

STALKER: A LOVE STORY

by

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TITLES: **INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY**

ANOTHER TITLE APPEARS BELOW: **SERIOUSLY.**

VOICE (O.S.)  
There he is! Get him!

Open on a MAN running for his life. Desperate. We are...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The man is DAVID SAUNDERS. The night is dark and rainy, and soon enough we discover he is indeed being chased - by a pack of uniformed COPS, hot in pursuit.

David ducks in to a side yard, cuts through an alley and emerges onto a sidewalk where he plows right into a YOUNG COUPLE, the guy holding an umbrella for the girl. He knocks them over, apologizing profusely as he untangles himself.

DAVID  
I'm so sorry! Are you okay?

He helps up the stunned Couple who stare at him. David's fear momentarily turns to extreme sadness looking at the two of them and how in love they seem.

DAVID (cont'd)  
(to the guy)  
You take care of her, you hear me?

The Guy gives a strange look as David runs off into the night. Several cops come racing out of the alley. A Police Car cruises by as well, lights flashing.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A FATHER sits on his scared KID's bed, trying to console him.

FATHER  
No more excuses, Andrew. There are no monsters under your bed and no boogie men in the closet. Go to sleep now. 'Night, champ.

The Father gets up and leaves the Kid alone, nervous in bed. Seconds after the door closes, a SHADOW runs up to the large window of the Kid's room. It is obviously David, pausing to catch his breath, but to the Kid, it's Beelzebub himself come to rip off his head and pull his soul out of his neck.

The Kid's eyes go wide and he SCREAMS bloody murder. David's shadow JUMPS and runs off, just as the Father storms back in.

FATHER (cont'd)  
Andrew, what did I just say?!

A group of POLICEMEN SHADOWS rush by the window. The Father and son both look freaked out together.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Breathing heavy, David makes a couple more quick detours, trying like hell to lose the cops. And as he scales a low fence, runs through a back yard and hurdles a good sized hedge, it looks like he has done just that.

The occasional street light shows David seems to have lost his pursuers. Still, he doesn't slow down - until he reaches a particularly nice APARTMENT BUILDING. Then he stops, dead in his tracks, and stares up at the building longingly.

A light is on in an apartment several stories up. He stands there, dazed. It looks as though he is lost in another time. Which is unfortunate, since the cops remain squarely in the present. In the blink of an eye, they're on David like stink on a wet dog, tackling him out of frame as we stay on the apartment with the light on high up above.

EXT. STREET - LATER

A crowd of ON-LOOKERS is illuminated by the flashing lights of the police cars. People whisper to each other, gawk and point at one squad car in particular.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside that car sits our David. He looks destroyed, staring out the window at the crowd, a shell of a man. We follow his gaze - an attractive woman stands shivering. This is AMANDA FITZGERALD. Her face is beautiful but blank.

David keeps focused on her, even as the car pulls away. He is the picture of utter devastation.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SAN PEDRO PORT - DAY - 6 YEARS AGO

The sound of a LOUD HORN signals the imminent departure of a huge CRUISE SHIP docked next to the terminal. As the last few travelers climb aboard, a beat-up little Honda Civic cuts quickly through the parking lot toward the ship.

It skids to a halt. David and Amanda jump out, bags in hand, and sprint toward the ship.

DAVID

WAIT!

AMANDA

We're here! We're here!

But it's too late. The ship is already moving and the gates are closed. The ATTENDANT behind the gate shakes his head.

ATTENDANT

Sorry, folks.

DAVID

But we've got tickets! We're booked on that ship!

AMANDA

We had car trouble! Tell them to open the door and we can jump on!

ATTENDANT

Don't think so.

David quickly tries another tactic.

DAVID

Come on, man. Help me out here. It's our anniversary.

ATTENDANT

(nodding)

Mine too. Twenty-two years on the job, and I never get tired of saying it: "Sucks to be you."

He walks away, WHISTLING proudly at his quick-wittedness. David and Amanda watch their trip sailing away without them.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Like anyone's first apartment, it's not a high rent place, but Amanda has made it a home. At the moment, she sits on the couch covering her eyes with her hands and laughing.

AMANDA

David? What are you doing?

David enters from the kitchen wearing a life vest and a sailor's cap, carrying a TV tray with a towel draped over it.

DAVID

Not yet, keep 'em closed! One more second, and... now!

He sits on the couch next to her and pulls her hands away.

AMANDA  
What is this?

DAVID  
I promised you a cruise, didn't I?  
Here, you better put this on.

He pulls out a life vest and hands it to her.

AMANDA  
David, I...

DAVID  
It's everything you hoped for in a  
romantic Mexican getaway - without  
actually getting away.

He hits PLAY on a boom box and Los Lobos' "La Bamba" plays.

DAVID (cont'd)  
The authentic sounds of Mexico...

He goes over and turns on a FAN sitting on the floor.

DAVID (cont'd)  
A tropical ocean breeze...

He grabs a squirt bottle and MISTS a few squirts into the  
air. Amanda smiles, shaking her head. David reaches over  
and plugs in a tanning lamp.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Prime tanning conditions, should  
you want to lay out. Topless  
sunbathing is encouraged...

Running into the kitchen, he grabs two tall glasses of some  
homemade punch-like alcoholic concoction with fruit and fake  
flowers sticking out of it and hands one to her.

DAVID (cont'd)  
A complimentary island drink for  
those travelers above the legal  
drinking age. And, of course...

David whips off the towel from the tray, revealing a bowl of  
fruit, a Domino's Pizza and a bunch of candy bars.

DAVID (cont'd)  
... the all-you-can-eat buffet.  
(beat)  
And by "all-you-can-eat", I mean  
you can eat all of this. But if  
you want anything else, I'll need  
to run to the store.

She smiles, totally impressed.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I'm sorry we didn't make that boat,  
Amanda. But on the bright side, if  
you get thirsty here in your  
apartment, you can drink the water.

AMANDA  
Do you know how totally in love I  
am with you, David Saunders?

He clinks her glass.

DAVID  
I hope so. These life jackets  
don't come cheap.

They LAUGH, snuggling close in their life vests. They KISS.  
It's a highly romantic moment - until Amanda SHRIEKS.

AMANDA  
AHHH! A rat!

David jumps up onto the couch, more alarmed than Amanda.

DAVID  
What?! Where?

AMANDA  
There!

She points as a very large RAT lumbers across the floor.

DAVID  
Okay! Okay! I'll get him! Uh,  
you distract him and I'll go find  
something heavy! Or sharp.

AMANDA  
No, wait, David, don't kill it!

DAVID  
Why not? They have diseases and  
stuff, don't they?!

AMANDA  
Well... yeah, but he's kinda cute,  
isn't he?

David pauses in mid-shiver and looks. It is pretty cute for  
a rat - fat and furry. The rat snuggles up in a napkin that  
fell on the floor and falls asleep. David is won over.

DAVID  
Now that was just plain adorable.

They smile, holding each other as they look down at their rat like proud parents. The front door opens and a thin, nervous Indian man enters. This is PUMPANG. He instantly SCREAMS.

PUMPANG

AHHHHHHH!

David and Amanda are obviously startled as well.

DAVID AND AMANDA

AHHHHHHH!

The Rat doesn't appreciate being woken up, so he waddles off, over Pumpang's feet and out the door. Pumpang continues SCREAMING and SLAMS THE DOOR after it. Amanda rushes over.

AMANDA

Pumpang! Pumpang, it's okay.  
You're fine. Everything's alright.

Amanda comforts Pumpang as he tries to breathe.

PUMPANG

I have house sat for you before,  
but each time I did, the apartment  
was empty. I am very confused.

AMANDA

I'm sorry. We should have called.

David hands him an island drink.

DAVID

Vacation's off. Missed the boat.  
Didn't mean to scare you, buddy.

PUMPANG

(still rattled)  
There was an animal...

DAVID

It was just a rat, Pumpang.

Pumpang is in his own world.

PUMPANG

They are a scourge in India.  
Millions of them. Feeding,  
defecating, dying. Horrible.  
(shaking his head)  
Their taste haunts me to this day.

DAVID

(beat)  
I better go order some more pizza.

Pumpang shakes it off, looking at his two dear friends.

PUMPANG

Wait! But this is your one year dating anniversary! You must do something - it is a very important and romantic occasion!

Pumpang digs out a camera from his knapsack.

PUMPANG (cont'd)

I will take your picture!

David and Amanda look at each other and smile.

DAVID

I love you, Amanda.

AMANDA

I love you too.

Pumpang look at them from behind his camera.

PUMPANG

Okay, and watch the birdies!

Pumpang SNAPS the PICTURE.

CLOSE ON THE RESULT - a snapshot of David and Amanda smiling, in love, looking like the happiest couple on earth.

Pull back to show LACE and HEART STICKERS border the photo.

AMANDA (O.S.)

It's beautiful.

Reveal that we are in...

INT. DAVID AND AMANDA'S LARGE APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

The place looks like a spread out of an interior decorating magazine - beautiful furniture and accessories, gorgeous rugs cover the floors and beautiful artwork covers the walls. A far cry from the last apartment we saw them in.

Amanda sits on a couch, holding a large, elaborately designed, meticulously kept SCRAPBOOK, looking at the last photo - the one with David and Amanda in life jackets.

Pumpang sits next to her. On the couch opposite them are Amanda's sister CINDY PARKS and her husband JIM. Amanda closes the scrapbook and shakes her head, overwhelmed. The cover is meticulously arranged fabric and beads sewn in a cursive scrawl - "David & Amanda - The First Seven Years".



AMANDA

I don't know what to say, Pumpang.  
I love it! Thank you.

Cindy takes the scrapbook and flips through it, unimpressed.

CINDY

Huh. Cute. Why are you wearing  
life vests in this one?

AMANDA

Well, we were supposed to go on a  
cruise, but--

CINDY

Oh my God! Jim's never been, but  
you remember Peter, my ex? The  
entertainment lawyer? We took a  
ten day cruise. The Bahamas,  
Bermuda, Aruba - we hit them all.  
Un-be-liev-able. The most amazing  
food, foofy drinks, and we had a  
cabin with its own balcony. You  
could have sex right there with a  
view of the entire Caribbean at the  
foot of your bed, you know? The  
most romantic ten days of my life.

Jim nods. Probably not the first time he's heard that one.

JIM

We'll have to do that sometime.

A beat of awkward silence before Jim changes the subject.

JIM (cont'd)

So, you took all these pictures,  
Pumpang? You're a good friend.

PUMPANG

Yes, well, I had to. For class.

AMANDA

That's how I met Pumpang. Intro to  
Photography. That was back when  
you were a journalism major, right?

PUMPANG

Yes. I had no friends. No life.  
No one cared for Pumpang. I did  
not even know how to use the camera  
until Amanda came.

Cindy shakes her head, and turns to Amanda.

CINDY

You always were a sucker for sympathy cases.

Pumpang swallows the lump in his throat.

PUMPANG

Without Amanda and David, I would not have survived. College is a cutthroat world, you know. But one day I will hold that document in my hand that says I have done it. I have defied the odds. I, Pumpang, have earned a Masters degree!

JIM

That's great. What's your focus?

PUMPANG

Human psychology. The scrapbooking I do just for fun.

Cindy could care less.

CINDY

Yeah, well, I hate to be the party pooper here, but if this is supposed to be your "anniversary" or whatever... where's David?

AMANDA

Well, I'm sure he'll be home soon. Work's been really busy. He's got this big project designing a new hospital wing.

Cindy frowns, shaking her head - she's heard that one before.

CINDY

You sound just like Mom. She was always making excuses for Dad too. Jim's an executive V.P. at the second largest bank in the state, but you don't see me having to apologize for him.

JIM

It's actually the third largest--

CINDY

I mean, Jim's no Saudi prince - you remember that old boyfriend from art school, Mahmoud? Wasn't he the sweetest? - but still...

Off Jim's stoic look...

INT. DAVID AND AMANDA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David gets off the elevator and walks toward his apartment, a harried professional in his suit and tie, on his cell phone.

DAVID

Yes sir, I understand what's at stake. I am beyond committed. You have my word you'll get the designs as soon as humanly possible. Yes sir, I promise. Thank you, sir.

He hangs up, exhausted from the call, frazzled from the day. He opens the door...

INT. DAVID AND AMANDA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...and looks at the group gathered in his living room. Not exactly what he was hoping for. Cindy is still rambling.

CINDY

...He was very handsome for a Persian. And who knew Muslims were such generous lovers--?

She notices David and immediately stops talking. He tries valiantly to muster up a smile.

DAVID

Hey! The gang's all here, huh?  
Hey, Jim. How are you?  
(beat, not real friendly)  
Cindy.

She says nothing in response.

DAVID (cont'd)

Well, I've got work to do, so I'll just be in the back.

AMANDA

David. What about dinner?

DAVID

No thanks. I grabbed a burger on my way home. Good seeing you guys.

He leaves, kissing her chastely on the cheek, and heads to the bedroom. Amanda doesn't look happy. Neither does Cindy.

CINDY

Well, we should go.  
(re: David)  
You've got a new asshole to tear.

JIM  
 Thanks again, Amanda. Everything  
 was delicious. See you, Pumpang.

Pumpang waves goodbye but Cindy yanks Jim out the door before he can return the wave. Amanda quietly closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David is typing on his laptop. Amanda stands in the doorway, staring at him. He stops typing and looks up at her.

DAVID  
 Hey, honey.

He is already typing again.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Listen, I've got a lot of work to  
 do. You mind shutting that door?  
 Thanks, sweetheart.

She stares at him for a long beat.

AMANDA  
 I made tacos.

DAVID  
 Really? That's... great.

AMANDA  
 Fish tacos. With shredded cabbage  
 and pineapple salsa.

DAVID  
 That... sounds good, honey. Maybe  
 I'll have some for lunch tomorrow.  
 Right now I really need to focus.

AMANDA  
 It was our anniversary tonight.

DAVID  
 Honey, please, I --

David freezes. Oh shit. Time to cover.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 I know! I wanted to surprise you!  
 So... Happy Anniversary!

He gets up and goes to hug her. She doesn't let him.

AMANDA  
 You forgot.

DAVID  
No I didn't! How can you say that?  
Look, I got you a present...

His eyes scour the room. After a beat, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out... a PEN. He offers it to her.

AMANDA  
A pen?

DAVID  
It's got a comfort grip... and gel  
ink. It never smears! I think  
it's the kind astronauts use.

She shakes her head and leaves, not taking the pen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She is already cleaning up from dinner when David catches up.

DAVID  
Alright, I'm sorry. It slipped my  
mind. I'll get you another  
present, but I'm telling you, I  
really think you'll like that pen.

AMANDA  
Do you even know why I made all  
this for dinner?

DAVID  
Because... we're out of chicken?

AMANDA  
Our first date we went to El  
Compadre. Free guacamole  
Wednesdays. We both got...

DAVID  
(remembering)  
Fish tacos! Of course I remember  
that! And nachos to start.

Amanda shakes her head.

AMANDA  
Quesadillas. And for dessert...

DAVID  
(trying to recall)  
...dessert... tacos...?

AMANDA  
Nice try. Flan.

She scrapes a pan of glistening flan into the sink and flips the DISPOSAL, loudly grinding it up in the gurgling water.

DAVID  
Amanda. Amanda!

He switches the disposal off.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Okay, you got me, I don't remember everything we ordered. But I do remember what an amazing night that was. And every night since then.  
(beat)  
Are we cool now?

AMANDA  
"Are we cool"?! Have you been listening to anything I've said?

DAVID  
Of course I have! You're upset about our anniversary.

AMANDA  
I could give a shit about our anniversary at this point, David. It's us. That's what I'm upset about. What are we doing?

David rubs his temples. He's been through this before.

DAVID  
Honestly, I have no idea. Look, I really need to get back to work. Why don't we talk about this in the morning. Actually, I have to be in early. How about lunch? Or dinner? Dinner! Probably. Okay?

AMANDA  
I can't do this, David.

At this very emotional moment, Pumpang enters.

PUMPANG  
Hey, could one of you give me a ride back to my dorm when you get a chance? I didn't bring my scooter.

A long, silent beat. The three stand there in the kitchen.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
You're fighting, aren't you.

DAVID  
We're not fighting.

AMANDA  
Yes, we are!

Pumpang quietly heads back out like a beaten child.

PUMPANG  
I'll wait.

Pumpang gone, David gets back to the subject at hand.

DAVID  
This is about marriage, isn't it?

AMANDA  
Please. I wasn't expecting you to waltz in here tonight in a tuxedo and hand me a diamond ring - but I was hoping you'd at least show up. Do you have any idea how hard it is constantly being a distant second to your boyfriend's job?

David sighs deeply.

DAVID  
How many times have we been over this? I'm under a ton of pressure at work. I'm heading up a high profile project that requires all my attention and will hopefully advance my career - if I don't screw it up. And if I do screw it up, I could very easily be fired. So as much as I'd love to sit around shooting the shit with your charming sister, I just can't.

Now it's Amanda's turn to sigh.

AMANDA  
This is stupid. We've got to stop kidding ourselves. We obviously want different things. You want to be the world's most successful architect, I want a committed relationship with someone who loves me more than his job.

A sad beat. David doesn't know what to say.

AMANDA (cont'd)  
You and I need to face the fact that we just don't belong together.

DAVID  
Amanda...

She looks resolute. David looks tired. He gives up.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Maybe you're right. Look, I'm  
sorry. Right now I'm too tired to  
fight about this. I do love you,  
but I've got a lot of work to do.

She turns and exits into the bathroom, slamming the door.  
David shakes his head and heads back into the bedroom.  
Pumpang, looking nervous, returns.

PUMPANG  
Are we better now? Guys?

INT. PRISM ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - MORNING

Establish a sprawling, modern architecture design firm. Well-dressed WORKERS are just starting to filter in.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

David sits at his desk working on a 3-D modeling program. A MAN walks by his door, then, a beat later, returns. This is RICH BOSWELL, a guy you'd avoid like a cold sore if he wasn't THE BOSS.

RICH  
Saunders. Working hard or hardly  
working?

Before David can respond, Rich is answering his own question.

RICH (cont'd)  
Don't tell me - working hard at  
hardly working! Am I right?

DAVID  
I'm keeping busy, sir.

RICH  
You bet! You don't mind if I take  
a load off, do you?

Rich settles himself on David's couch, not needing a reply.

RICH (cont'd)  
Saunders, I've always prided myself  
on being the first one into the  
office every morning. Done it  
since I started this company.

(MORE)



RICH (cont'd)  
 But today I come in and there's  
 already a light on when I get here.  
 What's up?

DAVID  
 Nothing, just thought I'd get an  
 early start on some of this...

Rich gives him a suspicious look.

RICH  
 4 A.M., Saunders. You either  
 suddenly grew a borderline Japanese  
 work ethic, or... you got caught in  
 the zipper. Which is it?  
 (bad Japanese accent)  
 "Ah so" or...  
 (bad Mexican accent)  
 Problema de la chica chica?

DAVID  
 Well, I did have a fight with my  
 girlfriend.

RICH  
 Girlfriends are nothing but  
 trouble. Stick with hookers,  
 that's what I always say.

DAVID  
 (momentarily thrown)  
 Well, um, I've got the designs  
 ready, if you'd like to see them.

David hands Rich a set of plans.

RICH  
 Wow. Very impressive, Saunders.  
 Looks like you're in the running  
 for Employee of the Month. I'll  
 take a look and get back to you.

Rich exits and David sighs, relieved. Then Rich returns.

RICH (cont'd)  
 You know I was joking about the  
 Employee of the Month. This isn't  
 Wal-Mart. We don't do awards.

DAVID  
 I understand, sir.

Rich exits again. David's assistant KAREN enters. She is  
 cute in a plain way, sweet, protective and very loyal.

KAREN  
 Okay, when were you going to tell  
 me what's going on with Amanda?

David is caught off guard.

DAVID  
 Karen? How did you--?

KAREN  
 I was listening! That's what good  
 assistants do, now spill it.

DAVID  
 (deep breath)  
 Well, there's not much to tell. We  
 just had a fight last night and  
 some things were said, that's all.

KAREN  
 Oh, my God. You two never fight!  
 Was it serious?  
 (beat - deadly serious)  
 You didn't break up, did you?

DAVID  
 Well, it was kind of vague, but I  
 think that was the general idea.

Karen has to sit down.

KAREN  
 But... you've been together  
 forever. I mean, I can't believe  
 it! And you're taking it so well.

DAVID  
 Well, Amanda's an emotional girl.  
 There's a good chance when I get  
 home, she'll have forgotten the  
 whole thing anyway.

INT. DAVID AND AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is pitch dark as David enters.

DAVID  
 Hello?

He sets down his briefcase and flips on the light.

David looks around - the place is damn near empty.  
 Everything that made the apartment a home - all the  
 paintings, the furniture - everything is gone.

Somewhere, David hears a quiet, feminine WEEPING.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Amanda?

He moves through the apartment - have they been robbed? He ducks in each room, searching for the CRYING.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finally, he gets to the bedroom and flips on the light.

DAVID  
Amanda, what hap--?

It isn't Amanda crying, it's Pumpang, huddled in a fetal position against the headboard of the completely stripped bed. He tries to speak through a flood of tears.

PUMPANG  
What have you done?

DAVID  
How long have you been sitting in the dark, Pumpang?

Pumpang SOBS, he has no idea.

PUMPANG  
We were like a family, David. When I met you two, I had no one. I was an outcast, even from my own parents in India.

DAVID  
They send you a check every month.

PUMPANG  
Not out of love. Out of guilt. And now... it is like my family has been ripped apart once again! I am alone!

DAVID  
You're not alone, Pumpang. We're still friends. Hey, maybe now we can spend more "guy" time together. You know? It could be fun!

Pumpang looks offended.

PUMPANG

FUN?! This is a tragedy, David! I suppose after the Dahab earthquake of 1995, you could ignore the death and destruction and suffering and go spend the day riding the tea cups at Disney World! I'm sorry, but I cannot! My world is over!

Pumpang bursts into tears. David puts his arm around him.

DAVID

It might not seem like it now, but it's gonna be alright. Sometimes people just grow apart. They want different things. We're gonna be just fine, Pumpang. I promise.

Pumpang continues his weeping as he shudders in David's arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE POPPING.

TITLES: **SIX MONTHS LATER**

INT. PRISM ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - EVENING

APPLAUSE as Rich hands out cups of SPARKLING CIDER. Copies of David's designs sit by a scale model and aerial photos of a futuristic looking glass shell hospital wing.

RICH

To David Saunders and the grand opening of the Claude Stuart Memorial Thoracic Wing. Here's to sick people, and lots of 'em!

Rich pounds his drink despite the mildly uncomfortable toast. The other CO-WORKERS drink. David smiles at the small group.

DAVID

Thanks a lot, everybody.

Everyone starts heading back to their offices as Rich intercepts Dave, pouring more champagne into his glass.

RICH

Good work, Saunders. A man should be so lucky to have a heart attack in your building.

DAVID

Thank you, sir. I'm just glad all those hours and all that effort paid off. You sacrifice a lot when you're on a project like that - friends, family, any life outside the office, but in the end, you--

Rich interrupts.

RICH

Yeah, well, friends and family don't pay you lots of money though, do they?

(moving on)

Right. So, Saunders, tell me, you like opera?

David is not sure where he's going with this one.

DAVID

I don't really listen to--

RICH

I hate it. Personally, if I wanted to hear fat people singing in foreign languages, I'd follow my housekeeper around all day. She's from Nicaragua. Muy grande.

Another confusing, awkward silence. Rich doesn't notice.

RICH (cont'd)

The point is, the Long Beach Opera wants a new concert hall. And they want you to design it. Apparently they were impressed with your work on that hospital.

DAVID

Wow! That's amazing.

RICH

Damn right it is. This is the big time, Saunders. You are, as they say, the "shit".

David is thrilled. Rich looks at his drink.

RICH (cont'd)

God, I hate cider.

(beat, to David)

My sponsor's out of the country. What do you say we go get a real drink or ten? Feel like a little quality time with the ol' boss-man?

Not much of a choice. Off David's pained expression...

INT. THE DIAMOND BAR - LATER

The club is packed, the music pounding, the lights throbbing. It's the kind of place that gives epileptics seizures and everyone else a headache. Doesn't seem to bother Rich.

RICH  
(yelling over the music)  
I tried waxing once - a back, sack  
and crack, they call it - but when  
they start growing back - talk  
about itchy!

David is obviously disturbed. After a beat, he yells too.

DAVID  
I'm, um, going to step outside for  
a minute! Get some fresh air! My  
head is kind of pounding, you know?

Rich nods and yells.

RICH  
Another drink! Gin and tonic?

DAVID  
Right! Great! Thanks!

David quickly squeezes his way through the crowds of people trying to get away from the bar. It's a struggle.

EXT. DIAMOND BAR - NIGHT

He finally makes it outside, squeezing out the back door to a much quieter courtyard area. He takes a breath, but quickly COUGHS. The place is filled with smoke. And smokers.

CINDY (O.S.)  
And Bermuda is to die for! I was  
there once with this Brazilian  
soccer coach, before Jim and I were  
married of course, and it was just  
heaven on earth! We'd sit in these  
hammocks and drink pina coladas...

The familiar voice draws David's attention to a GROUP OF SMOKERS at the edge of the courtyard. It's Cindy. And wouldn't you know it, she looks over at just the same time.

CINDY (cont'd)  
(fake smile)  
David? What a surprise!

David is clearly not excited to see her, but his only option is returning to Rich, so he holds his ground.

DAVID  
Hello, Cindy.

CINDY  
Look at you. Jim, look who's here.

Jim looks relieved to have someone else to talk to.

JIM  
Hey, David! How's it going?

DAVID  
Fine. Good.

CINDY  
I didn't know you went to clubs.  
You don't seem the social type.

DAVID  
(trying to stay polite)  
Well, I try to get out when I can.

CINDY  
Too bad. You know, you just missed  
Amanda. She literally just left.

David is thrown by the mention of her name.

DAVID  
Oh. Really? I didn't realize she  
was into clubs either.

CINDY  
She is now. You probably wouldn't  
even recognize her. She looks  
amazing, working out all the time.  
I would kill for her figure! I  
swear she's gone up a cup size.

She is really laying it on, monitoring his face for pain, grief, heartbreak... something. But David is not biting.

DAVID  
Well, it'd be good to catch up with  
her sometime. Tell her I said hi.

This guy is tough. Cindy goes in for the kill.

CINDY  
I don't think that's a good idea,  
David. See, she's dating someone.  
A month now. And she's so happy!

Finally - a crack in David's armor. He tries to cover.

DAVID  
Really? Oh. Well, that's great.  
Whoever he is, he's a lucky guy.

CINDY  
(all smiles)  
So! What about you? Are you  
seeing anyone special? Or are you  
here... alone?

DAVID  
(slightly defensive)  
What? No, I'm not here alone.

He looks back inside... and decides to stretch the truth.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I'm actually here with... a girl.

CINDY  
Really?

DAVID  
Yeah. Just out, you know, getting  
a drink. Hanging out, having fun.

CINDY  
(not buying it)  
How sweet.

DAVID  
Yeah, so I better get back inside.  
Don't want her to think I'm  
ignoring her. Well... it was good  
to see you.

Just then, the back door opens and Rich comes out wielding  
two fresh drinks.

RICH  
Hey, Dave! There you are. I was  
starting to wonder what happened to  
you! One g and t, coming up!

David is busted. Cindy loves it.

CINDY  
Well, you two have a nice evening.

She takes Jim's hand and leads her group of FRIENDS back  
inside. As she passes David, she whispers to him.

CINDY (cont'd)  
You make a lovely couple.



She LAUGHS as they leave. David hangs his head, embarrassed.

RICH  
 So, wanna hit another club, or just  
 pick up some skanks here and head  
 back to my place? I got a hot tub.

David could not be any more miserable.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LATER

David opens the door, enters and turns the light on. The place is almost as empty as the day Amanda left. The only furniture in the living room is a large beanbag and a tiny folding card table. There is one old, sad TV - not even hooked up to cable. David heads to the bedroom.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Now dressed more casually, David enters and opens the fridge. But other than a few cans of beer, a Chinese takeout box and a jar of mustard, it's empty. Wow, that's depressing.

He opens the takeout box and is nearly knocked over by the stench. Still, he hasn't eaten...

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David sits on the couch with the Chinese, the mustard and the beer. He turns on the TV, dipping the rancid Chinese into the jar of mustard. He grimaces with each bite.

The NEWS is on. A REPORTER stands in front of an apartment.

REPORTER  
 Authorities say Trevor Oates'  
 bloated corpse was discovered by  
 neighbors who complained of a foul  
 stench coming from the apartment.

A clip of a NEIGHBOR is cut in to the story.

NEIGHBOR  
 Yeah, I mean, the guy was by  
 himself a lot. He'd go to work,  
 but other than that, he didn't do  
 much. Just kept to himself.  
 Didn't have friends or family that  
 I know of. Just sat on his couch  
 watching TV, you know?

David looks at himself, alone on the couch, like that poor dead recluse.

NEIGHBOR (cont'd)

It smelled real bad, so I went in  
and found the dude dead, just  
sitting there on his couch. Alone.  
Kinda sad, really.

He turns the TV off, throws out the Chinese, puts the mustard  
back in the fridge and goes to the closet.

Hangers hang mostly empty. Most things are stacked on  
shelves. David reaches up for a jacket, which is wedged  
under some other items. He yanks it down, upsetting the  
stack, sending the items tumbling down on him.

Nothing heavy, mind you. But it is odd what actually lands  
on him: an old LIFE VEST. David looks at it for a long beat.

INT. PUMPANG'S DORM - LATE NIGHT

David knocks on the door. Inside are sounds of a video game.

VOICE (O.S.)

Panger! Get the door, dude!

PUMPANG (O.S.)

Just one moment, please. I am  
right in the middle of--

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

Now, Panger! Come on! We're  
kicking some serious ass, man!

Pumpang opens the door. He's excited to see David.

PUMPANG

David! What are you doing here?  
It is the middle of the night!

DAVID

I know. I'm sorry. I just needed  
to talk to someone.

PUMPANG

Of course! That is what friends  
are for! Come in, come in!

David enters, finding a familiar college sight - a cramped,  
cluttered guys' dorm room. The common area has posters on  
the walls (Zeppelin, a bikini-clad girl on a Corvette), a TV  
and a brown mini-fridge. Two COLLEGE DUDES sit on a folded  
up futon playing a heated game of HALO on the big screen TV.

PUMPANG (cont'd)

You know Jeff and Stu.



DAVID

Listen, Pumpang, I've got some bad news and I thought I should tell you sooner than later.

PUMPANG

(instantly panicked)  
My family is dead, aren't they? Shot to death? Beaten? They did not get on a train, did they?

DAVID

No, Pumpang, your family is fine. As far as I know. It's Amanda.  
(trying to find the words)  
She's dating someone.

Pumpang sits there for a second, unmoving, relieved.

PUMPANG

Oh. Yes, I know.  
(beat)  
So... no one has been killed?

David glares at Pumpang.

DAVID

What do you mean you know?

PUMPANG

Well, she has been seeing Sebastian for a while now.

DAVID

Sebastian? You know his name?

PUMPANG

Yes. She says he is very nice.

David is shocked to hear this coming from Pumpang.

DAVID

I can't believe you knew about this already. Why didn't you tell me?

PUMPANG

I thought it might upset you.

DAVID

Me? Why would it upset me? You were the one who cried for three weeks straight when we broke up.

PUMPANG

(shrugs)  
It took some time. I am fine now.

David tries to deal with his emotions as Pumpang hunts through his desk. He hands David a MEN'S HEALTH magazine.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
Page 99.

DAVID  
What is this?

PUMPANG  
You want to see him? Page 99.  
Silver timepiece.

David flips to page 99: A full page black and white glossy of a shirtless, slightly older, sweat beaded ADONIS with a hard hat on, set against a setting sun. On his wrist is a beautiful silver watch. It's an ad for BULOVA WATCHES.

DAVID  
I don't get it. He owns a watch company?

PUMPANG  
The man in the watch. That's him.

Dave looks closer at the chiseled silhouette.

DAVID  
She's dating a construction worker?

PUMPANG  
He's not a construction worker.  
He's a model, posing as a  
construction worker.

Dave stares at the ad in disbelief.

DAVID  
She gave you this?

Pumpang nods.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I never thought she was that shallow. To date someone just for his looks...

PUMPANG  
Oh, no, he's very intelligent.

DAVID  
How smart do you have to be to be a model?

PUMPANG  
Well, he's a cardiologist.

DAVID

You said he was a male model.

PUMPANG

Yes. Mostly just for fun, I think.  
On his days off. But normally,  
he's a cardiologist.

David looks like he's had the wind knocked out of him a bit.

DAVID

He's a male model and a doctor?

PUMPANG

Heart surgeon.

Pumpang takes the magazine back and looks at the picture.

PUMPANG (cont'd)

She says he is also an excellent  
cook. I'm having dinner with them  
tomorrow night. I am excited to  
meet him.

David looks at him, in complete disbelief.

DAVID

You're having dinner?

PUMPANG

Yes. I think he's making lasagna.

A small dagger in David's heart.

DAVID

Lasagna? That was our dinner,  
Pumpang. We ate it all the time.

PUMPANG

It's a common dish. I don't think  
he is making it out of spite.

Pumpang looks at David, noticing a far away look in his eyes.

DAVID

It's crazy. I mean, I figured  
she'd be dating. I certainly  
wouldn't expect her to wait around  
for me, you know? I dated a little  
bit too - when I wasn't working 18-  
hour days... but nothing like this.

David waves the magazine absently. Pumpang nods, respectful.

PUMPANG

He does seem rather special,  
doesn't he?

DAVID

(ignoring the comment)  
It's been so long since I've really  
thought about anything other than  
work. But then tonight, I started  
thinking about Amanda and I  
realize... I kinda miss her.

PUMPANG

When was the last time you talked?

DAVID

I don't know. A long time. Too  
long.  
(beat)  
You're right. I should go talk to  
her. Catch up. See what's going  
on. Yeah. Thanks, Pumpang. This  
was good. I'll see you later.

David gets up, but Pumpang stops him before he leaves.

PUMPANG

You might want to wait for  
tomorrow. It is very late, David.

DAVID

Right. Tomorrow. Good idea.

INT. DEARHEART SCHOOL FOR DISADVANTAGED CHILDREN - MORNING

A room full of DISADVANTAGED (meaning POOR/TROUBLED/  
ABANDONED, not retarded) KIDS work on art projects at desks.  
We end on a CHUBBY KID smearing peanut butter on a pinecone.

AMANDA

Donnie. What have you got there?

Amanda puts a hand on his shoulder, smiling patiently. She  
does look EVEN BETTER than the last time we saw her. Her  
figure, even under the teacher's attire, is fantastic. And  
more than just the physical, she has a glow about her.

DONNIE

It's a pinecone with peanut butter  
on it.

She smiles at him, prompting him along.

AMANDA

That's right. And if we sprinkle  
some seeds on it like this...

She helps him cover the pinecone with bird seed.

AMANDA (cont'd)

... then we can hang it up outside  
and you've got a perfect homemade  
bird feeder!

Donnie inspects his work.

DONNIE

Can I have some peanut butter too,  
Miss Fitzgerald?

AMANDA

Let's wait until lunchtime, Donnie.  
(to class)  
Okay everybody! Five more minutes  
and then we need to clean up--  
(beat, distracted)  
David?

AMANDA'S P.O.V. - David stands at the doorway, visible  
through the small window. He smiles and waves casually.

INT. DEARHEART SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda steps out to find David leaning against the lockers.

DAVID

Sorry, hope I didn't interrupt.

AMANDA

You did. You shouldn't be here.

DAVID

Well, I was in the neighborhood and  
I figured we haven't talked in a  
while so I thought I'd just stop by  
and see how you were.

An awkward moment as David smiles at her, hoping to talk.

AMANDA

I'm working.

DAVID

Yeah, I saw. You're amazing.  
Those are some lucky kids in there.



AMANDA  
They're orphans and runaways,  
David. How are they lucky?

David doesn't quite have an answer for that.

AMANDA (cont'd)  
Listen, I'm not sure what this is  
all about, but now is not the time.

She starts to go back into class. David tries to stop her.

DAVID  
Wanna grab dinner sometime?

Amanda stops. She turns to him.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Something casual. Pizza... or  
Mexican maybe, if you want. We  
could split a fish taco or two.

AMANDA  
David, I'm seeing someone else.

DAVID  
I know. And I'm happy for you.  
But we've known each other for...  
geez, a long time. We've been  
through a lot. Boyfriend or not, I  
don't think that's something we  
should just throw away.

AMANDA  
We didn't throw it away, David.  
You did.

She turns back to him as she opens the door.

AMANDA (cont'd)  
Please don't come back here. Only  
students and faculty are allowed on  
school grounds.

She is about to go into her class and shut the door.

DAVID  
Wait. Don't shut that door,  
Amanda. If you shut that door on  
me, then I'll just have to walk  
right out of here. Out of your  
life. And any chance of...

She SHUTS the door and turns to her class. Dave stands there  
for a moment, not walking anywhere. He laughs uncomfortably.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Okay, I admit, that was a bit dramatic, and I'm sorry. It's fine that you closed the door. It doesn't have to be a metaphor for our relationship. I just think you should give it some more thought.

She returns to the door - has he changed her mind and her heart? Apparently not - she pulls down the blind, completely shutting him off. Slightly stunned, David walks away.

EXT. PRISM ARCHITECTURE - DAVID'S OFFICE WINDOW - NIGHT

David sits at his desk, working, one of the only people left in the office. He stares out the window at the city lights below and sighs. He frankly looks a little bit lost.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pumpang stands at the door, looking nervous. It opens and SEBASTIAN sticks out his hand. He is just as gorgeous with his shirt on and without the hard hat. And friendly, too.

SEBASTIAN  
 There he is! Sebastian Cole.  
 Great to finally meet you, Pumpang.  
 (beat, concerned)  
 Am I pronouncing that correctly?

PUMPANG  
 (smiling)  
 Yes, you are. Thank you!

Amanda calls from over at the table. She is pouring wine.

AMANDA  
 Come on in! Dinner's about ready.

Pumpang does as he's told, dragging his scooter in with him. It's one hell of a nice place - she moved up in the world when she moved out of David's life.

PUMPANG  
 It is so nice here, so clean. And there is no noise. And no people smoking pot on the couch.

Pumpang catches his scooter on a box near the door, knocking it over and spilling a dozen or so children's paintings and sculptures and peanut butter covered pine cones on the floor.

AMANDA

Sorry, I meant to put that away.  
I'm organizing a field trip to the  
art museum for the kids, so I had  
them doing art projects today.

Amanda tries to scoop them up. Sebastian beats her to it.

SEBASTIAN

Let me get that, honey.

He scoops everything up and smiles at her.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Pumpang, back me up on this, is she  
not the most extraordinary woman  
you've ever met? So compassionate  
and caring - and so incredibly  
beautiful... We are two lucky  
fellas.

He gives her a kiss and she melts.

AMANDA

You've got to stop doing that. I  
might start believing you.

(beat)

I'll go check on your lasagna. Why  
don't you boys get acquainted.

She heads to the kitchen, they sit down on her stylish couch.

SEBASTIAN

So what part of India are you from?

Pumpang is instantly suspicious.

PUMPANG

Why?

SEBASTIAN

I was just curious. I've spent  
some time over there.

PUMPANG

(reluctantly)

I am from... Dum Dum.

He waits for the laughter. There is none. Sebastian smiles.

SEBASTIAN

Outside Calcutta? I had the most  
delicious pakoras from a street  
vendor in Dum Dum. Served them  
hot, right out of the frying pot.  
Fantastic!

Pumpang is visibly amazed.

PUMPANG  
You had pakoras in Dum Dum?

SEBASTIAN  
I spent a few years as a Peace  
Corps volunteer in Bangladesh.  
(subtitled in English)  
Between semesters at medical  
school, I worked in Chittagong at a  
youth development center, training  
teenage girls in esteem and  
empowerment workshops.

Pumpang's eyes grow to the size of throw pillows.

PUMPANG  
(subtitled in English)  
You speak Bengali?! And you don't  
even have an accent!

SEBASTIAN  
At the time I was fluent. Anymore,  
the only time I use Bengali is when  
I read the poetry of Rabindranath  
Tagore.  
(from memory, in Bengali,  
subtitled in English)  
"I leave no trace of wings in the  
air, But I am glad I have had my  
flight."

Pumpang's jaw has involuntarily dropped.

PUMPANG  
Wow.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

SEBASTIAN  
I'll get it.

Jim and Cindy come in. Greetings are exchanged, with hands  
shook and Cindy hugging Sebastian. She sniffs his neck.

CINDY  
Oh, Sebastian. You smell amazing.  
Jim, you have to get this cologne!  
What is it?

SEBASTIAN  
I'm not actually wearing anything.

CINDY  
 (coquettishly laughing)  
 Don't tease!

She touches his exposed forearm and her eyes light up.

CINDY (cont'd)  
 I swear you have the softest skin!  
 Jim, feel his skin.

She grabs his hand and makes him feel Sebastian's arm.

JIM  
 Very nice. Hey, Pumpang.

Amanda comes in from the kitchen and Cindy hugs her.

CINDY  
 Oh, sis. This one's a keeper!

Everyone laughs. Amanda takes Sebastian's arm and smiles.

EXT. COLLEGE DORM - BIKE RACK - LATER

Pumpang carefully chains his scooter to a bike rack.

DAVID (O.S.)  
 Hey, Pumpang.

Pumpang jumps, pulling a small mace can from its holster on his belt. Without aiming, sprays a bush behind him.

PUMPANG  
 Stay away! Don't hurt me!

DAVID  
 Pumpang! It's just me, buddy.  
 Settle down.

Pumpang sees David sitting on the marble base of a statue.

PUMPANG  
 David? I'm sorry. There have been  
 many rapes on college campuses  
 across the country. We must always  
 be prepared to take back the night.

DAVID  
 Sure. I understand. Didn't mean  
 to waste all your pepper spray.

PUMPANG  
 It's okay. I have more.

He lifts up a pant leg and shows an ankle holster.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
What are you doing here?

DAVID  
I was on my way home from work,  
driving around. You know.  
(beat)  
How was dinner?

PUMPANG  
Dinner? Well, it was good. We had  
warm spinach salad with a bacon  
vinaigrette, the lasagna you know.  
For dessert we had creme brulee--

David holds up his hand, cutting him off.

DAVID  
I appreciate the attention to  
detail, Pumpang, but I guess I was  
more interested in the new guy.

PUMPANG  
You mean Sebastian? I liked him.

It takes David a moment to process this information.

DAVID  
What did you just say?

PUMPANG  
He's very polite. Intelligent.  
Friendly. Smooth skin.

DAVID  
Oh... really? That's great. He  
sounds wonderful. Perfect, really.

They stand there a beat. Awkward.

PUMPANG  
Do you want to come in for a while?  
I believe Jim and Stu went to a  
laser show at the planetarium.

DAVID  
No thanks. I better go. I don't  
have time for this. I've got a lot  
of work to do.  
(beat)  
I'm building an opera house.

Pumpang doesn't quite know what that means.

PUMPANG  
Okay... ?

Pumpang stands there, empty mace can in hand, and watches David walk off into the night.

INT. PRISM ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - MORNING

David sits at his desk, resting his head in his hands.

KAREN  
Regular headache, or hangover?

Startled, David looks up, noticing Karen in the doorway. He quickly slips something into his desk drawer.

DAVID  
No, I was just thinking.

Karen looks him in the eye and shakes her head.

KAREN  
Oh, God, I knew it.

DAVID  
What?

KAREN  
It's been almost 6 months.

Karen marches over and opens up the drawer. Inside is a PHOTO of David and Amanda on a fishing trip.

KAREN (cont'd)  
You're not over her, are you?

David does not choose to answer.

KAREN (cont'd)  
I may not be in a serious relationship right now, but if there's one thing I know better than office politics - it's matters of the heart.

DAVID  
I'm fine, Karen, I don't need any--

KAREN  
(cuts him off)  
Yes, you do. Listen to me, David, I've seen every romantic comedy that's ever been made. Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, Julia Roberts and Richard Gere, even Ellen DeGeneres and Bill Pullman. I'm a romantic comedy whore. I know what happens, I recognize the signs.

David looks unsure. Still, he does not interrupt.

KAREN (cont'd)

Boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl, boy tries to get girl back, everything goes to hell. Trust me, David, now is not a good time for this. Henry Winkler had a perfectly good job at the morgue in *Night Shift*. All that changed when he fell in love with Shelly Long. He lost his job, his fiancée, his life was destroyed. Over Shelly Long! Don't be a Henry Winkler.

DAVID

That's an interesting point, but I'm not sure how it relates to me.

She rolls her eyes - could it be any simpler?

KAREN

You're at the top of your game, David. Everyone wants to work with you. You're heading up the biggest project this company has ever seen - you have to stay focused! Don't ruin everything over Amanda. You two didn't work out for a reason, David. There's someone else out there for you. Trust me.

David tries to defend himself.

DAVID

I wouldn't jeopardize my work.

KAREN

That's what they all say, right before they go buy a boom box and a trench coat and stand in their ex-girlfriend's yard playing Peter Gabriel songs. I'm telling you, there are plenty of fish in the sea. Amanda certainly figured that out. It's time you did too.

David nods. Karen does have a good point.

KAREN (cont'd)

David, you're handsome and charming and a girl would have to be out of her mind not to fall for you.

This seems to make David feel better. He tries to move on.



DAVID

Thank you, Karen. So... does that mean you have any friends you could set me up with?

Karen stares at him, thinking about this.

INT. EL COMPADRE - NIGHT

Dave and Pumpang sit next to each other in a booth at a cozy little Mexican restaurant. It reeks of romance - the lighting, the leather booths, the uniformed waiters. Pumpang couldn't look more uncomfortable.

DAVID

Thanks for doing this, buddy.

PUMPANG

I must warn you, David, I am not good at dating. For generations we have had only arranged marriages in my family. We are not bred for rejection.

DAVID

You'll be fine. Karen's a cute girl, you'll like her.

PUMPANG

But will she like me?

DAVID

Here they come.

David stands up as Karen and her friend CHERYL walk over.

KAREN

Hey! Hope you haven't been waiting long. David, this is Cheryl.

David shakes her hand.

DAVID

Pleasure to meet you. And Karen, this is Pumpang.

KAREN

Hi, Pumpang. I've heard a lot about you.

Pumpang shakes Karen's hand without making eye contact.

PUMPANG

Hello.

DAVID  
So, Cheryl, how do you know Karen?

CHERYL  
We went to high school together.  
We were officers on the drill team.

DAVID  
That's cool. Pumpang and I went to  
school together too. College.  
Didn't have a drill team there  
though. My ex-girlfriend actually  
introduced us.

Both girls look a bit uncomfortable with this information.

DAVID (cont'd)  
(catches himself)  
I'm sorry. That probably wasn't  
appropriate to mention an ex on a  
first date, was it?  
(trying to play it off)  
Open mouth, insert feet.

Karen forces a laugh and turns to Cheryl.

KAREN  
I told you he was funny, didn't I?

Cheryl smiles and takes a drink, looking around.

CHERYL  
I like your taste in restaurants.

DAVID  
Thanks. I used to come here all  
the time with Amand--

Oof. A DEAFENING SILENCE follows that one.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Sorry.

Pumpang leans over and whispers to him.

PUMPANG  
I want to go home now.

DAVID  
(to the girls)  
... I don't know what's gotten into  
me. I'm really sorry.

KAREN

David recently got out of a long term relationship. You'll have to forgive him. For being an idiot.

DAVID

Right. I didn't mean to bring it up, but it is a funny story. See, I love margaritas, but I'm allergic to tequila. So... "the girl who will remain nameless" found this place because they make the best wine margaritas in the city. Believe it or not, we actually had our first date here.

KAREN

And you thought this would be a good place to bring us.

David tries to cover the story - he points at a piñata.

DAVID

Did you know piñatas originally came from Italy? The word 'pignatta' meaning "fragile pot."

Karen shakes her head. Cheryl puts down her napkin.

CHERYL

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

DAVID

No! It was! Really!  
(giving in)  
Look, we went out for seven years. That's a long time.

KAREN

David...

DAVID

I can say it now, I took her for granted. I know I did. Okay? It was my fault, and I admit that. But in my defense, commitment is not an easy thing.

Karen leans her head back - this is a disaster.

DAVID (cont'd)

I know how much marriage means to women. I do. Heck, I thought about it from time to time. I even planned out how I was gonna do it - at a UB40 concert.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)  
 They're our favorite band. Right  
 as they start "Red, Red Wine",  
 which was our song, I'd get down on  
 a knee and pop the question. Not  
 bad, huh?

Pumpang starts looking pleadingly at people walking by.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Maybe have confetti or balloons  
 come down too. I don't know, that  
 might be too cheesy. But the point  
 is, I did think about it. And I  
 realize I wasn't ready before, but  
 now I know I am.

David looks at the girls for some validation, but finds none.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 How about we just order?

Karen and Cheryl get up from the table.

KAREN  
 Goodbye, David.

DAVID  
 Wait! I promise, I won't mention  
 Amanda again. Or Red, Red Wine!

The MARIACHI BAND strolling by hears David and immediately  
 launches into a mariachi-infused version of "Red, Red Wine".

MARIACHI  
 Vino dos rojos!

David tries to stop the band but it's too late.

DAVID  
 No! No Vino dos Rojos!  
 (to the girls)  
 Karen, Cheryl, please. Don't go!

Cheryl is already gone. Karen shakes her head and follows.

PUMPANG  
 This is why I do not like dating.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

David drives home quietly. Pumpang eats out of a doggie bag.  
 Finally, David speaks.

DAVID  
 You know, tonight just made it  
 totally clear to me.  
 (MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)  
 I don't want to date anyone else.  
 It's been staring me in the face  
 for months now. I've been  
 miserable without even knowing it.  
 I still love Amanda.

PUMPANG  
 But you can't. She has Sebastian.

DAVID  
 I know, but... she'd take me back,  
 wouldn't she? I mean, this guy is  
 probably just her way of dealing  
 with our breakup. A rebound guy.

Pumpang looks over at David, putting his food down.

PUMPANG  
 I do not think Sebastian is a  
 rebound situation, David. They  
 really seem to like each other.

DAVID  
 Give me a break.

PUMPANG  
 No, it's the truth. This is very  
 hard for me, David. I always  
 wanted you and Amanda to be  
 together. When I first heard about  
 Sebastian, I wanted to hate him  
 too... but I just can't. He is a  
 good person. Kind. He's much more  
 approachable than you'd think for  
 someone so rich and handsome. And  
 Amanda, she seems so... happy.

David SLAMS ON THE BRAKES and glares at Pumpang.

DAVID  
 What kind of friend are you?

PUMPANG  
 ...Huh?

DAVID  
 I don't even know you anymore,  
 Pumpang! It's bad enough you tell  
 me what a great guy this guy is,  
 but now you're on his side? After  
 all these years we spent together,  
 the three of us, I thought maybe  
 I'd earned the benefit of the  
 doubt. I guess I was wrong.

David reaches over and opens the door for Pumpang.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 You want to betray our friendship,  
 for some male model doctor, fine.  
 That's your choice!

Pumpang looks shocked to the core.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 So long, Pumpang. Enjoy your new  
 life with Mr. Perfect.

Pumpang grabs his nachos and sadly gets out as David speeds off into the night. Pumpang looks around, confused.

PUMPANG  
 This is nowhere near campus.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

David sits on the beanbag, sunken in, eating from a pint of Haagen Dazs, a box of tissues to his side. He is watching HOME MOVIES of Amanda and him from back in the good ol' days.

ON TV - They sit on the couch, in pajamas, opening Christmas gifts. Watching the memories, David smiles. They are soon joined by the RAT we saw earlier. He waddles over next to them. The camera immediately moves away - Pumpang is clearly doing the shooting.

Amanda gets up and runs into the kitchen, returning with a piece of cheese. David still looks slightly uneasy about the rat, but Amanda convinces him it's okay. She hands him the cheese, convincing him to feed the little critter.

Watching, David smiles. On TV, he takes the cheese and holds it out for the rat. The rat hesitates, then CHOMPS down on the cheese - and David's finger. Everyone, including Pumpang behind the camera, panics. The camera is set on the floor as they tend to David and his injured finger.

A CUT and we find David and Amanda in the EMERGENCY ROOM. David winces as the DOCTOR gives him a RABIES SHOT.

Back in the here and now, David laughs, then, after a beat, begins bawling. He BLOWS his nose loudly.

Later, David is passed out on the beanbag as the movies play on. He looks awful. Empty pints of ice cream are scattered on the floor along with dozens of balled up tissues.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David is hard at work, head down, tapping and clicking away at his computer.

KAREN (O.S.)  
David?

DAVID  
Yeah?

He looks up and Karen, at the door, sees that his eyes are bleary, from crying, lack of sleep, or both.

KAREN  
Are you okay?

DAVID  
Yeah, I'm fine.

KAREN  
Right, well, I don't think you and Cheryl are going to work out.

DAVID  
That's okay. She seemed nice.

Karen shakes her head.

KAREN  
She thought you were a jerk. And she's pissed at me. Thanks a lot.  
(changing the subject)  
So how's the Opera House coming?

DAVID  
I haven't started yet.

KAREN  
So what are you working so diligently on?

DAVID  
I'm burning a mix CD.

David spins the monitor around proudly. On the screen is a large, Photoshopped picture of David and Amanda kissing with a heart wreathed around them and little Cupids all around. He clicks a button and UB40'S "Fools Rush In" starts to play.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I used to do it all the time back when we first started dating. Of course, they were mix tapes back then, and you didn't "burn" them. You taped them. Not anymore, though. This is state of the art!

David pops a CD into a fully decorated jewel case that reads "SONGS IN THE KEY OF AMANDA". He shows it to Karen.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 There's some quality stuff in  
 there. Lots of UB40. I can burn  
 you one if you want.

Karen does not appear to want any such disc. She goes over  
 to the wall and UNPLUGS the computer power strip. The song  
 ends and the computer blinks out.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 What are you doing?

KAREN  
 Saving you from yourself. David...  
 (beat, concerned)  
 You've Got Mail.

DAVID  
 I do?

KAREN  
 No. The movie. Tom Hanks is a big  
 shot bookstore owner who falls for  
 Meg Ryan, who runs this dinky  
 little corner bookshop. He's  
 putting her out of business,  
 expanding his empire... until he  
 falls in love. Then it all goes to  
 hell. Tom Hanks was an idiot,  
 David. Don't you be.

David plugs his computer back in. He clicks a few buttons  
 and "Red Red Wine" starts to play. He smiles, hearing it.

DAVID  
 Thanks for the advice, Karen, but  
 I'm pretty sure I'm smarter than  
 Tom Hanks.

Before Karen can protest any more, Rich comes in.

RICH  
 Huh. I'm sorry, I must have the  
 wrong office. I was looking for  
 Prism Architecture - not American  
 Fucking Bandstand.

David quickly clicks it off, straightening up.

DAVID  
 Uh, sorry about that. I was...

RICH  
 No, I'm joking. Play your stupid  
 music. Whatever gets you inspired.  
 I prefer porn, but that's just me.



Karen silently excuses herself, ducking out.

RICH (cont'd)  
Let's see what you got on the Opera deal so far.

DAVID  
(stalling)  
Well, I, uh, don't really have...

Rich picks up the CD case David was working on.

RICH  
"Songs in the Key of Amanda"? What the fuck album is that?

He flips it over and finds the picture of David and Amanda.

RICH (cont'd)  
Oh, I get it. You put on the CD, think of all the good times and rub one out. I been there.

DAVID  
(slightly horrified)  
Uh, no. That's not what it's for.

RICH  
You're telling me you don't spank it to your ex-wife?

DAVID  
She's not my ex-wife, sir, and I don't feel comfortable talking about masturbation with y--

RICH  
(ignoring him)  
You damn well better jerk off. Can't have anything blocking the creative flow. Especially now. You've got a lot on your plate.

David couldn't be more miserable. He is speechless.

RICH (cont'd)  
"Stuck in a rut? Catch a nut."  
That's what my father used to say. He was a very wise man.

DAVID  
Sounds like it, sir.

RICH  
Now get back to work. I'm not paying you to talk about your wang.

Rich exits. David lets out an audible sigh of relief. But it's short-lived, as Rich pokes his head back in.

RICH (cont'd)  
Listen, I got a dinner tonight. I think you should join.

DAVID  
Dinner?

RICH  
It's for the opera house. Want to discuss a few budget issues, that kind of thing. Seven o'clock.

DAVID  
(reluctant)  
Okay.

Rich leaves. David goes back to downloading power ballads.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Rich drives, David sits shotgun. Usher blasts on the stereo.

RICH  
So, listen. David. We're off the clock now. It's just you and me.

DAVID  
Well, yeah, I guess, but I thought this was a business dinner.

RICH  
How's the opera project coming?

DAVID  
Well, I'm still trying to work up some preliminary designs, but--

Rich cuts him off.

RICH  
Okay, we talked business. I got a sandwich in the glove box if you want dinner.  
(beat)  
Now let's talk about you. David, brutal honesty time here: your story, though unique to you, is not unique. We've all been dumped. Yes, Saunders, even me.

DAVID  
I'm not sure I follow you, sir.

RICH

I may be your boss, but I like to think there's more to it than that. I take a vested interest in my most important employees. I want you to know I'm here for you.

David looks at Rich, not sure exactly how to take that.

DAVID

That's very kind of you.

RICH

It's not kindness, it's smart business. I've got a lot riding on you. Can't afford to have an employee's love life get in the way of a job well done.

DAVID

Honestly, I'm doing fine.

RICH

(not buying it)

I've had my heart broken more times than I can count. I've been to rock bottom and lived to tell about it. I feel your pain, David. And I know how to make it better.

DAVID

You do?

Rich pulls into a strip mall, parks in a spot in front of a liquor store and looks David in the eye.

RICH

Yes I do. The secret to emotional recovery is two simple words.

Rich counts the words on his fingers.

RICH (cont'd)

Hand. Job.

David opens his mouth but nothing comes out.

RICH (cont'd)

I defy you to find a therapy more therapeutic, both physical and emotional, than the loving stroke of an anonymous hand job. That moment of release, I swear, you'll never feel more alive! Then you'll forget all about what's-her-name and be ready to get back to work.

He nods in the direction of a storefront with a sign reading SILK ROAD PALACE MASSAGE PARLOR.

DAVID

Rich, listen, I do not want - or need - a hand job.

RICH

Saunders, I know you haven't done shit on the concert hall. If you don't come up with something brilliant soon, we're going to lose this job and I'll personally slit your throat. That's a promise. Now, as your boss, I am telling you - go in there and get a hand job. That's an order.

Rich gets out of the car. After a long beat, David follows.

INT. SILK ROAD PALACE MASSAGE PARLOR - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Rich enters wearing a smile as big as Texas. David follows close behind, wearing a look of trepidation just as big. From behind a beaded curtain emerges an older MADAM in a cheap kimono. It is immediately clear she recognizes Rich.

MADAM

Mister Rich! You so handsome!

RICH

Midori, you are as gorgeous as a sunrise.

Rich takes her hand and kisses it suavely. She giggles.

MADAM

You bring friend! Very handsome!

RICH

Yes he is. David, this is Midori.

David just nods and smiles uncomfortably.

RICH (cont'd)

Midori, I want you to set David up with your best girl. On me.

David quickly jumps in.

DAVID

Just a regular massage, actually.

MADAM  
(confused)  
No yankee wankee?

DAVID  
No thank you.

MADAM  
Soo Shin! Min Soo!

A not terribly cute ASIAN GIRL in a kimono emerges and bows.

RICH  
Ah, sweet Soo Shin. My pretty  
Oriental flower.

Rich steps forward and takes her by the hand, kisses it.

RICH (cont'd)  
She's got the softest hands. And  
the warmest heart. See you later.

And they're gone. The madam and David share an awkward few moments until another bigger, older, less attractive ASIAN WOMAN in a kimono pushes her way through the beaded curtain. She BLOWS HER NOSE into a kleenex and empties a bag of cough drops into her mouth with her other hand.

She steps forward and takes David by the hand. David, still uncertain and uncomfortable, hesitates. She does not.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's a tiny room with a not very sanitary looking massage table in the middle. Balled up kleenexes are scattered on the floor. Min Soo takes a not very sanitary looking towel and drapes it over the table.

MIN SOO  
Take off clothes.

DAVID  
Oh. Okay. You know, no wankee  
yankee, right? Just massage.

Min Soo just stares at him.

MIN SOO  
Take off clothes.

David strips down to his boxers. She points at them.

MIN SOO (cont'd)  
Take off.

Reluctantly, David does.

DAVID  
Is there some kind of robe, or--

MIN SOO  
Get on table.

Not really sure he has a choice, David does, lying on his stomach, his head face down in the padded, donut-shaped hole.

MIN SOO (cont'd)  
You want nuts?

DAVID  
No, I told you, regular--

He sees her holding out an open tin of MIXED NUTS.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Oh, no thank you.

Min Soo grabs a bottle of oil and begins drizzling it all over David's back as she crunches her cough drops.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Ooh. That's... warm.

Min Soo begins rubbing. It doesn't look like she's fully accredited, but he is finding it surprisingly relaxing...

MIN SOO  
You have girlfriend?

...until now.

DAVID  
No. I mean, yes, I did. But not anymore.

Min Soo moves around the table, rubbing and crunching.

MIN SOO  
Sad story.

DAVID  
Yeah. I guess you probably hear that a lot though, huh?  
(relaxing, David gives in)  
I screwed up is what happened. Let her get away. And now she's probably having crazy sex with this male model/cardiologist instead.

Now Min Soo climbs onto the table, fully straddling David. As she lowers her sizable girth onto him, he lets out an involuntary "OOF" as the air escapes his chest cavity.

DAVID (cont'd)  
The more I think about her, the more I can't stop thinking about her. Know what I mean? It's a vicious cycle.

Min Soo lets out a HUGE, VERY WET SNEEZE, and with it, tiny chunks of cough drops, which rain down, sticking to David's back. David tries to raise his head, but she quickly puts her large hand down, stopping him. She continues massaging.

Min Soo reaches over and scoops out a handful of MIXED NUTS. She immediately begins crunching on the nuts. Distracted, David ends his story as quickly as possible.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Ahhh... Yeah, so, um, now I just wish I could get her back somehow.

Min Soo, unprompted, begins to speak. As she does, her mouth full, bits of NUTS spill out and onto David's naked back.

MIN SOO  
Love like massage. Push too hard, hurt bad. Not push hard enough, not massage. Must push just right.

ON DAVID'S FACE - her broken English has somehow broken through to him. Fully nude in a potentially contaminated massage parlor, David has experienced enlightenment.

DAVID  
Huh. That makes sense, sorta. I mean, it's a little vague for a metaphor, but I think I got it. You gotta push, you just can't push too hard... right?

Without warning, Min Soo SNEEZES violently onto David's back, again showering him with tiny shards of nuts and worse.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Bless you.

Min Soo climbs down off David.

MIN SOO  
Flip to finish.

David raises his head.

DAVID  
I'm sorry?

MIN SOO  
(gesturing with her hand)  
Flip to finish. Happy ending.

DAVID  
Oh, no thank you. That's okay.  
Enough rubbing. No wankee yankee.

He turns over and attempts to sit up. Min Soo has taken oil and squeezed it into her hand. With her other hand, she holds David down as a large Asian cat might hold down a poor defenseless mouse. David squirms, growing quite desperate.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Listen, I appreciate everything.  
You were great. The massage, the  
philosophy, it was wonderful. And  
if you hand me my pants, I'll give  
you a very generous tip.

She is not handing him anything except a hand job. She says nothing but keeps him pinned down. David looks on the verge of tears. Coldly, wordlessly, she goes in for the kill.

ON DAVID'S FACE - his eyes WIDEN. He can barely speak.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Help me...

EXT. PRISM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rich pulls up to the only car left in the lot - David's. David opens the door and gets out of Rich's sweet ride.

DAVID  
Well... thanks for that.

RICH  
I told you it would help. You look  
like a changed man, Saunders.  
Ready to take on the world.

David couldn't feel farther from it.

DAVID  
Sure.

RICH  
Good to hear. See you bright and  
early for the opera meeting. Now  
that your head is clear, you got  
all night to prepare.



Though he barely seems to be listening, David nods his head.

RICH (cont'd)  
You can shut the door now.

David nods again, absently closing the passenger door. Rich roars off, peeling a good deal of rubber at David's feet. He stands there, dazed, deep in thought. Then he takes out his cell phone and dials.

DAVID  
Hi, I need an address.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT

David sits, his car parked. The radio plays Cheap Trick's classic ballad, "The Flame". He looks up and out the window.

DAVID'S P.O.V. - Amanda's darkened apartment. Nothing stirs.

Suddenly, a few SNOWFLAKES fall onto David's windshield. First only a couple, then more and more. David just stares as the snow blankets his windshield.

He turns on the wiper blades to reveal that he is parked on the top of a mountain next to a ski lift. He watches as...

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

David and Amanda are on a SKI TRIP - smiling, just coming out of the lodge with their skis. They stuff them in the ground and have a playful snowball fight. Pumpang runs out of the lodge and joins in, just in time to be pelted by them. Amanda tackles David and they fall...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

...landing on a blanket on the beach, now in their swim suits. They roll around, kissing passionately, their own little *From Here to Eternity* scene.

Pumpang calls to them - he's a few yards away, buried up to his neck in sand. He looks nervous as the tide rolls in. They get up and run right past him, diving into the water...

INT. DAVID AND AMANDA'S OLD APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

...and emerging from a bathtub, where they've been holding their breath underwater. They giggle and kiss and lather up. Dozens of candles set a romantic mood. They continue to kiss as the door opens and a slender brown arm reaches in, handing David a LOOFAH.

The door quickly closes and David sets about erotically loofahing Amanda. She wears a look of ecstasy as he scrubs. The song FADES OUT and a loud KNOCKING is heard.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Amanda is rapping on David's window. He jolts awake, dazed and disoriented, and rolls down the window. She does not look pleased.

AMANDA

What are you doing here?!

David is not exactly prepared to explain.

DAVID

Amanda? Hey! I'm just, uh...  
waiting for someone. I'm...  
carpooling. It's my turn to drive.

AMANDA

And you sleep while you carpool?

DAVID

I've been working some crazy hours,  
and the guy I'm picking up...  
Roger... he's always running late.  
Figured I'd catch a little cat nap.  
(beat, changing subject)  
So what are you doing here?

AMANDA

(cold)  
I live here.

DAVID

Seriously?! In that building?  
Wow. That's so weird. That's  
where... Roger lives too.  
(beat)  
So what's going on?

AMANDA

Goodbye, David.

Amanda turns and walks back to her car, which is running.

DAVID

Okay, well, great seeing you!

She closes her door without responding and drives off. David watches her go, then absently looks at his watch.

DAVID (cont'd)  
                  (panicked)  
                  Aw, shit!

He cranks on the ignition and races away.

INT. PRISM OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Rich is waiting at the front doors when David enters.

                  RICH  
                  What's wrong with you? They've  
                  been waiting for twenty minutes!

                  DAVID  
                  I'm sorry, I had a long night.

                  RICH  
                  Well, that better mean you have  
                  some genius shit to say. You look  
                  like hell. Now, get in there and  
                  wow them.

Rich pushes open the doors to the conference room.

INT. PRISM CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Opera BOARD OF DIRECTORS stand milling about.

                  RICH  
                  Sorry to keep you all waiting.

They filter to their seats, with one particularly handsome member taking the chair opposite David. It's Sebastian.

                  SEBASTIAN  
                  Not at all. You must be David!  
                  Dr. Sebastian Cole. I can't tell  
                  you what an honor it is to finally  
                  meet you.

David has just realized who Sebastian is. He is shocked.

                  DAVID  
                  You.

                  SEBASTIAN  
                  Yes. I have to say it's funny we  
                  haven't met before. I feel like I  
                  know you so well already.

                  DAVID  
                  You do?

SEBASTIAN

I have the honor of being chief of thoracic surgery at St. Luke's Hospital. I've been lucky enough to roam the halls of your meticulously designed cardio wing. I'm a huge fan. And since I serve as chairman of the Long Beach Opera Society as well, I must say, David, I had no choice but to recommend you to the board.

DAVID

(still stunned)  
Oh. Uh huh.

SEBASTIAN

You have an artist's eye. Not only was your design practical and efficient, but something about it was primal, almost passionate -

On that word, David experiences a...

FLASH - A door flies open and Sebastian and Amanda enter her apartment, passionately making out.

BACK TO REALITY - Though it was clearly a figment of David's imagination, he is still rattled.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

...which is exactly what we are looking for.

The board nod importantly at David. David is a little too confused at the moment to speak.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

So perhaps you could share your thoughts.

DAVID

My thoughts.

SEBASTIAN

Your vision. Not everything, of course, but just some ideas - what you're thinking.

David can't think of anything but the idea of Amanda and Sebastian together. Rich nudges David not so subtly.

RICH

David.

DAVID  
Yes, uh, well, I was thinking...

The board waits expectantly, leaning forward in anticipation.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Maybe it would be best for you to  
tell me what you're looking for.

Rich closes his eyes.

SEBASTIAN  
Can you beat that! An artist and a  
team player! How refreshing.

Sebastian shakes his head appreciatively.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
Well, since you asked, Mr.  
Saunders, I can describe what we  
want in a concert hall with one  
word. Perfection.

DAVID  
I'm sorry?

SEBASTIAN  
Perfection. And not the perfection  
of a scientific discovery or a  
never before solved math equation.  
No, we're looking for a more  
emotional, affecting perfection.

David looks utterly lost.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
The perfection you find in the  
subtle curves and the soft feel of  
say, the feminine form...

Another FLASH - Sebastian and Amanda are in her bedroom now,  
still passionately kissing, tearing off clothes, their hands  
and mouths exploring the perfection of each other's bodies.

BACK TO REALITY - David is more than rattled. His face is  
drained of color, his mouth is dry, he looks faint.

Trying to recover, David picks up a glass and pours himself  
some water, hoping it will end. But Sebastian goes on...

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
We want our patrons to experience  
exhilaration when they walk in.  
The kind you feel when you see your  
lover nude for the first time...

FLASH - Sebastian and Amanda are a tangled mass of flesh, rolling around on her bed, making wonderful sweet love.

BACK TO REALITY - David looks nothing short of haunted.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
 Something majestic. An ecstasy of  
 both the eye and ear that will  
 simply take the breath away--

FLASH - Amanda is on top of Sebastian. They climax.

BACK TO REALITY - David drops the glass of water. It SHATTERS on the table. Everyone turns to see David looking like a shell of himself.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
 I'm sorry if I get a little carried  
 away. It's just that when I'm  
 passionate about something, I can't  
 help myself.

That doesn't help David feel any better.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
 But, you asked. That's our dream,  
 our goal, for our concert hall,  
 David: utter perfection.

David is speechless. Fortunately, Rich is not.

RICH  
 Sounds like a plan! Thank you all  
 for coming out. David will get to  
 work and we'll have preliminary  
 designs in the next couple weeks.

SEBASTIAN  
 Fantastic! We really can't thank  
 you enough. David, such a pleasure  
 meeting with you.

As the board stands, Sebastian offers David his hand. It hovers there over the table for a few moments, David staring at it, wondering what secret parts of Amanda it has explored.

David finally takes it, grimacing at Sebastian's firm grasp.

DAVID  
 Uh huh.

Sebastian and the other board members file out. David stands there, frozen in his spot.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 I can't do this.

RICH

Sure you can. You've just got a little performance anxiety. We've all been there. You want me to call Min Soo, order up a little lunch hour house call?

DAVID

No. Thanks. I think I'm just going to go get some air.

David walks out, not quite himself.

EXT. DEARHEART SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

It's recess time, and KIDS are all over the place, running, screaming, doing their thing. One particular game of grab-ass looks to be getting out of hand, though, as a CHUBBY GIRL who is being chased by a MEAN BOY takes a tumble, wiping out.

Amanda hurries to the Chubby Girl, helps her up and dusts her off. The Chubby Girl is crying, so Amanda comforts her.

KAREN (O.S.)

(on phone)

Rich is looking for you. Says it's important. Who's Min Soo?

DAVID

(not interested)

She's a masseuse.

We pull back to see David watching the goings-on from his car, which is parked behind a chain link fence by the playground. He is on his cell phone.

INTERCUT WITH - INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Karen hears kids PLAYING in the background.

KAREN

Where are you?

DAVID

Lunch.

On the passenger seat sits David's lunch - sandwich, chips, Snapple, a Twix candy bar. He eats while he watches. On the playground, Amanda is sitting with the Chubby Girl.

AMANDA

Don't worry, honey. We'll go put a couple band-aids on there and no one will even notice.

CHUBBY GIRL

Yes, they will! I'm supposed to be in the talent show!

AMANDA

No one'll care if you have skinned knees or not. All they'll see is how talented you are.

The little girl SMILES. Amanda has worked a miracle - the chubby girl is now smiling. And David is captivated by it.

DAVID

My God, she's amazing.

KAREN

You're at that school again, aren't you? I thought she told you you weren't allowed there!

DAVID

I'm not on school grounds. I just happened to be driving by.

KAREN

David, I'm warning you, you are headed for disaster. Move on before it's too late. They didn't call it Five Weddings. It was Four Weddings and a Funeral! A funeral, David.

David is not paying attention. He watches the chubby girl go back to frolicking - because of Amanda.

DAVID

Tell me how this sounds.

He picks up a GREETING CARD with a CLOWN on the front.

DAVID (cont'd)

It's a card with a clown on the front, and inside it says, "I'm not clowning around - I want you."

Karen looks both confused and disturbed.

DAVID (cont'd)

Clowns are like an inside joke with us. We went to this circus once. There were all these clowns. Have I ever told you about that?

KAREN

That's okay.



DAVID

So, this is what I wrote inside:

(reading)

"My sweet little thing, I can't stop thinking about you. I wait for that school bell to ring, dreaming that you'll race into my arms and kiss me with your soft, tiny lips. I don't care if it's right or wrong, I want you so badly. Love me again."

David finishes. He waits for a response.

DAVID (cont'd)

So, what do you think?

KAREN

Please come back to work.

DAVID

I will. I just need to give her this. I'll see you soon.

David hangs up, puts the card in its envelope and closes it. He looks back to the playground, where Amanda is still working her sweet magic. By now, a familiar YOUNG BOY is playing with a ball by the fence, close to where David sits observing. He gets out of his car and approaches the kid.

DAVID (cont'd)

Hey. What's your name?

DONNIE

Donnie.

DAVID

Hey, Donnie.

David pulls the Twix bar out of his pocket and holds it out.

DAVID (cont'd)

You like candy? I'll tell you what - this is a very special card, it's for a very special person. I'll give you this Twix bar if you take this over to that lady over there--

Donnie quickly takes both the candy and the card.

DAVID (cont'd)

Okay, now, just go hand it to Miss Fitzgerald, okay? You got it?

But by now, Donnie has turned and is walking away.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Hey! Donnie! No! She's over  
 there! Don't walk away! You need  
 to give that to Miss Fitzgerald!

At this point, though, Donnie is out of hearing range. And nowhere near Amanda. He sits on the swing set, holding the card and eating the candy bar. Another teacher, an older, stern looking teacher, MISS ESSEX, approaches Donnie.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Oh, no. Don't do that.

The Teacher takes the card from Donnie and opens it.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Donnie, you idiot! Wrong teacher!  
 Don't let her read that!

But she is reading it. Horrified, she questions Donnie sternly. Donnie points at David by the fence.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Oh, shit!

David instantly panics, turning tail and running back to his car as Miss Essex heads toward him. By the time he gets in and turns the ignition, the Teacher is in a full-on sprint. David hauls ass out of there just before she gets to the fence and, hopefully, before she can read the license plate.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Again, David's is one of the only lights on in the office. He sits at his drawing table, trying to work on a set of designs. But he can't. Finally, he gives up. He sighs, stands up, walks out and turns off the light.

We are left in utter darkness. Sort of like David.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS and Sebastian, dressed sharply, opens it. It's Pumpang, and he is dressed far more casually.

SEBASTIAN  
 Pumpang! Hey, what a surprise!

PUMPANG  
 I had no plans tonight, so I  
 thought I would teach you how to  
 play bridge like we talked about.

Pumpang hands Sebastian a few decks of cards and lets himself in, parking his scooter and taking off his jacket.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh, that sounds fun, Pumpang, I wish you would have called earlier.

PUMPANG  
It's okay. I don't mind being spontaneous. Where is Amanda?

SEBASTIAN  
She's getting dressed. See, we kind of have plans already.

PUMPANG  
That's fine. Bridge can wait. So, what are we doing?

SEBASTIAN  
Well, actually, I meant "we" as in Amanda and I. I thought maybe the three of us could take a break and Amanda and I could go out for a nice, romantic evening. We haven't had a real "date" in a while.

The harsh reality of the situation hits Pumpang like a knee in the crotch. He tries not to let on that he's hurt.

PUMPANG  
Oh.

SEBASTIAN  
You don't mind, do you?

PUMPANG  
No, it's fine. No big whoop. You are dating, you should go on dates.

The DOORBELL RINGS again. Sebastian opens it. Jim and Cindy, also dressed formally, enter, greeting Sebastian. Pumpang does the math. He is not pleased.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
Or double dates, as the case may be.

CINDY  
Can you believe it? We're actually early for once in our lives.  
(beat - noticing)  
Oh. Pumpang. You're here.

PUMPANG  
Not for long I am not.

Pumpang goes to get his scooter and yanks his decks of cards from Sebastian's hand.

SEBASTIAN

Pumpang, wait. Why don't you at least stay for a glass of wine?

PUMPANG

No thank you! I can see I am not necessary. Have a lovely time on your date. Your double date!

He awkwardly tries to open the door while maneuvering his scooter.

JIM

See you soon, Pumpang!

Cindy elbows Jim in the stomach, shushing him. Pumpang crashes his way out the door and with that, he's gone.

EXT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Pumpang exits the building. As he tries unsuccessfully to start up his scooter, a hushed VOICE stops him cold.

DAVID

Hey. Pumpang. Over here.

Pumpang ducks, pulls out a KNIFE from the sole of his shoe and wields it, spinning around, afraid. Then he notices David waving from his car across the street, his window down.

PUMPANG

David?

DAVID

Geez, Pumpang. What the hell is that? You got a knife in your shoe?

Pumpang comes over to the car. He slides the hidden knife back into the heel of his sneaker.

PUMPANG

The slums of Delhi teach you to be prepared. I have lost too many cousins to random violence. I will not become a statistic.

DAVID

Well, be careful with that thing.

Pumpang looks in the car at David.

PUMPANG  
What are you doing here?

DAVID  
Just driving by. Checking things out.  
(beat, confessing)  
I can't sleep unless I know where she is.

PUMPANG  
That sounds crazy, David.

DAVID  
I know. But I just want to know she's okay. Sometimes I wait here just to see her leave for school in the morning. I can't help it.

Pumpang sighs deeply. He looks at his old friend.

PUMPANG  
He's up there, you know.

They both stare up at Amanda's apartment.

DAVID  
I know.  
(sad beat)  
Well, I don't mean to take up your time. Just thought I'd say hey.

A tear rolls down Pumpang's cheek. David notices.

DAVID (cont'd)  
What's the matter?

PUMPANG  
I was wrong, David.

DAVID  
About what?

PUMPANG  
About him. You were right. He may be handsome and intelligent and as close to flawless as I have ever met, but he is not right for her.

David is excited and relieved.

DAVID  
Are you serious? You really mean that, Pumpang?!

Pumpang nods vigorously, then runs around and jumps in the car. They have an emotional reunion hug in the front seat.

PUMPANG  
I missed you, David.

DAVID  
I missed you too, buddy.

They finally let go.

PUMPANG  
I want to help you win her back.

DAVID  
That's great, man! This is perfect! Now we just need to come up with some sort of plan, I guess.

Pumpang nods slowly. He knows exactly what this means.

PUMPANG  
Start the car.

DAVID  
What about your scooter?

PUMPANG  
I can get it later. We have work to do.

INT. SPY STORE - NIGHT

Pumpang and David find themselves in a store filled with high-tech gadgets. A SHADY GUY in a shiny suit is on the phone behind the counter talking in a low voice. When he sees Pumpang, he comes out from behind the counter and hugs him.

SHADY GUY  
Pumpang! How are you, my friend!

PUMPANG  
Very well. Hassan, this is my best friend David. He needs equipment.

SHADY GUY  
Of course. No problem. I fix you up. Anything you want, I give you discount. I'll be right back.

Hassan goes behind the counter to finish his phone call.

DAVID  
You know that guy?

PUMPANG

Of course. He used to be married to one of my cousins. Until she died. I buy all my mace from him.

Pumpang starts looking through the display cases.

PUMPANG (cont'd)

You want a shoe knife too?

Pumpang pulls his out again. David shakes his head.

DAVID

(quiet, to Pumpang)

Look, I don't think I really need any of this stuff.

PUMPANG

David, they have everything here. Spy cameras, lock picks... anything you could possibly want for all your surveillance desires.

DAVID

I'm trying to get her back, not steal her identity.

PUMPANG

David, you know I love you. But you are not very smart sometimes.  
(beat)  
You are never going to get Amanda back just by wishing it to happen! I wished for many years that my family would love me, but that wish did not come true.

DAVID

So what do I do?

PUMPANG

You dated her for seven years, and yet still you do not know her. You do not know her heart. That is why she is with someone else. She is hoping she will find someone who truly understands her in here.

(points to his chest)

If you want to defeat Sebastian, you have to relearn all you thought you knew about her. You must find her heart before that evil doctor model steals it away for good.

DAVID

Okay. So... how?

PUMPANG

Give me your credit card, my friend.

David takes out his wallet and hands Pumpang his Platinum card. Hassan notices and quickly hangs up the phone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Amanda that keeps going in and out of focus. She sits at an outdoor cafe having coffee with Cindy.

DAVID (O.S.)

Can you make out what they're saying?

The view suddenly turns ALIEN - orange and red pixilated versions of Amanda and Cindy drinking red cups of coffee.

Suddenly, the view goes away as Pumpang lowers a very advanced pair of BINOCULARS from his eyes. We are...

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

...which is over a block away. Pumpang turns to David, slightly annoyed. He shuts off the binoculars.

PUMPANG

No. What is wrong with this stupid junk?! I can't get them to work right. And it does not help that the instructions are in Chinese - which I cannot read!

Pumpang hands him the binoculars and flips through the Chinese instruction book. David looks through the scope.

DAVID

Wow. These are powerful. I can see Cindy's pores from here. Man, she's got some serious crows feet under all that make up.

Pumpang throws down the instructions, frustrated.

PUMPANG

You cannot learn about Amanda's feelings if we cannot hear what she is saying. Hand me that bag.

David puts the binoculars down, gets Pumpang's black duffle bag from next to him on the bench and hands it over.



PUMPANG (cont'd)  
We'll get to the bottom of this.

He unzips the bag.

OVER AT THE CAFE - Cindy puts down her coffee.

CINDY  
You are so lucky. Yeah, yeah,  
Jim's fine, but what I wouldn't do  
for a guy like Sebastian.

AMANDA  
I know, he's amazing, but...

CINDY  
But what? Are you kidding me? I  
defy you to find one fault in that  
adonis! You don't get better than  
that, missy.

AT THE BENCH - Pumpang pulls out a BIONIC EAR listening  
device. Basically a microphone mounted to a dish with  
earphones attached.

DAVID  
What the hell is that?

PUMPANG  
A bionic ear listening device. It  
can pick up a whisper at 150 yards.

DAVID  
You know how to work it?

PUMPANG  
There were no instructions with  
this one. I can figure it out.

BACK AT THE CAFE - Amanda looks at her hands, knowing what  
Cindy's reaction will be to what she is about to say.

AMANDA  
I saw David yesterday.

Cindy nearly chokes.

CINDY  
You stop that right now! You are  
over him!

AMANDA  
Oh, I know. But lately I've had  
this strange feeling, you know?  
Like he's always nearby. Watching  
over me somehow.

CINDY

It's called stalking, Amanda! I dated a very successful criminal defense attorney, I'll get you a restraining order. Say the word.

AMANDA

No, it's not like that. David's harmless.

CINDY

Harmless?!

BACK AT THE BENCH - Pumpang finally manages to switch the Bionic Ear on.

PUMPANG

Here we go.

They put on headphones and aim the device at the cafe.

AT THE CAFE - Cindy is just winding up her tirade, pounding her fist down.

CINDY

WAKE UP, AMANDA!

AT THE BENCH - The volume on the headphones was up so loud, all that is heard is a wild FEEDBACK noise whistling at eardrum ripping levels. Pumpang and David both throw off their headphones, holding their ears in pain.

DAVID

What the hell, Pumpang!?

PUMPANG

What did you say?! I cannot hear!  
I can feel my ears bleeding inside!

Through his ear trauma David notices the girls get up. He grabs the binoculars - Amanda and Cindy are hugging goodbye.

DAVID

Uh oh. We have movement.

PUMPANG

What?!

DAVID

Forget it. Just be quiet.

Amanda walks down the street to THE PILATES STOP.

DAVID (cont'd)

No wonder she's been looking so good!

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)  
 She was always into that yoga  
 stuff. I didn't know she was still  
 doing it.  
 (beat)  
 I'll be back.

Pumpang sits rubbing his ears as David crosses the street.

PUMPANG  
 What a terrible way to live. Never  
 again to hear the chirping of a  
 bird...

INT. ZEN YOGA - LATER

David walks up to the front desk. He looks through the glass  
 into the workout room. It takes him a moment, but he  
 eventually spots Amanda stretching out on a mat.

YOGA FRONT DESK GIRL  
 Can I help you?

DAVID  
 Yes, I'd like to sign up.

YOGA FRONT DESK GIRL  
 Do you have a membership here?

DAVID  
 No, I don't. What do I need to do?

YOGA FRONT DESK GIRL  
 \$500 initiation fee and \$150 a  
 month, not including class fees.

David takes out his wallet.

DAVID  
 So how much will it cost to get in  
 that class right now?

She turns to look at the class going on behind her.

YOGA FRONT DESK GIRL  
 Advanced Level 3? Ooh, I'm sorry -  
 that is by invitation only. You  
 need to graduate from Level 1 and 2  
 before you can be invited to join  
 the Advanced session.

DAVID  
 Look, I really want to be in that  
 class. I'm a quick study, okay?  
 I'm very flexible for a guy.

He quickly demonstrates touching his toes. Sadly, he can't.

DAVID (cont'd)

Ow.

(beat)

I'll pay whatever you want, if you could please just let me in, I'd really appreciate it.

David looks at her pleadingly. She takes his credit card.

INT. YOGA WORKOUT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Class is already going. The yoga GURU gives instructions.

GURU

And, back to downward dog.

David enters, in brand new yoga gear and carrying a brand new yoga mat. He makes his way through the people with their asses up in the air and finds a spot right behind Amanda.

GURU (cont'd)

Moving over to Right Facing Warrior.

As David gets settled, Amanda notices him behind her.

AMANDA

David?

DAVID

(false shock)

Amanda?! Hey! What do you know? How's it going?

AMANDA

Since when do you take yoga?

DAVID

Oh, well, it's just something I've recently gotten into. I'm trying to expand my athletic horizons.

GURU

And down into Sleeping Fig Leaf.

The class may know what that means, but David has no idea. Amanda folds herself into a very difficult position and David does his best to imitate it.

DAVID

So, everything good with you?

AMANDA

David, we really shouldn't be talking.

DAVID  
Why not? We're adults, aren't we--

Before he can finish, the Guru appears next to David.

GURU  
I said, Sleeping Fig Leaf.

David is the only one in the class not doing it right.

DAVID  
Right. Yeah, you know, I took  
Level 1 and 2 from a different  
dojo, and they must have skipped  
that one cause I'm not familiar...

The Guru grabs David's arm and pulls it down to the mat.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Whoa, hey. Take it easy there.

The Guru grabs David's leg and pulls it up and over his head.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Wow. Okay. Not so hard there,  
okay? I've got an old hamstring  
injury that flares-- AHHH!

The Guru pins David to the floor and leans his knee into his back, pressing and contorting him. With a final loud POP, David achieves the position. The Guru nods.

GURU  
The Sleeping Fig Leaf.

David is in severe pain, his face turning red.

DAVID  
Ow...

GURU  
Back to Warrior One.

The entire class shifts positions. Everyone, that is, except David. He is still frozen, contorted, clearly in pain.

DAVID  
(unmoving)  
You all go ahead. I'll catch up.

INT. PUMPANG'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Pumpang is sticking cow stickers around an old photo of a LARGE INDIAN FAMILY (presumably his).

PUMPANG  
So? What did she say?

DAVID (O.S.)  
We didn't get much chance to talk.

PULL BACK to reveal David is lying on his back in the middle of Pumpang's floor. A layer of ice packs are under him.

DAVID (cont'd)  
They look scrawny, but those yoga  
dudes can really cop an attitude.

Pumpang does not seem to be paying much attention to David.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I'll tell you something, though, I  
think I get it now.

PUMPANG  
Get what?

DAVID  
The whole yoga thing. I used to  
think it was a big waste of time,  
which is probably why Amanda  
stopped doing it after a while.  
But for a second there, even though  
I was in extreme pain and my back  
felt like it was going to snap in  
half and spray spinal fluid all  
over the woman behind me, there was  
this momentary feeling of peace.

PUMPANG  
I can imagine.

DAVID  
I mean it. It was like this whole  
body, mind and soul thing.

David pulls himself up to a seated position.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I feel bad that I was the one who  
kept her away from all that.

PUMPANG  
Great. We've all learned something  
then. Now, if your back is no  
longer broken we should get going.

He holds up a GPS device with an LCD map on it.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
The Rose Bowl beckons.

Pumpang helps David up.

DAVID  
You're tracking her car? How much  
is this costing me?

PUMPANG  
You cannot put a price tag on love.

EXT. ROSE BOWL - OUTDOOR FLEA MARKET - DAY

It's a beautiful day, and hundreds of people are milling around, searching the booths for good deals and antiques. Among the masses is a guy in a BASEBALL CAP and SUNGLASSES, trying to look discreet. This is David.

PUMPANG (O.S.)  
(through a quiet speaker)  
Eagle to Falcon, what's your 20?

David lifts up a tiny handheld WALKIE TALKIE to his mouth.

DAVID  
(into walkie)  
You mean where am I?

PUMPANG (O.S.)  
Yes. Over.

DAVID  
I'm by a booth that's selling lots  
of wicker. Where are you?

PUMPANG (O.S.)  
Trying to achieve optimal  
visibility.

REVEAL Pumpang is standing on top of a PICK-UP TRUCK, peering through the fancy binoculars. He looks frustrated.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
I cannot turn off the infra-red. I  
am unable to locate Golden Egg.

BACK TO DAVID - picking up small, crappy looking items.

DAVID  
You mean Amanda?

PUMPANG  
Roger that. Why would she come to  
this horrible place?

DAVID

She always loved this kind of crap.  
Which I never understood. Why buy  
used when you can get it brand new?

PUMPANG

It is not the knick-knacks and  
tchotchkes that bother me. It is  
the crowds. Twice as a child I was  
nearly trampled at a spice market.

DAVID

Yeah, well, people can get crazy  
when they're bargain hunting.

David picks up a CERAMIC CHICKEN just as another hand does  
too. The hand belongs to... Amanda.

PUMPANG'S POV - finally, the binoculars focus. He panics.

PUMPANG (O.S.)

(on walkie)  
Abort! ABORT!

AMANDA

David?

David, caught off guard, quickly hides his walkie talkie.

DAVID

Hey. Fancy seeing you here.

AMANDA

(instantly suspicious)  
Are you following me?

DAVID

What? No! Of course not, I just  
wanted to check out the whole flea  
market/antiquing scene, you know?

Amanda does not look convinced. David quickly continues.

DAVID (cont'd)

In fact, I was just trying to find  
out how much this lovely ceramic  
chicken cost. Sir?

David gets the attention of the Antique Guy.

ANTIQUÉ GUY

Fifteen dollars.

David gives him a "you've gotta be shitting me" look.



DAVID  
For a used chicken?!

ANTIQUÉ GUY  
Twenty.

DAVID  
This guy doesn't even know how to negotiate properly.

ANTIQUÉ GUY  
Twenty-five!

David puts down the chicken and turns to Amanda.

AMANDA  
But I thought you hated antiques.

DAVID  
What? No I don't. "Hate" is such a strong word.  
(beat)  
What about you? What drives your passion for the antique arts?

Amanda seems a little suspicious, but she answers anyway.

AMANDA  
I don't know. It's just everything here has a history. Some unique story of where it's been, how it came to be here. When you find something you like, you can be a part of its story.

David can only nod his head, captivated by her answer.

AMANDA (cont'd)  
Then again, on a certain level, I can identify with this stuff too. Getting discarded, tossed aside. I think at some point in our lives, we all feel like cast-offs.

That one hit a little close to home.

SEBASTIAN  
I can't imagine anyone ever voluntarily throwing you away, baby. They'd have to be crazy.

Both turn to find Sebastian standing there, looking handsome. He moves in for a kiss. Only then does he notice David.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
 David! Well, what do you know?  
 How fantastic is this? I had no  
 idea you had a case of the antique  
 fever too!

DAVID  
 Um..., well... I sure do.

SEBASTIAN  
 Amanda, honey, this is David  
 Saunders. He's doing our concert--

AMANDA  
 We know each other.

SEBASTIAN  
 No kidding! What a small world!

DAVID  
 You mean, you don't know?  
 (looking at Amanda)  
 She never told you?

Amanda looks back at him. Apparently not.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 We dated for seven years. I'm her  
 ex-boyfriend.

A beat. Sebastian smiles.

SEBASTIAN  
 How funny is that! I guess we both  
 have pretty darn good taste, huh?

AMANDA  
 So, you don't mind?

SEBASTIAN  
 Not if you don't. History is  
 history, am I right David?

David doesn't really have a good answer to that.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
 Speaking of which, I want to show  
 you both something. David, I think  
 you'll really get a kick out of it.

EXT. ROSE BOWL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

David, Amanda and Sebastian stand at the rear of a pick up  
 truck. In its bed sits a GORGEOUS WOODEN CHEST.

SEBASTIAN

Striking, isn't it? This gorgeous seventeenth century oak chest belonged to William Brewster. In 1620, he packed his belongings in this chest along with those of his wife Abigail and daughters Emily and Susanna. He also packed two barrels of wheat, an iron pot and roughly 26 square feet of canvas, along with his hopes and dreams for a new life. Then he, his family and this chest boarded a ship called... The Mayflower.

(beat)

It's perfection in antique form!

DAVID

Uh... yeah. Well, I should go.

He starts to slink off but Sebastian stops him.

SEBASTIAN

David, I want you to have it.

DAVID

What?

SEBASTIAN

I mean it. Consider it a gift. For the work you've done on the hospital, and what you're doing on the concert hall. Please. Take it. It would mean a lot to me.

David stands there at an utter loss. Amanda keeps quiet.

EXT. ROSE BOWL PARKING LOT - LATER

David and Pumpang are using ropes to tie the trunk down over David's new seventeenth century chest.

DAVID

It's like it's not even a fair fight.

PUMPANG

He is a very worthy adversary. So generous, so thoughtful.

(beat)

Old dead William Brewster would have been proud to know him...

DAVID

Not helping, Pumpang. Just spying on her isn't doing anything but proving what a great guy Sebastian is. I've got to do something else.

Pumpang finishes his knot.

PUMPANG

You could do as Sebastian does.

DAVID

Meaning what?

PUMPANG

Give her a gift. My grandmother was partial to milk sweets and tulips. I remember my grandfather would bring them to her after every indiscretion.

DAVID

This isn't a High School prom. Candy and flowers won't cut it.

PUMPANG

For my mother's 60th birthday, I gave her a book of coupons. You know, "good for one free back rub", that kind of stuff.  
(sigh, hurt)  
She never redeemed them.

David thinks for a moment.

DAVID

If it were something thoughtful. Something meaningful...

He looks back at the flea market and SNAPS his fingers.

DAVID (cont'd)

Sebastian may be perfect in every way, but there's one thing I've got that he's lacking.

PUMPANG

Desperation?

David shakes his head, his eyes narrowing.

DAVID

History, buddy. History.

INT. DEARHEART SCHOOL - MORNING

The halls are empty as David quietly SNEAKS out of Amanda's deserted classroom. As he turns the corner, he finds himself alone with an early student - DONNIE, hanging his coat in his locker and wearing purple CAMOUFLAGE PANTS.

DAVID  
You again, huh? Thanks for your help with that letter by the way.

Donnie just stares at him, silent, not picking up on the sarcasm. He is not very smart. Unbeknownst to David, stern Miss Essex peeks her head out of her classroom.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I gave you that candy for a reason, you know.

Donnie still says nothing. David tousles Donnie's hair.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Maybe you can make it up to me later, sound good?

David smiles at the kid, noticing the way he is dressed.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Sweet pants you got there.

Miss Essex has heard enough. She races toward David.

STERN TEACHER  
STOP RIGHT THERE, PREDATOR!

David spins around, recognizing the stern old teacher.

DAVID  
No! It's ok! I'm not-- ah, shit!

David sprints away, running out a side door.

INT. DEARHEART SCHOOL - LATER

Amanda and a YOUNG TEACHER walk down the hallway with Donnie.

TEACHER  
Poor Donnie. Who knows how close he came to who knows what with that P-E-D-O-P-H-I-L-E.

Donnie looks up, utterly lost and slightly traumatized. Amanda enters her classroom and stops dead in her tracks.

All the KIDS are gathered around her desk, like gawkers at a crime scene. As she makes her way over, the kids part so she can get to her desk and see for herself. Finally, she does:

Sitting on her desk is a STUFFED RAT. Not the teddy bear kind, either. An actual rat which had been alive at some point in time, possibly wandering the city's sewers, but had recently spent time in a taxidermist's shop. The rat is standing on its hind legs, looking hideous.

AMANDA  
Oh, my God.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits behind his desk, looking proud. Karen sits across from him, her mouth is agape.

KAREN  
You did what?

DAVID  
I left a rat on Amanda's desk to remind her of me.

KAREN  
That's disgusting, David.

DAVID  
No, it's not. See, our first apartment, no matter how clean we kept it, this rat kept getting into our food. Finally, we decided if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. So we started to feed it. He was actually a very sweet rat. We called him Weiner, cause he kind of looked like a big sausage. He bit me once, but he was cool.

Karen shakes her head, amazed and disgusted.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Anyway, that stuffed rat was just what I needed. It's an antique, which Amanda loves, and it's a memory between the two of us. Sebastian can't take that away.

Karen pulls up a chair, sits down and stares across the desk at David. She looks very seriously concerned.

KAREN

Listen to me. What I'm about to say, I say because I like you very much and hate to see you like this.

(beat)

David, you have to stop.

DAVID

It's okay. You don't understand.

KAREN

Yes, I do! You have to trust me on this. I'm a girl, I know these things. Listen to me: she is over you. She has found somebody else and it's time you did too.

DAVID

But I--

KAREN

No! You're a wonderful man, but your life is falling apart in front of your eyes and you can't even see it. You look like shit. You haven't done actual work in weeks. And now you're spending money on dead rodents! David, I'm begging you, let her go. If not for yourself... do it for me.

A brief, confused look crosses David's face, but before he can pursue it, Rich barges in and sternly points at Karen.

RICH

You, out.

Karen quickly exits. David is surprised by Rich's demeanor.

DAVID

Hey, Rich. What's up?

RICH

It's Mr. Boswell - we may get hand jobs together, but I'm your boss and I'll be treated with respect. Now, I hope I don't have to tell you that your presentation to the Opera Board is in one week.

From the look on David's face, that's news to him.

DAVID

(lying)

Of course not. I'm on it.

RICH  
I try to be nice, and what thanks  
do I get? I get shit on.

David starts to protest but Rich cuts him off with a glare.

RICH (cont'd)  
I waited all weekend. I expected a  
phone call. Maybe a fax. Anything  
to let me know you were working on  
it. But I got a big pile of squat.  
This project, Saunders, you have  
been AWOL. Every time I check in,  
you're either out of the office or  
you pussyfoot around and don't show  
me dick. Well, I'm tired of it.

David has no response.

RICH (cont'd)  
I got a call from Sebastian Cole.  
He wants to see you, ASAP. Is  
there anything I should know about?

David shakes his head - he has no idea.

DAVID  
Not that I'm aware of.

RICH  
There better not be. Here's his  
address. Now get out of my sight.

David takes the paper from Rich and slinks out.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

David pulls up to a gorgeous home in a very exclusive  
community. Several expensive cars sit in the circular  
driveway.

David gets out and walks up to the huge double doors. He  
presses the doorbell. A speaker next to the door clicks.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)  
Y-ello.

DAVID  
Uh, yeah, it's David. Saunders.  
You wanted to see me?

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)  
Come on in. I'm in the study.

A soothing BUZZ. David shakes his head and goes inside.



INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks down an amazing hallway, past incredible room after incredible room. It's somewhere between MTV's Cribs and a Merchant/Ivory film. Finally, he reaches...

INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

David enters a well-appointed study. Bookshelves line the walls, filled with thousands of books. A gorgeous mahogany desk sits unoccupied. David looks confused.

DAVID  
Um, hello?

David is startled as a TANNING BED he didn't even notice opens and Sebastian steps out. He is quite the specimen. David is distracted by the tightness of Sebastian's Speedos - and the size of what they contain. The man is packing heat.

SEBASTIAN  
David! Thanks for coming!

DAVID  
Sure. You, uh, wanna put on some clothes?  
(almost an aside)  
Please?

SEBASTIAN  
Oh, I'm fine, thanks. Listen, I hope you won't find this an imposition, I know your time is precious and you've been working so hard on our little project... but I asked you here for reasons of a personal nature. It's about Amanda. If you're not comfortable talking about her, then I completely understand.

Well, at least David's no longer thinking about his unit.

DAVID  
No, not at all. Whatever.

SEBASTIAN  
Good. Amanda and I have been seeing each other for two very wonderful months now. And of course, she's nothing short of amazing. We go out, we stay in, it doesn't matter - wherever we are, we generate sparks.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
When we dance, we dance like no  
one's watching. When we hug, it  
just seems right.

David is miserable, but hoping for a silver lining somewhere.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
But then I think of you two -  
spending seven years together. The  
way I see it, you probably know  
Amanda better than anyone.

David starts to brighten.

DAVID  
Yeah?

SEBASTIAN  
So I'm wondering... you think she'd  
like a surprise proposal, or would  
she rather pick the ring herself?

David's heart has stopped beating. He can barely speak.

DAVID  
What?

SEBASTIAN  
I know. Bit of a shock, huh? It's  
just one of those things. You get  
this feeling and you know it's  
right. It's perfect. It's love.  
It's perfect love.

David may very well be experiencing a panic attack.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)  
I was thinking about doing it this  
Friday. She's got a talent show at  
school that night, and at the end,  
after all these kids that mean the  
world to her have gone up and put  
everything on the line, I thought  
I'd do the same. Put it all on the  
line. Ask her to marry me right  
there on stage. What you think?

DAVID  
It's... um, it's perfect.

Sebastian claps him on the back and walks him out.

SEBASTIAN  
Thanks, buddy. That means a lot.  
I feel so jazzed about this. I  
have to admit, I've even been  
fantasizing about the honeymoon!

David looks like he's been punched in the stomach and kicked in the crotch at the same time. Sebastian notices.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Not that part, of course. No, I meant the actual trip. As I've always said, life is not about the destination - it's the journey. Did you know she's never been on a cruise before? I was thinking that might be perfect, don't you?

Finally, David musters the strength to speak.

DAVID

I really need to go home.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits on his sad, sheetless bed. He looks devastated. He opens a SCRAPBOOK - the same one from the beginning - and takes out a photo of Amanda and David kissing. David holds the photo to his mouth and tries to participate in the kiss.

BEGIN MONTAGE - Boston's classic power ballad, "Amanda", plays as we watch David being emotionally tortured:

David walks down a busy street. He passes a woman and quickly turns - was that Amanda? Then another woman passes - she too looks like Amanda. Soon the sidewalk is filled with Amanda lookalikes - everywhere he turns, a swarm of them.

He looks at a BUS STOP BENCH. It's got an ad for a perfume - Amanda is the model. The BUS arrives. The ad on its side is for a CAR ACCIDENT LAWYER, with Amanda holding up a gavel and a fistful of money. Everywhere he turns is Amanda.

David is at a PARK, sitting on a bench. He spots a TEA CUP POODLE humping the shit out of a CHIHUAHUA. He happens to notice their large DOGTAGS - one is named "Sebastian", the one underneath, getting humped, is named "Amanda". Weird.

David sits in a BAR, drowning his sorrows. He looks down the bar. Sitting alone is Amanda. He musters a weak wave. She returns the wave, smiling. Encouraged, David stands and goes to her. He looks at her beautiful face, holds it in his hands, kisses it, long and hard. It's only as the BARTENDER and a few PATRONS laugh and point that David realizes something is wrong. He pulls away - he was not making out with Amanda. He was tongue-kissing an ELDERLY FEMALE BARFLY. David runs out of the bar, most likely to puke.

David sits in his beanbag, a pair of scissors in his hand and a LIFE VEST around his shoulders. He softly weeps as he cuts something we cannot see.

END MONTAGE.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

Karen enters. David sits at his desk, staring straight ahead, a far off, hollow look in his eyes. He doesn't notice Karen. She angrily SLAMS a stack of papers on his desk.

KAREN  
Pathetic. Are you even ready for  
the presentation? It's in an hour.

David looks her dead in the eyes. He blinks.

DAVID  
He's marrying her. He told me.

She looks like she might be having an aneurysm.

KAREN  
Good! Maybe now you'll get it!  
(pounding the desk)  
It's over! You and Amanda are  
done, okay?!

David looks dazed, stunned. He cannot or will not respond.

KAREN (cont'd)  
There is no final scene where you  
go running through the airport and  
catch her at the gate just in time.  
Darryl Hannah is not going to leave  
her life in the ocean for you, and  
there is no way in hell she's going  
to dump the hunky fireman for a guy  
with a big nose just because he's  
best friends with Shelly Duvall!

David opens his mouth but she shuts him down.

KAREN (cont'd)  
David, you're deluded. You can't  
just make some ridiculous grand  
gesture and have her suddenly see  
the error of her ways! Go ahead,  
take a limo, climb her fire escape  
and give her flowers. But I got  
news for you - you're no Richard  
Gere, Amanda's no hooker with a  
heart of gold, and I'm no fucking  
Hector Elizondo! All those stupid  
movies don't mean a thing in the  
real world! Do you understand?!

She breathes desperately into his face. David smiles.

DAVID  
Thank you, Karen... you just helped  
me more than you know.

He gets up from his desk and starts to leave.

KAREN  
Where are you going?

DAVID  
To win back the love of my life!

Karen buries her head in her hands. David nearly runs head  
in to Rich as he exits. He doesn't even stop.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I can't make it. The plans are on  
a disk on my desk. Wish me luck!

For the first time since we've met him, Rich is speechless.

EXT. PUMPANG'S DORM - DAY

David screeches up to Pumpang's dorm. He honks the horn and  
Pumpang comes running out with several duffel bags.

PUMPANG  
You ready for this, my friend?

DAVID  
Absolutely. Where are we going?

PUMPANG  
The art museum. It's a field trip.  
Those are some very lucky  
underprivileged children. I know  
the way - I'll drive.

Pumpang jumps in the driver's seat.

EXT. STREETS - LATER

Pumpang drives like a madman, darting through traffic, making  
hairpin turns, hauling ass like he's in *Days of Thunder*.  
David changes clothes in the back seat, but it's not easy.

DAVID  
Take it easy, Pumpang! We want to  
get there alive!

PUMPANG  
The streets of Calcutta steel your  
nerves and harden your soul.  
There, it's kill or be killed.

More kick-ass, stunt-driver-worthy moves as they drive on.

INT. LACMA ART MUSEUM - DAY

Amanda leads her class through the museum.

AMANDA

Did everybody have a good time?

The Kids all respond in unison with an excited "YES!"

AMANDA (cont'd)

Well we better get back on the bus.  
We don't want to be late for the  
big talent show tonight, do we?

She rounds up the kids.

AMANDA (cont'd)

This way, everybody. Donnie, stay  
with the group now.

Donnie is lagging back, mesmerized by a bright painting.

DAVID (O.S.)

Listen to your teacher, Donnie.

Donnie looks up to see David standing above him. He is wearing a rented tux. Donnie instantly runs off to the bus.

Amanda doesn't notice until she hears "Red Red Wine" playing from a small CD boom box David holds over his head. He moves toward her, but jerks to a stop, having run out of cord. He sets the boom box down. Pumpang steps out with a SITAR and begins playing along softly with the CD, adding a distinct Hindu vibe. David smiles.

DAVID (cont'd)

I don't want to keep you, Amanda.  
I know you have to get on that bus  
out there and go back to work. But  
I just need a moment of your time  
before it's too late.

Amanda can only stare at the scene unfolding before her.

DAVID (cont'd)

You see, I've already waited too  
long. Seven years too long.  
Amanda, I know it's my fault. I  
got so caught up in work and  
everything else that I took you for  
granted. There's not a day goes by  
that I don't regret doing that.

Everyone - Amanda, the kids, MUSEUM SECURITY - is listening.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 But I've changed. Right now, I'm missing the most important meeting of my life, because in the end, work's not what's important to me. You are.

Is he getting through to her? David can't tell, but he continues anyway.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 You said everything has a history. Some unique story of where it's been, and how it came to be here. You and I have a history, Amanda. Well, I don't know where I was before I met you, and I don't want to know where I'd be without you.

David takes a knee. He reaches into his pocket.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 You said when you find something you like, you can become a part of its story.

He pulls out the CERAMIC CHICKEN from before.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Like a chicken.

He opens its beak - dangling inside is a a smallish, multi-color, gaudily bejeweled ring.

Or a ring.

David takes it out and holds it up to her.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 This particular ring comes from this older woman who lives in Monrovia with a dozen cats. She never married, but she was engaged to a young sailor who ended up being killed. During the Bataan Death March. Apparently it was pretty bad. Anyway, this is the ring he gave her. He loved her very much. I know it's not some pilgrim's suitcase, but I think it's a pretty good story anyway. And I would be honored if you'd carry on the story of this ring - with me.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)  
 (beat, choking up)  
 What do you say, Amanda? Marry me.

She wipes the tears from her eyes and looks down at David.

AMANDA  
 I'm sorry, David. I'm in love with  
 Sebastian.

She quickly makes her way through the kids and out. The kids look at David, down on a knee, destroyed. And they start to LAUGH and POINT. Humiliation on top of heartbreak. Great.

INT. PRISM ARCHITECTURE OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The atmosphere is just as awkward, only there is no laughter. An entire boardroom, including Sebastian, sits in silence.

RICH  
 Well, uh, unfortunately David  
 Saunders was unable to join us  
 today, but fear not! I do have his  
 designs, so... with no further ado,  
 I give you the Long Beach Concert  
 Hall. Karen?

Karen, at a laptop, hits a button. A huge FLATSCREEN MONITOR illuminates. The VERY ROUGH sketch of a building of some sort appears. The iconic music from the beginning of "2001" plays. As it does, the sketch of the building MORPHS into a sketch of a woman. When it hits its crescendo, the woman's features fill in and we see it's Amanda.

Then Grand Funk Railroad's "Some Kind of Wonderful" plays. Only it's not Grand Funk - it's a cover. By UB40.

And so begins a slide show, not of architectural designs, but of memories - of David and Amanda, complete with fancy (albeit amateurish) wipes. They sure look happy.

Rich does not, though. Neither does Sebastian.

RICH (cont'd)  
 (quietly, to himself)  
 Oh, he's gonna bleed.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - AFTERNOON

David and Pumpang arrive on campus. Without a word, Pumpang hugs David then gets out and drags his sitar up to his dorm.

David sits there in a daze, looking crushed. He watches all the young love around him, COUPLE after COUPLE walking to class, playing in the quad, just hanging out - and it only makes him feel worse.



He spots an ASIAN COUPLE on a blanket in the grass. The GIRL is straddling the BOY, who lies on his stomach. She gives him a loving massage. David hears a voice from his past.

MIN SOO (V.O.)  
Love like a massage. Push too  
hard, hurt bad.

David blinks, the victim of a moment of clarity.

DAVID  
I pushed too hard.

He turns the ignition and begins to drive off.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EVENING

Amanda, looking hesitant, and Pumpang stand at David's door.

PUMPANG  
As long as I have known you, I have  
never asked for a favor. I will  
never ask you anything again, okay?

AMANDA  
Pumpang, you picked a strange time  
to ask for a favor. I really  
shouldn't be doing this.

Pumpang lowers his head.

PUMPANG  
I am sorry for any awkwardness I  
caused at the museum. But you both  
mean so much to me, I would do  
anything for you or David. So I  
ask you please, just see him this  
one time. Talk to him. Please?

Amanda sighs, giving in. Pumpang KNOCKS on David's door. No response. He knocks again. Nothing.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
David! Open up!

AMANDA  
I don't think he's here, Pumpang.

Pumpang pulls out his high-tech lock picking set.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They enter David's depressing apartment.

AMANDA  
God, this place is depressing.

PUMPANG  
Yes, his life is all but destroyed  
without you in it.  
(calls out)  
David! I have someone to see you!

AMANDA  
Do you think he's alright?

She does seem somewhat concerned.

PUMPANG  
Well, you did crush his spirit this  
afternoon. He's probably just  
sleeping it off.

Pumpang rushes to the bedroom door and opens it. His jaw nearly drops to the floor - covering the entire wall of the bedroom is a GIANT COLLAGE OF AMANDA. David must have spent hours cutting out photos of Amanda and pasting them to the wall. It is amazing, it is beautiful, it is fucking crazy.

Pumpang slams the door shut, hoping Amanda didn't see.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
You're right. He's not home.  
Maybe some other time!

AMANDA  
I have to go. The kids are waiting  
for me.  
(beat)  
You want to come?

Pumpang looks up at her. He nods.

PUMPANG  
Yes. Of course I will be there.

Pumpang shuts the door behind them.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

The parking lot is full, the place is buzzing.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda stands backstage. She peeks out into the audience, where PARENTS take their seats and several UNIFORMED COPS stand in the aisles. She turns to MISS ESSEX.

AMANDA

What's with the SWAT team?

MISS ESSEX

It's a talent show. There's a child molester on the loose, Amanda. We might as well be running a butcher shop here!

Amanda sighs, she has other things to worry about.

AMANDA

Why would anyone stalk Donnie anyway?

She shakes her head, confused.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER

The place is packed. Pumpang sits in the front row. Amanda stands at the side of the stage (out of sight from most of the crowd), watching the chubby girl with skinned knees butcher an (already butchered) Ashlee Simpson song, smiling.

From the side of the auditorium, a broken looking man enters. It is David. He looks around, trying to spot Amanda. Then he does, standing backstage with her clipboard. He smiles sadly and, without causing a scene, sets off to find her...

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

...which is easier said than done. David is trying door after door, all of them locked. Finally, he finds an unlocked door, opens it and enters...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...only to find a bunch of BOYS in various states of undress.

Including Donnie, in a half-pulled-up leotard, wearing white face paint. He's a MIME. But he breaks the mime code:

DONNIE

(BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!!!)

DAVID

Oh, shit. What's wrong with you?!

DONNIE

Ms. Essex told me if I ever see a stranger, I should scream.

DAVID  
I'm not a stranger, Donnie. I  
thought we were buddies.

Donnie SCREAMS again. Just then a UNIFORMED COP bursts in,  
aiming his gun at David.

COP  
Freeze!

The boys react as if it's the first time they've ever seen a  
cop about to kill a man.

BOYS  
(BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS!!!)

David ducks, racing out of a back door.

Out on stage, Pumpang and the rest of the audience watch  
David run by, followed by the police.

PUMPANG  
David!?

David sprints off stage and down the hall, running through  
the bowels of the auditorium, past Amanda...

DAVID  
I'm sorry!

... and finally through an exit into the night...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

...and back to where we began.

COP (O.S.)  
There he is! Get him!

And the chase begins. We catch up to David as he stops to  
stare at an apartment building. Amanda's apartment building.  
Then he is captured.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

David stares longingly at all he's lost.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the squad car drives off, Pumpang puts a comforting arm  
around Amanda. She is shaken by what's become of David.

AMANDA  
What happened to him?

Pumpang considers the question for beat. A long beat.

PUMPANG  
I think it was love.

INT. JAIL - CELL - DAY

David sits, looking oddly at peace.

GUARD (O.S.)  
Saunders. You got a visitor.

INT. JAIL - VISITING AREA - LATER

David sits, picks up the phone and looks through the glass partition. On the other side is Karen, looking concerned.

KAREN  
How you holding up?

DAVID  
Well, I'm in jail, accused of being a pedophile and/or sexual predator. Other than that, I'm fine.

KAREN  
You forgot to mention being fired.

David nods his head. He saw that one coming.

KAREN (cont'd)  
David, I hate to see you like this.

DAVID  
You and me both. But you'll be happy to know, I've done a lot of thinking, and I think you were right. I was out of control.

KAREN  
I know.

DAVID  
I let my feelings for Amanda overwhelm my life.

KAREN  
I know.

DAVID  
Not anymore. I'm a changed man.

Karen smiles. Finally, he's talking sensibly.

DAVID (cont'd)  
It's over, Karen. I've given up.  
The only woman I ever loved,  
probably the only woman I ever will  
love is gone, and I've just got to  
come to terms with that.

When he puts it like that... Karen is no longer smiling.

DAVID (cont'd)  
The irony is, that's what I was  
going to tell her last night. I  
wanted to apologize and tell her I  
was finally moving on. I never had  
a chance to, though, what with  
being arrested and all.

David sighs. Karen doesn't know whether to smile or not.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Karen, I'm sorry for putting you  
through all this. You were amazing  
to stand by me for so long. I know  
you were trying to talk some sense  
into me, even if I didn't listen.  
That was really sweet. Thank you.

Karen smiles.

KAREN  
It's okay. Before you went all  
crazy, you were the best boss I  
ever worked for. All things being  
equal, I always thought you could  
have done better than her anyway.  
You're a great guy, you could have  
had anyone, David. Anyone.

David is not sure how to take this.

DAVID  
Uh, thanks, Karen.

KAREN  
I know you're not real good at  
reading between the lines, so I'll  
spell it out: I love you, David.

Who thought it could get more uncomfortable being in jail?

KAREN (cont'd)  
With all my heart. We're meant to  
be together. Just like in those  
romantic comedies.

(MORE)

KAREN (cont'd)  
 I'm Ducky to your Molly Ringwald.  
 I'm the short haired mechanic chick  
 to your red-headed guy from Mask.  
 I'm Glenn Close to your Michael  
 Douglas!

DAVID  
 Um, I don't think *Fatal Attraction*  
 was technically a romantic comedy.

KAREN  
 It had romance, goddammit! Just  
 like we can!

David has gone from uncomfortable to freaked out.

DAVID  
 Guard?

KAREN  
 You complete me, David! You had me  
 at hello! Show me the money! Show  
 me the money!

DAVID  
 GUARD!

Off David's panicked face...

EXT. DEARHEART PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Amanda and another TEACHER walk to their respective cars.

TEACHER  
 See ya tomorrow, Amanda.

AMANDA  
 Take care, Beth.

The teacher drives off. Amanda hesitates, lingering for a brief second, looking around, searching for something.

INT. YOGA CLASS - LATER

Class is in session, each person peacefully contorting his or herself. Amanda goes through the motions. She seems distracted, looking around the room almost wistfully.

EXT. EL COMPADRE - LATER

Amanda is walking by as a YOUNG COUPLE exit, arm in arm, madly in love. She sighs, then keeps walking. She hears a ruckus around back, at the kitchen doorway, where a BUSBOY sweeps out a big RAT. As it scurries away, she sighs again.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

A harsh BUZZ. David walks through the doors, a free man once again. Pumpang goes to him and, without a word, hugs him.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - LATER

Pumpang drives, David stares straight ahead. Not a word is spoken. Pumpang glances at David, then back to the road.

PUMPANG  
Jeff and Stu are playing frisbee  
golf. Want to join them?

DAVID  
No, that's okay.

PUMPANG  
We could rent a movie or take a  
walk. It's very nice out--

David interrupts by patting him on the shoulder.

DAVID  
Pumpang, I appreciate what you're  
trying to do, but I'm okay. It's  
over, and I've accepted that. I've  
given up. I'm gonna be just fine.

Pumpang nods, not entirely convinced. They drive on.

BEGIN MONTAGE - David - and Amanda - moving on.

David staying active - playing TENNIS, poorly; playing GOLF, poorly; and FRISBEE GOLF with Pumpang, Jeff and Stu, poorly.

Amanda and Sebastian, preparing for the wedding - trying on a GOWN, meeting with a WEDDING PLANNER, sampling WEDDING CAKE.

David learning how to COOK, learning yoga from a video tape, sitting in bed reading *The Kite Runner*.

More wedding plans, involving Amanda and, in separate scenes, Cindy, Pumpang and, of course, Jim. Each of them somehow seem more into it than she does - not by much, but a little.

David perusing various GARAGE SALES, buying various items, engaging with the garage sellers, looking downright happy.

END MONTAGE



EXT. ROSE BOWL - OUTDOOR FLEA MARKET - DAY

David has his own booth. He is completing a sale to an OLD WOMAN. She beams as he packs her GARDEN GNOME.

DAVID  
Every garden gnome deserves a good home. I think this little fella has found his, ma'am.

One big smile and she's off. David turns to greet his next customer: Amanda. Both are shocked to see each other.

AMANDA  
Oh my God! David?!

DAVID  
Amanda.  
(beat)  
Are you following me?

AMANDA  
No, I was-- I mean--

DAVID  
I know, I was kidding. How are you? You look great.

AMANDA  
So do you. I'm fine. What are you doing here? You have a booth?

DAVID  
Sure do. It's just something I like to do in my free time. Back when I was obsessed with getting you back, I sorta stumbled into this whole antiquing thing. And you were right - all these trinkets, and all these stories, they're fascinating. So thank you - for opening my eyes.

He doesn't seem to be bullshitting. They just stand there, looking at each other.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Enough about me. I understand congratulations are in order. He's a very, very lucky man. I wish you both all kinds of happiness.

Amanda is blushing now, looking a bit disappointed somehow.

AMANDA

Really? Well... thank you.

DAVID

And listen, about the whole stalking thing, I'm sorry. I was out of control. I went a little nuts. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable or miserable.

Good Lord. Amanda is almost speechless.

AMANDA

No, it's okay. Really. I don't mind.

(thoughtful beat)

Well, I guess I'll see you then.

David nods.

DAVID

Okay.

He goes back to selling his wares. Amanda watches, then slowly walks away, turning back once more before she leaves.

David looks up too, just missing her as she disappears.

INT. PUMPANG'S DORM - AFTERNOON

Jeff and Stu are on the couch, playing Madden '06 and eating Mexican food. David sits on a beanbag, reading. Pumpang enters wearing a tux and carrying something. David whistles.

DAVID

Pumpang, you are one handsome Indian. Looking sharp.

(beat)

Whatcha got there?

Pumpang shows him: a scrapbook marked "Sebastian and Amanda".

PUMPANG

It is empty. I figure they can make their own scrapbook.

JEFF

So where's the wedding, dude?

PUMPANG

The Getty Center. Arguably the most spectacular view on the entire West Coast. Sebastian has rented the entire place and hired the L.A.

(MORE)

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
 Philharmonic to perform during the  
 wedding, then Counting Crowes for  
 the reception. Wolfgang Puck  
 himself is catering.

STU  
 Sounds intense.

David nods. It is pretty damn impressive.

PUMPANG  
 It is quite impressive. I believe  
 Sebastian has thought of everything  
 to make this the perfect wedding.  
 Of course, that is his way. He  
 expects perfection, because he  
 defines perfection.  
 (beat)  
 Well, I should go. Sebastian has  
 everything worked out precisely. A  
 limo should be arriving any moment.

At that very moment, the limo HONK is heard.

DAVID  
 See you later, buddy.

Pumpang exits.

STU  
 These are some kick ass fish tacos,  
 bro. Where'd you get 'em?

JEFF  
 El Compadre, dude. They're the  
 best. There's some flan, too.

David looks up at the mention of the restaurant.

FLASH - David and Amanda sit in El Compadre, sharing a booth,  
 feeding each other tacos, so crazy in love.

BACK TO REALITY - David looks a bit dazed, but goes back to  
 his book. Jeff and Stu continue playing and eating.

JEFF (cont'd)  
 That Sebastian dude sounds like a  
 tool to me.

STU  
 Hell yeah! A limo? Wolfgang Puck?  
 Counting Crowes? Tool, tool,  
 double tool.

DAVID  
 Well, he's not really a bad guy.

JEFF

You ask me, he's got an unhealthy fixation on perfection. Borderline obsession, sounds like.

STU

Totally!

David looks up from his book - their words have somehow gotten through to him.

FLASH - Sebastian at their first meeting, at David's office.

SEBASTIAN

I can describe what we want in a concert hall with one word. Perfection.

FLASH - Sebastian standing by the antique chest.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

It's perfection in antique form!

FLASH - Sebastian in his study, after he told David of his plan to propose.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

You get this feeling and you know it's right. It's perfect. It's love. It's perfect love.

SERIES OF FLASHES, ONE AFTER THE OTHER - Everyone - Pumpang, Amanda, Cindy, David himself, all describing Sebastian the same way.

EVERYONE

He's perfect. Perfect. Perfect!

SMASH BACK TO REALITY - David looks totally enlightened.

DAVID

Holy shit. That's it.

EXT. GETTY CENTER - AFTERNOON

It's a pretty spectacular view - especially with a sunset looming. Wedding guests mill about.

INT. GETTY CENTER - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda is having the final touches applied. She is in her wedding gown, and she looks more spectacular than the view.

DAVID (O.S.)  
You look absolutely stunning.

Amanda and her bridesmaids (including Cindy) turn to see David standing in the doorway, looking out of breath.

AMANDA  
David, what are you doing here?

DAVID  
It's called a Hail Mary.

Cindy looks like she's about to puke.

CINDY  
Oh, my God. You can't even be serious. I'm getting security. And Sebastian.

DAVID  
Then I better hurry. Amanda, you have found yourself the perfect man, and I congratulate you for that. But here is my point, and the reason I came here today: you don't need the perfect man.

He pauses to let the words soak in.

DAVID (cont'd)  
You don't want a perfect man. That's why you went out with me in the first place. Why you teach troubled orphans. Why you have soft spots for rodents and estranged Hindus!

More people gather as Cindy searches desperately for security.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Perfection is overrated! Sebastian isn't the one for you! Every fight you're gonna have - you're gonna be wrong. Every day that doesn't go well, every choice that doesn't work out - it's going to be your fault. Not his! The fact is, perfection is not human. As great as he is, he's not human, and you know it. You need a human, Amanda. And being human means having flaws.

He pauses, shaking his head, building his case.

DAVID (cont'd)  
And I'm all about the flaws. I'm not perfect. I'm not great. Far from it. In fact, not only am I not great, I'm pretty mediocre.

That's a unique sales pitch.

DAVID (cont'd)  
But I am working on it. And I'm already a hell of a lot better than I was a year ago when I made the biggest mistake of my life. You made me better - and that was when we were broken up. Just imagine how much I'll improve if we're together.

David takes a breath, trying to collect himself.

DAVID (cont'd)  
I'm not perfect. But I think I'm perfect for you. I know you, I know your strengths and I know your imperfections. I know you smile while you sleep. I know you like your tea served with an ice cube on the side, just in case it's too hot. And I know that you have the most beautiful, caring heart of anyone I've ever met.

Amanda is not stopping him.

DAVID (cont'd)  
You aren't perfect, but you're as close as I ever want to come. And you being so close to perfect, and my being so far from perfect, I think together we'd be just right.

Just then a few SECURITY GUARDS and Sebastian arrive.

SEBASTIAN  
Honey, is everything alright?

David - and everyone else in the room - looks at Amanda.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

We hear the sound of a LOUD HORN...

EXT. PORT OF SAN PEDRO - DAY

Amanda walks up the plank and hands her tickets to the CRUISE SHIP ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

And where's the rest of your party?

AMANDA

Right there.

She points down the plank - at DAVID. Awww.

DAVID

See? I got us here on time. Talk about changing for the better.

PUMPANG (O.S.)

Um, excuse me, David. It's rather heavy. Perhaps you could help.

WIDEN TO REVEAL - PUMPANG, a few steps behind, lugging the 17th Century Chest. It does look heavy. David goes to help.

DAVID

Sorry, buddy.

PUMPANG

No, it is fine. I must say, I am still amazed that Sebastian not only allowed you to be married at his wedding, but to take his honeymoon as well.

DAVID

I told you - he's not human. He's too perfect.

AMANDA

And I'm so glad you're not even close.

She wraps David in a hug and begins kissing him. He and Pumpang set down the trunk. Pumpang pulls out his camera.

PUMPANG

This is going to be a good one.

He SNAPS the picture.

CLOSE ON - the resulting photo. A shot of David and Amanda on the ship, totally in love, the sun setting behind them.

TITLES OVER PHOTO: **DAVID AND AMANDA LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.**

ANOTHER TITLE: **SO DID PUMPANG... PRETTY MUCH**

We are at a college graduation ceremony. Hundreds of GRADUATES mill around. Pumpang, wearing a cap and gown, holds a degree and smiles for the camera. After the FLASH, he takes off the cap and gown and hands them to Jeff. He hands Stu the degree. Apparently, he was faking.

PUMPANG (cont'd)  
Thanks, guys. I do not usually engage in deception, but my father has threatened to cut me off.

JEFF  
No problem, Pangster.

STU  
Check you later, bra!

Jeff and Stu HIGH FIVE Pumpang and head off. Pumpang sighs.

TITLES: **SEBASTIAN MOVED ON.**

EXT. AFRICAN HUT - DAY

Hundreds of AFRICAN VILLAGERS are lined up outside awaiting medical treatment.

INT. AFRICAN HUT - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Sebastian tends to a SMALL BOY who sits in a tiny bed, recovering from surgery. He strokes the kid's head.

SEBASTIAN  
Relax, M'butu. With your inner strength and my knowledge of infectious disease, I think we're going to beat this Ebola thing.

Sebastian nods at a NURSE, indicating he's taking a break.

EXT. AFRICAN HUT - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian stands outside the hut, swigging water from a canteen, admiring the magnificent surroundings.

FEMALE VOICE  
Excuse me. Dr. Sebastian Cole?

SEBASTIAN  
Yes?

He turns to see the source of the voice: ANGELINA JOLIE.



ANGELINA JOLIE  
Hello, I'm actress and United  
Nations Goodwill ambassador  
Angelina Jolie.

They shake hands for a long beat.

ANGELINA JOLIE (cont'd)  
I've heard of the work you're doing  
here. I'd like to hear more.

SEBASTIAN  
Do you like peanut soup? There is  
a woman three huts over who serves  
the most amazing supu ya karanga.

He offers his arm, she takes it and they head off for soup.

**TITLES: JIM AND CINDY HAD PLENTY TO TALK ABOUT.**

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jim and Cindy are members of a party of eight. Right now,  
Cindy is the only one talking.

CINDY  
I knew he was a successful venture  
capitalist, but I had no idea he  
was a billionaire - until he took  
me to his private island. I'm not  
talking about a couple of acres.  
This was huge, right on the ocean  
with the most spectacular rooftop  
pool. And servants? He must have  
had hundreds...

Jim quietly folds his napkin, places it on the table, stands  
up and walks out of the restaurant.

CINDY (cont'd)  
Of course the food was sublime...  
Jim? Where are you going? Jim?

**TITLES: JIM NEVER RETURNED. HE IS MOST LIKELY MUCH HAPPIER.**

**TITLES: RICH FOUND A HAPPY ENDING OF HIS OWN.**

INT. SILK ROAD PALACE MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Rich paces in front of a line-up of not real cute ASIAN WOMEN  
like a guy trying to decide what he wants from an all-you-can-  
eat pizza buffet. Indeed, he looks hungry.

RICH  
 You ladies have outdone yourself.  
 I feel as though I've died and gone  
 to Hot Oriental Chick Heaven.

A couple of the girls giggle, a few others blush.

RICH (cont'd)  
 Now let's see 'em.

The girls hold out their hands. Rich rubs each of them.

RICH (cont'd)  
 Min Soo. Have you been  
 moisturizing?

MIN SOO  
 (nodding vigorously)  
 Lotion!

RICH  
 (smiling)  
 Then I guess you'll have the  
 honors.

Soo Shin frowns. He rubs her cheek.

RICH (cont'd)  
 Oh, don't pout, princess. There's  
 plenty to go around. You see, hand  
 jobs are like snowflakes...

Before he has a chance to go any further, the doors burst in  
 and an entire VICE SQUAD swarms in with guns drawn.

COP  
 Nobody move! This is a raid!

Rich and the whores are thrown up against the walls.

**TITLES: BUT AT LEAST DAVID AND AMANDA AND PUMPANG LIVED  
 HAPPILY EVER AFTER.**

EXT. ROSE BOWL - OUTDOOR FLEA MARKET - DAY

David works the booth. David haggles with a familiar Old  
 Woman who holds a GARDEN GNOME.

DAVID  
 Well, ma'am. You drive a hard  
 bargain. Don't tell the wife, but  
 I think I can give you the friends  
 and family discount.

The woman smiles, pays and leaves. Amanda has seen the whole thing. She grabs his head and kisses him.

AMANDA

I love you so much.

DAVID

I love you, too.

They kiss again until they are interrupted by a BABY CRYING.

PULL BACK to reveal Pumpang looking harried, sitting behind them, a bag of scrapbooking materials in front of him and his new GIRLFRIEND at his side. He awkwardly holds David and Amanda's BABY GIRL, trying to keep her away from his stuff.

PUMPANG

Guys, can you help? She's chewing on my satin ribbon here. Guys?

David and Amanda go to soothe their baby.

We PULL BACK from this idyllic scene, the happy family at a stadium filled with HAPPY FAMILIES. We pass parking lots and climb upward until we stop at the top of the hill.

Standing there is a FIGURE peering through a pair of binoculars in David and Amanda's direction. The binoculars lower and we see it's KAREN. She does not look pleased.

KAREN

Play with your baby, David. For soon you will be mine.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLES: OH YEAH. ABOUT KAREN...

FADE OUT.