FADE IN:

INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

The GROUP listens attentively while TOM CAIGHNE, gorgeous in a former Phi Delt rush captain sort of way, speaks. PRISCILLA and other female group members are getting a little misty. The guys listen to this with a bit more skepticism.

TOM
... She was always saying how she wanted a yellow lab puppy. She even had a name picked out -- Barnaby. And I thought, you know, what a great three-months-of-dating gift. So I show up to her house. I knock...
(beat, this is difficult)
... and her ex-boyfriend answers in a towel.

Priscilla shakes her head: “that evil bitch.” CLAIRE’S expression tells us she may not be buying this.

TOM
It was just so... post-sex. You know?
(he pauses dramatically)
Barnaby’s seventy pounds now, and I know my apartment isn’t a great place for him. But what can I do? I love the guy.
(shrugs)
I guess I’m just afraid to get back out there... afraid of getting hurt.

Sympathetic female faces. Except for previously unknown group member DAPHNE. She’s pissed.

DAPHNE
I’m sorry, but I can’t take this anymore. That is the biggest, heaviest, densest load of crap I have ever heard.

Audible GASPS from the group. TREVOR’S eyes flicker.

CLaire
Uh, Daphne, we’ve talked about “respectful listening...” 

(CONTINUED)
DAPHNE
I listened respectfully when he told me he couldn’t wait for me to meet his parents. We saw each other every night for a week. After I slept with him, I never heard from him again.

TOM
(as if this makes it all right)
I just didn’t feel a connection. I kind of thought we were on the same page about that.

("admitting" his mistake)
We probably should’ve talked --

Daphne looks like she’s about to blow a gasket. Claire tries to interject, but a shy woman, VELMA, speaks up.

VELMA
He made me a treasure map leading to two tickets to “La Boheme.” He said I was his destiny. The next morning, I woke up alone.

TOM
(hates to bring this up, but…)
If you hadn’t snored --

VELMA
Snored!?

Reactions from the group: this is getting interesting. Trevor’s reaction is enigmatic. A new voice --

VERONICA
He told me he was looking for commitment. Lucky I noticed in time that his video tapes were labeled “Gina, August 15” and “Sabrina, October 31…”

Tom’s reaction says he can’t believe this is happening to him.

LAURENCE
(to Mike, incredulous)
The man got himself a witch on Halloween.

VERONICA
Oh yeah… And I didn’t see any seventy pound dog.

Tom starts to protest his innocence; Claire’s heard enough.
CLAIRE
Tom, it’s pretty clear what’s going on here. You have some real issues with women that I think we could work on in a private session. In the meantime, your presence here is a distraction. I’m afraid I have to ask you to leave.

Tom scans the room. Decides there’s no option, but he’s resentful, as if he genuinely doesn’t think he should be asked to leave.

TOM
(never in a million years)
I’ll call in and book that appointment right away, Dr. Allen.
(to the group)
It’s been real.

Tom heads toward the door. Trevor puts his arm around him. Claire gives them a quizzical look. WE HEAR Claire’s first couple of lines to the group as Trevor and Tom EXIT.

CLAIRE
We’ve talked before about the dangers of dating members within the group. I really suggest a lengthy getting-to-know-you period if you decide to --

INT. SESSIONS ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Trevor escorts Tom out. Claire’s voice fades.

TREVOR
So she threw you out. That’s cold, my friend...

TOM
Yeah, that is one frigid --

TREVOR
(load with irony)
Yeah, what was she thinking -- you being such a swell guy and all.

Tom clues in. Trevor is NOT commiserating. Trevor’s pissed.

TOM
Weren’t you the guy who rushed to the defense of nude twister last week?

(CONTINUED)
Hey, Don Juan. Pay attention.

Tom does as he’s told.

My problem isn’t with the sex. My problem is that you’re not a very nice guy. And guys like you just make my mission harder.

Tom sneers and tries to walk away. Trevor grabs him by the arm and pulls him back.

Consider yourself lucky that an assault conviction would probably land me back in an asylum.

Tom wants to laugh that off. In fact, he may even get the first notes of a chuckle out, but Trevor’s dead serious expression cuts it off. Suddenly, Tom’s not so sure Trevor is exaggerating.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY (THE ONE NEXT TO THE STUDIO) 3

GUNSHOTS. Then tight on a wounded western-dressed, though thoroughly modern, sexy and masculine police detective, SUNSET. He pants as BULLETS RIDDLE the side of the building around him.

CHAMP (O.S.)
Brother, you are in some serious jelly this time.

Sunset turns. His expression registers shock, then fear.

SUNSET
Cohen?

CHAMP emerges from a cloud of black smoke, an apparition on the mean streets of Chicago, immune to the flying bullets.

CHAMP (COHEN)
Prior to my untimely demise, your hands didn’t shake.

SUNSET (cont’d)
(w/genuine Don Johnson angst)
Cohen? But you’re dead. Your wife got the folded flag, ‘cuz I didn’t cover your back.

CHAMP (COHEN)
I’m wearing the chalk outline ‘cuz some skell carved out my heart. No blemish on your conscience.

SUNSET (hopefully)
On the line?

The fog machine kicks into overdrive and rookie detective Cohen begins to fade into the urban landscape.

CHAMP (COHEN)
I’m tellin’ it straight. Just get that junkie who ended me. Make ’em pay, Sunset. Make ’em pay!

(CONTINUED)
Sunset, now determined, grits his teeth, counts to three to himself, then darts from behind the cover of the building, firing away like Butch or Sundance.

ROGER

Cut!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a working film set. A crew is busy filming the (CBS-esque) prime time cop show “Sunset and Vaughn.” Executive producer ROGER PYTKA, wearing a battered “Sunset and Vaughn” baseball cap, directs.
ROGER (cont’d)
That’s Champ TerROSS’ last shot in the movie. Let’s break for lunch.

Cast and crew give Champ sporadic applause and begin heading for the catering truck. REVEAL a bored Trevor watching the scene. Champ approaches.

TREVOR
(imitating/mocking Champ)
Make ‘em pay, Sunset. Make ‘em pay!

CHAMP
You wanted to see how television is made.

TREVOR
If I ask how paint dries, let me die curious. “Die” being, of course, hyperbole.
  (gesturing to himself)
Immortal -- just a reminder.

CHAMP
(having fun with Trevor)
Hey, I’ve got the afternoon free. Let’s test that immortality out. We’ve got some very tall buildings in Chicago. I could push you off...

Trevor takes Champ by the shoulders, looks deep in his eyes and feigns sincerity.

TREVOR
Your lack of faith disheartens me.

CHAMP
My roommate is the god of love exiled to earth until he matches a hundred couples. What’s there not to believe?

TREVOR
Look on the bright side, everyone has roommate problems -- playing the stereo too loud, using up all the hot water -- at least your roommate problems are interesting.

CHAMP
But you also use up all the hot water.

TREVOR
Hey, cleanliness is next to me-liness.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

CHAMP
(sighing)
Let me sign out, so we can get out of here.

Trevor follows Champ into the offices.

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS’ ROOM – DAY

The writing staff of “Sunset and Vaughn.” Attractive and overtly sexy KIM BRABER, JOSH BAERWALD, cute in a nebbish sort of way, and two anonymous male writers toss ideas around a table. Frumpy, dowdy, orthopedic shoe-wearing writer’s assistant KRISTY HOLBROOK hands out the writers’ Chinese food lunches. Kristy is effectively invisible to the men in the room. Kim, on the other hand, inspires lust. Roger enters, harried.

ROGER
What’ve you got for me? Whose gonna tell me what makes the perp crack.

The writers exchange nervous looks. Apparently they have nothing.

JOSH
I was thinking, how ’bout we find out the perp’s mother’s gonna have to leave her old folks home --

KIM
“Now for a very special ‘Sunset and Vaughn...’”

JOSH
All right, they’re interrogating the guy and Sunset just loses it...
(demonstrating)
... starts punching the perp like a --

*ROGER
Seen it. People. Focus. What makes the perp crack?

Kristy, who has been listening intently, speaks under her breath as she hands Josh his copy.

KRISTY
He could be diabetic.

(CONTINUED)
JOSH
Kristy, say that louder.

The writers turn to Kristy expectantly, except Kim who’s annoyed. They wait, but Kristy doesn’t speak.

ROGER
What is it, Kristy?

KRISTY
What if they don’t know the perp’s diabetic --

KIM
(amused by Kristy’s audacity)
Assistants say the darndest things...

KRISTY
So they starve him out, and then when they realize --

KIM
(no longer amused)
Some defacto torture at the hands of our two leads?
(facetiously)
Network’ll love that.

ROGER
Not bad, I’m not quite sure I buy it. Here’s what I want: everybody go back and write the scene. At the end of the week, we shoot the best one.

Writers begin to rise.

JOSH
(to Kristy, encouraging)
See? “Not bad.”

ROGER
And Josh. Make it good this time.

Josh sighs. He’s clearly not having a banner season.

ROGER
Good work, Kristy.

Kim’s none too happy to see Kristy getting attention.
KIM
Oh, Kristy, could you take my dogs out for a walk? You know where I keep the plastic bags...

Kristy nods. She’s been put in her place.

INT. KRISTY’S DESK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kim, holding leashes, catches up to Kristy. A FLOWER DELIVERY BOY approaches. WE STAY on the back of his head.

KIM
At least ten minutes of fetch this time...

Kristy signs for the daisies. Kim peers slyly over the clipboard.

KIM
From your “cousin” again?

KRISTY
No -- no, I ordered them. For my desk...

KIM
(stage whisper)
You should really pick them up at the shop next time. Otherwise people might think it’s a little... desperate.

She smiles like she’s just told Kristy soda works on stains.

KIM (cont’d)
I don’t mean to embarrass you, I just don’t want the others to think you’re pretending to have a boyfriend.

Kim walks off. Kristy looks at the flowers sadly. PULL BACK to REVEAL Trevor. He’s heard the whole conversation.

TREVOR
I send myself flowers all the time. Makes me feel pretty.

Kristy’s too close to losing it to care who she’s talking to.

KRISTY
I just thought maybe they’d cheer me up.

TREVOR
And I see it’s worked like a charm.

(CONTINUED)
Kristy laughs in spite of herself. Champ enters, ticked.

CHAMP
Trevor, I told you to wait for me by the reception desk.

TREVOR
(ignoring Champ)
Hey, listen. I run a singles group.

Champ can’t believe Trevor just said that.

TREVOR (cont'd)
You oughta stop by, I think we could hook you up. What’s your name?

KRISTY
(bewildered)
Kristy.

Champ hauls Trevor out of the room.

TREVOR
I’ll call with details. And I say you take those flowers and ram ‘em up that woman’s --

But Champ’s got Trevor out the door before he can finish.

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Champ attempts to lead Trevor out of the building, we discover the vilest bunch of character actors ever assembled. WE SEE pages marked “Lousy Perp Scene” hanging from the wall.

TREVOR
What’s this?

CHAMP
Actors’ purgatory. They’re waiting to audition.

TREVOR
For what? Sleazebags?

A few of the actors look up, only mildly offended.

TREVOR (cont’d)
I could be a sleazebag.

CHAMP
Could be?
Trevor takes a copy of the sides and approaches a brutish looking actor nearby.

TREVOR
Wanna run lines?

Champ grabs him by the arm.

TREVOR (cont’d)
That’s right. Rough me up, it’ll be more authentic --

CHAMP
Trevor, acting is not a hobby. People train years to --

TREVOR
Play a convincing sleazebag? Did I mention I could be a smidge late on the rent this month?

Champ sighs and takes a seat.

BEGIN MONTAGE

of Trevor memorizing lines theatrically in the reception.

INT. SUNSET & VAUUGHN RECEPTION - DAY (TIME CUT)
Sleazy actors have dwindled.

INT. SUNSET & VAUUGHN RECEPTION - DAY (TIME CUT)
Only a couple actors left.

INT. SUNSET & VAUUGHN RECEPTION - DAY (TIME CUT)
Only Trevor is left.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SUNSET & VAUUGHN WRITERS’ ROOM - DAY
CLOSE - TREVOR
performing with a capital P. This guy is emoting! He’s playing Lousy Perp and he needs his junk.

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)
C’mon, Enrique, I need some candy. And you’re the Candy Man.
observing Trevor from behind a desk. Kim starts to speak, but Trevor cuts her off with a bit of improvisation. (No singing.)

**TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)**

Who can take a bent spoon? Hold it to the flame? Enrique can. Enrique can... that’s who.

They are agog. Kim blinks, remembers that she’s reading with him. She reads the part of Enrique with a complete lack of intonation -- an actor’s worst nightmare.

**KIM**

Watchoo doin’ here? Doncha know you is hot. The thin blue line is onto you, man. And you lead ’em here? To Enrique’s?

The flatness of Kim’s reading throws Trevor for a moment, but he recovers in style.

**TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)**

So you want me out there? On the street? Why doncha save the cops the time and put a gun to my head your gutless self. (getting in Enrique’s face)

Boys in blue hassle you, my brother, invade your business affairs, I take care of your problem. You owe me. You owe me.

Kim, Roger and Josh shoot each other looks. This is the guy.

**INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY**

Trevor is now being led back by Roger, Kim and Josh.

**KIM**

What kind of training did you get in Europe?

**TREVOR**

Classical.

**ROGER**

It shows.

Champ simply can’t believe what he’s hearing. Trevor grabs Champ and pushes him toward the door.

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR
You are looking at one breadwinning thespian.

CHAMP
All hail the conquering sleazebag. For a *
crazy person, you got a hell of a lot of *
luck.

TREVOR
Help me get this straight jacket off, *
I’ll buy you a lottery ticket.

INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

Group session. All the regulars. MIKE holds up Claire’s column. Then, dubiously...

MIKE
Claire, were you serious about this *
week’s column?

VERONICA
(dry, to Claire, aimed at Mike)
Or was it an elaborate practical joke?
CLAIRE
Veronica, please.
(to Mike)
Something you didn’t like?

MIKE
This “we’re seeing the return of traditional courting methods.” Honestly, Claire, I’m just getting the hang of the modern techniques.

CLAIRE
Everything’s cyclical, Mike. We’ve gone through a period in which singles go out in groups, dance in groups, vacation in groups. People no longer date. They “hook up.”

LAURENCE
And that’s bad?

CLAIRE
It’s not bad or good. But, what worked for us in our teens and twenties, doesn’t hold up as well, especially for women, when we’re facing our thirties. We begin to want more structure.

TREVOR
Claire, you wanted more structure in the womb.

CLAIRE
Mark my words, we’re going to see a change in the romantic landscape.

TREVOR
(can you hear yourself?)
Romantic landscape.

CLAIRE
Dancing cheek to cheek. Dressing up. Etiquette. Pre-arrangement.

PRISCILLA
That’d be nice. Men don’t ask you out anymore. They corner you.

VERONICA
I don’t know. One on one is so...
(searching for words)
(MORE)
... face-to-face. Know what I mean? And with a stranger? It’s kinda creepy.

General ad-libbed commentary from everyone. Claire notices shrinking violet Kristy. Hoping to get her involved...

CLAIRE
How ’bout we hear from someone new. Trevor?

TREVOR
(confused, willing to wing it)
Oh, um. My name is Trevor Hale. Women frighten me --

CLAIRE
You brought a guest, Trevor.

TREVOR
That’s right! Everyone, this is Kristy Holbrook. Kristy, tell ’em a little about yourself.

Ad-libbed greetings from the group.

KRISTY
(dreadfully shy)
Uh, I’m a writer’s assistant on “Sunset and Vaughn...”

CLaire
(abnormally school-girlish)
I love that show!
(doing the show’s tagline)
Two Hollywood cops! One a former Texas Ranger. One a South Central ganglord gone straight.

Claire notices that people are gaping at her a bit. Her Sunset & Vaughn mania is a bit out of character.

(CONTINUED)
CLAIRE (cont’d)
Wow. Kristy, that’s impressive.
(back to the subject)
All right. So give us your two cents.
Going out in groups or official dates?

KIRSTY
(quietly)
Can you skip me? Just this first week?

CLAIRE
(realizing)
Sure. That’s not a --

TREVOR
No. We learn to swim here by diving in.

CLAIRE
Kristy, you don’t have to...
KRISTY
I’m just not sure my opinion should really count. I mean, the reason I’m here, I guess, is because I never go out.

Claire handles this in stride, the complete pro.

CLAIRE
Meeting people these days is tough, Kristy. When you’re ready to get out there, we can work on interpersonal skill generation, dating process sensitization, and risk-taking capacity augmentation --

Trevor cocks his head, his attention focused on Kristy’s frumpiness. Kristy looks like Adrian in the first Rocky.

TREVOR
I say we get you a make-over.

Lots of murmuring from the group. Claire shoots a “prepare to die” look at Trevor, who appears pretty self-satisfied. (Go figure.) Our regulars know it’s time to duck and cover.

MIKE
Look out.

EXT. SESSIONS BUILDING - NIGHT
Members of the group spill out.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Tom, his pal, flask-chugging MATT and two other cronies. Unseen, they watch the group members exit.

TOM
(spotting Kristy)
There. That one’s new. She’ll be next.

MATT
She should only count as a half.

TOM
It was a bet, not a beauty pageant. Three girls in three weeks. And I’ve got one week left. Won’t be a problem.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. TAGGERTY’S - NIGHT

Claire follows Trevor into Taggerty’s, carrying on a battle we know started at group. Champ tends bar.

CLAIRE
Trevor, from now on, can ya wait ’til the second meeting to torture new members?

TREVOR
What’s so wrong with wanting to get a girl a date?

CLAIRE
Nothing. Telling her she’s too unattractive to find one, on the other hand --

TREVOR
(weary of this conversation)
That’s not what I said, and relax -- she declined the make-over.

Trevor walks around the bar, puts on an apron, joins Champ.

CLAIRE
She said she didn’t think it would do her any good. It nearly broke my heart. Did you see the way it took the wind out of the group’s sails?

TREVOR
Now that you can’t blame on me. That was all you.

CLAIRE
Me, how?

TREVOR
Telling ’em they have to set their dating “way back” machine fifty years.

CLAIRE
Now that would be a field trip I wish I could take them on. They’d learn so much.
TREVOR
Champ, the relationship expert...
(indicating Claire)
... says we’re going back in time. Why
don’t we put a peephole on the front door
and turn this place into a speakeasy.
Whaddya say, Daddy-O?

CHAMP
There’s already a speakeasy in Chicago --
Morty’s.

CLAIRE
(eureka!)
Morty’s!

TREVOR
(what the hell?)
Morty’s?

Claire looks at Champ. She’s excited about something.

CLAIRE
(don’t ya get it, Champ?)
Morty’s.

CHAMP
(cluing in, nodding)
Morty’s.

TREVOR
If somebody doesn’t --

CHAMP
It’s a swing club.

CLAIRE
People dancing cheek to cheek. Strangers
asking each other to dance. Dressing up.
There’s our dating wayback machine.

TREVOR
Swing dancing? Figures you’d latch on to
something that has rules to it. Don’t
you understand the real purpose dancing
serves?

Off Champ and Claire’s blank expressions.
TREVOR (cont’d)
It shows what you’re like in the sack!
It shows how much booty shakage your partner can expect! Are you all about slow and steady?
(working a sexual slow groove)
One of those all-over-the-place types?
(Trevor does something that resembles a member of Devo getting it on)
Maybe you’re more of a punisher.

Before Trevor can fully demonstrate --

CLAIRE
Don’t you have some work to do?

TREVOR
Why? You interested in checking out my...
(demonstrating)
... daily grind?
(referencing his own grinding)
Hell, sometimes it’s more like three...
four times a day.

CLAIRE
What about those people who’ve taken the time to learn the steps?

TREVOR
How sexy does this look to you?
(mumbling)
One... two... three... four. One...

Trevor does a wooden square dancing move, planting his feet as if there were cut-out shoe soles taped to the floor. This is not sexy.

CHAMP
Sounds to me like someone doesn’t know how to dance.

TREVOR
What’s the point in using the word “someone” when we all know you’re talking about me?

CLAIRE
Wow. Something you can’t do.
Claire, believe me, anything that requires hip movement, I can do better than you.

(pleased w/Trevor’s chutzpah)

Really? Well, then, you’ll probably be excited to hear that Morty’s has a swing contest every Saturday. Champ...?

(loving showing Trevor up)

Oh, I’d love to.

(to Champ)

Et tu, Champé?

(sotto to Champ, his acting peer)

That’s Shakespeare.

(to both)

Look, I’d love to learn to swing dance just to wipe those smug looks off your faces. Unfortunately, I’m a little strapped. No money for lessons.

Claire and Champ exchange a look. Yes, they’re cocky.

SMASH CUT TO:

 Claire and Champ complete an impressive swing move. The group is impressed. Trevor’s dumbfounded expression tells us he never would’ve guessed that Claire was this good.

And that’s called a “Sugar Push.”

All right. Your turn. Everyone partner up.

Everyone begins to do just that. Trevor looks around. He desperately needs a good partner.

TREVOR’S POV – VERONICA, THEN PRISCILLA, ANOTHER GROUP MEMBER with a dancer’s physique. In PANNING across the room, he passes right over cowering wallflower Kristy. BUT, his eyes come back to her. She’s trying to sneak out toward the door.

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR

sucks it up. Even though this is going to make it that much tougher to beat Claire, he’s gonna do the right thing.

TREVOR

Trevor’s gesture isn’t lost on Claire. It’s moments like this that she catches herself loving the guy. It’s moments like this when we all love the guy.

CLAIRE

We’ve got the room every night this week, folks, so try not to miss or your partner will be left out.

Group members continue to pair off self-consciously.

MIKE
Claire?

(beat)

What are we doing?

CLAIRE

We’re practicing “one on one.” We’re relaxing and having fun. We’re going back in time.

MIKE

(whatever you say)

Okay.

EXT. BRIDGE – DAY

As Tom and Matt stroll across, Matt whips out his flask.

TOM

Starting a little early, aren’t ya?

MATT

(as if this makes it all right)

Bloody Mary.

TOM

Ah. So... whadja find out?

MATT

One of those single group knobs talked to her after the group. Her name’s Kristy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
She works on “Sunset and Vaughn.” Somebody’s assistant. She said she won the Atlantic Monthly fiction contest.

TOM
Great... that’s great.

MATT
Not much time left.

TOM
More than enough. In fact, just to make it interesting, I’ll play it right down to the wire.

MATT
Why?

TOM
Because I’m an artist, my friend.

Matt gives him a look that says, “no, it’s because you’re a twisted fuck, but I like that about you.”

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN STAGE - DAY

Kristy, carrying a writer’s tablet, leads Claire on a tour of the stages. Carpenters, grips, etc. wander around in b.g. Claire is very excited. The interrogation room set is directly behind them.

CLAIRE
I can’t thank you enough for inviting me down here, Kristy. This is so cool.

Claire points out a two-seated bicycle.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Hey, that’s from the episode where Sunset and Vaughn chased the perp who tried to get away on the police horse. Wow!

KRISTY
I was a little surprised to find out you’re a fan of the show.

CLAIRE
Why’s that?

KRISTY
College-educated female professionals aren’t our main demographic.

(_CONTINUED)
Claire attempts to stutter out a response, but...

**KIRSTY (cont’d)**
Mostly it’s the breasts and guns and violence that pull in the masses. That and the fact that we show Sunset’s naked butt nearly every week.

We get the distinct impression that’s the reason a red-faced Claire watches the show.

**CLAIRE**
Oh? Ha! Really?
(Off Kristy’s nod)
Hadn’t given it much thought. Some women...
(then attempting seriousness)
I think it’s reductive to categorize the show that way.

**KIRSTY**
Ah, speaking of the devil... Wanna meet him?

**REVEAL SUNSET**
in a robe, carrying a script. Out of character, Sunset is neurotic, insecure and self-absorbed. From the way Kristy said devil, we understand that she was speaking literally.

**KIRSTY (cont’d)**
(shyly)
Uh, Robert...

Sunset takes Kristy’s pad and scribbles something.

**CLOSE - THE PAD**
he’s autographed it.

**KIRSTY (cont’d)**
(still quite the mouse)
I work here.

No recognition from Sunset. Claire notes Kim’s mousiness.

**KIRSTY (cont’d)**
I’m Kim Braber’s assistant. Anyway, Dr. Claire Allen, this is Robert Patton who plays --

(CONTINUED)
CLAIRE
(starstruck)
Sunset!

SUNSET
(all Texas accent gone)
What kind of doctor?

KRISTY
She’s a psychologist.

CLAIRE
It’s a privilege, really. You’re a terrific actor.

Sunset takes Claire by the arm and pulls her away to share a private moment.

SUNSET
You really think so? Sometimes I think it’s just the chin implant people like.

CLAIRE
(the illusion begins to fade, but Claire attempts to help)
No. Really. You should feel really great about yourself.

SUNSET
Are psychologists allowed to prescribe? The Xanax my regular shrink prescribed -- he said it should do me for a month, but he doesn’t understand the pressures of carrying a hit show. Three days. Three days and it’s gone.

Kristy gives Claire a sympathetic look, points at her watch and departs. Claire tries to focus on Sunset’s insecurities.

SUNSET (cont’d)
Four straight People’s Choice best actor awards, but do the Emmy people even notice? Does my shrink care? How can a man who doesn’t own a television understand what that sort of snub can do to an actor’s psyche.

Claire nods along wanting nothing more than to get out of there.
INT. KRISTY’S DESK - DAY

Kristy arrives and finds a wonderful bouquet of roses. Kristy glances around, suspicious. She finds a card: “From your secret admirer. Call me.” There’s a phone number. Kim walks by.

KIM
(rubbing it in)
More flowers!


JOSH (O.S.)
You have to prime it, like a grill.
Don’t ever try to just pick up and dial...

Kristy looks up. She’s wearing that hand-in-the-cookie-jar expression. REVEAL Josh.

JOSH (cont’d)
Don’t mind me. I’ve never understood the tao of office appliances. Listen, I wanted to ask you --

KRISTY
(blurting)
I don’t know who they’re from!

JOSH
(as if he has no clue what she’s talking about)
I wanted to ask if you’d help me write that interrogation scene.
(a regular Wally Cleaver)
I thought your idea was swell.

KRISTY
Are you... I mean, really?

JOSH
Gosh, only if you’d want to.

KRISTY
Yeah. Yeah, I do...

JOSH
Great. Great. I’ll come by later.

(CONTINUED)
JOSH (cont’d)
If you really don’t know who sent them --
they’re from me.

He smiles shyly as he goes. Kristy, confidence bolstered,
picks up the phone and dials.

KRISTY
Hello? This is Kristy Holbrook.
Calling. About... the flowers.
(beat)
Uh, wow. Thanks.
(beat, whatever he’s saying,
she can’t believe it)
... Yeah. Okay. How will I recognize
you?
(beat, repeating his question)
How will you recognize me?

Kristy looks at her reflection in the office window and
wincs. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Kim, down the
hall, making a point, very flirtatiously with Roger, who
appears to be acquiescing, won over by her feminine charms.

TREVOR polishes glasses and hands them to Champ.

TREVOR
... And I was having trouble with it, you
know, until I figured it out...

CHAMP
What’s that?

TREVOR
My motivation. I just can’t believe this
is coming so easily to me. It’s like I
was born to do it.

CHAMP
You’re clearly a natural.

TREVOR
Watch, I can do both drama masks...

Trevor demonstrates. This whole thing amuses Champ.

TREVOR (cont’d)
And I can cry on cue.

(CONTINUED)
A summons to amateurs everywhere to pack their bags and head to Hollywood...

It was like waterworks the other day in my trailer... I’m getting into my intention. You know what that is, right?

I think I remember.

And suddenly out of nowhere, I’m imagining Persephone, trapped in the underworld, and I’m just bawling --

That’s the substitution I always use...

Substitution, yeah, one of the actors on set was telling me about that. Seems like a lot of trouble to me though, since I can just do it on my own. Is that pretty rare you think?

In average people? Yeah. Numbers are probably a little higher for outpatients.

Hey maybe you could run lines with me...

The PHONE RINGS. Trevor picks up.

(gleefully)

Ah, Kristy, the Rogers to my Astaire...

KRISTY

Trevor, that make-over you were talking about... I want to do it.

Trevor throws off his apron with glee and stands at full attention, the eager scout ready for the job ahead.
TREVOR
Kristy, my love. Just tell me what you want. Don’t hold back.

KRISTY
(this is very difficult)
I want to be noticed.

Trevor’s expression tells us that won’t be a problem.

INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT

Group members are partnered up for dancing. Claire and Champ demonstrate.

CHAMP
Women, be sure to keep resistance in your arms when you turn, you don’t want to end up in the next county, or with a new partner...

Veronica glances at her dance partner, Mike. His eyes are shut he’s concentrating so hard. His lips move because he’s counting to himself.

VERONICA
Speak for yourself.

Trevor eyes the door wondering where Kristy is.

CLAIRE
Let’s try the underarm turn once -- only once, try not to get carried away.

TREVOR
Wouldn’t want that. You might actually graze an erogenous zone.

CLAIRE
(shooting a look at Trevor)
Get into starting positions.

CHAMP
On the count of three, folks... one... two... thr...

(CONTINUED)
entering. Or rather, the new Kristy: attractive and very sexy, dressed much in the style of her boss, Kim. Men gawk. Claire’s jaw drops.

CLAIRE
(forced calm)
Trevor, can I see you for a sec.

INT. SESSIONS ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE
You have done all the things I’ve warned you not to do.

TREVOR
Not all of them. I’ve still haven’t opened that tabasco lubricant.

CLAIRE
Don’t you see? Now she’s getting a response to her looks and she’ll think she’s okay --

TREVOR
Or be okay... a distinction you shrinks tend to overlook. Bad for business.

CLAIRE
This make-over won’t change anything. Maybe men will be attracted to her physically, but for Kristy this sudden attention could be a Pandora’s Box.

TREVOR
Ummmm... Pandora. Now you wanna see someone who could move her hips.

CLAIRE
Let me put this in terms you can understand. You find people their true love, you get a match, a bead, a step closer to home.

TREVOR
Not to mention a tremendous feeling of self worth.

CLAIRE
This method is more likely to get Kristy hurt than get you a bead.
Claire notices that Trevor doesn’t seem to be paying attention to her. He’s looking through the glass door.

CLaire (cont’d)
Trevor?

TREVOR
Yeah, I can feel her pain from here.

Claire eyes what’s caught Trevor’s attention. REVEAL Kristy smiling, being fawned over by Mike and Laurence. Claire shakes her head.

INT. SINGLES SESSION ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

All the couples dance, including Trevor and Kristy who are doing pretty well for having had two lessons.

TREVOR
We’re on fire. We’re a pyrotechnic display. We are burning up the faux hardwood tiling and it’s all because of you.

KRISTY
(having fun, but her line is tinged w/irony)
Oh yeah. We’re smoking...

Mike and Veronica dance up to Trevor and Kristy.

MIKE
Please, allow me to cut in.

Mike’s request is well-rehearsed. It sounds like it came straight from the audio tape that accompanies Claire’s finishing school for modern dating.

VERONICA
Please, allow him to cut in.

TREVOR
All right, but don’t touch anything.
I’ve got her running just right.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Laurence dances with Priscilla.

PRISCILLA
You know, back in Atlanta, this sort of thing just wasn’t done.

(CONTINUED)
LAURENCE
(misinterpreting)
Well maybe it’s time Atlanta entered the twentieth century. Maybe, for once, Dixie shouldn’t look away. Maybe the taboos of our fathers shouldn’t be --

PRISCILLA
(matter-of-factly)
I meant swing dancing.

Off of Laurence’s silent embarrassment. Claire approaches Trevor who watches Kristy dance with Mike.

CLAIRE
Your dancing’s really coming along, Trevor.

TREVOR
“Coming along?” I am the Mambo King.

CLAIRE
This is swing. Where you’re still sort of a minor viscount or... unlanded duke... (softening) You’re doing very well for a beginner.

TREVOR
(taking exception) Let’s put an end to your delusions of grandeur once and for all...

CLAIRE
(quite the smartass) Gosh, I knew one of us could use a dose of reality. (rubbing her chin) I suppose I thought --

TREVOR
Morty’s amateur dance contest. Next Saturday. If my partner and I take first prize --

CLAIRE
You won’t.

TREVOR
You have to be my personal assistant for a day.
CHAMP
I’d make him define “assistant.”

TREVOR
Light filing, some faxing, sensual
massage. Bring a Water Pic. And if you
and Champ win --

CLAIRE
We will.

TREVOR
A prize of your choosing.

CHAMP
(to Claire, just a suggestion)
See if you can get a laryngectomy out of
the deal.

A serious look crosses Claire’s face.

CLAIRE
You know? There is something I want.

TREVOR
All right, but don’t be offended if I ask
you to wear a bag over your head.
Nothing personal. File it under
“fetish.”

If this were Ally McBeal, Claire would have to take a moment.

CLAIRE
When Champ and I win, you’ll start
keeping a dream log. I’ve been begging
for months.

CHAMP
A dream log?

TREVOR
She wants me to write down my dreams.
One more way to peek into my damaged
psyche.
   (to Claire)
Fine, but if you sell any of them to
men’s magazines, the cash comes my way.

CLAIRE
Deal.
   (to group)
(MORE)
All right, gang. That’s it for tonight.

Great job.

TREVOR
Taggerty’s, everybody.

Mike returns Kristy to Trevor.

TREVOR (cont’d)
Coming? We can talk strategy. I’ve got this move worked out where I swing you by one arm -- all four limbs off the ground... high degree of difficulty. It’s a favorite with the Romanian judges.

KRISTY
I can’t.
(Off Trevor’s questioning look)
I have... a date.

Trevor and Claire share a look. They both believe this proves their point.

INT. ROMANTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kristy arrives for her date, sees Tom standing there and is bowled over by his godlike mien. She works up her nerve.

KRISTY
(shy)
Hi.

TOM
(attracted)
Hi.

Kristy waits for him to say more but he doesn’t. Confused, she tries again.

KRISTY
Do you want to sit down?

TOM
Thanks. I’m waiting for someone.

KRISTY
Me. You’re waiting for me.

TOM
(good-natured)
No, I really am waiting for somebody. But that’s a great line...

(CONTINUED)
I’m Kristy Holbrook. You are Tom, aren’t you?

Tom is now totally befuddled.

Kristy, God... you look so different than... than...

Tom thinks he’s screwed. Kristy bails him out.

Than the picture in the magazine. I... cut my hair.

A maitre d’ approaches to lead them to their table. Tom follows Kristy, still awed by her new look.

It’s dessert time. Dinner has gone well.

I still can’t believe I’m here, eating with you -- this woman I’m so in awe of.

Really?

You’re this talented, professional writer... and beautiful to boot.

I don’t think I’ve ever heard that before.

Really? “To boot?” Midwestern thing, I guess. I just... You’ve got me all rattled.

Are you often rattled?

No, never. I don’t know what it is...
Listen, maybe sometime, if it wouldn’t bore you, we could talk about your writing, if that’d be all right...

Kristy nods, her quietly delighted expression telling us it would be more than all right. As she blushingly glances down at her napkin, WE SEE a smug expression flicker across Tom’s face. He’ll have no problem winning this bet. It really is just a matter of when he wants to pull the trigger.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. KRISTY’S DESK – DAY

Kristy works quietly at her desk trying not to pay attention to the two anonymous writers across the room who are ostensibly loitering at the coffee machine, but are clearly just there to check out her new look. Roger comes motoring through the room. He catches a glimpse of Kristy out of the corner of his eye. His DOUBLE-TAKE isn’t even discreet. He doesn’t quite crash into a wall, but he nearly does. Josh approaches Kristy’s desk.

JOSH
Wow. You look great. Ready to get to work?

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS’ ROOM – DAY

Kristy and Josh sit at the conference table. The brainstorming is fast and furious.

KRISTY
So the perp’s got this bag --

JOSH
Can’t take a bag into the room.

KRISTY
Okay, he’s stashed the knife on his body --

JOSH
I don’t wanna think about where --

KRISTY
We think they haven’t found it -- which they haven’t -- but when they press him he slips and --

JOSH
Right, right, I see where you’re going with it, that’s great.

KRISTY
You’re gonna have to work harder to convince me I’m good at this, Josh...

JOSH
Glad to. How about over lunch?

(CONTINUED)
KRISTY
I think I’m gonna be busy.

JOSH
(playing it safe)
That’s cool. Short notice.

Josh glances at Kristy, now jotting notes, if he was asking her out -- and he was -- she didn’t notice or didn’t care.

INT. KRISTY’S DESK - DAY

Kim needs something. She approaches Kristy’s desk.

KIM
Kristy, have you picked up my...

But Kristy’s not at her desk. Kim notices the flowers at Kristy’s desk. She rolls her eyes.

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS’ ROOM - DAY

Kim’s voice buzzes in, interrupting Josh and Kristy’s friendly brainstorming.

KIM (O.S.)
Hello... Kristy? Do I still have an assistant...?

Kristy gives Josh a worried look, scurries back to her desk.

INT. KRISTY’S DESK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Kristy gets back to her desk, she sees Kim looking at the card that goes with the flowers. Kim reads without looking up.

KIM
(saccharine sweet)
“Tom.” That’s your dad, right? Didn’t he send you candy for Valentine’s, too?
That is so thoughtful, when he knows, you know, that you’re not seeing anyone --

TOM (O.S.)
Hey, Kristy. Now an okay time for lunch?

Kristy looks up. REVEAL Tom in all his gorgeousness. Kim’s jaw drops. Then she looks at Kristy for the first time. This is almost too much for her to absorb.

(CONTINUED)
INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN RECEPTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trevor enters carrying a jambox. WE SEE him from behind the sullen, engrossed-in-her-crossword-puzzle receptionist.

TREVOR
I need to talk to the writers. I have some ideas for punching up the script.

The receptionist nods. Trevor walks back down the hall but is faced with a number of doors. He hesitates, chooses one.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS’ OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ad-libbing small talk, Tom helps Kristy on with her jacket as they head down the hall. Tom slips into the bathroom while Kristy, responding to a summons, slips into an office.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS’ OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trevor comes out of a doorway. Starts to walk in another door. As he passes the bathroom, Tom opens the door, sees Trevor, has a split second of recognition and ducks back inside for a moment, to let him pass. He then heads down the hall, now behind Trevor.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS’ OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Trevor peers into the conference room before stepping in.

TREVOR
Hey there. I’m your “lousy perp.” Got a sec to talk about my motivation?

The nonplussed writers aren’t sure how to react. Trevor steps inside.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WRITERS’ OFFICES - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom, heads down the hall, sees Kristy going back to her desk.

TOM
(a little anxious)
Hey. Let’s get out of here before somebody remembers something urgent you have to do.

As they walk out, Tom glances nervously behind him.
At this moment, Trevor is being shooed out of the Writers Conference room.

TREVOR
I’m not married to the Scottish accent.
We can work something out here...

Kim approaches.

TREVOR (cont’d)
Hey, have you seen Kristy around?

KIM
Why do you ask?

TREVOR
She’s my dance partner. Gotta teach her our stealth move -- the “No-Handed Lizzie.”

It’s a new world for Kim, who departs shaking her head.

Tom and Kristy get their food and duck inside...

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN SET – DAY – CONTINUOUS

to eat.

KRISTY
(shyly)
So... what was it that you liked about my Atlantic Monthly story...?

Tom experiences a moment of panic which he quickly covers. What Kristy interprets as the impassioned stuttering of the true admirer, we recognize as the desperate bluffing of a guy who didn’t read her story.

TOM
Well, like I said on the phone, your story was... it was just... it was... powerful. I think what impressed me most was the... unconscious nod to the metaphysical.

KRISTY
(slyly)
Wow. I wasn’t even conscious of it.

(CONTINUED)
TOM
But that’s the power of the -- you’re making a joke. You’re trying to tell me I’m getting carried away.

KRISTY
I doubt you ever get carried away, Tom.

TOM
What do you mean?

KRISTY
You seem very much in control.

Tom’s a little shaken: is she onto him?

TOM
No, I’m, I’m --

KRISTY
You were that guy in high school, snap your fingers and the entire student body drops their pants -- in formation and on cue --

Tom relaxes, realizing she doesn’t know what he’s up to.

TOM
(with a reluctant grin)
Their butts spelled “Beavers.” It was college actually. Oregon State.

KRISTY
I’ve wondered what it would be like -- to be that guy. You. I always thought it would be fun for a day, and after awhile, it would just be this... job.

This hits Tom close to the bone and his expression shows it.*

KRISTY (cont’d)*
Maybe I’m getting too personal...*

TOM
(recovering)*
No, no, it’s fine. (re: catering table)
Dessert’s on me. What can I get you?

KRISTY
Surprise me.

(CONTINUED)
TOM

(as much to himself as her)
I’m not sure if I’m gonna be able to.
And as we try to decipher that double entendre --

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS’ ROOM - DAY

Kristy’s walking by the writers’ room. She spots Trevor inside. He smiles, waves her in.

KRISTY
Trevor, what’re you doing here?

TREVOR
Shut the blinds. I’ve gotta show you something.

KRISTY
Famous last words.

TREVOR
A dance move. Here’s how we’re gonna win.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Tom and Matt loiter. Tom’s reading Kristy’s “Atlantic Monthly” article while Matt girl-watches.

MATT
What are you reading?

Tom doesn’t respond. Matt reconsiders the question.

MATT (cont’d)
Why are you reading?

TOM
Kristy’s story. Pulled it off the internet.

MATT
Gotta admire a man who’ll go to any lengths to win a bet.

Tom goes back to the article.

CLOSE - THE ARTICLE

WE SEE a photo of Kristy in frumpy mode and a headline that reads “My Barbie Was A Slut.”

MATT
Hey, hey, hey! Hottie. Ten o’clock. Babe-a-licious-ness.

(CONTINUED)
Tom, engrossed, doesn't look up. Within seconds he's chuckling.

INT. SUNSET & VAUGHN WRITERS’ ROOM - DAY

Josh walks by the writers’ office. WE HEAR the faint SOUNDS of SWING MUSIC, and the THUD of a body landing. Josh considers for a moment before deciding, then pokes his head in. He sees Trevor on the floor. Both Trevor and Kristy are breathing hard and laughing. A disappointed look from Josh?

JOSH
Hey, Kristy. I think I’ve got something for that scene, so... I’m just gonna run with it on my own.

KRISTY
(disappointed but accepting)
Okay, Josh. I hope yours gets picked.

Trevor observes the dynamic. Hmm.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The end of a long-in-the-good-kind-of-way date. Tom leans in romantically to give a very willing Kristy a goodnight kiss.
KRISTY
Do you want to come up?

Yes, she means what we think she means. Tom pauses, looking carefully at her face. A LONG beat -- he’s deciding what to do. Finally, he kisses her on the forehead.

TOM
I’m really tired. I think it might be best if I just head home.

KRISTY
(coversing)
Okay, sure... that’s fine.

TOM
You understand, don’t you? It’s just... by Friday I’m usually pretty much wasted for the week.

KRISTY
Yeah, me too.

TOM
(noticing Kristy’s deflated expression)
But I can’t wait to see you dance at Morty’s tomorrow night.

KRISTY
That’s right.

TOM
You still want me to come, don’t you?

Kristy, the good camper, nods and smiles. Tom looks pleased as he takes off. We’re left wondering whether he really has a thing for her or if this is part of his plan to nail her in the eleventh hour the following night.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE’S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Claire is dressed to the nines for swing dancing, the picture of ’40s swing chic. A KNOCK on the door. She answers. Champ stands on the other side, not dressed to the nines.

CLAIRE
(embracing him)
Hello, welcome! You look --

She finally gets a good look at him.

CLAIRE (cont’d)
... like you’re standing me up.

CHAMP
They need me back at “Sunset and Vaughn” for reshoots tonight.

Claire’s eyes narrow suspiciously.

CLAIRE
(Newsman!)
Trevor.

CHAMP
Trevor? What about him?

CLAIRE
Who called you from “Sunset and Vaughn?”

CHAMP
(not getting it)
Trevor took a message.

CLAIRE
And you called to confirm?

CHAMP
The PA put me on hold for ten minutes. Then hung up on me.

CLAIRE
Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Then isn’t it highly possible that Trevor could have taken the message down wrong?

(CONTINUED)
CHAMP
Well I guess --

CLAIRE
(becoming more convinced)
Perhaps he meant to say they might need you or they thought they’d need you, but he intentionally left out the qualifiers.

CHAMP
(confident about this)
He said they needed me --

CLAIRE
(rambling, getting carried away)
What am I saying? There probably wasn’t any call at all. Trevor knew we were going to win the dance contest. He’s a schemer. You know he’s a schemer. He sat there saying to himself “how can I make sure Claire and Champ don’t win. I know, I’ll play on the actor’s ego...”

Champ is a tad insulted by the direction this is going.

CLAIRE (cont’d)
“I’ll tell him a big television show needs him tonight. He’ll never question that. Claire won’t suspect, because she’s so...”

Champ can’t believe this normally rational person is losing it like this. He takes her by the shoulders.

CHAMP
Claire. Did you skip your classes on paranoia? Listen, I came by to tell you because I knew it was important to you, but I really gotta go.

CLAIRE
Just promise, if they don’t need you, you’ll race back to Morty’s.

CHAMP
I promise.

Off Claire’s defeated expression.
INT. MORTY’S - NIGHT

The club is hopping. Big-Bad-Voodoo-Daddy-esque band in full swing, couples dancing in hip neo-’40s outfits. Martinis abound.

MIKE & LAURENCE

looking good. Looking “swing.” They ask a couple of women at a table to dance. The women accept and begin to get up from their table.

REVEAL KRISTY & TOM

entering arm-in-arm. There seems to be a real affection between them.

TOM
You’re not gonna make me get out there, are ya?

KRISTY
(teasing)
I have a partner. You’ll have to get one of your own.
(pretending to search club)
What’re you into?

Tom pulls Kristy close.

TOM
I dig writers.

KRISTY
So you’re saying if Jackie Collins shows up, I’m screwed.

Off the happy couple...

AT THE BAR

Trevor sits at the bar. He can’t see Kristy and Tom enter. Claire approaches. Trevor whistles when he sees her.

CLAIRE
So they desperately needed Champ back on the set tonight?

Claire takes the stool next to Trevor’s.

(CONTINUED)
TREVOR
That's what they said.
(flagging bartender)
Hey, Rip Van Winkle, about my drink?

CLAIRE
But they didn’t know about this desperate need until today?

TREVOR
TV people aren't planners, Claire. They are the "music makers." They are the "dreamers of dreams..."
(to Bartender)
You rim the glass with a fresh lemon wedge. Rim the glass!

CLAIRE
What? So they don’t schedule ahead?

TREVOR
(ignoring Claire, to Bartender)
My man! Do you need me to come back there and show you?

Claire reluctantly gives up her inquiry as Trevor seems genuinely oblivious. Trevor glances out at the dance floor.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Lookie there.

VERONICA & A STRANGER
dancing cheek to cheek. Veronica seems pretty happy.

MIKE & LAURENCE
dancing, adequately, with the women they asked to dance.

PRISCILLA & ANOTHER SINGLES GROUP MEMBER
dressed up. They stand at the edge of the dance floor chatting with a couple strangers.

TREVOR
Even though you’re not going to win the dance contest, all your energy hasn’t gone to waste.

Claire smiles. She does take comfort in that.

(CONTINUED)
Kristy is a step away from Tom ordering from a waitress as Tom’s SLOPPY DRUNK pal, Matt, taps him on the shoulder. Tom is surprised to see him.

MATT
My man, look at this fine looking woman.
So what happened with that bag lady from the singles group you were gonna nail?

REVEAL KRISTY

turning back in time to catch this. The room starts to spin for her. She’s numb.

REVEAL TREVOR IN CLOSE UP

his eyes go wide, then shrink to slits of fury.

TREVOR’S POV - TOM ACROSS THE ROOM HOLDING HANDS W/KRISTY

Trevor begins to march over. Claire sees what’s going on.

CLAIRE
Trevor! Don’t do anything stupid!
(sotto)
Who am I kidding?

She follows Trevor.

CLOSE – TREVOR’S HAND BALLING INTO A FIST

Before Trevor or Claire can get there...

BACK ON KRISTY, TOM & MATT

MATT
You had a week to do it. That was the bet. One week.

Kristy hauls off and SLAPS THE SHIT out of Tom. REALLY lets him have it.

TOM
Kristy, wait --
She slaps him again. Tom just takes it. Kristy departs.

TREVOR & CLAIRE

approach Tom. Claire catches Trevor, takes his arm.

CLAIRE
He’s not worth it, Trevor.

It takes all of Trevor’s willpower not to bust Tom’s ass.

CLAIRE (cont’d)
Let it go, Trevor. Let it go.

FAVORING MATT

who follows Tom toward the exit. Matt checks his watch.

MATT
Damn, man, you get slapped a lot. Hey! Your week ended last night! You had to nail that singles group girl by last night.

TOM
That was her.

MATT
(finally realizing)
Damn. (about the bet)
So...?

A beat as Tom decides what kind of person he’s going to be. Sadly he goes into Big Cool Daddy mode.

TOM
Last night? You’re sure! I thought I had tonight.

MATT
Nope. Last night was Friday. You forgot?

TOM
I was gonna pull the trigger tonight.

MATT
Loser.

(CONTINUED)
TOM  
(fully aware of what he’s done)  
It won’t happen again.

They leave together, two parlor snakes in a pod. Just as they reach the door, WE SEE Tom give a last lingering look at Kristy.

INT. MORTY’S - NIGHT - LATER

Claire, Trevor and Kristy in a booth near the dance floor. The dance contest appears to be gearing up. Couples stick numbers on each other’s backs.

KRISTY  
I don’t feel much like dancing, Trevor.  
I just wanna go home and scrape off the slime...

TREVOR  
I’ll stop by tomorrow. Help you make a voodoo doll.

Kristy smiles, gathers her bag and things. She looks at Trevor and Claire sitting next to one another, both sort of looking around. Kristy makes a suggestion.

KRISTY  
Neither of you has a partner.

Trevor and Claire look at each other. Claire takes one lingering look at the entrance hoping for a Champ sighting. None is forthcoming. She sighs...

INT. MORTY’S - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The group members ring the dance floor. Trevor and Claire are dancing, and damn they’re good. They’re genuinely great together. We don’t even have to stick around for some perfunctory trophy scene, because we know...

INT. KRISTY’S DESK - DAY

Claire, annoyed, arrives to be Trevor’s personal assistant. She finds Kristy dressed not like the frump she was at the beginning of the episode, but not as the sex kitten either. Classic, stylish.

CLaire  
Hey, Kristy. I like your outfit. It’s really... elegant.

(CONTINUED)
KRISTY
Thanks. C’mon. I’ll take you to Trevor.
(highly amused)
I can’t believe you’re going to be his assistant.

CLAIRE
Oh, neither can I.

KRISTY
But you didn’t actually lose, right?
Because you both won the dance contest --

CLAIRE
He said “If my partner and I win,” then I have to be his assistant. Well, his partner and he won. I, on the other hand, said if Champ and I win --

KRISTY
And he remembered those details?

CLAIRE
Trevor? Oh, yeah.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY

Trevor as “Lousy Perp” gets interrogated by Sunset and Vaughn. Sunset is bandaged per his wound in the opening. The scene plays like a NYPD Blue or Homicide interrogation scene. Trevor is sweaty and disheveled; LOOKS LIKE a junkie who needs a fix. He’s very good.

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)
You think I’m gonna get sick, need some candy. Newsflash, I’m off the junk and I don’t know nothing about no knife.

SUNSET
The one in Cohen’s back, you sonofabitch!

TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)
If it’s in Detective Cohen’s back, then that’d be the best place to look, doncha think?

Sunset lunges toward the perp and yanks him across the table.

SUNSET
(intently, sotto)
I hope you don’t confess.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Pretty boy like you?  You're gonna be a real treat for the amorous-minded in cell block D.

Trevor sneers. Vaughn pulls Sunset off him.

**VAUGHN**
(to Sunset)
Let me reach out to him.

Sunset backs off to let Vaughn play “good cop.”

**VAUGHN (cont’d)**
Maybe you did kill him, maybe you didn’t --

**TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)**
How many times I gotta tell you --

**VAUGHN**
Your words take on some additional weight with us in this matter if we was to find the knife. That a consideration you’d be amenable to mulling over?

**TREVOR (LOUSY PERP)**
I ain’t mulling nothing. You pigs come down to my neighborhood bulging out of your fat pig suits picking up any brother who’s got a look on his face. Get me a lawyer!

**SUNSET**
(on the verge of losing it)
You don’t wanna lawyer up on me, boy.

**WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)**
Cut!

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Kristy is pissed.

**KRISTY**
What the hell is this?

All eyes are on Kristy, and we mean all eyes: Roger’s, Sunset’s, Vaughn’s, Trevor’s, Claire’s, the entire crew’s. Suddenly everyone’s talking at once.
SUNSET
Are we rolling?
* We’re not rolling.
* VAUGHN

KIM
What is my assistant doing?
* I say “cut.” I say “cut.”
* ROGER

SUNSET
She’s lost her mind.
* I told them to hire my nephew.
* VAUGHN

KIM
Kristy!! Get the hell over here!
Kristy, what the hell is going on?

With everyone’s attention now focused on Kristy...

KRISTY
I wrote this.

Roger, puzzled, looks from Kristy to Josh. Kim is left gaping.

ROGER
I thought this was your scene, Josh...

JOSH
It is but --

KRISTY
But I wrote it.

JOSH
It was your idea but I made it work.

KRISTY
How, by putting your name on it? What’s the next line of the script, Josh?

JOSH
(scrambling)
It was -- Sunset, about him cracking, uh -

KRISTY
“Perps crack like eggs. And I like my eggs scrambled.”

Roger takes a hard look at Josh. Josh can’t meet Roger’s gaze which gives Roger the answer he needs.

(CONTINUED)
ROGER

Take the day off, Josh. When I cool down, I’ll call and let you know if you should come back in.
Josh goes, his tail between his legs. Kristy is left with Roger.

ROGER (cont’d)
I’m really embarrassed about this, but I really love the scene. Don’t want to cut it. How can I make this up to you?

KRISTY
Give me a script of my own.

Kim exhales forcefully, rolls her eyes, but Roger thinks about it. He’s reluctant, but...

ROGER
Do it on your own time. If it’s good, we’ll put you on staff. We may have a spot opening up.

Kim looks like she’s going to blow a gasket.

KRISTY
(thrilled but in control)
Sounds fair.

Roger wanders off, but Kim catches up to him quickly. It’s clear she wants to talk to Roger about this latest development.

Trevor and Claire wander over to where Kristy is standing.

TREVOR
(as if he’s totally impressed)
You wrote this scene?

Kristy nods.

TREVOR (cont’d)
The line “I ain’t mulling nothin’...” I was thinking maybe...

KRISTY
(firm)
Say the line, Trevor.

Trevor decides not to argue with this forceful woman.

TREVOR
Yeah. Okay. Hey, new threads. Not bad, but I’d like to put in a good word for cleavage. Men everywhere love the sight of --

(CONTINUED)
Kristy leaves Trevor alone with Claire.

Trevor
There’s no bead in playing it cool.
There’s no bead in getting to write a script...

Claire
Nope.

Trevor
She’s more alone than she ever was.

Claire
She’s not more alone, Trevor --

Trevor
Alone, more alone, it’s a figure of speech. The point is... about the make-over... I guess I was wrong. There, I said it, happy?

Roger
Okay, I need first team in position!

Trevor
That’s my cue. Grab me a latte. Some grapes. Remove the seeds. Meet me in my trailer. We’ll run some lines.

Trevor heads to the set. Claire is left to herself. Suddenly... from all the way across the studio.

Kim
(shouting)
Kristy, it’s time to walk the dogs!

(CONtinued)
From where she’s standing next to Roger, Kristy shouts back.

KRISTY (cont’d)
(pleasantly)
Great! And could you run by Starbucks and pick me up a latte while you’re out.

On Claire, SMILING.

CLaire
No, Trevor, you weren’t wrong at all.

Claire’s reverie is broken by --

TREVOR (O.S.)
Claire! Where’s my script? I need my script!

Claire rolls her eyes and moves towards Trevor’s trailer.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END