Episode #112
Director: Deran Sarafian

CAST
Jeremy Piven

KEEP IT ALIVE!

CUPID

"A Great Personality"

Written by
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Production Draft

12/4/98

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CUPID

"A Great Personality"

CAST LIST

TREVOR HALE ......................................................... JEREMY PIVEN
DR. CLAIRE ALLEN .................................................... PAULA MARSHALL
CHAMP TERRACE ........................................................ JEFFREY SAMS

GUEST CAST

MIKE ................................................................. PAUL ADELSTEIN
NICK ................................................................. JEFF PARISE
LAURENCE ............................................................. DANIEL BRYANT
TINA ................................................................. NOELLE BOU-SLIMAN
JACLYN ............................................................... MELANIE MOORE
CHRIS ............................................................... GERYLL ROBINSON
DR. IAN FRECHETTE .................................................. MARC VANN
*YVONNE ............................................................ CHRISTINE TAYLOR
*KEN ................................................................. GRANT HESLOV
ANNETTE ............................................................. TBD
LANCE ............................................................... JOE PETCKA
STYLISH GENT (GENE) ............................................... TIM DECKER
ATTRACTIVE OLDER WOMAN .......................................... JODI WRIGHT
MODEL ...................................................... TBD
COFFEE SHOP WAITER ................................................ OWEEN SMITH
ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O) .......................................... TBD

Singles Session Extras (NS)
Nice Restaurant Waiter (NS)
Desperate 22-year-old Guy (NS)
Anxious Looking Woman (NS)
The War Room Extras (NS)
Barbie Dolls (NS)
Sidewalk Vendor (NS)
Ice Skaters (NS)
Nice Restaurant Older Man (NS)
Nice Restaurant Younger Woman (NS)

12/4/98
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"A Great Personality"

SET LIST

INTERIORS
CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT
HALLWAY OUTSIDE SINGLES SESSION
  SINGLE SESSIONS ROOM
NICE RESTAURANT
TAGGERTY'S
THE WAR ROOM
CLAIRE'S OFFICE
DR. IAN FRECHETTE'S OFFICE
YVONNE'S BEDROOM
COFFEE SHOP
CLAIRE'S APARTMENT

EXTERIORS
CHICAGO STREET
ICE SKATING RINK
STREET OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP
*COFFEE SHOP

12/4/98
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"A Great Personality"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

TREVOR stands in his bedroom looking forlornly at the bead counter. CHAMP enters and references a piece of paper he's holding. Each has his own agenda.

CHAMP

New e-mail. Kind of a fan letter.

TREVOR

Seven.

Trevor shakes his head, eyes still on the bead counter.

CHAMP

(reading)
Champ. You don't know me, but...

TREVOR

Seven matches in five months.

CHAMP

(reading)
You don't know me, but I've had my eye on you ever since I saw you performing Shakespeare in the Park.

TREVOR

Dionysus is gonna win the betting pool. Old wino said it would take five years.

CHAMP

(reading)
I saw the show three times. The first for the story. The next two for Champ Terrace in tights.

TREVOR

Everyone said he was crazy. "Matching up a hundred couples?" "Cupid?" "He'll be back in no time." Neptune just pushed back our regular tee-time a week. That's how sure he was that --
CONTINUED:

CHAMP
You know, talking to you is a lot like --

TREVOR
Praying. I hear all. Mash note. Some
fan of the bard says you look good in
tights. Noted.

CHAMP
She wants to meet me.

Gonna?

TREVOR

CHAMP

Nope.

TREVOR
Because of Chris? How're things going on
that front?

CHAMP
Things are fine.

TREVOR
'Fine' doesn't move beads. Chris isn't
even your girlfriend... officially.

CHAMP
Whoever sent me this e-mail may not even
be a girl...
(as a smartassed afterthought)
... officially.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

All the regulars. MIKE is wearing one of his Cubs caps on this occasion. He's unshaven and looks especially schleppy.

MIKE
I finally did it. I swore if I got to the end of my rope, I was gonna do it. And I did. That's all I'm saying. Laugh if you want, but here it is. My first personal ad.

Mike holds up a copy of the newspaper classifieds. There's an equal measure of derisive hooting and good-for-you cheering. CLAIRE gives an enigmatic smile -- maybe not her style, but she has no problem with the personals. NICK, wandering the room with a cup of coffee, snatches the newspaper away, begins reading the ad.

NICK
(reading)
Single white male seeks multiple partners for clothing-optional fun...

Women in the group GROAN. (A few should smile, laugh.) Men high five, WOOF, etc.

MIKE
(sharply)
Below that.

Nick grins. He knew he was reading the wrong ad.

NICK
(reading)
Hey, Lolita. Come to daddy --

MIKE
One more.

Nick happens to be walking by Trevor at the time. Trevor snatches the newspaper from Nick, who doesn't even flinch. He's been dumbstruck by the most beautiful woman he's ever seen in a session, the lovely YVONNE. Nick is suddenly in need of a drool bucket.
TREVOR
(reading)
Sammy Sosa is god. If you’ve got no problem with that, and you’re five-nine, somewhere between twenty-two and twenty-six years old and one hundred twenty and one hundred twenty five pounds, drop me a line.

(a beat...then, with irony)
Range of five whole pounds? Sort of casting a wide net there, aren’t you, Mike?

MIKE
Man’s gotta have standards...

TINA
And all she knows she’s getting is a... LAURENCE
Way too skinny for my taste. Perfect weight for a... [X]

TINA and LAURENCE stop and glare at each other.

TINA
Abrasive, Napoleonic African American desires floor for posturing and grandstanding.

LAURENCE
Oh, I apologize. Did Desperately Seeking Infantry Division have something she wanted to say?

Claire jumps in before Laurence and Tina really tangle.

CLAIRE
Mike, I think it’s great that you’re taking some initiative here, but do you think that maybe your ad is a bit...

TINA
Piggish.

CLAIRE
Specific? Madison Avenue has bombarded us with images of beautiful people for so long that we think we’re each entitled to a supermodel of our own. I know it’s difficult, but we should all try harder to see the person inside the package.

(Continued)
TREVOR
Claire, how 'bout whipping out a snapshot of your homely ole boyfriend, Alex. I'm sure the group would all like a gander at that sideshow freak.

CLAIRE
Alex has a beautiful soul.

TINA
(sotto to gal next to her)
Nice ass, too.

TREVOR
Here's the ugly truth, gang. Everyone -- and I mean everyone -- will end up with the hottest partner he or she can manage to lure back to his or her cave.
(to Claire)
Claire, jot that down. You'll want to put it in your next book.

CLAIRE
(feigning true contemplation)
"People like beautiful people." Wow, Trevor. You think it's too late to rework my dissertation? We all appreciate physical beauty. I'm just saying that in seeking our life partners, we should attempt to discount it.

TREVOR
Not possible. Beautiful people end up together. Show me the exception, and I'll show you a relationship based on something even more shallow: wealth, power, rock stardom, a .315 lifetime batting average.

NICK
I say we go straight to the source. Miss?
Nick gestures towards Yvonne. Yvonne looks like she wants to hide. The men who haven't noticed her before, do now.

YVONNE
Yvonne.

NICK
Yvonne.
(momentarily working it)
That's a very pretty name.
(Claire rolls her eyes)
Tell us the truth here. Would someone like you, ever consider dating someone like...
(beat, then pointing)
Mike.

YVONNE
(hesitates)
Sure. Yeah, I guess.

Mike beams. Spreads his hands like, "There you go."

NICK
(dumbfounded)
You would?

TREVOR
You're asking the wrong question, Nick.
It's not whether she would be willing.
The question is... have you ever...

Yvonne hesitates. Mike gives her a charming little hopeful smile. As she's about to speak.

TREVOR (cont'd)
... sober.

Yvonne's mouth closes. The group chuckles. Yvonne steel's herself, takes a deep breath.

YVONNE
Okay. No. I haven't. But that's why I'm here. I want to.
CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE
Hey, now!

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

AS WE FOLLOW a Waiter carrying a tray through an elegantly appointed restaurant.

YVONNE (V.O.)
What you've gotta understand is -- I've always gone out with great looking guys. Most, but not all of 'em, nice enough.

The Waiter arrives at a table where Yvonne sits with LANCE, an extraordinarily handsome man. The Waiter sets down the entrees. Lance WAVES and NODS to people at another table, barely paying attention to Yvonne who is speaking.

YVONNE (V.O.) (cont'd)
But after one too many of them made me feel like a trophy, like what I said wasn't as interesting to them as what I wore, I developed a little test.

YVONNE (cont’d)
... which is why I'm going to shave my head.

Lance's ears prick up. He isn't sure he just heard what he thought he heard.

LANCE
You're what?

INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME SCENE)

The entire group is perplexed. Figurative crickets chirping.

CLAIRED
You tell 'em what?

YVONNE
I tell 'em it's about empowerment. Quote some Sinead O'Connor. Mention how much they liked Sigourney Weaver in Aliens Three. I've got different versions: sometimes I'll tell I've got a pathological fear of sex. Sometimes I'll just act bitchy; see how much he'll let me get away with.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Yvonne, I have to say, your method for weeding out superficial men is a bit extreme.

YVONNE

I know! I know! And I want to stop. But just once I want to know what it feels like to be appreciated for what's inside of me. I've never known, absolutely, what that feels like.

Trevor and Claire exchange concerned looks. Off group members assimilating that viewpoint.

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHAMP and CHRIS snugly on the couch. A movie plays on the tv. Champ's engrossed; Chris less so. There's a video box somewhere out on the coffee table. We don't see the movie, but the sound effects lead us to believe we're at the climax of a high speed chase. Soft drinks, Milk Duds and Cracker Jacks are on the coffee table as well.

CHRIS

What are you thinking about?

For two full seconds marked by the sounds of explosions and gunfire, we don't even know whether Champ has heard Chris. Then, hoping this will end this particular male nightmare...

CHAMP

How great you are.

Chris isn't going to let Champ get away with this. A beat.

CHRIS

What are we doing here?

Another trick question. Champ sighs. Leans up, takes the remote control and pauses the movie.

CHAMP

We're hanging out. We're having a good time.

CHRIS

Is that it? Hanging out?

CHAMP

(attempting to lighten this)

We're cuddling.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHAMP (cont’d)
Some footsy action mixed in. Play your cards right, you might just get lucky.

Normally this would amuse Chris, but...

CHRIS
But where is this heading?

Champ realizes this can’t be avoided. As he speaks, he digs through the Cracker Jacks.

CHAMP
(in a reassuring tone)
Okay, Chris. I don’t know. You know, we’ve set things in motion. It’s good. How ‘bout we just see what happens, instead of trying to make a prediction -- now -- about where it’s going to end up.

Champ withdraws the prize from the box of Cracker Jacks, tears it open -- a RING.

CHAMP (cont’d)
In the meantime, this is for you.

Champ places the ring on Chris’ finger. She examines it.

CHRIS
(a sense of fun)
Wow. Plastic. What’s that symbolic of?

CHAMP
Like. A deep, unequivocal sense of like.

Chris seems satisfied for the time being. Champ leans back, relaxes. Then Chris holds out a piece of fabric from the waistline of whatever she’s wearing.

CHRIS
Do I look fat in this?

Champ can’t believe this is happening to him, but before he can respond, Chris CRACKS up. She’s aware what she’s just put him through. And off Chris kissing Champ...
INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SINGLES SESSION - NIGHT

Everyone is leaving the session. Mike and Laurence are bundling up in the hallway as Nick comes out.

LAURENCE
(to Nick)
Ready?

NICK
What? Taggerty’s?

MIKE
No. We were thinking that tonight we’d go to the prince’s masquerade ball at Fairy Tale Castle.

(off Nick’s confusion)
Of course, Taggerty’s. It’s always Taggerty’s.

NICK
What if I told you I know a bouncer at The War Room? Wall to wall models and Bears cheerleaders.

[X]
[X]

Mike and Laurence are intrigued. They nod at each other.

[X]

MIKE
Taggerty’s isn’t going anywhere.

[X]
[X]

At this point, Trevor comes walking by already with his arm around Yvonne in a friendly way. The guys take note.

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR
(to Yvonne, ignoring guys)
I get it completely. Guys don't see the
real you. That's why I'm suggesting the
personals. I'm gonna help you out.

YVONNE
Wow, that's great... uh...?

TREVOR
Trevor.

The pair passes by the guys, leaving Nick shaking his head.

NICK
"I'm gonna help you out" -- why didn't I
think of that?

Mike and Laurence are too interested in following Yvonne with
their eyes to respond at all.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

It's hopping on this Friday night. (A BAND ON STAGE???)
Trevor has the cash register open. He's making change for a
rather desperate looking 22-YEAR-OLD GUY who glances back at
an equally ANXIOUS-LOOKING WOMAN at his table.

TREVOR
Hmmm. Change for a dollar, huh? Let's
see, the jukebox takes dollar bills. The
phone is out of order. That just leaves
one vending machine here at Taggerty's
that I can think of.

The Young Man's expression asks the question, "Why me?"
Trevor holds out one of the quarters.
CONTINUED:

TREVOR (cont’d)
I say spend the extra quarter.
(leaning in conspiratorially)
It’s for her pleasure.

Embarrassed, the Guy nods and slinks away, Trevor gives a
thumbs up to the Woman at the table, who turns beet red.
Trevor turns.

REVEAL - YVONNE

She’s got a piece of paper out in front of her with several
sentences crossed out.

TREVOR
Try this on for size. “Me -- complete
knockout. You -- don’t care.”

YVONNE
I think that might defeat the purpose. I
was going with something along the lines
of, “Outgoing single, white female with
great personality, pretty eyes, smart…”

TREVOR
Woah, woah, woah. You might as well put
roller derby enforcer with faint
mustache.
(shaking his head)
Great personality? Pretty eyes? Smart?

YVONNE
You don’t think I’m these things?

TREVOR
These are code words. That particular
combination says to the average male, “In
post-apocalyptic world, use this woman
for food.”

Off Yvonne’s laughter --

YVONNE
I know all about the secret code of
personal ads, Trevor. That’s the point.
(meaning it)
I want to find a man who responds to
what’s on the inside.

TREVOR
Do cartoon bluebirds help you get dressed?
INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

This place is small, but high class. Mike, Laurence and Nick have a prime girl-watching patch of real estate -- a corner booth. They don't regard each other at all. They're too interested in the parade of flesh taking place around them. As a matter-of-fact, a pair of life-sized Barbie Dolls linger just a few feet from their table.
MIKE
So this is what heaven is like, huh?

LAURENCE
I think in heaven, they’re actually sitting in the booth with you.

A waitress, ANNETTE, approaches the table. Annette, in another environment, might not appear quite as plain as she does here. Annette recognizes immediately our boys’ motivation for being in this place. She’s already dreading waiting on them by the time she gets to their table.

ANNETTE
What’ll it be, boys?

No answer from our starstruck fellas. Annette is standing between them and the Barbie Dolls. The guys wordlessly angle their heads to provide themselves with unobstructed views.

ANNETTE (cont’d)
My name is Annette. I’ll be your invisible waitress for the remainder of the evening.

MIKE
(distractedly)
Pitcher of beer.

ANNETTE
This ain’t Pizza Hut. Try again.

The guys notice Annette. Mike is amused by her response.

MIKE
Okay. Overpriced beer in bottles.

ANNETTE
Ah, you must’ve been here before.

Annette departs. Nick stands.

NICK
All right. That’s enough male bonding. Time to mingle.

LAURENCE
Got an opening line in mind?

NICK
They’re models. I’ll use very small words.
CONTINUED: (2)

Nick gets up from the table. WE STAY with Laurence and Mike. A full silent beat. Then...

LAURENCE
Does he know any big words?

MIKE
No.

CLOSE - NICK
who is making his way toward the bar.

NICK'S POV - TWO GORGEOUS, LITHE MODELS
engrossed in a discussion.

Nick saunters over, arrives and overhears...

MODEL #1
... Sure, the financial fundamentals are volatile, that's why I always recommend trading into a matching position. My next three jobs, I'm having Revlon compensate me in stock.

The Models notice Nick, who is now standing bug-eyed, a bit too close to ignore.

MODEL #1 (cont’d)
Can we help you with something?

The first thing that occurs to Nick -- uncomfortably...

NICK
Don't you hate it how they charge you a buck to use your cash card?

The Women are unimpressed.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

A STYLISH GENTLEMAN, gay, mid-30s, takes a seat at the bar, one empty seat between himself and Yvonne. Yvonne works steadily at her notepad.

STYLISH GENT
Margarita when you get a sec.

As Trevor fills the order, Yvonne picks her head up.
CONTINUED:

YVONNE
How about this...? "Outgoing single, white female with great personality, pretty eyes, smart, seeks... (proud of coming up with this) ... great guy."

TREVOR
(unimpressed)
Great guy?

YVONNE
Yeah. Great guy.

Trevor notices that the Stylish Gent is listening in.

TREVOR
Shouldn't we thin the herd just a bit?

YVONNE
Not a bad idea. I'll tell 'em to convince me in haiku form.

Yvonne is pleased with the idea. She jots it down.

TREVOR
Too much. No one's gonna --

STYLISH GENT
Stripper's kiss I shant/ Day before my wedding day/ Let my lips enchant.

Trevor and Yvonne turn their attention to the Stylish Gent.

TREVOR
Haikus don't rhyme.

STYLISH GENT
I was going for bonus points. Sorry, I couldn't help overhearing.

TREVOR
Especially the way you were leaning in and cupping your ear like that.

(to Yvonne)
Please, I'm begging you. Let's at least ask 'em to send a photo with their haiku.

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR
Please, I’m begging you. Let’s at least ask ‘em to send a photo with their haiku.

STYLISH GENT
Well that would sort of defeat the whole purpose, wouldn’t it?

YVONNE
Yeah.

TREVOR
(re: Stylish Gent)
Look, buddy, I don’t know who you are...

At this moment, Claire arrives and hugs the Stylish Gent.

CLAIRED

GENE

Claire!

Claire takes the available seat between Gene and Yvonne.

CLAIRED
I just checked my messages and ran over.
I see the two of you have already met.

GENE
Yeah, Trevor’s just been giving me poetry lessons.

CLAIRED
(friendly teasing to Trevor)
You’re giving my book editor literature pointers?

TREVOR
(confused, resentful? to Gene)
I didn’t tell you my name.

Trevor shoots a look at Claire who hides her guilty expression as quickly as she can.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - MORNING

A hungover Claire sits across from Gene. She squeezes her temples.

GENE
I'm sorry, Claire. I just had to meet the guy.

CLAIRE
You nearly set me back months.

GENE
I pulled it out, though.

CLAIRE
We we're lucky.
(imitating Gene, incredulous)
"Everyone says go to Taggerty's. Trevor Hale makes the best margarita in Chicago."

GENE
He bought it.

Claire shrugs.

GENE (cont'd)
And you were right about him. What a personality! If anything, I'd say you were reserved in your characterization of him in the first chapter.
(the real order of business)
So when do I get chapter two?

CLAIRE
I'm not in a real writing mood this morning, Gene. You sorta backed me into downing three margaritas last night.

GENE
You haven't been in writing mode for months now, Claire. What's up?

CLAIRE
(hesitantly)
It's kind of tough to explain, Gene.

(CONTINUED)
Off Gene's confusion.

CLAIRE
I'm not interested in a book that merely
chronicles Trevor Hale's zany adventures.
What would I write, right now? Chapter
two: Trevor Hale sends pizza boy into
women's prison.

GENE
(hopefully)
Maybe a sidebar, then?

CLAIRE
I want this book to be about healing,
Gene, and the reason I haven't been able
to knock this out, is that I have nothing
to report. This delusion is entrenched,
and I'm not sure I've done much good in
dislodging it.

GENE
It'll happen, Claire. Make sure you've
taken good notes along the way.
As Claire's assimilates that information --

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

Trevor would be working, but the place is nearly empty. Consequently, he's out sitting with Claire who is trying desperately to enjoy her lunch.

TREVOR
No, really, would you rather spend a year in jail for a crime you didn't commit, or spend the rest of your life living in Canada?

CLAIRE
I'll take any other topic for a thousand, Alex.

TREVOR
Alex? Hmmm. Slip of the tongue or a unconscious desire to see me naked?

CLAIRE
Alex Tribek, Trevor. Not Alex my boyfriend.

TREVOR
You want to see Alex Tribek naked? You seem like more of Chuck Woolery type. Have you seen the size of that guy's hands? They're like tennis rackets.

Claire shakes her head.

TREVOR (cont'd)
I do have an idea for a game show, though. You wanna hear it?

CLAIRE
No.

TREVOR
This'll be good. Give me a chance to get used to pitching. Okay, here goes... (holds his hands up like a miniature TV screen) "If You Were A Car."

We expect Claire to make some sort of dig, but she doesn't. Instead, a strange look of wonder crosses her face.

(CONTINUED)
Go on.

CLAIRE

(continued)
CONTINUED:

Trevor gives the heavy metal devil hand gestures.

TREVOR (cont’d)
Say, hey! hey!

The women observe him curiously. *(NOTE: THIS IS NOT A REAL SONG. DON'T WORRY ABOUT CLEARANCE OR AN ACTUAL MELODY LINE.)*

TREVOR (cont’d)
It’s from "Nasty Roll in the Hay." The Crew’s second album. Track five.

CLaire
Oh.

Yvonne is amused, but she’s serious about her mission.

YVONNE
Listen to this from some guy named Ken.
(reading)
Great is the woman/ Who would ask for nothing more/ Than a noble man.
(lets that sink in.)
This is the guy.

CLaire
Good for you.

Trevor’s expression indicates that he has his doubts.

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Laurence, Mike and Nick dressed much more appropriately this time. They’re ogling women as they have a deep discussion.

NICK
(to Mike, emphatically)
You don’t name it yourself. Your girlfriend’s supposed to do that.
MIKE
Fine, if you don’t mind it ending up with a girlish nickname like Pooky.

LAURENCE
Pooky?

MIKE
Mark my words, boys, you want a good name, you gotta pick it yourself.

LAURENCE
Have you guys considered that maybe it’s not really necessary to give it a name?

Mike and Nick look at Laurence like he’s suggested cutting the damn thing off. Laurence holds out his palms.

LAURENCE (cont’d)
Sorry. Don’t know what I was thinking.

Nick and Mike dive back into the conversation.

NICK
So you named it yourself.

MIKE
Wasn’t easy. Lots of options. It had to make a statement. People should know it’s a force to be reckoned with.

NICK
So?

MIKE
The Smithsonian.

There’s a pause. Nick and Laurence eye each other, then burst out laughing.

MIKE
Think about it. First off: it sounds important, dignified.

It’s about this time that Annette wanders over with replacement drinks for the boys. Like she said, she’s invisible to them. They continue on with their discussion.

NICK
(defensively)
So does Excalibur.

(Continued)
MIKE (cont'd)
That's a weapon, Nick. Don't make me have Claire give you the Freud lecture again.

LAURENCE
(playing along)
Don't tempt him! He'll do it!

MIKE
What do we know about the Smithsonian?

There's a pause. Laurence and Nick shrug.

MIKE (cont'd)
It's a national treasure... It attracts thousands of visitors...

Annette takes this opportunity to speak up.

ANNETTE
You can walk around it for days and never see the whole thing...

MIKE
There you go!

Grudging respect from Laurence and Nick. They smile, begin to laugh, but Nick's expression changes, darkens.

NICK
You bastard.

Nick punches Mike in the shoulder.

MIKE
What?

NICK
My mom's always saying how she wants to see the Smithsonian before she dies.

MIKE
Well...

NICK
Finish that sentence and die.

Laurence and Mike laugh, but we linger on Mike. For him, Annette is no longer invisible. The girl is cool. He watches as she moves on to a new table.
14 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

Yvonne takes a stool. She's dressed to the nines in an outfit that closely resembles what she wore in the flashback date scene in the first act. Trevor approaches.

TREVOR
Nervous?

YVONNE
Terrified.

TREVOR
What did he sound like on the phone?

YVONNE
Charming. Funny. Great.

TREVOR
Well, then, cross your fingers, Yvonne.

KEN (O.S.)
Oh, you're Yvonne?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL KEN, sitting one or two stools down from Yvonne. WE JUST HAVEN'T NOTICED HIM YET. Trevor winces, bites his lip. This is just what he was expecting. While not painful to look at, Ken is far from being in Yvonne's league. On top of that, he's dressed to the fours.

KEN (cont’d)
I'm Ken. It's great to meet you. Face to face.

A flash of disappointment in Yvonne's face, but she hides it quickly. Trevor picks up on it, however. If Ken notices, he doesn't let on. Ken displays none of the reactions we might expect: he doesn't ooh and ah over Yvonne. He doesn't stutter. This guy is genuine, confident, poised, sincere.

YVONNE
Yeah. Same here.

Before the silence can become too awkward, Trevor comes out from behind the bar...

TREVOR
(French accent?)
You are een luck, zis night. We have saved zee finest table pour vous.
CONTINUED:

Trevor leads Yvonne and Ken back to a booth. Trevor pulls Ken close, fingers the sleeve of his shirt, whispers.

TREVOR (cont’d)
(sotto: to Ken with the quiet urgency of a drug deal)
This all you had, my man? I know this guy. He can hook you up. Score you some tweed.
(mouthing to Ken)
Call me.

They arrive at a booth that he has actually cordoned off for them with a velvet rope. This particular table has a nice table cloth and a long stemmed rose in a vase. It’s very un- Taggerty’s like. Trevor unhooks the rope and ushers them in.

TREVOR (cont’d)
Enjoy!

Ken and Yvonne eye each other.

KEN
(re: Trevor, good-naturedly)
Friend of yours?

YVONNE
I’ve never done this before. I wanted someone nearby who could save me.

KEN
Do you have some sort of hand signal prepared?

YVONNE
(deadpan)
If I start doing this...

Yvonne puts her thumbs to her temples and makes moose antlers with her fingers, wiggles them.

YVONNE (cont’d)
... you might start worrying.

KEN
I’m starting to worry already.

Ken’s charm is already starting to ease Yvonne’s mind.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

15 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

WE RETURN to Ken and Yvonne's booth. Yvonne is in hysterics as we cut into the scene. Ken is very amused by what he's hearing.

KEN
Let me get this straight, it's your gramma's first trip to...

YVONNE
... A "woman's doctor." Ever. And she's so nervous. Poor thing. My sister Jan and I are in the waiting room --

KEN
I thought it was your sister Carmen, the disco queen.

YVONNE
Carmen. That's right.
(a beat. wow. he's listening)
Anyway. Gramma comes out, and we're all, "Gramma, how was it? Was everything okay?" And Gramma's like...
(Gramma voice)

"Ooh yes. Quite all right, but there was one thing..."
(Yvonne pauses to laugh)
Yeah, Gramma?
(gramma voice)
"When he took a look..."

Yvonne checks to make sure Ken is following.

KEN
(knowingly)
Yes...

YVONNE
He took a look and said, "'Ooh, fancy, fancy.'"

Ken cracks up.

KEN
Why...?

(CONTINUED)
YVONNE
That's what Carmen asked Gramma. So Gramma tells us how she was so nervous she took an extra long bath. Carmen says, "Did you use that bottle of liquid soap next to the tub?" Gramma nods. Real shyly. So Carmen says...
(beat to stifle laughter)
"Gramma, that was liquid glitter..."

TREVOR'S POV - YVONNE & KEN
in the booth, laughing up a storm.

TREVOR
cocks his head -- not what he expected.

CHAMP
crosses in front of Trevor.

CAMERA
follows Champ. He sticks a straw in a drink and hands it to an attractive older woman. He smiles as he delivers it.

CHAMP
Vodka, cranberry. Three-fifty.

The Woman hands Champ a five.

ATTRACTIVE OLDER WOMAN
(vaguely flirtatious)
Keep the change. Buy yourself something pretty.

Champ laughs. Turns. Sitting on the other side of the bar is Chris. She's been witness to this quasi-innocent exchange. She doesn't look pleased.

CHAMP

Chris!

(CONTINUED)
CHRIS
Hey.
(re: older woman)
Friend of yours?

CHAMP
A regular.

CHRIS
A regular what?

CHAMP
Whatever you’re trying to say -- please don’t.

Chris takes a moment, composes herself. Forces a smile. Brings a greasy sack up from below the bar.

CHRIS
Hey, I hit Geno’s tonight. Thought you might like the leftover slices.

CHAMP
Very cool. Thanks. Why don’t you take ‘em home. I’ll come over after I’m through here.

Chris appraises Champ for a moment.

CHRIS
Can’t wait.

CHAMP
Me either.

And maybe they can’t, but the audience has seen a crack in the veneer of this relationship.

KEN & YVONNE
appear to be having a good time when Yvonne drops the bomb.

YVONNE
... which is why I’m practicing celibacy.

Yvonne studies Ken for his reaction. He doesn’t seem disturbed. Doesn’t miss a beat.

KEN
You know, I used to practice celibacy, but I got so good at it, I turned pro. I’m the starting can’t-get-no-tailback.

(CONTINUED)
Yvonne laughs at the joke, but she wants to emphasize that she's not (though she is) pulling his leg.

YVONNE
You know, I'm serious. I'm just a couple weeks shy of two years now.

KEN
It's a scary time to be single.

Yvonne seems to study Ken for a minute, then...

YVONNE
I'll be right back.

Ken shrugs. Yvonne bounces up. Heads toward the bathroom, but makes a slight detour so she can talk to Trevor.

TREVOR
How's it going?

YVONNE
Too good. That's why I'm testing him early. He's great so far, but I'm guessing that he won't call me again.

Before Trevor can even question that statement, Yvonne gives a little winsome smile and heads to the loo.

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jaclyn and Claire have a number of books, periodicals and professional tomes spread out. Claire is hunting for something. Jaclyn just seems confused.

JACLYN
"If I were a car?" I still don't get it. You like Cupid's idea for a TV show?

CLAIRE
Trevor's.

JACLYN
You like Trevor's idea?

CLAIRE
It wasn't Trevor's idea. "If You Were a Car," was a game developed in the mid-eighties, a psychological construct that, according to the institute that developed it, enabled the doctor to peel away the mask of delusional patients.

(CONTINUED)
JACLYN
I liked Cu -- Trevor's idea of sending the couple to a Greek Island better.
(trying to be helpful)
I'd pitch it that way.

CLAIRE
Jaclyn, it's not going to be a game show.
What I'm thinking is this: at some point before coming to Chicago, Trevor must have spent time at this institute. If Trevor was a patient there, I can find out who he really is, what really happened to him.

Jaclyn looks up from the book she's examining.

JACLYN
Ian Frechette.

CLAIRE
That quack? What about him?

JACLYN
(referring to book)
(MORE)
CONTINUED: (2)

JACLYN (cont'd)
He was in charge at The McKinsey Institute.

CLAIRE
The McKinsey Institute -- that's it!
That's the "If You Were a Car" place.
(a beat, then, disbelieving)
Frechet was the doctor in charge?

INT. IAN FRECHETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

REVEAL - CLAIRE

looking terribly uncomfortable as she takes her (verbal)
lumps from her nemesis.

DR. FRECHETTE (O.S.)
Ah, Claire Allen? I believe the last
time we spoke, you were comparing me to
Dr. Jeckyl.

CLAIRE
Well, I, uh... perhaps I...

REVEAL - FRECHETTE

The forbidding Dr. Ian Frechette.

DR. FRECHETTE
I believe you went on to suggest that I
was responsible for most of East
Germany's Olympic medals in the 1970s.

CLAIRE
Well, you do prescribe quite a bit of --

DR. FRECHETTE
I'm glad you're here, actually. I've
been meaning to get in touch with you. I
needed your professional opinion on
something of great import.

CLAIRE
(suspiciously)
You do.

DR. FRECHETTE
I do. I'm seeing a lovely woman, and I'm
not sure if this is the right time to
send flowers. What would you suggest,
Dr. Allen?
Frechette picks up a pen as if he’s actually going to take notes. And this, boiled down, represents Frechette’s opinion of Claire and her work. Claire gets up, ready to storm out.

CLAIRE
My professional opinion regarding your love life? Do everyone a favor. Get a vasectomy.

Frechette chuckles.

DR. FRECHETTE
Don’t leave mad, Dr. Allen. If you came to see me, you must be desperate. Tell me. How can I help you?

Claire takes a deep breath. She hates this guy.

CLAIRE
The McKinsey Institute.

DR. FRECHETTE
Ah, yes, you would show up to rub my nose in my one failure.

CLAIRE
That’s not why I’m --

DR. FRECHETTE
Look, the theories were mine; how they were carried out fell to the attending physicians. “If You Were a Car?” -- what was I thinking? I wore tie dye back then. I let the staff call me Ian. Trust me. I learned my lesson.

CLAIRE
So one failure on the therapy front and you become the pharmaceutical empire’s man of the year.

DR. FRECHETTE
Wow. Doctor! That’s it! Thank you. Now all you have to do is repeat “It’s not your fault” eleven times, and I’ll be cured of my gross dependence on science.

CLAIRE
(gritting her teeth)
I want to ask you about The McKinsey Institute. Do you still have your old files?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

DR. FRECHETTE
I'm not going to waste my time discussing a period of my career I'd just as soon forget. But if you've got a Zip drive...

INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE - CLAIRE'S HAND

as she inserts a zip disk into her computer.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

The zip disk icon appears. It's labeled "The McKinsey Institute."

CLOSE - CLAIRE'S FACE

as she monitors the screen.

CLOSE - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The pointer tool moves across the screen. DOUBLE CLICKS on the zip disk icon. It opens up. WE SEE A FOLDER FULL OF OTHER FOLDERS: "Scheduling," "Billing," "Budget," "Facilities," etc. The pointer tool moves over onto the folder labeled "Patients." DOUBLE CLICK. The folder opens revealing a list of patient files. Claire begins scrolling down the lengthy list of names. It keeps going, and going, and going... Claire gets to the H's.

CLAIRE
Habib, Hadley, Harper...

ON CLAIRE

a look of slight disappointment.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
You didn't expect it to be easy, did you, Claire?

Claire scrolls back up to the top of the folder and double clicks. The file of the first patient opens. WE SEE THE NAME, "DEKE ADAMS." Underneath it is the heading "CASE HISTORY."

Claire begins to read. It's going to be a long night.
A weary Claire still at her computer. A coffee cup is on her desk. The lights outside her office are out. It's late.

ON SCREEN

Claire closes down a file. We're back to the list of files, sorted alphabetically by name. Claire double clicks on the next name: PRESTON MILKE. The file opens. WE SEE THE familiar subhead: "Case History." Claire begins reading.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
On first encounter, doctors Conroy and Greenburg hypothesized that the patient's digression into a permanent delusional state was a reaction to his sudden obesity -- the patient gained nearly a hundred and fifty pounds in the six months prior to checking in to The McKinsey Institute.

Claire pauses to take a sip of coffee. Nothing unusual, so far. She scrolls down the screen.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Interviews with friends and family of the twenty-year-old patient reveal another possible cause: romantic trauma.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Romantic trauma?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
The patient's response to the "If You Were A Car?" question was Volkswagen Beetle -- the model of car that belonged to his then-fiance. The high school sweetheart called off the engagement with Mr. Milke when he put on the additional weight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Soon after, Mr. Milke stopped responding
to his own name, referring to himself in
any number of derisive terms: Fatso,
Lard Boy, Jumbotron. The Sumo of Love...
The file ends. Claire leans back in her chair, stunned and
full of empathy for Trevor. She thinks she's onto something.

INT. YVONNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Yvonne is sitting up in bed watching tv. The phone rings,
and Yvonne picks it up.

YVONNE
(into phone)
Hello?

KEN (O.S.)
Yvonne. It's Ken. Let's do something.
The smile that blooms on Yvonne's face, makes the time spent
on this (partial) set and setup worth every minute.

INT. CHAMP & TREvor'S APARTMENT - DAY

Champ enters Trevor's room carrying another e-mail.

CHAMP
More mail. She wants to meet for coffee.

TREVOR
Coffee -- the sexual lubricant of the
nineties. Frankly, I can never tell if
people are ordering in those places or
announcing a gymnastics event.

(in announcer voice)
Champ, what we've just seen here is a
perfectly executed triple half caf, non-
fat with a twist.

CHAMP
Nothing wrong with coffee, right?

TREVOR
Not a thing. Coffee is all wholesome
goodness. Now, meeting a secret admirer
behind your quasi-, semi-, pseudo-
girlfriend's back -- that's another
story.

Champ follows Trevor into the kitchen.

(continued)
21 CONTINUED:

CHAMP
Just coffee. Nothing wrong with that.

TREVOR
Great, so maybe you’ll invite Chris to join you?

Champ harrumphs at Trevor.

TREVOR (cont'd)
The way I see it, you’ve got two choices.
(holds his hands like scales)
Over here -- Chris. A sure thing. No embarrassing nights cruising clubs.
Automatic something to do on weekends.
(motioning toward other hand)
Then, over here, you’ve got the great unknown. Getting shot down. Bad dates.
Unrequited love. Unplanned chastity.
Finding out your secret admirer is a size seventeen.

CHAMP
You make it sound like an easy choice.

TREVOR
It it was easy, you wouldn’t be carrying that letter around with you.
CONTINUED: (2)

Champ is left -- figuratively -- shaking his head as Trevor leaves the room.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Claire pays for two hot dogs from a sidewalk Vendor. If anyone is paying attention, WE NOTICE ONE OF THE HOTDOGS IS LOADED. The other is sparsely dressed. Claire hands the vendor some cash.

CLAIRE
(to the Vendor)
Thanks. Keep it.

Claire wanders to a bench. AS WE FOLLOW HER, WE NOTICE that behind her there's an ice skating rink. Trevor approaches as Claire takes her first bite of hot dog.

TREVOR
When you said you wanted to meet for lunch, I had something a little more upscale in mind.

Claire offers up the loaded hot dog.

CLAIRE
Here. I'm buying.

Trevor examines his meal.

Chili?

TREVOR

CLAIRE
Naturally.

Cheese?

TREVOR

CLAIRE
Cheddar.

Onions?

TREVOR

CLAIRE
Extra.

Ketchup? Mayo? Mustard?

(Continued)
CLAIRE
Check. Check. Check.

TREVOR
Sauerkraut?

CLAIRE
You hate sauerkraut.

TREVOR
Damn straight.

Trevor manages to wrap his mouth around the dog. Claire takes the opportunity to speak.

CLAIRE
You know, the fact that each day your veins and arteries continue to carry blood to your extremities is, in my mind, the most convincing argument that you're some sort of deity.

TREVOR
That and the fact that I can name all of the ancient Greek city-states.

CLAIRE
You cannot.

TREVOR
(musically, as if it were a childhood memorization exercise)
Athens, Crete, Corinth, Sparta... when you're in Rhodes, you get smarter...

CLAIRE
All right. All right. Occasionally, you're wrong, though.

Claire gestures out towards the ice skating rink.

REVEAL - YVONNE & KEN

The pair is skating together, holding hands, seemingly enjoying each other's company.

BACK ON TREVOR

as he observes them gliding across the ice.
TREVOR
I thought you had that gloater’s glow about you.

CLAIRE
Date six, Trevor. Yvonne and I have been keeping in touch. She says she couldn’t be happier. Sometimes, it is what’s inside that counts. I’m surprised you don’t believe that.

TREVOR
It counts. But the package counts, too. I just don’t wanna see anyone get hurt. I’m surprised you don’t see that.

EXT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY
Yvonne and Ken are still out. The city rises up on all sides of them. Other skaters weave in and out of the shots. All in all -- terribly romantic. Yvonne notices a well-dressed Skater speaking urgently into his cellular phone as he leads his Daughter around the ice.

YVONNE
(re: cell phone guy)
Now, what’s that all about? Divorced dad. Quality time with his daughter. What could possibly be important enough to warrant the cell phone?

KEN
He’s telling his personal assistant he doesn’t give a damn that today is Sunday. He needs a Barney tape delivered to his brownstone, pronto, or heads are gonna roll.

Yvonne spots another couple. The Guy, wearing a stocking cap, is jogging along beside an Unspectacular Skater.

YVONNE
What about them?

KEN
(in Stallone Voice)
You can see I ain’t too graceful, you know what I mean, Adrian. I don’t move well. But I can really swat, you know what I mean.

(continued)
Yvonne points out an Elderly Woman who seems to be glaring at Ken and Yvonne.

**YVONNE**

What's going in her head?

**KEN**

Those two don't belong together. What's that extremely attractive... and excessively virile young man doing with that frump.

**YVONNE**

(jokingly)
Frump, huh?

**KEN**

Blame the lady. I don't share the opinion. Well, except for the virile part.

**YVONNE**

Shame to see that virility wasted. I mean, two years of celibacy -- it's not like I have anything left to prove.

Yvonne notices that she's sort of thrown Ken into a catatonic state. She skates in front of him and faces him, waves her hand in front of his eyes.

**YVONNE (cont'd)**

Yoo hoo. Anyone home? Did you hear what I...

But Yvonne doesn't get a chance to say anything else. Ken has begun to kiss her. She melts into his arms.

**PULL BACK... AND BACK... AND BACK** expecting to see Trevor and Claire viewing the moment of passion, but it's not them.

**REVEAL - LANCE**

Yvonne's former beau who we saw in the flashback scene is watching from the railing. The misty look in his eye lets us know that he's going to be up to no good.

**FADE OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Laurence are still surveying the room. They speak without regarding each other. Despite the room still looking like that place Wonder Woman comes from, they're bored.

LAURENCE
Wanna throw some darts?

NICK
No dartboard in this place.

LAURENCE
No dartboard. No jukebox.

NICK
The beer is warm.

LAURENCE
The women cold.
     (beat)
Mike, you wanna hit Taggerty's?

But Mike isn't at the table. Nick and Laurence don't notice until this moment. Nick spots him first.

    NICK
There he is. Our boy -- the player.
     Still working it.

NICK & LAURENCE'S POV

from where they sit, it looks as though Mike is at the bar talking to a COUPLE MODEL TYPES -- one of whom is the Model who spoke earlier.

MIKE

on closer inspection, he's not talking to models. He's talking to Annette who's waiting for drinks at the waitress station at the bar.

    MIKE
Boring? How can you say that?

(CONTINUED)
ANNETTE

I force air through my diaphragm and manipulate my vocal cords in such a way that sounds are produced. These sounds, arranged in patterns of --

MIKE

It's the national pastime!

ANNETTE

Oh?

(as if this makes a difference)

Then I guess I love it.

MIKE

Sammy Sosa hit sixty-six home runs this year. In the history of baseball...

This bit of information gets the attention of a nearby Model.

MODEL

(excited, butting in)

Are you talking about Sammy Sosa? I just did a commercial with him. He was such a personable guy.

-laughing just thinking about it

He told me this story about --

MIKE

(dissmissively)

That's nice.

Mike turns his attention back to Annette, but she's gone. Mike exhales.

25 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

It's a typical post-singles session, a hopping Friday night. People from Claire's singles group have pushed a couple of tables together and they're all sitting around them.

NICK & LAURENCE

enter, begin ad-libbing greetings to other group members. They're clearly happy to be back in their usual surroundings.

KEN & YVONNE

sit together at one end of the table having a good time.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TREVOR

delivers as many pitchers of beer as he can carry.

NICK
(re: the pitchers of beer)
Home at last. Home at last.
(not knowing, or caring about
the words)
Somethin' somethin', somethin'. I'm home
at last.

Laurence regards Nick's paraphrasing of MLK with a mixture of
amusement and "Why do I hang out with this guy." Yvonne
looks up, and what she sees startles her.

YVONNE'S POV - REVEAL... LANCE

looking very good. Other women around the table have stopped
to ogle him. This is a damn sexy man. The jukebox chooses
this moment to run out of songs to play.

LANCE
(very uncomfortable)
Yvonne, can I talk to you for a minute?
Alone?

It takes Yvonne a moment to catch her breath, but...

YVONNE
(wrong time/wrong place, dude)

No.

Lance doesn't seem to notice or care that Yvonne is clearly
here with a date.

LANCE
Then I'm going to have to tell you this
here... in front of all these people.

If we weren't all rooting against this guy, this would be a
terribly romantic moment. Yvonne is flabbergasted. She
doesn't know exactly what to do. Lance takes a step closer
and bends down until he's eye-level with Yvonne.

(CONTINUED)
LANCE (cont’d)
I just have to say this or I’ll never forgive myself.
(taking a deep breath)
I’m sorry. When you told me what you wanted to shave your head... I should’ve been supportive, and I wasn’t. I sorta freaked out. But I’m over it now. And I want you back.

DEAD SILENCE.

Everyone looks back and forth from Lance to Yvonne to Ken. Lance has said his peace. He squeezes Yvonne’s hand, turns and exits. Naturally, Lance doesn’t turn around. All eyes turn back toward a shaken Yvonne. She looks up at Ken and forces a smile. Off this pregnant moment...

INT. CHAMP & TREVOR’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris and Champ enter the apartment after a date.

CHAMP
(good-naturedly, sincere)
... Yeah, tired. Dancing. Half a bottle of wine.
(wagging a doggy bag)
More prime rib than any three people should consume in one sitting.

Champ tosses the doggy bag in the fridge, wanders over to the answering machine and punches play. Chris meets Champ on that end of the bar.

CHRIS
You should know I judge men completely on stamina. Looks, brains, sense of humor -- none of it really matters if...

Champ interrupts Chris’ playful banter by kissing her.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Hey, Albert, it’s Michelle. Sunday night. We’re still on, right? Give me a call. You know the number.

Champ doesn’t pay much attention to the message, but Chris sure does. She pulls away from the kiss and adopts a slightly aggressive tone of voice.
CHRIS
And so there's a Michelle, too. Well, no
wonder you're so tired.

Champ is fed up with this.

CHAMP
Yeah. There's a Michelle and a Tricia.
They're my sisters making sure I'm gonna
show up at my parents' for dinner.

An uncomfortable beat as Champ meets Chris' gaze. Chris
tries to save face.

CHRIS
Hey, I was just kidding, you know...

CHAMP
Yeah, well... I was serious about being
tired.

Champ begins walking Chris to the door.

CHRIS
Hey, you know, I just... uh... I just,
you know, jumped to the wrong conclusion.

CHAMP
I'll get over it.

Champ kisses Chris on the cheek and sees her out. It's not
exactly pleasant, but it isn't exactly ugly, either.

CHRIS
(dispiritedly)
G'night.

CHAMP
Yeah, you, too.

Champ closes the door. Sighs heavily -- not how he wanted
the date to end. He starts up his staircase. Has a second
thought. He goes over to his computer. AS WE PULL BACK, WE
HEAR the familiar...

COMPUTER
You've got mail!
INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Mike is back in the corner booth, but he's by himself. The place is nearly empty. Mike seems to be deep in thought when Annette approaches.

ANNETTE
Last call, sport. Where're your buddies?

MIKE
(distractedly)
Oh, they took off.

ANNETTE
(suspecting something's up)
And you're still here.

MIKE
Yeah.

ANNETTE
Hmmm.

MIKE
Yeah. Hmmm.

In the silence that follows, Annette shifts uncomfortably from foot to foot. We can feel Mike's heart racing.

MIKE (cont'd)
Listen. You wanna go out sometime? I promise not to take you to a baseball game. Or to Jerry's All-You-Can-Eat Crab Feast. Or to the all night go-kart track. Or to just about anything else I love. We can do whatever it is you like to do.

(beat)
What is it you like?

ANNETTE
I like subtitled films about scheming ingénues.

MIKE
(This pains him, but...)
Okay.

ANNETTE
Wow. You're a prince. And actually I love the go-kart track, but Mike -- it is Mike, right?

(CONTINUED)
MIKE
Yeah.

ANNETTL
(kindly)
Mike. I've got a boyfriend.

Mike can just nod -- this figures.

MIKE
Of course you do. Cool women are tough to find.

ANNETTE
So are cool men. When you do, you've gotta hang on.

Mike stands, puts on his jacket, prepares to leave.

MIKE
Well if I ever do, I'll try to remember that...
(realizing)
... find a cool woman that is.

ANNETTL
I knew what you meant.

Another exchange of friendly looks -- in another time, another place things might be different -- and Mike departs.

INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

Claire eats her lunch. Trevor tends bar.

TREVOR
Skywriting.

CLaire
Skywriting?

TREVOR
High above the city. "Honey, I love you. Marry me." No names. No specifics.

CLaire
And this will...?

TREVOR
Provide a spark. Any guy in the city can claim it. Point to it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR (cont’d)
Say, "So how 'bout it, babe?" City the size of Chicago -- I’d bank on five...
six beads.

CLAIRE

Uh-huh.

A customer enters. Trevor looks up. It’s Ken.

TREVOR

Ken!

KEN

Hey, Trevor.

Ken approaches the bar. He’s definitely seen better days.

KEN (cont’d)

Last night, I traded my driver’s license for darts.
(a bit embarrassed)
Forgot to bring the darts back.

TREVOR

That’s right. I saw that around here, somewhere.

Trevor looks under the bar. Comes up with Ken’s license.

TREVOR (cont’d)

Here ya go.

Ken stands there for a moment. Claire observes, concerned.

KEN

She went back to him.

CLAIRE

utterly disappointed.

TREVOR

also feeling sorry for Ken. With tremendous empathy, but as if he’d seen it coming for weeks.

TREVOR

... yeah.

The information just lays there for the moment, then Trevor tries to forge some enthusiasm.
TREVOR (cont’d)
But good news. We’re down, but we’re not out.

Trevor goes back under the bar, pulls out...

A STACK OF LETTERS.

TREVOR (cont’d)
These are all from women who want to meet you. I took the liberty of opening them. I’ve used a star system that you’ll notice just below the postmark on each of the envelopes. Five stars indicates a --

KEN
You placed a personal ad for me...? When?

TREVOR
Just a safety net. Yvonne, great girl. Love her to death, but she struck me as...
(searching for a word that doesn’t sound bad)
... flighty.

Ken regards the letters. Thinks about it. Shakes his head.

KEN
Thanks, Trevor. I appreciate the thought. But...

Ken starts to back out. Trevor is very concerned.

TREVOR
If you reconsider, I’ve got ‘em right here.

Ken attempts to reassure Trevor. He still appears genuine.

KEN
Hey, Trevor, it’s all right. She was with that guy for a year. We’d just gone out a few times. I’m the Gloria Gaynor of straight guys. I will survive.

Ken and Trevor exchange smiles, and Ken is gone. Trevor and Claire spend a moment in silence, before Claire breaks it.

CLAIRE
What’d it say?

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR
What?

CLAIRE
The personal ad.

TREVOR
(from memory)
Warm, caring, funny, bug-eyed, pencil-necked, fashion victim seeks great gal. (beat)
He deserves one, you know.

CLAIRE
Sounds like a friend of mine.

TREVOR
Yeah?

CLAIRE
His name is Preston Milke. Preston put on a bunch of weight. His beautiful girlfriend left him. After that he became a bit cynical about beauty.

Claire observes Trevor, expecting a reaction, but the name doesn't seem to register with Trevor at all. Trevor, instead, reaches back down for the letters.

TREVOR
Maybe he could use these?

Claire stands, prepares to leave.

CLAIRE
He's not from around here. (beat)
So I guess everything happened just like you called it.

TREVOR
Wish it hadn't.

Claire weighs Trevor's sincerity. She decides he is.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
See you at group. Tuesday night.

Claire heads for the door, but turns as she gets a thought.
CLAIRE (cont'd)

Trevor, I never found out. If you were a car, what kind of car would you be?

Trevor doesn't even have to think about it.

TREVOR

That's easy.

(duh...)

A Love Bug!

And THAT was what Claire was hoping he'd say. She walks out the door.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Champ sits at a table outdoors. Tables have been set up around a coffee cart. Champ is wearing a sports jacket and a turtleneck. An espresso cools in front of him. He's a bit self-conscious. Finally, a WAITER approaches carrying an envelope.

WAITER

Excuse me. Are you Champ TERRace?

CHAMP

Uh... Ter-ROSS.

WAITER

(regarding envelope)

T, E, R, R, A, C, E? Whatever you say. This is for you.

The Waiter hands Champ the envelope. Champ opens it.

CLOSE - THE CRACKER JACK RING

as it's pulled from the envelope.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL CHAMP'S FACE, not terribly surprised, but he is disappointed. In himself, a bit, AND in Chris.
EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

WE SEE Champ in the coffee shop window standing up from his
table, pulling out his wallet, laying a bill down on the
table.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL CHRIS watching glumly from the opposite
side of the street.

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Yvonne and Lance back in the places we saw them in the
earlier flashback scene. This time Lance is being a bit more
attentive to Yvonne.

LANCE
But I told Jimmy, "Hey, that's
acquisitions' problem! Don’t come in
here and expect us to bail you out."

Yvonne is a bit glassy-eyed. She manages some enthusiasm as
she points out a man in his 60s with a 20-year-old date.

YVONNE
(leaning in conspiratorially)
So what do you make of that?

Lance looks over to the couple that Yvonne's pointed out. He
has no idea what she's talking about. He shrugs.

YVONNE (cont'd)
C'mon, what do you suppose they have to
talk about? What do you think they're
saying to each other?

LANCE
(confused, helpless)
I don’t know. Maybe he’s telling her
about his day.

Yvonne leans back, and in her body language and tone of
voice, we know that she’s wishing Ken were with her.

YVONNE
Yeah, maybe that's it.

Off her disappointment...
INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claire sits down in front of her computer with a steaming cup of tea in hand. She operates the mouse. Does some clicking. Takes a deep breath and begins to type.

ON SCREEN

the letters appear one by one as Claire types...

CHAPTER TWO, "THE LOVE BUG."

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END