!

Jack reaches the side of the pool. Looks to Clyde for reassurance.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Now back.

Jack kicks his way toward Clyde.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Good, good, kick, kick, kick,  
breath out under, breath in up,  
kick, kick, kick. Bubbles, bubbles,  
bubbles.

CUT TO:

Connie enters followed by Jack. There's a small, newly purchased potted plant with a bloom on the ledge over the sink. Jack takes in a small framed portrait of a mountain landscape. The bed has a newly purchase bedspread on it.

JACK

You're making it nice.

CONNIE

Thanks.

They stand awkwardly.

CUT TO:

107 INT. CONNIE'S APARTMENT

107

Jack and Connie on the bed. It looks as though they are going to go all the way. As Jack becomes more impassioned, Connie has an abrupt change of heart, practically throwing Jack off of her. He is shocked, disturbed, sits on the edge of the bed.

CONNIE

I'm sorry.

JACK

No...

His pants are unbuttoned. He fumbles at it, stops to sit disparagingly.

CONNIE

You're a good kisser.

JACK

Thanks. Ahem...em...hem... \*

CONNIE

I'm not ready, yet, for penis penetration.

JACK

Well... um... no...

CONNIE

I want to, but... Physically I'm OK for it.

JACK

No, it's OK. I'm not, y'know, an expert, so...

CONNIE

It isn't that. I've even imagined it with you.

JACK

That's...yeah?

CONNIE

Thinking about it with you.

JACK

Oh.

CONNIE

In the bath tub, I imagined I was with you.

JACK

We took a bath?

CONNIE

No, I was in the bath tub imagining it was pitch black night. We were in a bed in a space ship flying through super space.

JACK

That's a long way off. Space travel... for tourists.

CONNIE

You can touch me again if you want. If you want to, like you were. I'm not ready for total intimate contact, yet. I will be with you, though, I can tell, but not yet, and it's not because I don't think you're sexy. You are.

Jack resettles on the bed.

CONNIE

I couldn't imagine being with you out beyond the milky way if I didn't think you were sexy. I like how you touch me. How you barely touch my skin.

JACK

Ahem...em...hem.

Moves his hand under the cover.

CONNIE

I listened to your song over and over. I see why you like it. It's sad though.

JACK

Yeah, but it's positive, though. Positive vibe.

CONNIE

"How can we be thinking of a song in a strange land" is so sad.

JACK  
"...sing King Alpha's song."

CONNIE  
King Alpha's song?

JACK  
"How can we sing King Alpha's  
song."

CONNIE  
I thought it was "thinking of a  
song."

JACK  
Sing King Alpha's song.

CONNIE  
Oh.

JACK  
It takes a while to understand.

CONNIE  
That feels good.

JACK  
Ahem...em...hem...

CONNIE  
You can stop if you...

JACK  
I like it.

CONNIE  
When we go boating, I'll lay down  
with you in the grass. I thought  
of getting out, walking under some  
trees, finding green grass with  
wild flowers, and you taking me in  
a kind of animal den under  
branches. I know you haven't said  
you'd be patient and wait for me to  
get over my problems. Now that you  
know I have some.

JACK  
I'll wait.

CONNIE  
It could be sooner, but I know  
summer for certain.



JACK

OK.

CONNIE

I love your finger tips.

JACK

Thanks.

CONNIE

Jack?

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

Can I ask something?

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

What do you want to see in a woman?

JACK

You mean, you...or...?

CONNIE

Yeah, but, y'know, when you think of in a woman? What do you want to see in her?

JACK

Someone who likes music... someone positive. Not a dark mood person.

CONNIE

Those are all nice things. Not too hard.

JACK

Sorry, I...

CONNIE

No, I mean, you're being gentle. I mean it's not hard to be a positive person with you.

JACK

Someone who doesn't need to look around to other men.

CONNIE

You mean have sex with other men?

JACK

... to feel, y'know, she has to.

CONNIE

I won't do it ever.

JACK

What do you want to see?

CONNIE

A sense of humor. A sense he can tell me the truth. Has a job. Patient, like you. Sexy.

JACK

I could be some of those.

CONNIE

You're all of them.

JACK

I'm sexy.

CONNIE

You are.

JACK

A sense of humor there...

CONNIE

Can I ask you something that's probably stupid not to know, but who's King Alpha?

JACK

King Alpha, he's like a messiah, I guess, to Rasta. A messiah to Almighty God Jah Rastafari.

CONNIE

Then are you a rasta person?

JACK

No, not really. I don't believe in anything, I mean, I believe in what's here, I guess.

As they enjoy the sensuality of touch--

CUT TO:

108 EXT. WEST SIDE OVERPASS - DAY 108

Jack walks across the over pass toward Riverbank Park. Traffic below on West Side Highway. He stops, makes swimming motions, visualizes the technique, moves on toward the park.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. RIVERBANK PARK - DAY 109

Jack walks along the buildings of the park toward the one housing the swimming pool. The Hudson river below, Jersey across the way. He stops briefly, makes swimming arm movements. He looks out at the river.

JACK

Saute 'till clear.

Makes move as if stir frying.

CUT TO:

110 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY 110

Jack changes into his trunks. Near him, at another row of lockers, a special needs adult **is** getting into **his** swimwear. An aide worker **helps him into the chair.**

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

111 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 111

Jack's in the water watching, in a separate section, the special needs adult **is lowered into** the water. Clyde enters the pool area.

\*

CLYDE

Early bird, showing initiative, that's good. Sorry, I'm late. Let's see what you got.

He gets in the pool. Jack's attempts to swim and stay afloat. Stops, looks to Clyde for advice.

CLYDE

Good, you're doing good. Look. Try it slow. The stroke.

\*

Clyde demonstrates while standing in the pool.

111 CONTINUED:

111

CLYDE

This is the line of the body. Arm  
along the head, arm along side.

\*

Raises elbow of arm along the side as if it's pulled up by a  
string. Jack begins to copy him.

CLYDE

Elbow up, tease the water with the  
fingers and stab the water. This  
arm pulls back, this one thrusts  
and continues, slow, slow, slow,  
thrust, slicing in.

\*

Jack goes into action. Ugly but dedicated.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, slow, slow, thrust,  
yeah, yeah, stab and continue--

Jack stops, looks to Clyde for encouragement.

CLYDE

Good. That's good. Look.  
Along the body. Arm along the body,  
twisting, twist, slow, stab...  
slippery...

\*

Jack who has been mimicking, tries again, stopping every few  
strokes, and plunging on.

CUT TO:

112 INT. WALDORF ASTORIA KITCHEN - DAY

112

The kitchen is busy with cooks preparing food. Efficient,  
active, orderly. At the end of the row of expert workers,  
over a few pans on the stove is Jack. He is following the  
Cannoli's instruction from notes while water boils, and  
butter heats in pans. The Cannoli moves into view. Jack is  
about to cut into an onion.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CANNOLI

Not like that.

\*  
\*

Demonstrates.

\*

CANNOLI (CONT'D)

Cut the onion like this.

\*  
\*

Halves the onion, lays it flat. Demonstrates a couple chops.

\*

CANNOLI (CONT'D) \*  
 Breathe through your nose, you save \*  
 your tears. You chop, set aside, \*  
 clean area. Always. One stalk of \*  
 celery. Right? \*

Jack refers to his notes. Cannoli places a stalk of celery. \*

CANNOLI (CONT'D) \*  
 Chop. Like this. \*

The Cannoli demonstrates. The thumb pushes the stack forward. \*  
 The knife rests against the index finger. \*

CANNOLI (CONT'D) \*  
 Try it. \*

Jack does so. \*

CANNOLI (CONT'D) \*  
 Side against the finger. \*

He corrects Jack's celery chopping technique. \*

CANNOLI (CONT'D) \*  
 Or you end up like this. \*

Shows his right hand. A finger appears cut off at the \*  
 knuckle. \*

CANNOLI (CONT'D) \*  
 You didn't notice? \*

JACK \*  
 Ahem. \*

The Cannoli reveals the finger that was folded out of view. A \*  
 joke. Smiles. His mobile rings. He answers. \*

CANNOLI \*  
 This is Federic. \*  
 (more intimate) \*  
 Hello. Yes. Hold on. \*  
 (to Jack) \*  
 Lucy says "hello." Stir the saute. \*  
 Then core apples. \*

The Cannoli swiftly cleans waste off cutting area with a \*  
 knife. \*

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

CANNOLI (CONT'D)  
Clean as you go.  
(back to phone)  
I'm back.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He moves away to talk privately to Lucy. As he does so--

\*

CANNOLI (CONT'D)  
He's fine, doing fine.

\*  
\*

Jack continues to chop, stir, wipe area clean, as he casts concerned looks at the Cannoli.

CUT TO:

113 INT. DOORWAY, WALDORF ASTORIA KITCHEN - DAY

113

The Cannoli leans against the doorway as he listens to Lucy, and responds with nods of intimate understanding.

CUT TO:

114 INT. WALLDORF ASTORIA KITCHEN - DAY

114

Jack casts continuous glances at the Cannoli --

JACK  
Hem...ahem... wipe.. . stir...

-- until the Cannoli moves through the doorway and out of sight.

CUT TO:

115 INT. DR. BOB'S OFFICE, BASEMENT AREA- DAY

115

Lucy is on her cell, quietly to the Cannoli. In B.G., Connie is seen putting on her coat.

\*

LUCY  
Thanks. Yeah. You, too.

Lucy crosses to Dr. Bob's office. Connie calls out.

\*

CONNIE  
OK. I'm going.

LUCY  
OK.

CONNIE  
Have a great trip!

DR BOB  
I will. Take care.

Connie leaves. Dr. Bob puts material in a briefcase. Suitcase  
and suit bag in view. Lucy at door. \*  
\*

DR BOB (CONT'D)  
Connie proved a keeper.

LUCY  
A little tiger.

DR BOB  
When I return from the trip we will  
all celebrate.

He begins gathering his things. He notices something about  
Lucy's mood.

DR BOB  
Are you OK?

LUCY  
Fine.

DR BOB  
(focusing on her)  
Promise?

LUCY  
Yeah. Fine.

DR BOB  
I have a seven PM to Omaha to make.  
I'll call.

LUCY  
Knock 'em dead.

DR BOB  
You're bad.

He exits. Lucy sits alone in the office. Gets up, starts  
turning off lights. Stops at her desk. She reaches for a  
light switch above a desk photo of her and Clyde in a happy  
moment.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. A TREE-LINED STREET - EVENING 116 \*

Jack walks looking at notes from his cooking lessons with the Cannoli. He stops, closes his eyes, visualizes.

JACK  
Fold, sprinkle... sift...

Slight gesture.

JACK (CONT'D)  
core...

He's motionless a moment, eyes closed, then moves on.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. NEW YORK PARK - EVENING 117

Connie walks along a frozen pond. She stands and walks to the edge. Tentatively, she takes a few steps out onto the ice.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT 118

Clyde's limo is stuck behind a garbage truck or an empty moving truck that is blocking traffic on a midtown cross-street. He honks. Honks again. Shouts out window. \*

CLYDE  
Move the fucking truck!  
(to himself)  
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck her.

Buries his head in his hands.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Fuck everyone in the world!

Horn blares behind him. He looks up to see the truck moving on.

CUT TO:

119 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - 2 AM 119

Jack in bed. Can't sleep. Tosses. Lies with his eyes open, staring at the wall. Puts on earphones. Plays portable tape recorder. Pulls a blanket over his face.



119 CONTINUED:

119

Rivers of Babylon is faintly heard. He breaks from under the blanket. He gets up to move nowhere in particular. Stops moving. Closes his eyes. Visualizes.

JACK

Sift flower. Pinch of season salt.  
 Crumbs. Pepper. Combine in brown  
 bag. Crush garlic. Dab chops. Add  
 to bag. Shake. Remove. Set aside.  
 Yeah. Perfect. Wash, chop parsley.  
 Peel, grate leek, set aside. Yeah.  
 Preheat 350. Perfect. Squeeze  
 lemon. Core pears. Combine syrup,  
 lemon juice. Stir till blended. Dip  
 pears. Set aside. Yeah. Peel.  
 Perfect. Slice. Potatoes. Yeah.  
 Perfect. Butter. Thin layer.  
 Spread. Add onions. Stir.

Add pepper, milk, cheese. Layer  
 potatoes. Cover with sauce.  
 Perfect. Breath. Head under.  
 Breathe out. Open wine to breathe.  
 Kick like this. Not like this.

CUT TO:

120 INT. KITCHEN, CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - DAY

120 \*

Jack, earphones in place, stirs the sauce. Checks the potatoes au gratin. Neat hills of garlic, parsley, onions, etc. Clyde enters, pours himself more wine. Lucy enters, picks up silverware.

LUCY

Jack's happy.

CLYDE

I know.

LUCY

He practiced the chops six times.

As they exit kitchen.

CLYDE

I ate them six times. Six times in  
 two weeks. I can't eat them again.  
 I can't eat the potato thing again.

CUT TO:

121 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 121 \*

Lucy busies herself with the table.

LUCY  
You have to.

CLYDE  
I can't eat the dessert thing  
again, either.

LUCY  
You have to. The chops, the  
potato thing, it's au gratin, by  
the way, and the dessert too. It  
means a lot to him.

CLYDE  
OK.

Lucy goes to the front room.

CUT TO:

122 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 122

Jack, into a rhythm, stir fries garlic, onions.

CUT TO:

123 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 123 \*

Clyde pours wine into a glass. Drinks a big drink. Lucy  
enters and places the napkins.

LUCY  
Don't get drunk.

CLYDE  
I won't.

LUCY  
Don't get weird.

CLYDE  
No way.

LUCY  
Forget about Federic.

CLYDE  
You brought him up.

LUCY

All I said was Jack was a good student. He cooks great.

CLYDE

I don't have trouble with it in reality. In my head, I have trouble.

Jack starts to enter from the kitchen, hesitates, unseen by Lucy and Clyde...

LUCY

I called him about Jack. Like you asked. Once. That's it. I never talked to him again.

Jack steps further out of sight into the kitchen.

CLYDE

Once.

LUCY

Once.

Jack enters.

JACK

Connie called from the stop, so... You hungry?

CLYDE

Yeah. It's... I'm very eager.

Jack returns to the kitchen. After a moment of silent tension between Clyde and Lucy, Clyde goes into the small dining area. He looks in at Jack.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go for a walk around the block to get my appetite going. I'll be right back.

JACK

She's almost here.

CLYDE

Five minutes.

JACK  
I'd better open another bottle of wine. Federic said to let it breathe.

Jack opens a bottle from the table.

CLYDE  
(seeming good nature)  
Maybe we should invite him, invite the Cannoli?

JACK  
The Cannoli?

CLYDE  
Lucy? Have him over and not let it be a big thing.

JACK  
Have the Cannoli over?

CLYDE  
Just for dessert.  
(laughs)  
No, I'm messing with you. Be right back.

He exits. Lucy returns to setting the table.

LUCY  
Ignore him when he thinks he's cute.

JACK  
Yeah, ahem, well...

He goes into kitchen.

CUT TO:

Clyde takes a flight of stairs.

CUT TO:

Clyde heads down the street toward the avenue.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. AVENUE - NIGHT 126

Clyde turns the corner, stops dead in his tracks at the sight of Connie, dressed up, and looking good. They come together, and he gives her a hug.

CUT TO:

127 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 127

Jack checks the nearly done potatoes au gratin. The front door bell rings.

CUT TO:

128 INT. FRONT ROOM, CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT 128

Lucy opens the apartment door.

LUCY

Jack someone beautiful's here.

Connie enters. Jack hustles in.

JACK

OK. Yeah. You look really good.

CONNIE

Thanks.

JACK

Wow, you dressed up.

CONNIE

I shouldn't have, right?

LUCY

You're perfect. I was just about to go dress my best.

She exits.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 129

Clyde exits with a quart bottle in a bag.

CUT TO:

130 INT. FRONT ROOM, CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

130

CONNIE  
Am I too early?

JACK  
No, no.

CONNIE  
Smells really good.

JACK  
You want some wine?

CONNIE  
That'd be nice.

JACK  
It's French. A French bordeaux.

CONNIE  
I saw Clyde.

JACK  
He's out working up an appetite. He  
wants to out eat everyone, I think.

CONNIE  
He's OK, right?

JACK  
Yeah, he's...

CONNIE  
He looked kinda down, but, yeah, he  
smiled and said "hot to trot."

JACK  
Yeah... He went for a walk,  
ahem...hem... "hot to trot?"

CONNIE  
You know, like a compliment, but he  
looked, I don't know, a little  
upset first, maybe.

JACK  
He went to get out, I  
think, y'know, get in a more  
positive vibe.

CONNIE

Yeah, yeah, he gave me a hug, even.

JACK

.. a regular hug, right? I mean, you're not saying...

CONNIE

No, yeah, regular.

JACK

I think he had a little wine, so --

CONNIE

He just said "nice cha-chas," and hugged me, and he'd see me in minute.

JACK

Oh. OK. He said nice cha-chas?

CONNIE

He was trying to, like you said, to find a good vibe.

JACK

Yeah. He's OK. Wine, coming up.

Starts to pour.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

131

Clyde, by a stoop, drinks a long pull from the bottle.

CUT TO:

132 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

132

Jack and Connie hold glasses of wine.

JACK

Um, ahem, he hugged you...I know, but... That's it?

CONNIE

Yeah. It was just, y'know, "hot to trot," and he hugged me, y'know, and he said, "mmmm, soft, nice cha-chas, see ya later." He's OK, though?

132 CONTINUED:

132

JACK  
Yeah... soft... he doesn't drink usually, so a little, y'know--?

CUT TO:

133 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

133

Clyde puts the bottle back in the bag. He observes two corner coke dealers make a sale on the opposite corner, and heads in their direction.

CUT TO:

134 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

134

Lucy enters. Sexy dress. She holds a colorful four-person hookah.

\*

LUCY  
See what I have?

JACK  
Yeah, wow. A hookah.

CONNIE  
I've never tried a hookah.

LUCY  
First time for everything, right, Jack?

JACK  
You just got it?

LUCY  
A special night for special people.

JACK  
That's.. a ... Connie's having wine. You want a glass?

LUCY  
Not yet.

CONNIE  
You look really pretty. Doesn't she Jack? Sexy.

JACK  
Yeah, well...Time to take a check on things.



134 CONTINUED: 134

Jack exits. Lucy takes hash from a jewel box. She massages the hash and loads the hookah.

LUCY

I used to get high with a bagpipe player from Scotland. He could really take a puff.

\*

CUT TO:

135 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 135

Jack adjusts the heat under a pan of lovely looking sauce. Opens the oven and observes with pleasure the potato au gratin.

CUT TO:

136 INT. FRONT ROOM- NIGHT 136

Lucy exhales from a long toke. Jack enters from kitchen.

JACK

The au gratin is turning the required amber hue. A critical juncture.

Clyde enters the apartment with a bottle of brandy.

CLYDE

Whoa, look at my foxy lady... A special night, hey, Jack? We're both lucky guys, Jack, lucky guys.

He displays the bottle.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

As you see, some after dinner brandy that I had a sample to make sure it **was** worthy of your fine cuisine.

\*

Lucy has the hookah going.

CLYDE

I want to say something upon this occasion. But first, let's smoke a toast. To Jack for being a true friend!

They all hit the hose.

CLYDE

Let's toast my Foxy Lady for  
getting this hookah for this  
special night.

They all take serious puffs on the hookah.

CLYDE

Let's toast Connie for her lovely  
self.

They all toke up.

JACK

This is so cool, Lucy, to get this,  
so perfect.

They smoke. The stoned look of delight settles on them and  
they float in a hashish reverie. They all toke again.

A smoke alarm goes off.

CONNIE (cont'd)

What's that?

JACK

What?

LUCY

Something's burning?

JACK

What?

CLYDE

Burning?

Jack rushes into the kitchen.

JACK (O.S.)

Oh. Oh... shit. Oh... God. Oh. No.

CUT TO:

It's filled with smoke. Jack opens the oven and removes a  
smoldering pan.

JACK

Fuck!

137 CONTINUED: 137

Drops it on the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He takes a pan of destroyed sauce from the stove, stares at its ugly remains. Tosses it violently. Lucy enters. Jack destroys another burned dish.

LUCY

Clyde! Hurry!

Clyde enters.

CUT TO:

138 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 138

Connie is immobilized. Another pan is heard being tossed angrily and hitting the wall.

JACK (O.S.)

Shit!

CLYDE (O.S.)

Calm fucking down!

CUT TO:

139 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 139

Jack and Clyde struggle over a plate of vegetables. It crashes to the floor.

CLYDE

OK. Fuck it. What about this?

Clyde picks up a serving of pears in walnut sauce. Jack grabs Clyde by the throat.

JACK

What do you care? Do you even give a shit?

Lucy bangs a cooking pan loudly to get attention.

LUCY

Stop it!



144 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 144

Jack is screaming and moaning his anger into a towel.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
Jack?

\*

JACK  
A minute, OK?

He douses his face with cold water.

CUT TO:

145 INT. SMALL DINING AREA - NIGHT 145

Connie is at the bathroom door.

CONNIE  
Jack! I love you!

CUT TO:

146 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 146

Jack softens slightly hearing Connie.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
You hear me? I love you.

\*

CUT TO:

147 INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 147

Clyde steps up to the bathroom door, moving Connie aside, holding the tape recorder. He raps on the door.

CLYDE  
Jack?

JACK (O.S.)  
This always happens...

CLYDE  
What?

JACK (O.S.)  
When there's something good it  
fucks up!

CLYDE

It fucked up, but it fucked up  
because we forgot...

JACK (O.S.)

You fucked it up because you made a  
fucking toast.

CLYDE

Because I love you. We all love  
you.

CONNIE

I love you!

CLYDE

(to Jack)

You forgot the food because you  
were being loved. That's the  
important thing to remember.

JACK (O.S.)

The meal was important.

CLYDE

We can get by this. Everything's  
ruined, that's fucked up, but we  
can get by this.

CUT TO:

Jack has his head against the door.

JACK

I visualized perfection.

CLYDE (O.S.)

I know how you feel. Things are  
going good just like you pictured  
it, and out of the blue--

JACK

It was going to be perfect.

CLYDE (O.S.)

"Positive vibes." Who said that? We  
had positive vibes going.

148 CONTINUED: 148

The song on the tape, "Rivers of Babylon" is heard playing outside the door.

CUT TO:

149 INT. SMALL DINING AREA - NIGHT 149

Clyde beckons Lucy to join him.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Then a negative thing came along.  
But "Babylon" right? You're fucked  
up on the river! Inside you still  
have some hope!

(sings)

The Rivers of Babylon...

(to Lucy, whispering)

That's all I know.

(to Jack, sings)

We sat down there...

JACK (O.S.)

"Where we sat down!"

CLYDE

Come on, Jack, fuck it, forget it. \*

Connie and Lucy join the singing. Jack opens the door.

JACK

(to Connie)

No one ever cooked for you.

CONNIE

You did, though.

Jack emerges.

CLYDE

Alright! The Man! Man of men. My  
man! Jack!

Clyde holds up a gram of coke as he moves away. Connie goes to Jack.

CONNIE \*

You cooked for me.

Clyde is already busy chopping lines of coke at the table.

149 CONTINUED:

149

CLYDE

You're gonna cook, row in a boat,  
everything-- everything, right  
Connie?

CONNIE

Yeah.

Clyde does a line. Jack looks on at Clyde doing coke.

CUT TO:

150 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

150

Connie, high on hash, is staring in the mirror, *splashing  
water on her face*. Jack looks in on her from doorway.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

151 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

151

Lucy and Clyde are doing lines.

LUCY

*It's pure, he said?*

\*

CLYDE

What?

Jack enters the front room.

\*

JACK

She's OK.

CLYDE

*Yeah, the guy said, pure.  
Bolivian. Rare, he said. What's she  
doing?*

\*  
\*

JACK

She's looking into the mirror.

\*

LUCY

*Pink?*

\*  
\*

CLYDE

She's been in there a long time.

\*

JACK

She's looking in the mirror. *Hash.*

\*



151 CONTINUED:

151

CLYDE

Yeah. *Pink flake, he called it.*  
*Pure.*

\*  
\*

LUCY

*Wow.*  
 (doing it)  
 This is mine, too, right? *Pink?*

\*  
\*

CLYDE

What?

LUCY

*Pink?*

\*

CLYDE

*Bo-liv-ian.* Jack? Last chance?

\*

JACK

I'm cool...

CLYDE

*Bo-liv-ian pink.* High grade. That's  
 what the guy said.

\*

LUCY

Who?

CLYDE

The Tip to Toe beauty place guy.

Lucy does another line.

CUT TO:

\*

152 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

152

A cab pulls up in front of Clyde and Lucy's building. The  
 tall frame of Federic emerges from the cab.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. APT BUILDING - NIGHT

153

Federic has to bend to read the names on the buzzers.

CUT TO:

154 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

154

Lucy is working her jaws. Clyde's bending over a line. Jack's  
 looking back toward the bathroom.

\*

CLYDE  
(snorting the last)  
It's gone now, anyway, so... all  
done.

JACK  
She's OK. She's looking in the  
mirror.

CLYDE  
She's coming out?

Jack moves to the hookah.

JACK  
Yeah. She'll come out.

LUCY  
She's OK.

The apartment buzzer rings. They are instantly paranoid.

LUCY  
Who could it be?

Connie enters.

CONNIE  
The bell rang?

CLYDE  
Shhhh.

JACK  
They'll go away.

CONNIE  
Who?

CLYDE  
Wrong buzzer. We won't answer.

A cell phone is heard ringing.

JACK  
Whose phone is it?

CLYDE  
He's calling.

154 CONTINUED: (2)

154

LUCY

Who?

CLYDE

I don't know.

JACK

Whose phone?

Clyde looks for his phone. Buzzer rings again.

CUT TO:

155 EXT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

155

The Cannoli makes room on the stoop for a heavysset man with a dog coming out of the building.

THE CANNOLI

The buzzers work?

HEAVYSET MAN

Most the time.

Federic stops the door from closing. Enters.

CUT TO:

156 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

156

Clyde finds and looks at his phone, sees it's the Cannoli's number.

CLYDE

Shit.

LUCY

What?

CLYDE

Nothing. Nobody. Restricted.

Fearing it may be the Cannoli, Clyde hangs out by the door to guard the buzzer. Lucy goes to the hookah.

LUCY

Fuck. I need to...

CLYDE

Forget it. They'll go away.

LUCY

Fucking paranoid moment.

Clyde sneaks a look out the peephole. POV SHOT of the distorted image of the Cannoli entering the hall. Clyde jumps.

CLYDE

Shit!

JACK

What?

CLYDE

(hushed voice)

Put out the lights. There's somebody.

JACK

The lights?

LUCY

Who is it?

CLYDE

I don't know. Put them out.

A couple lights are put out-- semi dark. There's a knock at the door.

JACK

Ahem...hem...

CLYDE

Shhhh.

The doorbell is rung. Lucy creeps to the peephole.

LUCY

Who is it?

CLYDE

Don't.

JACK

Ahem... hem...

Clyde stops her from looking.

LUCY

Let me fucking go.

She succeeds in grabbing the doorknob. Clyde and Lucy's struggle intensifies.

CUT TO:

157 INT. CLYDE & LUCY'S APARTMENT OUTER HALLWAY - NIGHT 157

The door is forced slightly open by Lucy during the struggle.

LUCY  
I want to see...

An inch. Two inches. Her face is visible as she sees the Cannoli.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Federic?

\*

The door is forced shut.

CUT TO:

158 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT 158

Jack is mortified as he watches Lucy and Clyde struggle at the door.

LUCY  
You called him?

JACK  
The Cannoli?

CONNIE  
Who?

JACK  
The cooking guy.

LUCY  
Let him in.

CUT TO:

159 INT. HALLWAY 159

The door is opening and closing.

LUCY  
Let him fucking in!

JACK  
Let's try and...

CONNIE  
Let her go.

159 CONTINUED: 159

The Cannoli reaches for the knob of the opening and closing door.

CUT TO:

160 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT 160

Clyde has his arms around Lucy as she kicks and struggles.

CLYDE  
I'm sorry... I....

The door is ajar. The Cannoli is seen looking in. Clyde backs forcibly against the door to force it shut while tightly holding the struggling Lucy.

LUCY  
You fucking asshole! Let go of me.

CLYDE  
Let me explain.

CONNIE  
Let her go.

JACK  
Maybe let's, if we...

Lucy manages to pull the door opened slightly.

THE CANNOLI (O.S.)  
Is everything OK? \*

JACK  
I'll talk, hem, to him...

CLYDE  
(shouts)  
Yes everything is fucking OK.

Clyde forces the door shut. UNSEEN BY ALL the Cannoli's hand is painfully caught in the door before it disappears from view.

LUCY  
Let go.

CLYDE  
I'm sorry.

Lucy struggles more intensely.

160 CONTINUED:

160

JACK  
 Ahem....stop....ahem... STOP, JUST  
 FUCKING STOP!

Lucy breaks free and stumbles across the room. Clyde moves,  
 utterly defeated and humiliated, away from the door. \*

JACK  
 Ahem.... hem... stop fighting.

CUT TO:

161 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

161

The Cannoli is bee-lining it away, nursing his squashed  
 fingers.

CUT TO:

162 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

162

Lucy, clothes totally awry, glares at Clyde.

LUCY  
 You called the fucking Cannoli.

JACK  
 I'll just... hem....

Jack opens the door. The Cannoli is gone. Lucy swiftly moves  
 to the door and goes into the hall.

CUT TO:

163 INT. HALLWAY -NIGHT

163

Lucy moves down the hall to the stairs.

LUCY  
 Federic?!

THE CANNOLI (O.S.)  
 We'll talk later... call you...

Lucy heads back to the apartment.

CUT TO:

164 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - NIGHT

164

Lucy enters, fuming.

LUCY

You wanted to totally fuck up a perfectly good time with friends.

CLYDE

I was going to be OK with it.

LUCY

To totally embarrass me. Asshole.

CLYDE

No, because, I've grown. I wanted to show I've grown.

LUCY

You are so fucked up. God. OK. OK. Forget it.

Lucy leans in to hiss in Clyde's ear.

LUCY

We're done.

She turns to Connie and Jack.

LUCY

Forget it. OK. OK?

CONNIE

Yeah, uh-huh.

JACK

Yeah. Ahem...hem. Ahem...hem...

LUCY

Put on the lights. Put the lights back on.

They put the lights on.

CLYDE

I'm sorry... you're right, I fucked up.

LUCY

This didn't happen. Just forget it.  
(hisses at Clyde)  
Asshole.

Lucy gulps a big swig of brandy.



CLYDE

I wanted to be normal with the Cannoli. I'll never be normal. I'm a little ant opening car doors that has to be extra polite just to be liked by anyone!

LUCY

Quit feeling sorry for yourself, loser.

JACK

I like you.

CONNIE

Jack likes you.

CLYDE

I know Jack likes me!

JACK

Don't...hem... yell at her.

Jack becomes more and more paralyzed by the intensity of the collapse of his friends' relationship.

CLYDE

I'm fucked up and you'll look for some other life in some other person. Someone brilliant with pastries, or with death, like the death guy!

LUCY

Don't embarrass yourself!

CLYDE

You think I'm nothing.

LUCY

You're fucking nothing! That's what you want? You're fucking nothing.

JACK

You guys, Ahem, hem... hem...

CLYDE

I fucking try, ok? I fucking try!

LUCY

You love I fucked someone. Piece of shit. Makes you feel so moral! Your bullshit night school.

(MORE)

LUCY (cont'd)  
You'll be driving a limo when  
you're a hundred! You love I  
fucked someone else so you can feel  
superior! You're a baby!

JACK  
It's...hem, hem....

CLYDE  
I never lied to you!

LUCY  
Save it for someone who cares!

JACK  
It's....

LUCY  
WHAT, JACK? What is it you want to  
say about your asshole friend?

CONNIE  
Don't yell at him.

JACK  
Ahem.... It's...

LUCY  
(in Clyde's face)  
I told you what I did and you  
couldn't stop wanting to fuck me  
all night!

JACK  
...the...ahem...

CLYDE  
I never lied to you!

LUCY  
And I never told you everything!  
You're right. You're nothing.  
You'll always be nothing!

CLYDE  
I'll be something!

LUCY  
Nothing!  
(to Connie)  
What are you staring at?  
(to Clyde)  
You'll always be nothing!

164 CONTINUED: (4)

164

She exits. Bedroom door is slammed shut. Jack's nervous throat ratchets up.

CLYDE

Oh, fuck, oh, man.

He exits after Lucy.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

(off)

Lucy. Lucy! Open the door!

Pounding on door. Connie finds the portable tape player and punches it on to play Babylon as she takes it to Clyde. Jack implodes barely able to "ahem..."

CUT TO:

165 INT. HALL - NIGHT

165

Connie puts the portable recorder playing Babylon next to Clyde who is still pounding on the door. Clyde hurls the tape player blindly away. It whizzes past Connie.

CUT TO:

166 INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

166

The portable tape player crashes and falls to the floor where it pathetically plays on with severely distorted sound.

JACK

...hem... oh, no...

Connie enters.

CONNIE

We're going!

CLYDE (O.S.)

Let me in. Let me fucking in!

CONNIE

We're going.

Pounding on off screen door.

JACK

Ahem...hem...hem...ahem...

Pounding on off screen door. Connie gets the coats. Sound of the door being kicked in.

166 CONTINUED:

166

CONNIE

Jack.

JACK

Ahem...hem...hem...ahem...hem...hem

CONNIE

We're going.

She holds his coat, and he puts it on.

JACK

Ahem...hem...hem...ahem..  
Ahem...hem...hem...ahem...

They exit.

CUT TO:

167 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

167

Lucy stands in the tub. Clyde looks at her from the destruction of the door. He moves to her.

CLYDE

I'm sorry...

LUCY

I hate you.

He steps into the tub.

CLYDE

I'm sorry...

LUCY

I hate you.

He tries to hold her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Let me go. Let me fucking go!

She starts out of the bathroom. Stops. She turns to him, calm, weary.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's over. You know it. I know it.  
Over.

\*

167 CONTINUED: 167

She leaves the room. The reality that this was a truth he somehow knew overcomes him, and he stands in the tub, looking after her but seeing nothing.

CUT TO:

168 INT. CAB - NIGHT 168

Jack and Connie look battle shocked. He puts his hand on hers, and she holds it without looking at him.

CUT TO:

169 INT. CONNIE'S APT - NIGHT 169

Connie enters and goes to the sink and turns on the water, just to have something to do. Jack follows her in. There's a box from the store that contained her new dress on the bed. Other signs of getting ready for the dinner are about. Make up, scarves, another pair of new shoes, etc. She shuts off the tap. The strain finally works its way to her feelings, and she wipes at her eyes. He steps towards her, stops.

JACK

Y'know...? I mean... That was...

CONNIE

My nerves are rattling.

JACK

Maybe I should go.

CONNIE

No.

JACK

OK.

CONNIE

You could hold me.

JACK

OK.

They are holding on tight in silence.

CONNIE

My heart's pounding.

JACK

I know.

They hold one another in silence.

CONNIE

I don't want it ever to be like that.

JACK

No. Uh-uh...

CONNIE

That's why I'm standing here with you.

JACK

This feels good now. Better.

CONNIE

Jack?

JACK

Yeah?

CONNIE

If you took me--

JACK

Huh?

CONNIE

Took me.

JACK

Took you?

CONNIE

Over power me.

JACK

Oh.

They remain holding each other in silence.

CONNIE

That's your heart.

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

Racing.

JACK

Yeah.

They hold each other in silence.

CONNIE

I pictured the first time by the lake, but maybe it should just be now. I pictured grass by a lake, but it could just be now-- if you overpower me.

JACK

Overpower you?

CONNIE

Force me, in a way--

JACK

Oh.

CONNIE

Make me.

JACK

Make you?

CONNIE

Hold me down, and take off my clothes, and don't hurt me, but overcome me.

JACK

Yeah?

CONNIE

You think you can?

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

You can?

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE

Will you?

JACK

Yeah.

CONNIE  
OK.

JACK  
I really like you.

CONNIE  
I know.

JACK  
OK.

CONNIE  
Don't hurt me. Overpower me.

He suddenly and forcefully backs her up and down on the bed.

JACK  
You alright?

CONNIE  
(breathless)  
You're strong.

JACK  
Swimming practice.

CONNIE  
You're good at it, I'll bet.

JACK  
Getting there.

CONNIE  
Come on...

JACK  
Yeah.

CONNIE  
I want you to...take me.  
Come on...take me.

They start tearing off their clothes.

CUT TO:

Jack is swimming in a lane. Clyde encourages Jack from the pool deck.



170 CONTINUED:

170

CLYDE

That's it, pull the water to you...  
 let it go.... pull the water and  
 let go. Let everything flow...  
 Good, see, you're swimming. That's  
 right. Good. Good. I'm coming in.  
 Oh, yeah.

Clyde dives in, surfaces, and swims in the lane alongside Jack. He passes him, turns on his back and swims that way watching Jack.

CLYDE

Oh, yeah!

He turns and resumes swimming toward the end of the pool, flips and starts back--

CUT TO:

171 INT. OFFICE - DAY

171

An office at the end of a row of cubicles. In the office,  
 Clyde sits at work at his desk.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

172 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

172

The two men swimming. Faces turning up for air as they  
 stroke, hands sliding forward under water.

CUT TO:

173 INT. CLYDE AND LUCY'S APT - DAY

173

Lucy approaches the door with suitcases. She pauses at the  
 door to take keys out of her pocket and toss them onto the  
 couch before leaving and shutting the door behind her.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

174 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

174

The two men swimming. Clyde passes Jack in the opposite  
 direction--

CUT TO:

175 INT. MTA BUILDING - DAY 175

Jack being briefed at an MTA orientation.

CUT TO:

176 INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY 176

Clyde and Jack swimming side by side in separate lanes, same direction. Jack's form smoother, steadier. Maybe even a little competition--

CUT TO:

177 EXT. SWIMMING POOL PARKING LOT - DAY 177

Connie walks toward the pool building. Jack and Clyde come out of the building. The three stand talking briefly before Connie and Jack move away toward the parking lot. Clyde starts off, turns and looks back at them. As he watches them we hear in V.O.:

\*

JACK (V.O.)  
OK?

CONNIE (V.O.)  
Yeah.

JACK (V.O.)  
Don't worry.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
OK.

JACK (V.O.)  
I'm a good swimmer.

CAMERA PANS away from Clyde to the trees exterior of the pool and rises to the blue cloudless sky.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
I knew you would be. When we talked about summer. You'd be good at swimming.

JACK (V.O.)  
I am for you.

CONNIE (V.O.)  
Good at boating.

177 CONTINUED: 177

JACK (V.O.)  
I am for you.

178 EXT LAKE - DAY 178

CAMERA travels above treetops and down over a lake to Connie and Jack in a rowboat. \*

CONNIE  
That you'd be good.

JACK  
I am for you.

They kiss. Boat trembles. Laughter. Jack rows them on.

Fade out.

THE END.