

CAST
Jeremy Piven

Episode #112
Director: Deran Sarafian

KEEP IT
ALIVE!

CUPID

"A Great Personality"

Written by

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Jeremy Piven

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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..... OWEN 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)

CUPID

"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

CUPID

"A Great Personality"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

1

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)

1 CONTINUED:

1

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.

TREVOR
Gonna?

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:

2 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT 2

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.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

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.

[X]

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

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.

[X]

[X]

[X]

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.

[X]

[X]

[X]

NICK

I say we go straight to the source.
Miss?

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

Nick gestures towards Yvonne. Yvonne looks like she wants to hide. The men who haven't noticed her before, do now. [X]

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... [X]

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 steels herself, takes a deep breath.

YVONNE

Okay. No. I haven't. But that's why I'm here. I want to.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4) 2

MIKE

Hey, now!

3 INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 3

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?

4 INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT (RESUME SCENE) 4

The entire group is perplexed. Figurative crickets chirping.

CLAIRE

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)

4 CONTINUED:

4

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.

5 INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

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)

5 CONTINUED:

5

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...

[X]

6 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SINGLES SESSION - NIGHT

6

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)

6 CONTINUED:

6

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.

[X]

7 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

7

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.

[X]

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)

7 CONTINUED:

7

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?

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

8

INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

8

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.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

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)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

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.

9 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

9

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)

9

CONTINUED:

9

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 --

[X]
[X]

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.

[X]
[X]
[X]
[X]

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

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.

CLAIRE

Gene!

GENE

Claire!

Claire takes the available seat between Gene and Yvonne.

CLAIRE

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.

CLAIRE

(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:

10 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - MORNING

10

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)

10 CONTINUED:

10

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.

[X]
[X]
[X]
[X]

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.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

As Claire's assimilates that information --

11 INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

11

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.

[X]

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?

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

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)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CLAIRE

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

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.

[X]
[X]

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.

13 INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

13

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.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

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)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

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

14

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)

14 CONTINUED:

14

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

[X]

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.

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

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

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

15

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)

15 CONTINUED:

15

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..."

[X]

[X]

[X]

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.

[X]

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)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

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)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

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.

16 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

16

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)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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.

[X]
[X]
[X]

Jaclyn looks up from the book she's examining.

JACLYN

Ian Frechette.

CLAIRE

That quack? What about him?

JACLYN

(referring to book)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

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)
Frechette was the doctor in charge?

17 INT. IAN FRECHETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

17

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 forboding 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?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

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)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

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...

18 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

18

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.

19 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (TIME CUT)

19

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.

[X]

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 Volkswagon 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.

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

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.

20 INT. YVONNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

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.

21 INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

21

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:

21

CHAMP

Just coffee. Nothing wrong with that.

TREVOR

Great, so maybe you'll invite Chris to join you?

[X]

Champ harrumphs at Trevor.

[X]

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.

No loneliness. Couch snuggling. Soup when you're sick. It's nice. Very nice.

(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.

[X]

CHAMP

You make it sound like an easy choice.

TREVOR

It it was easy, you wouldn't be carrying that letter around with you.

[X]

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

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

22 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

22

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.

TREVOR
Chili?

CLAIRE
Naturally.

TREVOR
Cheese?

CLAIRE
Cheddar.

TREVOR
Onions?

CLAIRE
Extra.

TREVOR
Ketchup? Mayo? Mustard?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

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.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

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.

23 EXT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

23

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)

23 CONTINUED:

23

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

24

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)

24 CONTINUED:

24

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.

(laughs just thinking about it)
He told me this story about --

MIKE

(dismissively)
That's nice.

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

25 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

25

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.

[X]

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)

25 CONTINUED:

25

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. [X]

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)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

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...

26 INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

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.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

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!

27 INT. THE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

27

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)