

# wasteland

pilot episode  
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Writer's Draft

WASTELAND

Pilot Episode

TEASER:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A dark and smoky bar. Normally a dump but at the moment -- it's the epitome of New York cool. Written up in TIME-OUT. It's the spot of the moment.

A GUY, maybe 30, moderately handsome is talking to a young woman. This is DAWNIE. Striking with a sexy intelligence that she's completely clueless to. A woman who must constantly hide her spunk. It gives her naivety away. She listens as this snoozer of a guy drones on about himself.

GUY

..her lips were pretty hard, she had that thing done to them that made them bigger...

DAWNIE

Collagen...

Dawnie is bizarrely amused by this guy.

GUY

Kissing a rock or something...anyway, I can tell your lips are natural. Very soft.

DAWNIE

Ouch.

GUY

Is something wrong?

DAWNIE

Just your segue.

The guy barrels on.

GUY

Look, I'm feeling really awkward here. Because what I want to say I can't say without sounding like a typical male jerk creep.

DAWNIE

Ahhh.

Dawnie checks her watch for the 37th time.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

But I'm just gonna say it. I wanna kiss you. There. I said it. How's that for obnoxious? But I really do. I don't know if it's the wine, this dive of a bar, or just this insane NY day. But you're beautiful and sexy and I've read too much Hemingway.

DAWNIE

You completely lost me with that reference.

GUY

I mean, what have I got to lose? You'll either say yes or no. It's that simple. No big production number. It'll happen or it won't.

The guy finishes his drink. Dawnie eyes the big, burly BARTENDER who's been listening to this crock of shit. He shakes his head. Dawnie turns to the guy.

DAWNIE

There are so many ways to get laid. This can't be the easiest.

GUY

This isn't about getting laid. It's about being in the moment. Sure, I'd like to make it with you, but that's the moment. You see?

Dawnie thinks about this for a moment.

DAWNIE

You're absolutely right. I spend way too much time depriving myself of the "moment". Let's do it. Not just the kiss but the sex act in its complete entirety. We can go back to your place but we'll have to hurry because I have dinner plans and, oh, I should probably tell you--and this "makes me feel really awkward" but, well, you should know--I'm a virgin.

The guy stares at her. He doesn't know what to think.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

Shocker, isn't it?

GUY

A virgin?

DAWNIE

One hundred percent solid, rock, hard virgin. And I could sit here and give you a WAR AND PEACE list of reasons why I'm still a virgin but it would really just add a layer of depression to this whole "Hemingway moment." And it's not that important. But what you do need to know is this. Since you will be my first-ever, I require a few extra things that go beyond a mere discreet encounter. One--the sex has got to be safe. That's mandatory. Two. Afterwards, you're probably gonna have to hold me awhile and pretend you care because I'll feel a slight loss and need the intimacy. And third and last. You better have some great sex chops. Because I've waited so long the buildup in my head is astro-extraordinary so to put it bluntly--you better rock my world, send me into orbit, plummet me into a new dimension. Because, at this point, it's all about total satisfaction. Do we have a deal?

The guy looks at her. He's almost too stunned to speak. Frightened even. He looks at his watch.

GUY

You know what? I got dinner plans too. I should probably take a rain check.

He stands to go. Takes out his business card, plops it down.

GUY (cont'd)

But why don't you call me?

DAWNIE

Sure.

The guy takes off, leaving Dawnie alone. The bartender saunters over.

BARTENDER

I got to hand it to you. That was the best blow off I've heard all year.

CONTINUED: (3)

Dawnie tears up the business card, drops it on the bar. She doesn't attempt to move. Dawnie just sits there, contemplating her life.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A young man, VANDY, 27, earnest, with a Soho look and small town charm. Vandy plays the guitar while he sings. His voice is smooth. Not the greatest, but professional worthy. The song he sings is good--not great.

VANDY  
 (singing)  
*Lyrics, lyrics, lyrics... About love and  
 longing and sadness and sorrow and pain  
 and hurt and my heart is ripped out, etc.*

A suited man listens as he sings. This is PAYNE. He's a smug little prick. Vandy finishes and Payne merely circles him, deep in thought. Vandy grows uncomfortable and then...

PAYNE  
 Interesting.

VANDY  
 Yeah?

PAYNE  
 Yeah. Very interesting. Of course, we can't sign you, I just wanna say that upfront. I'm very upfront. Artists appreciate that about me.

VANDY  
 (deflated)  
 Of course.

PAYNE (cont'd)  
 The last thing we or the world needs is another Matchbox 20 slash Barenaked slash Dave Matthews slash Fastball slash male Alanis. This whole lyric driven thing is decidedly over.

VANDY  
 Who decided?

PAYNE  
 (not listening, on a roll)  
 But it's so interesting, your music. The lyrics, the chords, the melody was...was..was...

VANDY  
 Was...what?

(CONTINUED)

PAYNE

It was interesting because it was just missing. In every category. Across the board. Just missing.

VANDY

Just missing?

PAYNE

Oh yeah. Really--big time--just missing. Close but--it was just missing. Thanks for coming in, Vandy.

Vandy stands stumped and deflated.

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE - BARNES AND NOBLE - LATER

The huge conglomerate it is. On one level there is a line of women standing as an overly handsome man sits at a table signing autographs. This is RUSSELL BASS, 27, sexy and masculine, oozing charm and a certain mysterious quality.

He's actually signing pin-up calendars. A closer look at the calendar shows Russell on the cover with other men. The title is SOAP'S HUNKS MONTH TO MONTH.

FAN

I hate Nicole. I can't believe she lied to you about Derek.

RUSSELL

She's a bitch, isn't she?

Next to Russell sits his publicist JESSE PRESSER, also 27, half pretty, little pudgy, lot cynical--it's her charm, defense, life goal.

JESSE

(under her breath)

We talked last night until two am. I think he might be the one.

RUSSELL

(whispering)

Excellent.

FAN

I hope Nicole dies.

RUSSELL

Thanks for watching.

CONTINUED:

Another WOMAN, a housewife, appears. She throws her calendar down.

HOUSEWIFE

To Louise. Tell me, are you married?  
Please tell me you're not married.  
You're too cute to be tied down.

Russell smiles. Jesse jumps in.

JESSE

Actually, Russell's engaged to be married.

Several women in line hear this. They all moan in disappointment.

HOUSEWIFE

Shoot. Turd.

Russell signs the calendar. Jesse is so over this.

JESSE

(under her breath)  
Cigarette.

The next person in line is a MAN. A young handsome man, DAN. He seems nice. Sane. Very direct. He approaches Russell with a knowing stare.

RUSSELL

Hi? Who do you want me to make it out to?

DAN

You don't remember?

Russell looks at the guy again.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry. Do I know you?

DAN

(very deliberate)  
Uh-huh.

RUSSELL

I apologize but...

But Russell is starting to remember. And then...

(CONTINUED)



DAN

You picked me up one night a coupla months ago.

Russell is mortified. The ladies in line behind him take notice. Russell tries to recover.

RUSSELL

I think you have me confused.

DAN

217 W. 68th Street. Apt. 2C. You had a roommate. We kept quiet.

Jesse immediately jumps in, trying to spin the situation.

JESSE

Hi, I'm Jesse Presser. Publicist. Could I speak to you for a moment over here? Privately?

Jesse tries to motion him out of the line away from the listening women. Dan ignores her. His stare stays on Russell.

DAN

Now I know why you didn't call.

Dan leaves his unsigned calendar and walks away.

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - DAY

An establishing shot of a university building. A glimpsed sign reads SCHOOL OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY - SAME

Dawnie sits opposite an older man--PROFESSOR JAMES. Forties, thoughtful with a quiet intensity. They're in mid-discussion.

DAWNIE

No one votes anymore. The internet, cell phones--all these forms of communication have made us non-communicative as a generation. We've become a non-participatory, internalized, isolated society.

JAMES

So your thesis will discuss the reasons your generation seems lost and inactive?

(CONTINUED)

DAWNIE

Take me for example. I'm 26, actually 27 today, and profoundly lost as a human being. I've spent my entire life in school. I'm an emotionally immature, over-educated, self-declared intellectual but still couldn't point out Nebraska on a map. Human relationships baffle me, and I'm acutely self-aware to the point I'm clueless and slightly suicidal.

Dawnie is rather positive and excited about her predicament. Or maybe it's just her thesis. But she's selling it with all she's got.

JAMES

And you represent today's generation?

DAWNIE

Absolutely. Professor James, I'd like the opportunity to explore this sector of society. It's an interesting age to be. It's a second coming of age, if you will. Post the teen years. The phase of life where you're still trying to figure it all out. It's horrible. For instance, I have these friends--some of them have reached professional success, some of them fall under the "loser" label. And then you got the midway floaters--like me. But I think there's a commonality, a kinship of common suffering that links us together as a group, a generation.

JAMES

Dawnie, if I'm going to approve this--I'm gonna need more. I see your premise, but I'm missing the precise theory.

DAWNIE

Dreams have traditionally been something we work towards--something that can come true, whereas fantasies are more impossible. I think as a generation we're living more and more in our fantasy lives.

Professor James has become quite confused, however interested by this whole discussion. Maybe it's because Dawnie is so damn charming in her rambling.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

You see we all have that one area of life, one specific fear--whether it's work, sex, or love-related, that haunts us. And to overcome these fears, we operate within a fantasy that we construct around us, which allows us to shut down our normal day to day impulses, thereby shutting us down as human beings.

JAMES

(total skeptic)

Thereby creating a non-voting, cell phone activated generation?

Dawnie nearly leaps out of her chair, throwing her hands up. Now he gets it.

DAWNIE

(pleased)

Absolutely. I want my thesis to speak to an entire fear-based generation.

Dawnie is bowing over from excitement. The same can't be said for her dubious professor.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A modest city apartment. The doorbell is ringing. Jesse goes running to it. She opens it, revealing SAM (Samantha). Same age. Very attractive--a one-time beauty pageant pretty that's severely downplayed now. Smart, southern, and overly sincere.

SAM

You're not going to believe who I ran into.

Sam comes bustling in with a big bakery box.

JESSE

Who?

SAM

I was in Monica's Sweet Delights picking up the cake when passing by the window I could of swore I saw Tyler Swindell walking by eating a vendor pretzel. Well, I said that can't be Tyler Swindell, ECU stud and man about campus, not in New York City. Hell, I haven't seen him since Dawnie dumped him back in college.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (cont'd)

Just to prove I was right I followed him down 7th Avenue, carrying this triple fudge mud cake three blocks til I caught up with him...

JESSE

I thought we were going with the vanilla strawberry?

Jesse has taken the cake and set it down, opening it.

SAM

The mud cake surpasses, and anyway, I was wrong. It was Tyler Swindell. Do you believe it?

JESSE

Are you serious?

SAM

(testifying)

On a bible. Here in New York City. He lives here--three years now. No one's run into him in three whole years. Apparently he teaches scuba down at the village Y.

Jesse squints. Huh? Sam gives an opinionated, occupational shrug. Both completely judgemental.

JESSE

How did he look?

SAM

Oh my God, gorgeous as ever. Same cute butt.

JESSE

I always wanted him.

SAM

(sing-songy)

Had him.

Jesse turns, surprised.

JESSE

Are you serious? Tell me you didn't sleep with Ty.

SAM

I waited until Dawnie dropped him, which can't be said for the rest of the female contingent at East Carolina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE  
I never slept with him.

SAM  
That would make you the only one.

JESSE  
And Dawnie.

SAM  
(of course)  
Isn't that why he was sleeping with everybody else? She wouldn't. So, anyway we chatted a bit, I told him about my promotion and how I was just elevated to detective, homicide division, 17th precinct which he didn't believe, and that kinda pissed me off, but I invited him tonight anyway.

Jesse is shocked.

JESSE  
You what? You invited him? Sam, Dawnie's gonna kill you. That ended ugly.

Sam smiles. A guilty smile.

SAM  
Happy Birthday.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The party is in full force. An eclectic group of PEOPLE mingle about. MUSIC PLAYS. A festive mood. Dawnie is in the middle of a group of friends chatting.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Sam and Russell chat. Russell no longer appears the soap hunk. He is a lot more relaxed and "himself". Friendly and witty.

SAM  
He said he'd be here.

RUSSELL  
I haven't seen Ty since we were roommates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

That's right. You two were the big studs on campus.

RUSSELL

Things have changed.

SAM

Yes, they have. You guys will just have lots to talk about.

The innuendo is not lost on Russell. He laughs uncomfortably.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Jesse and Vandy are talking.

JESSE

He peed all over the Essex House.

VANDY

That's what you get for representing an orangutan.

JESSE

He's the star of the movie.

The doorbell RINGS. Jesse answers the door as a man enters with flowers. This is CURT. Early 30's. He seems nice enough. Almost too nice. Jesse is excited to see him. She gives him a big kiss.

JESSE

My date. You made it.

CURT

(kissing her back)  
Did I miss the cake?

She pulls him in, shaking her head, closing the door.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Vandy watches Sam as she talks to Russell. Dawnie appears behind him.

DAWNIE

Stop gawking.

Vandy turns. Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANDY  
Happy Birthday.

They hug.

DAWNIE  
How was your audition?

Vandy says nothing. Dawnie gets it.

VANDY  
Sam's looking good tonight.

DAWNIE  
You little lovelorn puppy. When are you  
gonna give that a rest?

VANDY  
When the love dries up.

DAWNIE  
Is that one of your lyrics? How long  
have you been pining for her? Ten years  
now?

Vandy smiles.

VANDY  
Longer than that. You're forgetting high  
school.

DAWNIE  
The forgotten years.

VANDY  
Oh my God! Is that Ty?

Dawnie's face drops at the mere mention of his name. She  
turns to see where Vandy is staring.

Coming through the front door, is TY SWINDELL. Jesse is  
there to greet him.

JESSE  
Well, Mr. Swindell.

Ty smiles big. He's devilishly handsome. And cool and  
charming and sexy and more man than any guy has a right to  
be. And he's all of this with an innocence that should make  
it illegal.

TY  
Hello, Jesse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE

Welcome back.

They hug. Russell and Sam have moved to greet him. Russell grabs him in a guy, bear hug.

RUSSELL

Hey, my man. How's it going?

TY

Russ, you animal.

They hug tight. An old friendship instantly ignited.

Across the room, Dawnie watches this. Stunned. Beyond stunned. She quickly runs to the hallway to hide. A moment of panic. Then, she sneaks a quick peek. She can't believe her eyes. She disappears again.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME \*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Dawnie enters the bedroom. Her mind races. She moves to the bed and sits down, her breath quick and erratic. She's almost hyperventilating. Her body sits slumped--doomed--as her face takes on the pain of many years.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The party rages on. Russell is fixing Ty a drink.

RUSSELL

I live with Dawnie.

A brief flash of disappointment crosses Ty's face.

TY

You guys hooked up? I should have known.

RUSSELL

No, we're roommates. She's more like a sister, really. \*  
\*

TY

Where is she?

Ty looks around.

RUSSELL

Hiding. And you? You single?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TY  
(nodding)  
Still non-committal as ever.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam enters the kitchen. Goes to the fridge and grabs a bag of ice and moves to the sink. Vandy enters behind her.

VANDY  
Hey...

She eyes him suspiciously.

SAM  
Are you drunk? Because I don't feel like being trapped in the kitchen. I'm alone and unarmed.

VANDY  
I come in sober peace. I learned my lesson.

SAM  
Did you? You're here.

VANDY  
I just wanted to say congratulations. I heard you were bumped up.

SAM  
Thanks.

VANDY  
And I thought maybe I could take you out to dinner. You know--celebrate.

SAM  
Nice try.

VANDY  
No, I mean it--strictly friends.

SAM  
If I thought you could define it as a friend outing I'd love to. But since I have years of experience that says otherwise, I'll politely decline.

Vandy looks around the kitchen, growing uncomfortable. There's something on his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANDY  
I quit drinking.

Sam looks up from the sink. Surprised.

SAM  
Really?

VANDY  
You said it was becoming a problem. So,  
I gave it some considerable thought, and  
I think you were right. So I quit.

SAM  
That's good, Van. I'm happy for you. I  
am.

VANDY  
And I would like to take a stab at a  
friend thing. You know. Move forward.

She eyes him. Gauging his sincerity.

INT. JESSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The party is in full force. Music BLARES. Jesse and Russell  
overlook the party. Mainly overlook Ty as he chats with the  
crowd.

JESSE  
What do you think?

RUSSELL  
I think I want him more than I did in  
college.

JESSE  
Too bad. I think he's straighter than he  
was in college.

RUSSELL  
I think I can take him.

JESSE  
I'll get him first.

RUSSELL  
Bets are on. First one to bed Ty wins.

JESSE  
(game show contestant)  
What do I win, Bob?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

We'll deal with the prize later.

JESSE

He's straight. I'll get him first.

The two shake on it.

TIME DISSOLVE:

ACROSS THE ROOM

Away from the others, Ty approaches Dawnie who stands by the balcony.

TY

Hi.

DAWNIE

(deadpan)

Hi.

TY

Don't show too much enthusiasm.

DAWNIE

I was ignoring you.

TY

(really)

Nooo.

DAWNIE

I'm sorry. You took me by surprise.  
It's been a long time.

TY

Six years.

DAWNIE

I knew we'd run into each other again.  
Eventually. Fate does that.

TY

And here we are--fated. I hope it's not  
too bad for you. I wanted to see you.

DAWNIE

Hey, I knew this moment would come. It  
was inevitable. I've often wondered  
what it would be like to see you again.  
I've kinda planned it in my head.  
Rehearsed it actually.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAWNIE (cont'd)

What exactly I would do. I always wondered if I had the balls to say what I really want to say. And do what I really want to do. Really act on my impulses. This is kind of a big moment for me. Lots of emotional-life-full circle stuff.

TY

And?

Dawnie revs up her courage and does exactly what she's always dreamt about. She rears her hand back and SLAPS the living shit out of Ty. He, as well as everyone else at the party, is dumbfounded.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR - EARLY EVENING

Dawnie steps into the elevator with some take-out. Just before she presses the button a MAN steps on. Older, attractive. He smiles at Dawnie.

The elevator doors close, leaving these two alone. Dawnie stands beside him.

She casually glances at the man beside her. And then again. As if studying him. A long moment as she takes him in. Her face turns brave and brazen. And then...

DAWNIE

Hey...you. Look, I'm feeling really awkward here. Because what I want to say I can't say without sounding like a typical male jerk creep. But I'm just gonna say it. I want to kiss you. There. I said it. I want my arms around you, touching you. God, I can't believe I said it. But I can't help it, you're beautiful and I've read too much Hemingway.

The man stares at her in disbelief.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

I mean what have I got to lose? You'll either say yes or no. It's that simple. No big production number. It'll happen or it won't.

Dawnie turns to him. She takes her hand and runs it along his leg. And then, in a quick move, jumps the man. She throws his body against the elevator wall and attacks him. She rips open his shirt.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

Nice breasts.

She starts licking his chest. The man is speechless. He doesn't know what to do. He doesn't resist. He lets it happen. And then...

BACK TO REALITY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dawnie stands beside the man. Nothing ever happened. The elevator doors open and the man steps out. He looks back at Dawnie. She smiles awkwardly. Still lost in her fantasy.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY - LATER

Russell enters and moves towards the patron line when he sees Dan--the guy from the calendar signing--sweetening his coffee at the counter. Russ contemplates for a moment and then walks over to him.

RUSSELL

Hey...

Dan sees him. Says nothing.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

I'm sorry about yesterday, but the job thing kinda, you know...

DAN

No, I don't know.

RUSSELL

It kind of gets in the way.

DAN

If you're gonna sleep with people you don't know--you gotta be ready for anything.

A moment. Russell nods in agreement.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry I didn't call you. We had fun that night.

DAN

You lied to me. Told me you were a doctor.

RUSSELL

I am--on the show.

Dan is too sane for this. He starts off. Russell stops him.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I know I'm a shit. Can I make it up to you? See you some time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

You've obviously mistaken me for a closeted, dysfunctional, socially unenlightened, non-committal, confused, unevolved homosexual.

(beat)

That would be you.

Dan walks away leaving Russell speechless.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jesse enters her office. Photos, scripts, and other work stuff lay about. Movie posters signed to her adorn the walls. She shuts the door, throws a chair against it, jarring it shut. She moves to the window, opens it and then reaches for the phone. Dials.

INT. DAWNIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Dawnie is at her desk. She sits in front of her computer working on her thesis. CLOSE ON THE SCREEN. One word is typed across it:

WASTELAND

The phone RINGS. Dawnie reaches for it.

JESSE

(on phone)

It's me.

DAWNIE

I'm not talking to you.

SCENE INTERCUTS

Jesse is standing on a chair de-activating the smoke alarm.

JESSE

You're mad at the wrong person. Hold on, I'm gonna conference, Sam.

INT. 12TH PRECINT - SAM'S CUBICLE - DAY

The place is a buzz with police activity. Sam is at her desk, reading over a case file when a manly COLLEAGUE approaches. Very New Yorkish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLEAGUE

Here's the Blakely autopsy. You were  
right--Connors alibi doesn't hold up.

SAM

Now we're getting somewhere. Did you get  
a copy of his statement?

He nods "yes" as he continues on his way, turning back to  
her.

COLLEAGUE

Tell me something, Pierce, you gonna have  
that accent the whole time?

He's clearly dissing her. She smiles a polite southern "fuck  
you" smile as the phone RINGS. She reaches for it.

SCENE INTERCUTS

JESSE

It's me.

SAM

I only have a minute.

Jesse is lighting a cigarette.

JESSE

Is everyone on?

DAWNIE

You bitch--how could you?

SAM

Didn't Ty look good?

JESSE

That would be a yes, Bob.

SAM

You needed closure.

DAWNIE

You could have warned me.

SAM

So you could have spaced.

JESSE

You slapped him good.

(CONTINUED)



SAM  
Total closure.

JESSE  
God, he still looked good, Dawnie. Maybe  
the slap was premature.

DAWNIE  
Don't do this to me. I know he looked  
good. That alone made him worthy of  
violence.

SAM  
Maybe he's changed.

DAWNIE/JESSE  
Please.

SAM  
You're right. He still had that dripping  
raw sex thing going.

JESSE  
What are you going to do?

DAWNIE  
I did it. The impulse is over.

SAM  
It's not over. That slap was a  
beginning.

DAWNIE  
I'm hanging up.

JESSE  
Wait. Wait. There's more. Hey, Sam,  
what's this I hear you're going out with  
Vandy?

SAM  
It's not a date. We're attempting  
friendship.

JESSE  
You're both in denial. You'll make a  
perfect couple.

DAWNIE  
I love Vandy. Be good to him.

SAM

I love him too. But he's not date material.

A fellow officer drops a file on Sam's desk.

SAM

I gotta go.

DAWNIE

Wait. Do you think in your late twenties there's a second coming of age?

JESSE

I'll call you back.

SAM

Later.

Dawnie is left at her computer with her thought.

INT. JESSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jesse opens the door as Curt enters. Looking cute as ever.

JESSE

Why did you cut out early last night?

CURT

Your party. Your friends. It got a little weird. You know.

JESSE

Are we on for tonight?

CURT

I got a cocktail thing with Jerome.

She makes a game show buzzer noise. Wrong answer. Curt pushes the door shut.

CURT

But I'm here now.

He couldn't be more charming. He moves to Jesse and gives her a kiss.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

A nice Soho cafe. Sam and Vandy are having dinner. They seem relaxed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

So, I'm trying to explain to Peterson why the evidence doesn't match the motive. I found it blatantly obvious and I can hear these two vice's laughing behind my back. So, I turn to them and say, "Excuse me, but are you laughing at my expense?" And these two huge detectives turn and the one says, "We're not laughing at you, we're laughing with you." I could've killed 'em dead.

Vandy laughs at this.

SAM (cont'd)

What is that so funny? Why is it so hard to believe I'm a homicide detective?

VANDY

In college, you studied to be an actress.

SAM

And I play a really good detective.

VANDY

I'm sure you do.

They're both laughing and smiling and enjoying each other.

VANDY (cont'd)

This friend thing could work, right?

He couldn't leave it alone. He had to go there.

SAM

Maybe. If you would stop referencing it and let it happen.

VANDY

One question and I'll stop. Why? When did I stop being love-interest material and fall into the friend category?

SAM

Oh, Vandy. Give it a rest. I was enjoying us. For the first time in a long time.

VANDY

Consider this a station break. We'll resume with the friend thing in a minute.

She gives this some thought.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Really wanna know? The unabridged truth?

Vandy nods, sipping his water.

SAM (cont'd)

We're not in the same space. Everybody reaches a point in their lives when reality bites them on the ass. And you haven't been bitten. You lack focus, drive, and ambition. You're still living in a la-la land of dreams.

Vandy is offended by this.

VANDY

No, I'm not. I'm trying to get my career off the ground.

SAM

But you're not, Vandy. You're a bartender. And that's okay. But when do you sing? You dabble. You tinker. You never really pursued it...

VANDY

I'm always pursuing it...

SAM

You talk about it. You don't do it. Do you realize that since you've been in New York, I haven't heard one song you wrote. You've never even sung one note around me. Not since college.

This is a sore subject. Vandy's anger emerges.

VANDY

Just because your dreams didn't happen...

SAM

Hey, I'm happy. I like what I do and I'm good at it. Regardless of what anybody thinks. But not one note, Vandy. In six years. What is that about?

Vandy wants to explode but he reels it in.

VANDY

Okay, station break is over.

CONTINUED: (3)

SAM

Look, maybe this wasn't a good idea.  
Maybe we have too much baggage to do  
this.

Vandy stares at her. Wondering the same thing. Hoping she's  
not right.

INT. DAWNIE AND RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dawnie, Russell, and Jesse are sitting at the table eating  
take-out. Chatting. \*

DAWNIE \*

yada yada \*

Russell and Jesse stare at her. Both perplexed. \*

RUSSELL \*

I love the way your cynicism masquerades  
as optimism. \*

JESSE \*

Couldn't have said it better. \*

Russell turns on her. \*

RUSSELL \*

That's because your cynicism is merely  
hiding your optimism. \*

Jesse and Dawnie look at each other. Both burned. They turn  
to him in unison. \*

JESSE/DAWNIE \*

Fag. \*

They all laugh as three old friends would. Suddenly, the  
doorbell RINGS. Dawnie goes for it. She looks through the  
peep hole. It's Ty. She turns to the others frantic. \*

DAWNIE \*

It's Ty. \*

Russell and Jesse look at each other. \*

RUSSELL \*

Answer it. \*

DAWNIE \*

No, you answer it. I'm not home. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL  
 (feigning)  
 Ooh, I gotta go to the bathroom.

Dawnie shoots daggers at Russ, turning to Jesse. Imploring.

JESSE  
 Me too.

Russell and Jesse both take off for the bathroom. They enter and shut the door quickly, leaving Dawnie hopelessly alone. The doorbell RINGS again. She makes a decision to be strong. She moves to the door.

In the background, the bathroom door cracks. Two nosy heads peek out. She turns to them. The bathroom door quickly SLAMS shut. Dawnie, now at the front door, takes a breath, then opens the door. She stares Ty down.

DAWNIE  
 How did you get in the building?

TY  
 Someone was leaving.

DAWNIE  
 That would be you.

She starts to close the door. He stops it.

TY  
 Wait. I have something for you.

He holds a small gift in his hand. She snatches it.

DAWNIE  
 Thank you.

Starts to close the door again. He stops it again.

TY  
 How do you hate after all these years?

DAWNIE  
 I just remember how you swore your love and fidelity to me endlessly and then presumed to screw everything in sight. Except me, of course.

TY  
 You were a virgin. You weren't ready.

(CONTINUED)

DAWNIE

And that gave you license?

TY

No, I was wrong. But how can I apologize if you won't give me the chance?

Dawnie holds still. Here's his chance.

DAWNIE

Go for it.

TY

Well...I fucked up. Bad. I knew how special you were, but I was away from home for the first time and I was too stupid and young to be fair to you. I didn't want you to go away, but at the same time I wasn't able to commit and it was wrong and selfish and typical of me and if there's any way I could take it back I would. It's the one thing that I live with daily wishing I could change. That hurt I saw in your eyes that day you found out. The same hurt you have in your eyes right now. And Dawnie--I am so sorry. Please, please...forgive me.

The tears have swelled in Dawnie's eyes. She is overcome with emotion. Ty stands there, waiting for an answer. Then, he gets it as Dawnie reaches out and SLAPS him across the face. Harder than before. Then, she SLAMS the door.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

INT. JESSE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jesse is at her desk on the phone.

JESSE

It's me.

INT. DAWNIE AND RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - MORNING - SAME

Dawnie is at her computer.

SCENE INTERCUTS.

DAWNIE

Hey, do you confuse dreams with fantasies?

JESSE

That's an idiot question. I hope you're not basing a thesis around it.

DAWNIE

Do your fantasies make you inactive somehow?

JESSE

You've slapped Ty twice now. That's active.

DAWNIE

How did you hear about that?

JESSE

Russ.

DAWNIE

He deserved it.

Dawnie eyes a wrapped gift on her desk. She grabs it. Starts to open it.

JESSE

I think you should call Ty and ask him out.

DAWNIE

Not in this life.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JESSE

You obviously have some unresolved feelings for him.

DAWNIE

They'll pass.

JESSE

Call him.

Dawnie has opened the gift. It's a CD. The soundtrack from DIRTY DANCING. It awakens something ever so slight...a memory maybe. She smiles.

DAWNIE

I guess I don't have to hate him.

JESSE

You have a perfect in. Call him up and apologize for slapping him and then ask him to dinner.

DAWNIE

Maybe.

JESSE

I have his number.

DAWNIE

I'm still at the maybe phase.

JESSE

Work it through. Ask yourself. What do you really want in life?

On Dawnie. She ponders this hard.

DAWNIE

I want someone to brush my teeth with each night.

This is very true for her. Dawnie is swept away by her own thought.

JESSE

Hold on a sec.

Jesse puts her on hold and then dials a number. It starts to RING. Jesse presses a button and conferences Dawnie in.

DAWNIE

Who are you calling?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Guess.

TY

(answering the phone)

Hello?

DAWNIE

You bitch.

TY

Excuse me.

Dawnie goes nervous. She doesn't know what to do. Finally...

DAWNIE

Hi, Ty.

TY

Dawnie?

DAWNIE

Umm...I...uh..was..I'm sorry I slapped you. Twice. It was inappropriate and I was thinking maybe we could have a civil conversation that wasn't as barbaric as our previous encounters and if you're amenable maybe I could fix dinner for you sometime.

Very direct and business-like.

TY

I'm free tonight.

DAWNIE

Umm..tonight...

Complete silence. Jesse jumps in...

JESSE

(as Dawnie)

Great.

TY

(confused)

Hello?

DAWNIE

Great. Eight o'clock. No violence, I promise.

(CONTINUED)

TY  
I'll be there.

DAWNIE  
Bye.

Ty hangs up.

JESSE  
Done.

DAWNIE  
I'm gonna castrate you.

Dawnie hangs up on a smiling Jesse. Dawnie stares at the DIRTY DANCING CD. A glint of excitement and fear fill her expression.

INT. YMCA DOWNTOWN - DAY

A large Olympic-size pool. Ty and Russell are waist deep in the water. Both have scuba diving gear on. Tanks, the works.

TY  
You have to develop a count. And you have to stay in step with your breath.

RUSSELL  
Or your vessels expand and explode through your forehead.

TY  
Something like that.

RUSSELL  
You like this? Teaching?

TY  
Yeah. For the most part. I'd like to be doing more. How's Dawnie?

RUSSELL  
Confused. Bipolar. I blame you.

TY  
I really screwed that up. I was a dick in school.

RUSSELL  
And now you've changed?

CONTINUED:

TY

I'd like to think so. Haven't you?

Russell gets a little uncomfortable.

INT. BAGEL SHOP - DAY - LATER

Dawnie is in line for some coffee and a bagel. She seems lost in thought. The guy behind the counter is a handsome YOUNG KID.

YOUNG KID

Anything else, Ma'am?

DAWNIE

(breaking her trance)

Ma'am? Ma'am?

Dawnie is offended by the word. Then, in a split second, she leaps over the counter as everybody turns to stare.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

I'll give you Ma'am.

She lunges for the boy, grabbing him, bringing him to her, kissing him sexily. She rips at his clothes.

BACK TO REALITY

Dawnie snaps out of her daydream.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

That'll be all.

Of course, it never happened.

INT. YMCA - SHOWERS - DAY - LATER

Russell and Ty are now at their lockers getting undressed. They grab their towels and head to the showers naked. Russell has gone silent.

TY

So you and I made a good team in college. No girls left unturned. How's it now, being the hot soap stud?

RUSSELL

You have no idea.

TY

Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're under the shower now. Water is spraying down.  
Russell eyes him, troubled.

RUSSELL  
Actually, I'm gay.

TY  
What?

RUSSELL  
I'm a raving homosexual.

Ty laughs.

RUSSELL (cont'd)  
No, really. I am. Completely closeted.  
Fearful of exposure. But gay  
nonetheless.

Ty eyes him carefully. Russell is deadly serious.

RUSSELL (cont'd)  
Have been my whole life. I just can't  
seem to deal with it and now with the  
whole actor thing.

TY  
My God.

RUSSELL  
You're not like freaking right now, are  
you?

Ty grabs his towel and covers himself.

TY  
No. It's cool.

But it's obvious. It's taken him by surprise. Ty holds his  
towel tight. Russell just shrugs, standing under the water.

INT. BAR - DAY - LATER

A small restaurant and bar in the theater district. Vandy is  
behind the bar, stocking booze when Sam enters. She moves  
to the bar.

SAM  
Can we talk?

VANDY  
What's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam smiles slightly.

SAM

I want to apologize for last night. You made a big effort and I was snippy. It was wrong of me to say the things I said.

VANDY

Thanks.

Vandy acknowledges this awkward exchange.

SAM

It's just...when we were in college, things were so different. I was the struggling actress, you were the sexy musician. We were the perfect bohemian couple. But I'm not that person anymore. You wanna know why we're not together? It's because you don't know me. I don't have those delusions anymore. I had to find something else. I'm happy.

VANDY

I know.

SAM

And I want that for you too. Don't keep chasing something that doesn't exist. That's all.

Vandy just nods. He appreciates the gesture. But doesn't buy it. A long moment.

VANDY

I hear you. Thanks for stopping in.

Another moment. He's obviously hurt by this. Vandy continues stocking booze. Sam starts out but stops and abruptly turns with one last thought.

SAM (cont'd)

Vandy?

He turns to her, bottle in hand.

SAM (cont'd)

I'm glad you quit drinking.

This a moment of genuine concern. And it's loaded. Everything good about their relationship starts to surface. But then, Sam turns and exits the restaurant, leaving Vandy alone.

INT. RUSSELL AND DAWNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dawnie opens the door to find a clean and scrubbed Ty. He holds a small bouquet of flowers out to her. Dawnie smiles awkwardly. Ty turns the other cheek.

TY

If you have an adverse reaction, aim for the other cheek. The right one's sore.

She takes the flowers. Embarrassed. She lets him in as the door gently closes behind him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Jesse is on her cell phone. She stops on the street to light a cigarette.

JESSE

(into phone)

I only want you doing national press. No regional and certainly not a telethon.

Someone catches her eye in the window of the restaurant in front of her.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

It's Curt sitting alone at a table. Jesse smiles.

JESSE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hey, Morgan, can I call you back?

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT - SAME

Jesse moves through the intimate restaurant. She's heading to Curt's table when a shapely blonde moves in front of her. The BLONDE makes it to the table first. Curt rises and kisses her passionately. Jesse is floored. She hides behind a plant. She watches as Curt kisses her again.

Jesse is hurt. She hides it. She marches over to the table and...

JESSE

Curt! What are you doing?

CURT

Jesse. Hi. Uh...this is most unfortunate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

I'll say.  
(to the blonde)  
Hi, I'm Jesse.

BLONDE

Hi.

The blonde is confused.

JESSE

I'm Curt's sponsor. I'm going to have to  
end this date right now.  
(to Curt)  
You promised me. No women for 90 days.

BLONDE

Excuse me?

JESSE

Are you aware of Curt's condition?

BLONDE

(to Curt)  
Who is she?

CURT

Jesse--don't do this.

JESSE

Curt is sexually dysfunctional and a  
recovering sex addict. I'm his sponsor  
from Sexually Compulsive Anonymous. SCA.  
And Curt, you are breaking at least three  
steps at this moment. No dates. You  
know where this leads. You'll just  
flatter her, and charm her and take her  
to bed where you'll have sex with her all  
night and then in the morning you'll  
leave her. And then where will you be--  
right back where you started.

(to the Blonde)

Fear of intimacy and lack of emotional  
maturity.

(back to Curt)

Don't do this. I beg you. I promised to  
sponsor you but you have to be willing.

Curt sits back in his chair.

CURT

You're a bitch.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE

This is so insensitive of you--to do this to this poor girl with bad hair.

(to the Blonde)

He has a lack of sensitivity. Curt, you have to take the power away from your penis. Repeat after me-- "You are powerless over your penis."

Curt stands up and drags Jesse from the table, turning back to the Blonde.

CURT (cont'd)

I'll be right back.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Curt and Jesse find a corner.

CURT

What are you doing?

JESSE

My question.

CURT

I'm on a date with another woman.

JESSE

Duh.

CURT

I knew you were one of those girls who would just snap.

JESSE

Which means you shouldn't cross me. I'm deadly.

CURT

We are not in a monogamous relationship. We've never discussed exclusivity.

JESSE

Fine. Date whoever you want. But you lied about it. And that's wrong.

CURT

Duh. You force me to lie to you. You don't leave any room for the truth. You suck the air dry. I can't take it anymore. You are far too toxic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT (cont'd)  
No hard feelings. It didn't work out.  
See ya at work.

Curt takes off, leaving Jesse with a hidden hurt that begins to crack her hard exterior. \*

INT. DAWNIE AND RUSSELL'S APARTMENT -- A LITTLE LATER \*

Dawnie and Ty sit at the dinner table. They're finishing up dinner.

TY  
So, in other words, it's a bogus science.

DAWNIE  
No, anthropology is necessary to understand how humans function. We'd be lost without it.

TY  
You're implying that we're not?

Dawnie thinks about this. He's right.

DAWNIE  
I could argue this better without wine.

Ty stares at her. Dawnie breaks the moment, rising with their plates. Ty moves to help her.

DAWNIE  
I've got it.

TY  
I'm sorry.

DAWNIE  
Don't apologize. You'll get hit.

She moves to the kitchen. Ty wanders about the apartment.

TY  
So how many degrees will this make for you?

DAWNIE  
Only one. I keep hopping.

He sees the DIRTY DANCING CD by the stereo. Starts unwrapping it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TY

Do you remember our first date? You cooked for me in your dorm room on a hotplate and we rented a movie?

DAWNIE

DIRTY DANCING. I was reminded earlier.

TY

And then we began what would become our theme song.

The MUSIC BEGINS. It's the "Love is Strange" selection. Dawnie shakes her head.

DAWNIE

Don't even think it.

TY

You wanted to be Jennifer Grey so bad. Here's your chance--one last time.

DAWNIE

No...

Ty has moved to her. He takes her, in a dance move and spins her around just as the song begins. He lip syncs.

TY

(lip syncing)  
"Hey Sylvia"

DAWNIE

(lip syncing back)  
"Yes, Mickey?"

TY

"How do you call your Loverboy?"

Dawnie dances away from him, moving through the living room. They're both getting into it. Dawnie does a Jennifer Grey move with her hips.

DAWNIE

"I say come here Loverboy."

They move around, dancing, continuing their trip down memory lane until the chorus begins and they're in each other's arms. Slow dancing.

TY

Thanks for dinner. It was nice of you to call me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAWNIE  
It was stupid of me.

Ty leans in and kisses her. Passionately. They break.

TY  
More stupid than that?

DAWNIE  
I'm not a smart girl.

They begin kissing again. Their hips moving together, swaying with the beat.

EXT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Russell exits the studio. SEVERAL FANS wait for him. He smiles, happy to sign autographs. He looks up to see Jesse waiting for him. Smoking. She appears sullen and lost. Not the as-usual Jesse. He excuses himself, moving to her. \*

JESSE  
(blurting out)  
I dumped Curt. \*

RUSSELL  
Another one bites the dust.

JESSE  
Too controlling. I couldn't breathe. I found him toxic to my soft nature.

Russell offers up a smile. Jesse's shoulders slump. For the first time, this woman seems broken and vulnerable. Russell sees this. He's the only person who ever sees this. \*

RUSSELL  
Wanna get drunk? \*

Jesse smiles. Her friend to the rescue. \*

INT. DAWNIE AND RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dawnie is in the kitchen, filling up their wine glasses. She looks into the living room and sees Ty lying back on the couch. Soft MUSIC PLAYS. Dawnie watches him for a moment. Her face softens as she gets an idea. She sets one of the glasses down. Takes the other.

She walks into the living room, moves to couch, stands over him, then she straddles him, climbing on him. She reaches up and rips his shirt apart. She takes the wine and pours it over his chest. And bends down and begins to lick it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ty responds instantly. He takes her face in his hands and they begin to kiss her deliciously. \*

BACK TO REALITY

Dawnie stands with the two glasses in her hand. She thinks a moment and then she places one of them down. She moves to the couch, her intention clear. She's going to give it a try. She moves to Ty. He looks at her. Their eyes meet. She straddles him. Climbs on. With one hand she rips at his shirt. It doesn't rip.

TY

What are you up to?

Ty's liking this. She tugs again. This time it rips. She pours the wine down his chest and begins to lick it off. Ty goes into a frenzy. He lets her devour his chest as long as he can stand it. Then, he pulls her to him and kisses her long and hard. They break away.

TY (cont'd)

You surprise me.

They kiss again. Heatedly. Break again.

DAWNIE

Want another surprise?

Ty nods. Oh yes.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

I'm a virgin.

Ty stares at her in disbelief. Dawnie is nonchalant.

DAWNIE (cont'd)

No, really. Bonafide. Don't know why, really. But I am.

TY

Are you serious?

DAWNIE

I know it's silly in this day and age--in New York of all places, but it's true.

TY

But how?

DAWNIE

At first I was waiting. You know that--you heard it first-hand. I wasn't ready.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAWNIE (cont'd)

And then I was and the opportunity never presented itself. And then it did and I wasn't ready again. And then I kept waiting and waiting for the perfect moment and I made such a big deal out of it that it never happened and then I lost interest and then I gained interest and then all this time passed and I forgot about it. And when I remembered it just seemed so unfathomable. Denial, expectations, fear, self-loathing--you name it. Anyway, here I am--take me.

TY

But...but...

DAWNIE

I won't take no for an answer. I'm 27.  
It's time.

They begin to kiss again. The moment, the music, the wine takes over. Dawnie rises and lifts her shirt over her head. Then, she turns and walks to her bedroom door and disappears inside. Ty hesitates...not knowing what to do.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

INT. RUSSELL AND DAWNIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ty stands in the bathroom, looking at himself as if trying to draw a conclusion. He sees some Scope--scoops it up and gargles with it. He's so nervous, his hands almost shake.

He lifts up his arms and smells under them. Clean. Okay, he's ready. He stops and unzips his pants and checks his underwear.

TY  
(to himself)  
Clean boxers. Cool.

Just then, the bathroom door opens and Russell appears, startling him.

RUSSELL  
Sorry.

Ty smiles. Embarrassed for being caught. He buttons up his pants.

TY  
We gotta stop meeting like this.

RUSSELL  
So you're the mysterious stranger. We heard Dawnie pouncing someone.

TY  
That's me. A stranger.

RUSSELL  
You're on good terms, I hope? No fist fighting?

TY  
Not yet.

RUSSELL  
It's early.

Ty is bothered by something. He turns to Russell.

TY (cont'd)  
How do I do right by her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Russell sees his seriousness and desperation.

RUSSELL  
Be kind. And honest. People deserve  
that.

A moment. Russell knows of which he speaks. Beat.

TY  
Question. Why did you tell me you were  
gay today? I mean why now?

Russell gives this some thought. He looks at him in complete honesty.

RUSSELL  
It was time to be honest about it with  
someone.

TY  
But why me?

RUSSELL  
It's easier to tell a stranger.

TY  
Is that what I am?

Ty waits for an answer. Russell puts him at ease with a smile.

RUSSELL  
An old stranger.

Ty smiles and gives him a pat as he moves by him back to Dawnie's room.

INT. RUSSELL AND DAWNIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Russell re-enters the living room with Jesse on the couch.

RUSSELL  
Dawnie's in there with Ty.

JESSE  
(instantly excited)  
What should we do?

RUSSELL  
Leave them alone.

JESSE  
Right.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jesse jumps up and moves her ear to the adjoining wall, listening. Russell can't resist. He joins her.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - LATE

Sam enters the building. She moves to the elevator and enters. Presses the button and then leans against the wall, tired. Just then, Vandy appears. He steps in behind her. She looks surprised.

SAM

Vandy?

The elevator doors close and start up. Vandy holds something behind him. He reaches over and hits the red emergency switch that stops the elevator.

SAM

What are you doing?

Vandy musters his courage.

VANDY

You were right. I haven't really lived up to any of my plans and dreams. I disappeared, Sam. Since college, I just disappeared. Everything I wanted to do went away. My life game plan this far has been a mistake. But I'm not gonna give up and I don't want you to give up on me either.

Sam can only stare at him. Her heart moved. A long silence, and then...

VANDY

I hope you like this.

He withdraws the guitar that he holds behind him. He brings it to him and he quietly begins to strum a soft melody. He closes his eyes and begins to feel the music move through him and then he begins to sing. His voice is flawless, soft and riveting. The song he sings begins to fill the elevator. Sam is captivated.

VANDY (cont'd)

(singing)

*Lyrics, lyrics, since you left, I've been missing you, nothing has been right because you left, I've been just missing. Just missing you. Missing in life and just missing you.*

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He ends. Sam is speechless.

SAM

That was...it was...

Vandy reaches over and presses the emergency release. The elevator resumes. The doors open. Sam stares at him. \*

VANDY

Goodnight, Sam.

Vandy smiles at her. He steps out of the elevator, turns around--their eyes meet. Nothing but passion hangs in the air. And just as the doors start to close. Sam takes a step forward. Their eyes lock. Both pained. And then, the doors close--on so much unsaid, on feelings not expressed, and, most obviously, on a relationship still very much alive. \*

INT. DAWNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Dawnie sits at her dresser mirror. Ty enters and moves to the bed and sits down. Dawnie comes to him and they start to kiss. He takes her and rolls her over and moves on top of her, lip-locked. A moment and then he breaks away. He sits up. His face anguished.

TY

I'm sorry.

DAWNIE

What's wrong?

TY

I want you to understand something. I'm not rejecting you. But you just laid something so monumental on me.

DAWNIE

Who wants the pressure. I get it.

TY

No, this is about you just as much as it's about me. You've given me a chance here. I can be noble. I've never done that before. I don't think it's a mistake you've walked back in my life. At this moment.

DAWNIE

Spare me.

(CONTINUED)

TY

No, really. I've been kind of lost these last..few years and I...it's hard to explain. But I have to change. You can be that for me.

Dawnie turns to him.

DAWNIE

But what if I want to change?

TY

Look, I know this isn't how you remembered me. But I don't want to be remembered like how I was.

DAWNIE

You're in a second coming of age.

TY

(thinks about it)  
Yeah...I guess...

This thought makes perfect sense to Ty.

TY (cont'd)

And I should have been there a long time ago.

Dawnie smiles. Or tries to. \*

DAWNIE

The problem is I'm still at my first coming. \*

Ty moves to her. Dawnie backs away.

DAWNIE

You should go.

Ty nods. He understands.

TY

Can we go for coffee sometime?

DAWNIE

Right now I want you dead.

TY

Then I should go.

DAWNIE

Before my suicidal state turns homicidal.

Ty bends down and kisses her sweetly on the forehead. He grabs his coat, looks back once and heads out. Dawnie clutches her heart, trying to keep it from ripping open.

INT. RUSSELL AND DAWNIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Russell and Jesse are curled up on the couch drinking wine and talking.

JESSE

What did he say when you told him?

RUSSELL

He dropped the soap.

JESSE

There was your chance.

They both laugh. Suddenly, the bedroom door opens. Both Russell and Jesse immediately pass out on the couch, feigning sleep.

Ty makes his way through the darkened living room. He sees them fast asleep on the couch. Then, he moves to...

RUSSELL

(off camera)  
Going somewhere?

Ty turns around to see Russell lifting up off the couch.

TY

I was just leaving.

RUSSELL

On good terms, I hope.

TY

G'night, Russell. And thanks for being honest.

Ty starts for the door.

RUSSELL

One more thing. I've been secretly in love with you since freshman year. Since we're being honest.

Ty gives this unexpected confession some thought.

TY

I knew that.

RUSSELL

You did?

TY

Back in school I always suspected. I figured you'd be one of those latent homosexuals that'd keep it a secret their whole life and get married and have kids and be really miserable.

Russell is a little shocked with Ty's analyzing.

RUSSELL

No wife and kids--just misery.

Ty smiles, then exits through the front door as Jesse's head rises to meet Russell's stare.

JESSE

What was that about?

Russell smiles.

RUSSELL

That was about me getting ahead of you in our little wager.

JESSE

You ass.

RUSSELL

It would be his ass. And it's mine.

Jesse throws a pillow at him. They laugh.

INT. RUSSELL AND DAWNIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dawnie stares at herself in the mirror of her bathroom. She stares at her face for a long time. Then, she opens the medicine cabinet. Searches, then finds a single razor blade. She holds it for a moment, its reflection hitting her face. Then, she turns the faucet on, brings her wrist to view. A long, agonizing moment of contemplation. And then, one clean and simple move slices her wrist wide open.

Blood is instant. She clutches the sink, her body going slack. She looks back to the mirror as blood fills the sink. A long lasting look at herself and then her body gives way and she falls to the floor.

BACK TO REALITY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dawnie stares at herself in the mirror. A long moment and then she opens the medicine cabinet. She reaches in and withdraws her toothbrush. She finds the toothpaste and begins her nightly ritual of brushing her teeth...alone.

MUSIC SEQUENCE

A new, polished version of Vandy's song. Sung professionally. The song no longer speaks to just Sam. Now it speaks to everyone. As --

The picture dissolves from one image to another...

Vandy sitting alone in a bar, sipping a cup of coffee. He eyes the liquor bottles that sit across from him.

Sam sits in the comfort of her bed, flipping through a book. Her college yearbook. Her nostalgic gaze lingers on the pages. She sets it aside and clicks off the night light, sleep moving in.

Russell and Jesse, two old friends, laugh and drink while watching Letterman.

Ty walking along an empty New York City Street. Content with his decisions.

Dawnie, lying curled in bed, quietly crying herself to sleep.

All awaiting the dawning of a new day as the picture...

FADES.

END OF PILOT