

1:30 TRAIN

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LATE NIGHT

A couple kissing. The HISS of air brakes RELEASING. We PULL BACK to see...

...the TRAIN, ready to go, stragglers HURRYING to board. The sign says METRO NORTH 1:30 NEW HAVEN. The flashing word BOARDING. Below this, NEXT TRAIN 6:30. Back to...

...the girl kissing her guy. She doesn't want to leave him. SMASH TO...

The MAIN CONCOURSE. Nearly empty now. The cleaning CREW starts its shift. A guy plays something hip and haunting on an ALTO SAX. And at the ENTRANCE...

...a woman BURSTS in, smartly dressed for business, RUNNING on heels not designed for chasing down a train, CLUTCHING her cell phone as she looks frantically for signs, which stair, which track, and...

...SKIDS to a near-fall, dropping the cell which BREAKS into pieces that SCATTER across the marble floor, but she can't stop and FLIES...

...DOWN a staircase, no purse, her jacket FLAPPING around her, heels CLACKING on the hard surface and we GO with her, as JUST at the bottom, she...

...MISSES a step, takes a stumbling fall to one knee, SURGING up, kicking OFF her shoes and RUNNING FLAT-OUT after the 1:30 train which is...

...already PULLING AWAY.

WOMAN

NO! WAIT!

This is insane, it's not going to stop, she keeps RUNNING, pulls a TICKET from her pocket, WAVING it at the CONDUCTOR clearly visible in the train's rear window.

WOMAN

PLEASE!!

He stares at her with soulless neutrality, and then back to his Daily News. The train picks up speed. And is gone.

She comes to a gasping, heaving stop, oblivious to the handful of onlookers. She hangs her head, fights for breath. Tears come, and she brushes hastily at them. Walks back along the landing, and at the foot of the stairs...

...she gathers up her shoes. Tries to calm herself as she slips them on. She is...

...ABBY RANDAZZO, blonde and lovely and refined in a way even her circumstances can't fully conceal. She is crying again, soundlessly, and she pulls herself together for...

...the climb to the main concourse. Her eyes are lost, dazed, whatever will she do? At the top of the stairs, she looks for an information window. It's CLOSED.

VOICE (O.S.)

Miss...?

She turns. It's the guy who was playing the sax. He has her phone reassembled. Hands it to her.

He is PETE COOPER, a rugged build, boyish eyes. She looks blankly at the phone...

ABBY

Thanks.

PETE

I don't think it's working.

She sort of nods, and walks away, as...

P.A. (O.S.)

IN ACCORDANCE WITH PORT AUTHORITY
SECURITY REGULATIONS, THE STATION
IS NOW CLOSING. IT WILL REOPEN AT
5:30.

She blinks, startled, confused. Asks a nearby JANITOR...

ABBY

What does that mean, the station's
closing?

JANITOR

It means you have to leave. No
trains till morning.

She looks around, the few people remaining are heading toward the exits. Doesn't notice Pete watching, as he packs up his horn.

ABBY

But I can't wait that long.

P.A. (O.S.)

THE STATION DOORS WILL CLOSE IN
TWO MINUTES.

Abby looks slightly panicked.

JANITOR

There's a big line of cabs out
front.

She doesn't seem reassured.

ABBY

Can I use a ticket from this
station at the other one?

JANITOR
Penn Station's through for tonight.

He goes back to work, it's not his problem. Now she seems truly helpless. She wanders out through the station doors...

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL - NIGHT

The line of taxis is indeed long, as is the line of people waiting for them. She stares for a beat. Then walks off, heading down a dimly-lit, narrow street. Pete emerges with his sax case and sees...

...a group of slightly raucous YOUNG GUYS heading toward Abby up the street. She hugs herself and lowers her eyes, crossing to the other side. This unfortunately attracts the guys' attention, and they start to call out to her. She keeps her eyes down, but they are getting closer, when suddenly...

PETE (O.S.)
Hey, sorry I'm late.

Stepping up to walk beside her with an easy smile. The guys across the street lose interest, When they're past...

PETE (LOW)
When that happens, don't react.
You just keep walking tough.

ABBY
It's not like I've never walked down a street before.

PETE
This is New York, the rules are different.

They're coming to Vanderbilt.

ABBY
I know New York, and I'm fine, thank you.

More irritated than fine. More get lost than thank you.

PETE
You don't seem fine.

ABBY
Well, I am.

Now he's irritated, too.

PETE
Fine. There's another cab stand.
No waiting.

A short line of taxis. But she stops. So he stops, too.

PETE

You're not walking toward the cabs.

They're still not. Okay...

PETE

You're not walking toward the cabs
because...

ABBY

My purse was stolen.

Oh.

ABBY

It was in this club. All I have now
is my thirteen dollar train ticket.

I see.

ABBY

Don't worry. I'll figure something
out.

They stare at each other.

ABBY

Okay. Maybe I need a little help.

PETE

Right.

Beat.

PETE

I have \$72, give or take. How far
are you going?

ABBY

Boston. Basically.

PETE

I can't help you.

But. He can't leave her.

PETE

All right. Don't move.

He goes to the head of the taxi line. Leans to the CABBIE...

PETE

How's it goin'?

A smile that most women would find pretty charming. The
cabbie's not a woman.

PETE

Now this lady here has to get to...

ABBY

New Haven

New Haven? He thought it was Boston. Whatever.

PETE

In a big hurry. Some mugger grabbed her purse. But once you get her home to New Haven.

ABBY

I don't live in New Haven.

Both men look to her.

ABBY

I drove down from Boston, and the traffic was impossible. So I left my car at the station in New Haven.

CABBIE

You have cash in your car?

She doesn't. Not missing a beat...

PETE

So as I said, when you get this lady home to Boston, she'll...

CABBIE

You know what you're saying? And I'd have to deadhead back. Drive all night, half the morning...

PETE

You see how she's dressed, you know she's good for it, plus a humongo tip. This is extremely impor...

CABBIE

Could be a grand.

Beat.

PETE

That's not possible.

CABBIE

215 miles to Boston at two bucks a mile is 430, times two because I'm deadheading back, so now we're at 860. Plus 2.50 for getting in, plus fifty cent night surcharge, plus Masspike toll is 5.40 twice, so we're at...868.40 before tip. If I tack on even 20% that would be...\$173.68 for a grand total of \$1042.08. And I'm supposed to trust her for it.

Half a beat.

PETE

Um. Yes?

CABBIE

Um. No.

PETE

And why should you?

Pulls out his wallet. Extracts a well-worn Visa card.

ABBY

Oh, no, no, I couldn't possibly...

Their eyes meet. His smile says, let me handle this.

PETE (PLAY ALONG, HUH?)

You'll send me a check tomorrow.

There's nothing to talk about.

Dear.

Hands the cabbie his card. The cabbie looks at her, She's not saying no.

ABBY

How do you know I'll pay you back?

PETE

I just know.

A nice moment. Unfortunately, the cabbie has a verifier, SWIPES the card.

CABBIE

Here's something you don't. Your card's rejected.

The bloom. Is off. The moment.

PETE

Sometimes happens. Which is why we have a second one in reserve. I never use this one.

Hands it to the cabbie, who glances at it.

CABBIE

It's expired.

And tosses the worthless plastic out the window.

PETE

My luck. A cabbie who reads.

Andy gapes at Pete. Two??

PETE

It was worth a shot.

As he starts to turn toward the next cab...

CABBIE

Here's the thing, pal. No New York cab has a license to operate in Massachusetts. So whether or not anybody trusts you or your girlfriend, no cab will take her there. Capiشه?

Okay. This is bad. Pete goes to her.

PETE

I have a friend who maybe can help.

He pulls out his cell phone. As he CLICKS it...

...he stops. Clicks it five times. The battery's dead.

PETE

I can't believe it.

ABBY

Do you have anything that works?
Anything at all??

He's a little offended. But she's at the end of her rope...

ABBY

I mean, is there something I can
do for you, maybe? Cos it sure
isn't happening the other way
around!

Now he's actually offended.

PETE

Yeh, sorry I'm taking up all this
space at the head of the line of
guys with working credit cards and
cell phones trying to help you.

Shakes his head.

PETE

There are, actually, other things
I could be doing. Surprising as
it may seem.

Staring at each other.

ABBY

I'm sorry. That was rude of me.

Still staring.

ABBY

So what do we do now?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Walking down a floodlit street

ABBY

I really appreciate this. I'm sure you didn't plan on walking the streets all night.

PETE

Well, I didn't plan not to. Actually, I'm in town for an audition tomorrow, and I went to Grand Central to...sort of piece together. What I want to play.

ABBY

In a train station.

PETE

Well. I used to play there as a busker, for tips. When I was younger.

Her look wonders what his real reason was.

ABBY

Well, I'm sure my husband will appreciate your helping me. It's very generous.

His gaze becomes a little sharper.

PETE

You didn't have to do the husband thing.

Silence.

PETE

It's nearly two in the morning. The streets are unpredictable this time of night.

ABBY

Look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

PETE

It'll be okay. Bad things come in threes, so you're done.

ABBY (ON HER FINGERS)

I missed my train. And what, you're counting the credit cards separately?

PETE

How far is the club?

A beat. She points uptown, still aways.

ABBY
You think someone returned it?

PETE
Sometimes they just take the cash,
leave the credit cards, throw it
in the trash or the john.

They stroll PAST us, and on their backs...

ABBY (O.S.)
So how soon can that three thing
start over?

INT. JAZZ CLUB - LATER

Cool trio covering Monk in the B.G. CLOSE on twin restroom doors. Abby exits hers. Hugs herself absently with that discernible air of desperation. She looks around, as if making a decision whether to leave. Before she can...

...Pete emerges. Shakes his head, sorry. You? She puts on a smile. Shrugs. It was worth a try. They head down the corridor to...

...the club's bar. Three BARTENDERS working. She points out TYLER, young and black and handsome. His head is shaved, his cool gaze pretends to be friendly...

TYLER
Hasn't turned up, sorry to say.
But you never know.

PETE
That's what the police said.

Just as easy as Tyler himself.

TYLER (BUILDING A COSMO)
Funny, those guys are usually so
helpful.

PETE
Well, they said there are these
gangs who lift bags at the better
clubs. They said sometimes the
bartenders know a lot about it.

Pouring out the cosmo for a waitress...

TYLER
I guess saying shit is easier than
doing actual police work. Nice gig
those boys have.

PETE
You, too. I'm certain people would
drop a handsome gratuity on you, if
something helpful were to pop into
your head.

Tyler looks at Abby, as if forgiving her for Pete's crude attempt.

TYLER
Prada, you said. They usually fence those.

ABBY
It has sentimental value. I'd pay a lot to get it back.

Hmmn.

TYLER
See, whatever's valuable in there, they'll usually sell.

ABBY
Nothing in it. It's only worth something to me.

Tyler thinks it over. Nods. Love to help.

TYLER
Maybe I could make a call or two. Give me 20 minutes.

She smiles a grateful smile. He winks, glad to be of service. They head to a table in the corner...

PETE
That was brilliant. Sentimental value.

ABBY
It was true.

He glances over. That's interesting.

ABBY
What's the look about?

PETE
Not my business.

ABBY
Also true.

He holds her chair. They sit. He's glancing at her left hand.

PETE
I suppose the bag was a gift from your husband.

ABBY
If this is about my ring, it's back in Boston being repaired.

PETE
Ah. Repaired. Must have knocked out a stone. Doing some...chore or other.

ABBY
You're not very good at the not-
my-business thing, are you?

PETE
I'll work on it. Hi, I'm Pete
Cooper.

Reaches his big hand across the table. Only a fraction of a
beat before she reaches back.

ABBY
Abby Randazzo. And thank you,
Pete. Thanks for doing all this.

Pete a little awkward with the compliment. So he looks around
the room. Trying to do it casually.

PETE
He said twenty minutes, it's been
about ninety seconds. We may as
well pass the time amiably.

ABBY (SMILES)
May as well.

But how do we be amiable?

PETE
So there's this very...influential
band. Duke Terry.

No recognition.

PETE
He plays piano, lost his alto a
month ago. I'm in town anyway for a
wedding, so what the hell, I figure
I'll stay for the audition, just to
meet the guy. I've been following
his music since I'm 12 years old.

ABBY
So. Are you going to get the job?

PETE
You really know how to keep the
pressure off.

ABBY
I was being amiable.

Moving on...

PETE
I jammed with his bass player in
D.C. last month, and he said he
really liked my sh...my playing...

ABBY
You can say 'shit,' even though I'm
a girl. Me being amiable and all.

She is smiling. Amiable indeed.

PETE

...but I'm trying not to get too excited, because Duke only plays with top, top guys. But I could tell Lucas Wells, he's the bass, was really getting off on what I was doing...

ABBY

Aren't we all.

PETE

...so when I made the date for tomorrow, Duke's manager told me it looks really good. We talked money and everything. A little, nothing firm.

ABBY

That's wonderful.

She means that. But her eyes are looking around again.

PETE

Your story, in contrast, is less compelling. A deposed Lithuanian countess, you roam the Mid-Atlantic states pretending to be amiable. In reality, you are a spirited and sardonic avenger, dedicated to eradicating poor grammar whenever you find it.

ABBY

...Latvian baroness. Otherwise, you're pretty close. Have I corrected your grammar yet?

PETE

You're dying to.

ABBY

Dangling infinitive.

Another nice moment.

PETE

What's your cover story?

ABBY

The usual. Happily married, two really sweet kids, stepkids actually, which I conveniently can't provide photos of, since they are in the alleged Prada bag...

PETE

I was way ahead of that.

ABBY

I am ostensibly an art dealer, in town to buy a Francisco Clemente - he paints, sort of a Duke Terry in his world - for a valued client.

They don't notice Tyler coming around the bar toward them...

ABBY

I closed the deal at dinner, bought everyone drinks here. Stayed after they left. And just before my train... I found that the purse which had been hanging on the back of my chair...

Then, poof! Gone.

PETE

Way generic. We need a new cover for you.

ABBY

Such as.

TYLER (O.S.)

We may be in luck!

They turn to see him scribbling an address on a matchbook cover.

TYLER

Took a little persuasion, called in a favor or two, and...bingo!

Hands Pete the address. Pete reads, nods, hands the matchbook to Abby. Starts to stand up.

TYLER

So I hope I was...helpful.

PETE

Extremely.

ABBY

I think he's looking for gratitude.

PETE (TO TYLER)

Group hug?

More.

PETE

Big kiss.

Holds his arms wide.

TYLER

I believe the words were 'handsome gratuity.'

PETE

Do you accept credit cards?

ABBY

Pete.

Okay, okay. Pete reaches in his pocket, pulls out a jumbled wad of what seems to be mostly singles. Hands it forward with a smile.

PETE

And there's more where that came from. Sometime really soon.

Tyler scans the wad. Deep disappointment.

PETE

Not too late for that kiss.

EXT. STOREFRONT - LATER

Sketchy street, the light is on at Luxury One Off s. The window loaded with fake Guccis, Fendis, Louis Vuittons. Dudes hang out in the store, talking and smoking, a tourist couple fingers the merchandise.

Abby and Pete, walking briskly. As we pass the store, we see a guy and his customer through the window. Pete turns up an alley. Stops.

PETE

I'll handle this. Be right back.

ABBY

Maybe we should call the police.

PETE

Good, they'll be right over. How's Thursday?

He hands her his alto case.

PETE

Two blocks to your left is a bar called Gafni's. Wait for me there.

ABBY

You know what to look for.

PETE

Your kid's initials on the inside flap.

She stares in his eyes.

ABBY

You're going to do something foolish.

PETE

Thanks for not saying stupid, that means a lot.

ABBY

This is a personal question, but how much cash do you have again?

PETE
Maybe sixty bucks. And you can ask
personal questions, both of us being
amiable and all.

ABBY
You're going to grab it and run,
aren't you?

She is genuinely worried for him. He finds that touching.

PETE
I'm gonna try.

And without another word, he turns and disappears up the
alley. Abby looks around. Ducks into a nearby...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Her gaze sweeps the place. Goes to a pay phone. Dials 1-800,
waits.

VOICE (O.S.)
McConnell Charter.

ABBY (INTO PHONE, BRIGHT)
Jeannie, hey, it's Abby Randazzo
again. Michael's charter still
scheduled to land at eight?

JEANNIE (O.S.)
Um, we did have a heads up from
O'Hare to stand by for a possible
change. But that's all they said.

A wave of relief WASHES over Abby.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
They're staying over?

JEANNIE (O.S.)
That'd be my guess. Have you tried
calling your husband?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I'll do that right now. Thanks.

Rings OFF. Stares at the phone, please, please. Walks back
outside. Stares blankly up the street. Sees something.

EXT. ALLEY - SANE MOMENT

Through the unlit dank alley, to the back door. Pete knocks.
After a beat, the door is opened by...

GOON
You Tyler's guy?

He has a Mohawk, bad skin, and is really big.

PETE
That's me.

Pete is admitted to a small space with a bare hanging light bulb illuminating large piles of Adidas and Nike DUFFLE BAGS. An even larger, RED-HAIRED GOON looks over with a gratuitous scowl.

RED HAIR
Did you lose your purse?

PETE
And without it, my whole outfit
just falls apart.

Mohawk knows just where to go. ZIPS open a duffle. We see six or eight black bags...

MOHAWK
All Prada, all tonight. Take
your pick.

Pete starts to rummage, opening bags, all EMPTY. Checking each inside flap.

MOHAWK
Tyler said you knew the bag.

PETE
Well, the lady's credit cards would
make it easier.

RED HAIR
We don't do wallets.

PETE
Because that would be beneath you...

In the fourth bag, Pete turns up the flap, 'HR' in yellow marker. A child's careful lettering.

PETE
A gentleman of your caliber has
to draw the line somewhere.

MOHAWK
In or out, asshole?

PETE
Let's go with this one. It seems
right.

MOHAWK
Special today, \$900.

PETE (CONFUSED)
What are you talking about?

MOHAWK
That's the number I gave Tyler.

PETE
Right, and I paid him. What is
this, a shake down?

He's actually fairly convincing. Enough for the guys to look
at each other.

RED HAIR (TO MOHAWK)
Call him.

PETE
Oh, this is great. He tells you I
didn't pay him, and I'm screwed.

Mohawk pulling out his cell...

PETE
Look in my pockets, man, I've got
like sixty bucks left. You think
I'd walk in here with no money and
expect you to just give me th...

NOISE from beyond the wall. Every pair of eyes CUT to a
SECURITY MONITOR in a corner of the ceiling. Two UNIFORMED
COPS have just entered the storefront, one heading STRAIGHT
for us, and when Pete looks around...

...the boys are GRABBING UP duffle bags. There's a POUNDING
at the door. The thieves HEAD for the back door, Mohawk
suddenly WHIRLING to SMASH Pete in the nose, SNATCH Abby's
bag OUT of his hands, and the thieves are GONE. Behind us...

...the cops are KICKING THE DOOR IN, and Pete BOLTS from his
stupor, OUT the back, SPRINTING down the alley after the
thieves, turning the corner to see...

...Mohawk and Abby's bag jumping into a RUSTED-OUT TRANS-AN
and PEELING OFF. Gone.

Dejected, Pete doubles back to find...

...Abby on the street. Next to a now-empty SQUAD CAR.

ABBY
Are you okay?

Breathing hard, nodding, okay. Dabbing at a bit of blood
from...

PETE
Just a broken nose.

ABBY
Don't be a baby, it's nowhere near
broken.

PETE
Trust me.

ABBY
It'd be much more swollen.

She does look concerned for him. Glances at the squad car.

ABBY
I flagged these guys down, because
I thought maybe...

She doesn't say it.

PETE
I was in over my head?

ABBY
Well.

PETE
What does it take to win a little
trust with you? Have I ever let
you down?

He smiles.

ABBY
It's early days.

His nose is bleeding. She takes a handkerchief from her pocket. Dabs at it, gently.

ABBY
Let's get something for that.

They start walking. Stroll PAST us.

INT. ALL-NIGHT GROCERY - LATER

CLOSE on Pete holding a bag of FROZEN PEAS against his nose.

PETE
I'm serious.

Appearances to the contrary.

PETE
If we're going to get you home
tonight, we have to raise some
cash, and we have to start now.

She's peering around the bag of peas at the rest of his nose. Evaluating the swelling.

ABBY
I told you, it's not that big
a deal.

PETE
It isn't huh? Do I look like an
idiot to you?

He's standing there with frozen peas stuck to his nose. She gently removes the bag

ABBY
Ask me again.

PETE
I have good ideas. Plenty of them.

ABBY
Plenty.

PETE
Well. Two.

She makes a rolling motion with her hand. Go for it.

PETE (DEADPAN)
I could write you a check.

Okay, she laughs. She has a nice laugh.

PETE
The other one's even better.

ABBY
That's hard to believe.

PETE
You know that Einstein thing, where
you fold space and time, so one
place fits on top of the other?

ABBY
See, for a minute, I thought it was
going to be a dumb idea.

PETE
No, that was the third one. Where
we learn to do the 'Beam me up,
Scotty' thing really fast.

ABBY
Which would have been silly.

PETE
Right. I mean, Einstein versus Gene
Roddenberry. You got to go with
Einstein.

She's still smiling.

ABBY
There's no emergency. My kids
are safe with my best friend Pam...

PETE
What about your husband?

Beat.

ABBY
Michael's flying in from Chicago.
He lands at eight, so he'll be home
before I will and he'll go pick up
the kids.

PETE
Shouldn't we call and tell him
you're stuck here?

Half a telling beat.

ABBY
I'll call him later.

PETE
Whatever you say.

He wears the trace of a smile.

ABBY
For a guy who's minding his own
business you're incredibly nosy.

PETE
You have to admit, this isn't
exactly rocket science. You're not
wearing your ring, you thought
you'd be home before your husband
got back from out of town, and you
haven't called to let him know
you're in New York.

Full. Beat.

ABBY
What the hell are you implying?

PETE
May I have my peas back?

ABBY
You're accusing me of having an
affair!

THROWS the peas at his chest. He barely catches them.

PETE
Of course not. Absolutely not.
And what if you were?

ABBY
AHA!

PETE
People are human, they make the
occasional mistake, even a
wonderful person who loves his
or her husband, not that I'm
assuming anything about your
marriage.

Her eyes are WIDE open.

ABBY

Sorry I missed that part of our contract where I have to lay bare my private life in exchange for this invaluable 'assistance' that I must have been insane to ask for in the first place!

PETE

You gotta read those contracts more carefully.

ABBY

Yeh?

PETE

All I did is make one harmless observation.

ABBY

Harmless? You call that harmless?

Pete looks around the store. Starts heading up an aisle, she follows..

ABBY

If I'm having a goddam affair, why wouldn't I call my boyfriend to bail me out?

PETE

I'm looking for a phone.

ABBY

I asked you a perfectly harmless and amiable QUESTION!

PETE

Maybe you tried to call him. Or maybe you guys broke up. Or maybe you're this Latvian baroness who...

ABBY

WONDERFUL! Another of your CHARMING little TALES! What a TREAT!!!

PETE

Just for that. I'm not gonna tell it. Mi, there we go...

A pay phone by the restrooms. She watches, angry and agitated.

PETE (INTO PHONE)
Manhattan, please. Carmel Car
Service.

(waits)
Good morning. How much from here
to Boston if we leave within the
hour? You sure? That's your best
price? Call you right back.

Rings OFF. Dialing another number.

ABBY
Well?

PETE
\$369 even, all in.

A shard of hope.

ABBY
Can we raise that?

PETE
I'm calling the one friend in
town whose number I remember.

He digs for change. Places a call.

ABBY
You have a friend.

PETE
Not everyone shares your high
standards.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)
Hi, it's Dan. You know what
to do, you know when to do it.

PETE (INTO PHONE)
Daniel, it's Pete. My cell's
dead, but call my voice mail,
I'll check in.

Thinks a beat.

PETE (INTO PHONE)
I need 300 dollars, it is
literally life or death, I'll
do anything it takes to get it.
Ask the gang, take up a collection,
whatever.

Turns slightly away, lower...

PETE (INTO PHONE)
Anyway. Is 'you know' still at
the hotel? And what's the story
on the guy? Get back to me, huh?

He rings OFF.

ABBY
Good friend?

PETE
He owes me a favor. Or do I owe
him a favor?

ABBY
Are we placing bets?

Apparently not.

ABBY
So who's taking up my collection?

Beat.

PETE
Like I said, I came to town for
this wedding. An old friend was
going to be there, but the friend
didn't show.

She's listening.

PETE
So I skipped the reception and went
to practice for the audition. It's
at the St. Regis, the reception, I
mean. Maybe someone's still there.
Let's go look.
(beat)
What's that look about?

ABBY
If your 'old friend' had shown up,
you would have skipped practicing
for your audition. With this musician
you admired all your life. Want
to make up a little fable about that?

Guess not.

ABBY
How about 'You Know?' Or 'The Guy'
you want checked out?

Silence. Right.

ABBY
No story there. Moving on.

INT. SUBWAY

The train RATTLES beneath the city. Abby holds the alto case on
her lap, as Pete plays a mellow jazz riff. He is good. Strong
hands fluidly working the valves. Eyes closed. Everyone in the
car is pretty into it. None more than...

ABBY
Do you take requests?

PETE
No.

Eyes still closed. Keeps on playing.

INT. ST. REGIS LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

Into the golden lobby. They approach a ballroom. A large WEDDING RECEPTION is in progress. Everyone dancing to a DJ. As we enter...

ABBY
Is this it?

PETE
I think so. Some of these people look sort of familiar.

ABBY
You're tight with your peeps, huh?

PETE
Well. I usually refer to them as 'homies.'

Following him as he peers at faces he almost recognizes.

PETE
Um. I kind of knew the groom. And Danny, of course...

ABBY
And your 'old friend.' Whom I should thank for luring you to town. I assume it's a she, who is also the mysterious 'You Know' who's here with 'The Guy.'

PETE
Your point?

ABBY
You don't get to be the only nosy person around here.

She glances at him, but he is staring across the room at a young Asian woman, whose face is barely visible in this light. The intensity of his gaze intrigues Abby.

ABBY
Someone you know.

PETE
Maybe.

The young woman turns toward us, her face more visible.

PETE
Sorr, it's not her.

ABBY
It's not 'she.'

But he does seem a little shaken, and that touches her.

ABBY
You really don't want to run into
her, huh?

Silence.

ABBY
But you came to town to see her.

No answer.

ABBY
Is it because she's with The Guy?

He starts to go into the ballroom. She grabs his arm.

ABBY
Look, we don't have to do this.

PETE
We need the money.

She looks in his eyes.

ABBY
I've been pretty ungrateful for
everything you've d...well, tried
to do. I think I owe you an
apology.

PETE
Look. You're in some kind of major
crisis. I've been less than
competent and more than curious.
Under the circumstances, I think
you've been tolerant, and.. .what's
the word you'd want me to use...

Hmmn.

ABBY
Companionable.

She does have an arresting smile.

PETE
Thanks. That was exactly the word I
was looking for.

They enter the ballroom. He approaches a random guy.

PETE
Hey, have you seen Danny around?

The guy blinks. Are you serious? Points to a group that has
formed a circle around someone who is solo dancing. They are
chanting: GO DANNY. GO DANNY. GO DANNY. GO DANNY.

We wander over. Pete hands her the alto case, worms his way through the circle of encouragement. Takes one look. Worms his way back. Well...?

PETE

Danny doesn't weigh four hundred pounds.

Takes his case.

ABBY

So we're at the completely wrong wedding.

PETE

They must have left alrea...

VOICE (O.S.)

Jesus, it's about time!

They turn to see a vain, good-looking rich guy in a tux.

RICH GUY

Where's the rest of the band, you're two hours late!

Beat.

PETE

Um. They're two hours late. I'm here to hold down the fort. So to speak.

RICH GUY

Just you?

PETE

And my singer.

The rich guy can't see her violently shaking her head, no!

RICH GUY

I'm not paying \$4000 for that.

PETE

Well, of course not.

He shakes his head. Abby is still shaking hers.

PETE

But we'd need. Oh, five hundred in front. In case the boys don't show.

RICH GUY

Out of the question.

PETE

So enjoy your DJ. Maybe if the evening goes long enough, some of that music will be hot again.

RICH GUY
Two-fifty.

PETE
Three-fifty.

RICH GUY
I'll go get it, if you'll start.

They follow him toward the bandstand. She murmurs to Pete...

ABBY (FRANTIC)
I don't sing.

PETE
No? What do you do?

ABBY
I complain bitterly.

PETE
And very well I might add. Come on, you must have sung something in public, sometime or other.

ABBY (THINKS)
Summer camp, I sang My Funny Valentine to Jonathan Weinstein. Behind a tree.

PETE
What was your encore?

ABBY
Please, I was 12.

Following him now...

ABBY
I'm not doing this, so forget it.

PETE
Fine.

They've reached the bandstand. Our rich guy gives the kill sign to the DJ. Silence. Heads turn. Pete has pulled out his alto, licking the reed. Adjusting the microphone...

RICH GUY
Showtime, people. The one-of-a-kind musical stylings of...

Turns to catch the name...

PETE
Peter Cooper on alto. Abigail Randazzo, vocals.

ABBY (SOTTO)
Excuse m...

PETE
Kicking off this set with...

Turns to her, telling her how to sing it...

PETE
...a smoky, wistful, My Funny
Valentine.

Sharp APPLAUSE. She keeps smiling, while glaring death...

PETE
You know what kind of girl you
are? The kind who can do anything.

Her glare holds.

PETE
Pick a key, I'll find it.

The applause dies. Pete launches into a silky intro. Smoky and wistful, like the man said. His eyes are locked to his girl singer. She turns to the mike, looks out over the wedding party, and...

ABBY (SINGS)
My funny valentine
Sweet comic valentine
You make me smile with my heart

Not a big voice. But smoky and wistful.

ABBY (SINGS)
Your looks are laughable
Unphotographable
Yet you're my favorite work of art

She turns to her sax player. Sings to him...

ABBY (SINGS)
Is your figure less than Greek?
Is your mouth a little weak?
When you open it to speak
Are you smart?

Now she smiles for him. And though it's teasing, it sends a spark, intended or otherwise. His returning smile stops in midstream. He's looking past her.

ABBY (SINGS, STILL TO PETE)
But don't change a hair for me
Not if you care for me
Stay, little valentine, stay

And turns back to the crowd. In the rear of the hall, the REAL BAND has arrived, is talking with the rich guy, who is sending ugly glances our way. Abby FREEZES.

PETE (BARELY A WHISPER)
Finish up strong.

Her shy smile returns, her eyes close dreamily...

ABBY (SINGS)
Each day
Is Valentine's...Day.

They are CLAPPING, she is BOWING, her eyes DARTING to the band, to the rich guy threading through the crowd toward them, but Pete...

...has her elbow. Has TUGGED her OFF the stand. Through appreciative guests, they smile their hurried way to...

...the swinging DOORS, into the KITCHEN, moving smoothly but briskly between the stations, OUT the back door, and they are...

...RUNNING down a corridor.

Laughing.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Back in the lobby, heading toward the door...

PETE
Okay, Plan B.

ABBY
I think we're up to Q.

He heads straight to the doorman...

PETE
I'm looking for some relaxation.

The doorman looks Abby over, She glares back. Asshole.

PETE
I mean a cordial game of cards.

ABBY
Genial, even.

DOORMAN
Sir, gambling in the hotel is
illegal.

Pete produces a twenty. The guy looks at it. Uninspired.

DOORMAN
Sir. That's a twenty.

PETE
More at this time might be
misconstrued as involving you in
something improper.

Abby nods. That's right.

PETE
This is simply our thanks for your
splendid service since we've been
at the hotel. Much more to come
after we've visited room...?

Silence. A handshake eats the twenty.

DOORMAN
...1417. They'll want to know
that you're Sweet Georgia Brown.

PETE
We'll try not to disappoint them.
Or you.

INT. ELEVATOR

She's staring at the wall. Her tension has resurfaced now.

PETE
Great job.

ABBY
At what.

PETE
At being the girl who can do
anything, even though it scares the
shit out of her.

Beat.

ABBY
Thanks.

PETE
Don't mention it. Just remember it.

ABBY
Remember it when?

PETE
When you get back to whatever's
waiting for you.

Elevator still rising.

PETE
I'll use their phone to check my
voice mail. We can check yours,
too.

No reaction.

PETE
So who's call are you waiting for?

She looks over. He grins impishly.

ABBY
Since you ask so amiably. Someone
named Jean.

The doors OPEN. They get out. Start down the hall...

PETE
That wouldn't be Gene Roddenberry,
would it?

ABBY
Yeh, I'm working on the Beam Me Up
Scotty thing.

PETE
How's it going?

ABBY
Nothing exciting so far.

PETE
I wouldn't say that. You're talking
to a guy who's been dead for a long
time.

ABBY
Like you said. I'm the type of girl
who can do anything.

There's 1417. RING the buzzer.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yah...?

PETE
Sweet Georgia Brown. And partner.

The door opens into a SUITE with four poker tables in progress. Young INVESTMENT BANKERS, lots of ego, lots of cash. The music is retro, Ramblin' Man. The girls are hired for the occasion, and not as white as the players. Cigars, vodka, a table with seafood on ice. It's loud.

GUY WHO OPENED THE DOOR
I'm Maynard, man, Shearson
Lehman. What house you from?

PETE (SHAKING HANDS)
I'm Pete, man. I'm from a
big wood frame in Spokane.
The roof has shingles.

Big confident smile. Maynard is almost convinced he's funny.

PETE
 Abigail here is the money lady
 from Beantown. She plays. I
 accompany her on alto.

Holds up the case to prove it. Maynard grins, not wanting to
 assume he's being made fun of. Walks our couple to the only
 table with an empty seat.

MAYNARD
 Gentlemen, introducing Abigail from,
 uh, Beantown. And her back-up band,
 Mr. Pete.

The boys look up. Young, mostly pretty, not as evil as they
 want to be.

PLAYER #1
 Buy-in is two large.

PETE
 Except for us.

He empties one of his pockets. Counts.

PETE
 Fifty-eight dollars. It's all we'll
 need.

Some are mildly amused. All are looking at Abby, who is
 passing her smile around.

PLAYER #1
 Well, since the ante's a hundred...

PETE
 ...you'll be slightly modifying the
 rules. For one hand.

PLAYER #1 (SMILING)
 Because.

ABBY
 Because I've never played before, and
 I don't want to be taken advantage of.

Okay?

PETE
 You boys wouldn't do that would you?
 Not to the mother of two adorable
 children.

The boys look at each other.

PLAYER #2
 I say the MILF sits in.

Laughter. Agreement. Pete holds her chair. She's a little confused by the MILF part, but keeps the smile going. Pete leans to explain to her, as the others listen...

PETE

You shove our \$58 into the center, like this. That means you're 'all in,' and nobody can bet more.

Looks around the table. Right? The boys are up for it.

PETE

This handsome guy will deal everybody two down, then he'll put three communal cards face up. That's called the Flop. Then a fourth, that's the Turn. Then a fifth, that's the River.

ABBY

Got it.

PETE

Now forget it. Don't even bother to look at your cards, because you're tapped out. If you win, which is one chance in seven, the pot will be \$406. Will you be happy?

ABBY

Quite.

PETE (KISSES HER CHEEK)

Have fun.

And walks AWAY. He can hear the laughter behind him as he PLUCKS a crab leg from the ice bowl, finds his way to the john. Closes the door. Locks it. Picks up...

...the phone. Hits one button.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

Concierge desk, Mr. Prentice, how may we help you?

PETE (INTO PHONE)

I need a car and driver to take my guest to Boston. She'd like to leave immediately.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

Give me ten minutes, sir.

PETE (INTO PHONE)

Just deciding whether to use the imprint I gave you. Was that the AmEx?

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Yes sir, the black card.

PETE
Stick with that. Add a 30 percent gratuity and a hundred for yourself.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Oh, I'm afraid I can't do that, sir.

PETE
You're joking.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
No, sir. I can't add a gratuity to this desk on your bill.

PETE
Quaint. Hopefully, you can accept cash.

Rings OFF. Out the door. Back to the table where the River is just being laid down.

PETE (TO ABBY)
Let's see your cards.

She shows him a three and a six. Doesn't match a thing on the table. The guys are really enjoying this.

PETE
Any chance we could make this a game of low-ball?

Three guys are tempted. But the winner turns over his Jack-high straight. RAKES in the money.

ABBY (ALL INNOCENCE)
May I have the cards, please?

The boys look at each other. Someone hands her the deck. She starts to shuffle.

ABBY
Let's play my game. Just one time.

And she starts dealing out all the cards around the table. The guys are amused.

PLAYER #1
Does this game have a name?

ABBY
Sir, every game has a name. This one is: Where's Jack?

PLAYER #2
Any rules in particular?

ABBY
Whoever has the right Jack wins.

PLAYER #3
What does he. Or she. Win?

ABBY
Everyone antes up...um, \$62.

Still dealing.

ABBY
...except the dealer.

Some of the guys look to Pete.

PETE
It's an old navy game. Goes all the way back to Admiral Nelson.

PLAYER #2
Which Jack. Is the 'right' Jack?

ABBY
Only players can ask questions. And players have to ante.

PETE
It's the rule.

PLAYER #1
Who made the rules?

ABBY
Harry Randazzo. He's five.

The boys look at each other. They all ante up. She finishes dealing.

ABBY
The 'right' Jack. Is dealer's choice.

PLAYER #1
After the cards are turned over?

ABBY
You've played before.

The guys are charmed.

ABBY
And now. The moment you've all been waiting for. The 'right' Jack is...

She turns her cards over. Stares at them.

ABBY (SOFTLY)
Rats.

She brightens.

ABBY
Or we could play. Where's Three?

The guys are laughing. But they're taking their money back.

PETE (GRINS)
Thank you gentlemen for an inspiring
four minutes. Come, dear.

She rises. Brightly thanks the boys, who send their good-
byes. Blows a kiss or three. As we're walking out...

ABBY
Should I be concerned that we just
lost most of our money?

PETE
Should I be concerned that you're
calling it 'our' money?

Beat.

PETE
And yes, be concerned. Be very
concerned.

Oh. Keep walking.

ABBY
What's an MILF?

PETE
It means Mother I'd Like To...uh,
Make Love To.

Half a beat. She puts it together.

ABBY/PETE (ALMOST UNISON)
Euuuuuw.

EXT. ST. REGIS - MOMENTS LATER

We exit, avoiding the doorman who gave us the tip, and go to
another DOORMAN, gangly and red-haired with a pleasant smile.
We walk him out of earshot of the other guy...

PETE
Uh, we ordered a car for Boston.

RED-HAIRED DOORMAN
Yes, Mr. Prentice, he's just here.

It's a big luxurious STRETCH. Our doorman signals, the DRIVER
steps out. A gigantic black guy in a nice suit. As we
approach...

RED-HAIRED DOORMAN
We got your regular driver.

Who is now looking at us like: what the hell is going on?

PETE (UNFLAPPABLE)
Actually, I'm Mr. Cooper.
Mr. Prentice sent me down with
his guest.

The doorman and driver look at each other.

RED-HAIRED DOORMAN
Certainly, sir. Just give me a
second to ring the room.

ABBY
That won't be necessary.

Turns the bright smile to Pete.

ABBY
I feel like a drink. That place
on 53rd still open?

Pete nods, think so. Shrugs an apology to the driver. She's
already walking. Pete grins. Women. Hustles after her. They
turn the corner.

Gone.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE - LATER

Strolling in the night air. She's hugging herself absently,
the tension always creeps back when he's not distracting her.

PETE
We didn't check our voice mail.
Maybe Michael called you.

ABBY
He wouldn't. He thinks I'm home
asleep.

PETE
Well, we've always got Gene.

ABBY
Is that like we'll always have
Paris?

He looks over to see that panic has hit her. She stops
walking. Leans back against a pole. Tries to breathe slow.

PETE
You okay?

ABBY
The call from Jean is about a change
in schedule...

PETE
That's good?

ABBY
Crucial. And they've already said
stand by for a change. And every
time they've ever said that, there
was always a delay of at least a
day.

She searches his eyes.

ABBY
I mean, why would you say heads up
for a change, unless you were making
a change?

PETE
I wouldn't.

ABBY
But I'm just slightly nervous, even
so.

PETE
Can you promise I'll never see you
when you're incredibly nervous?

She tries to smile.

ABBY
Can you promise we're going to
get me home tonight?

He's staring over her shoulder.

PETE
Have I got good news for you.

ABBY
Just tell me this isn't one more
harebrained scheme.

PETE
I'm hurt. This one is rock-solid!

He motions, turn around. She does, to read...

...a FLIER on her pole: RIDE 'EM, COWGIRL. WET COW-RIDING
SMACKOOWN AT SLOWLY BUT SHIRLEY'S. FIRST PRIZE: \$500. SECOND
PRIZE: SHIRLEY.

ABBY (GENUINELY CONFUSED)
Why would they pay anyone. To
ride a wet cow?

EXT. SLOWLY BUT SHIRLEY'S, CHELSEA - LATER

Peering in the doorway. The cow is a MECHANICAL BULL with painted
spots and a strap-on udder. Of course, it is not the cow who is
wet, but the women who are SPRAYED with a hose before mounting.
It's pretty raucous.

ABBY
You know, almost every person in
there is a woman.

PETE
Boy, there's a puzzle.

She takes a closer look. Lots of short hair and tattoos. Uh-
oh. Then, determination crosses her features.

ABBY
This could get ugly.

She MARCHES in. He follows.

INT. SLOWLY BUT SHIRLEY'S

Nervous but a little excited, Abby gets in the line. The contestants are in tanks and tees, so she strips down to her camisole.

ABBY
Are we completely out of money?

PETE
The remaining pittance is reserved
for subway fares.

ABBY
Darn. I could use a drink.

No sooner said, than a HAND appears offering a tequila. We look up to see BRITT, who is forty and hot. Very friendly smile. Abby accepts the drink.

ABBY
Thank you.

BRITT
If you need a ride home later, I
have a Mustang.

PETE
The lady's not interested in your
Mustang.

BRITT
I think I know what interests the
lady more than some queen who's
hoarding her subway fare. Right,
sweetie?

PETE
Excuse m...

ABBY
Can you teach me to ride?

BRITT
I thought you'd never ask.

PETE
She means the cow.

BRITT
Works for openers.

ABBY
Dynamite.

PETE
I stand corrected.

As in, are you crazy?

BRITT
First, get the judges' attention.

And points to the four casually-clad JUDGES who are WHOOPING and SCREAMING every time a soaked contestant gets tossed onto the air- cushion pads that surround the cow.

BRITT
Ice your nipples.

PETE
Should I wait outside?

ABBY
Shut up and get ice.

Are you serious? He trudges to the bar. Britt slips her arm around her protege..

BRITT
Keep it low, close to the cow. Eyes up, chin parallel to the floor. Do not grip with your knees...

ABBY
...what else do I have to grip with?

Britt arches a brow.

PETE (O.S.)
Don't answer that.

He's back with a glass of ice. We're next in line. Really scared, but determined. Abby actually takes Pete's hand, maybe without even realizing she's doing it.

BRITT
Good luck, hon...

And swats Abby on the ass. Steps back. Abby looks up at Pete, whispers...

ABBY
How do I ice my nipples?

PETE
Is that a trick question?

Hands her the glass.

ABBY
I'm not sure I can do this.

Okay. He takes two cubes from the glass.

ABBY
I mean the cow!

Oh. Out of nowhere, the hose HITS Abby and she SHRIEKS!

PETE
Good news. You don't need the ice anymore.

SPRAYER (TO ABBY)
You get two tries. Enjoy.

Abby climbs unsteadily onto the cow. Everyone SHOUTING and WHISTLING.

The thing switches ON. Abby is game, trying to do everything she was taught, but it's picking up speed...

PETE
BECOME ONE WITH THE COW!!

She glances over and it BUCKS her OFF onto a hard landing. He runs to her...

ABBY
One. With the cow?

PETE
I was under pressure.

Helps her up.

PETE
You were riding like a girl.

Looks around at a WALL of stares.

PETE
Which is the highest compliment
one could wish for.

They are beckoning her for her second run. Abby rubs her back, shakes her head.

ABBY
You think you could do better?

PETE
With both hands tied behind my back.

Really.

ANGLE...Pete RIDING THE COW with both hands tied behind his back. The women's SCREAMING now reaches APE-SHIT proportions. The cow bucks faster and FASTER, until...

...Pete goes FLYING out of FRAME. Abby WINCING at the CRASH!!

The place is joyous. Up for grabs. In the bedlam, Abby goes and crouches by her partner. Beneath the din...

ABBY
Girls can be mean.

Beat.

PETE
Should I write that down?

LATER. They are standing at the pay phone by the bar. He holds a small TROPHY shaped like a breast. It says BOOBY PRIZE. She wears a t-shirt that says COWGIRLS ARE MY WEAKNESS. At least it's dry. He's fidgeting kind of funny...

PETE

Shame we dumped the frozen peas.

ABBY

You'd look adorable with those stuck to your butt.

PETE

That's not where I was going to put them.

She drops in the coin. Dials. Waits.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)

You have two new messages. First message.

HARRY (O.S.)

ABBY? ABBY, WHERE ARE YOU?

She STARTLES. Stunned at the child's voice. In the silence...

PETE

You okay?

ABBY

It's Harry. Probably just a nightmare.

Pete dumps a mound of coins on the bar. She starts dropping them in, dialing. He can only watch and worry for her.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)

Pam?

HARRY (O.S.)

Abby, it's me.

HARRY is five. He sounds upset.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Hi, sweetie, what's up? Are you
okay?

HARRY (O.S.)
Yes, but Chloe's dead.

Beat.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Again?

HARRY (O.S.)
More than last time.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
How do you know?

HARRY (O.S.)
She won't stop snoring.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Just take her thumb out of her
mouth. But gentle. Okay?

HARRY (O.S.)
I know.

Abby is trying not to cry. Doesn't think Harry can hear.
Draws a raw breath.

HARRY (O.S.)
Abby? Are you okay?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I'm fine, sweetie. Really.

Another beat. Has she sold him?

HARRY (O.S.)
When are you coming home?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
When you wake up in the morning.

HARRY (O.S.)
I think Captain Gregory is lost.

She starts to break down a little.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
He's at home guarding all the other
toys. Tomorrow he can tell us if
they were good. I have my doubts
about Darth Vader.

Beat.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Do you need to wake Pam up and get
a hug?

HARRY (O.S.)
No.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Okay. You get some good sleep now,
baby. And when I'm home, I'll make
us pancakes.

HARRY (O.S.)
But not Chloe.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Chloe, too.

HARRY (O.S.)
I know.

PULL BACK to Pete watching. His heart goes out to her. Shit.
When at last she finishes her call, and turns...

He's all smiles.

PETE
He okay?

She nods. For some reason, talking to Harry has unstrung her.
Through her smile, she is battling desperation. Through his,
he is desperate to help.

PETE
You'll have to send me a picture.

ABBY
Oh, I will. Harry is five and Chloe
is four. They're great kids.

Beat.

PETE
I'll bet.

Her eyes have filled with tears again. Embarrassed, she looks
in another direction.

PETE
They'll be fine.

There is no answer. Tears fall. She takes another coin from
the pile.

ABBY
I have. I have another message,
I think.

He steps back, just to give her privacy. Watches her check the voice mail. And suddenly, her face TRANSFORMS. A look of...

...pure RELIEF. She closes her eyes. Hangs up. Turns to him...

ABBY
Michael. From Chicago.

Full beat.

ABBY
The plot thickens, huh? Wanton
Latvian baroness avoids exposing
her sordid affair?

PETE
This is the first time I've ever
seen you look happy.

And he smiles. As if he likes that very much.

ABBY
Ever? Well, for the record, this
is what I look like relieved. Happy
is different.

He nods. Understands.

PETE
And for the record? You couldn't
cheat on anyone. Ever.

ABBY
Really? I thought I was the kind
of girl who could do anything.

The look holds.

ABBY
Are you the kind of guy who idealizes
women, Pete?

And holds.

ABBY
That's a dangerous habit.

And he nods, slowly. Maybe more true than she knows. He
scoops up the rest of the coins.

PETE
Call him from the john. It's too
noisy here.

She nods. She will.

PETE
I'll just be outside.

She looks in his eyes.

ABBY
Thank you. Thank you for
everything.

He smiles. And heads out of the place.

She takes the coins, makes her way through the bar to the
restrooms. She finds the phone, drops in the coins with
trembling hands. Dials the number.

And waits. And waits. And then...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Mike Randazzo.

She draws a breath. And softly...

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Hey, it's me.

MICHAEL (O.S., WARM)
Hi. You okay?

ABBY (INTO PHONE, SMILES)
Sure. A little tired, but I'm fine.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Jeannie said you were calling from out
of town. You stay over in the city?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
We ran late, these people can really
drink. The kids are with Pam. I
talked to Harry, he's good.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You make the buy?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
For 225.

He WHISTLES.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Is it worth it?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
My guy collects Clemente, he wanted
the piece. It was the best I could
do.

Just a touch eager with...

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
So Brian changed the schedule, huh?

MICHAEL (O.S., LAUGHS)
Three times. Someday he'll surprise
us and stick to the schedule.

She breathes easier. It's all right, hang in there.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Pam can keep the kids in the morning,
it's Sunday. I'll be home around ten.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
She doesn't have to do that. I'll
swing by, load them up with
pancakes. We'll meet you at the
station, they love that.

Arid everything. Stops.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I thought you said Brian...

A heart-stopping beat, until...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
We're just taking off, I'll be home
by six-thirty. He's catching an
eight o'clock to London with
Susanna and Billy.

My God. My God.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What hotel are you at? Sounds like
you're in a bar or something.

Full beat. Her mind is tumbling.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I couldn't sleep. I'm actually having
a grilled cheese sandwich, if you can
believe it.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Christ, poor baby. Well, you can
crash tomorrow and I'll hang with
the kids. We still have dinner with
Ted and Molly?

She's a blank. Blind panic.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I think we do.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Maybe I'll cancel and we'll just stay
in. What time is your train?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Uh. I drove, actually. Another great
decision. Left the car in New Haven.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Will you be in shape to drive home?

And just now. She can't find any more words.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Honey...

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Abby exits the bar, not steady on her feet. She looks around. No Pete. Starts walking, and there...

...through a window...

INT. PAWN SHOP

CLOSE on hundred dollar bills. Four of them. PAN to the open case, the alto resting in its velvet cradle. PAN to Pete signing the TICKET. The CLERK is behind his bullet-proof glass window. HEAR the door OPEN, the bell RING...

With her now, as she steps up next to him...

ABBY
What the hell do you think you're doing?

PETE (FINISHES SIGNING)
Something I should have done long ago.

She GRABS the ticket.

ABBY
You have an audition tomorrow and you're selling your saxophone?

PETE
I'm not selling anything.

ABBY
This is a pawn shop!

CLERK
She's a keeper, pal. Gotta like those bright ones.

PETE
I can borrow a sax tomorrow. If I go.

She just blinks.

ABBY
If you go??

PETE
That's what I said.

ABBY
And how about the rest of your life?

PETE
It's \$400, you pay me back, I can
pick this up Monday.

CLERK
If it's still here.

ABBY
What does that mean?

CLERK
It means he waived the 30 days for
the extra hundred, I can put it out
for sale.

She WHEELS on Pete. He reaches for the ticket, but she pulls
it away.

ABBY
How much is it worth?

He doesn't answer. She turns to the clerk.

CLERK
A Selmer Mark 6 in this condition?
Maybe 4K.

PETE
It doesn't matter, okay? It's not
even your business.

ABBY
Not my BUSINESS?

He GRABS the ticket from her hand.

PETE
It may as well do somebody some
good.

ABBY
I don't need the money anymore.

CLERK
Are all your dates this exciting?

ABBY/PETE (ALMOST UNISON)
Shut up!

CLERK
Pardon my intrusion into Days Of Our
Lives, you want this cash or not?

PETE	ABBY
I <u>want</u> the money!	<u>Forget</u> the money!

She GRABS up the case, SLAMS it shut. Something small
FLUTTERS out, but no one notices.

ABBY (TO CLERK)
He can't sell this, it's mine!

Both guys just blink.

ABBY
I won it at cards, and if you don't
believe me, you can talk to my lawyer
in the morning.

Pete is just staring at her.

PETE
You might need the money, after all.
What if the 'schedule' changes again?

ABBY
It did.

A moment of silence.

ABBY
It did, and that's why it doesn't
matter anymore. I don't care when
I go home.

The silence extends.

PETE (SOFTLY)
Let's take this outside.

A look of connection and support. He turns and quietly
leaves. She stares after him. Starts to follow...

CLERK
You dropped something.

He points to the floor. It looks like a SNAPSHOT. She picks
it up. Looks at it.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

He's waiting at the curb.

PETE
How can it suddenly be too late?

ABBY
There was nothing sudden about it.
Once I missed that train, it was over.

Over. The weight of that.

ABBY
Turns out, it's been too late since
before I met you. And all this has
been for nothing.

She sets the case at his feet. This is yours. He makes no
move to take it.

ABBY
You are extremely talented.

PETE
You have to say that. You're my
singer.

ABBY
I watched the faces of people
listening to you play on that
subway. You can't fool me. Can you
fool yourself?

PETE
You should have let me get rid of
this thing.

ABBY
And that's because...

PETE
Because I have no chance of getting
that gig. And the last thing I need
right now is a rejection that size.
(beat)
Especially this weekend.

Whoa!

ABBY
I hardly know which road to go down
first. Duke's manager said it
looked really good.

PETE
He lied. People do that.

ABBY
He talked money.

PETE
To tell me there wasn't much.

ABBY
I thought Lucas Wells The Bass
Player was getting off on your
shit. Not to mince words.

PETE
Heavy guy like him always says that
after a jam. It's standard to be
courteous and encouraging.

ABBY
Heavy guy like 'he.'

PETE
Really? It sounds so wrong.

ABBY
Maybe he liked your shit more than
you're saying, and you're just

PETE
So I'm talentless and gutless.

ABBY
Don't forget self-pitying.
(beat)
And what's the deal with 'especially
this weekend?'

He stares at her.

PETE
Do you know how old I am?

ABBY
I've been trying to figure that
out.

PETE
older than I look. Too old to
keep trying til any chance of having
another life passes me by.

ABBY
Is that what you want? Another
life.

The eye contact is rock solid.

PETE
I don't know. Do you?

Beat.

ABBY
Oh, are we done talking about you,
now? Twelve seconds and you're on
overload?

PETE
Me and my problems will be around
whenever you want to visit. I just
refuse to accept that it's too late
to solve yours when I don't even
know what it is.

ABBY
Fine, refuse away.

PETE
Look, you don't even have to tell
Michael you came to New York.

ABBY
He always knew where I was.

PETE
Then you don't have to tell him what
you were doing here.

ABBY
He always knew that, too.

Oh.

PETE
All right, whatever. Whatever this
is. He's an idiot if he won't put
it behind him. And you're not the
kind of girl to marry an idiot.

She's shaking her head. You have no idea what this is.

PETE
What did you have to do before he
gets home?

She crosses her arms. Shifts her weight.

ABBY
Even if there was something, you
couldn't possibly help.

PETE
How can you be so sure unless you
try me?

On her silence.

PETE
Let's figure out how to make it
okay that you didn't do whatever
you were going home to do.

ABBY
Stick with the Einstein thing, it's
simpler.

He's thinking.

PETE
Have someone else do it.

ABBY
Santa Claus?

PETE
Anyone who can climb down your
chimney.

She looks away. Jesus, maybe that's it. She turns back, hope SURGING through her...

ABBY
Are we out of coins?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Abby alone, clinging to the receiver...

ABBY
Come on. Come on.

PAM (O.S.)
Hello?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Pam, it's Abby. I'm so sorry to call at this hour.

PAM (O.S., HALF ASLEEP)
It's okay, where are y...

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I'm still in New York. Are the kids asleep?

PAM (O.S.)
The kids are fine. What's wrong?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I need a favor. Right away, right now. God, I'm so sorry. And I need...

Lets the air out.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I need for you to never ask me why.

Beat.

PAM (O.S.)
Calm down. I'll do whatever you want, so everything's going to be all right. Honey...?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Go to my house. There's a key in a magnet box on the pool filter. Go in the house, upstairs to Michael's office.

PAM (O.S.)
Slow down. What's the alarm code?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
3548. Then hit star. When you get to Michael's office, take every fax out of his machine.

PAM (O.S.)
What if there aren't any faxes?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
There'll be at least one. Take everything, throw it in your garbage and don't read it. Promise me that you won't.

PAM (O.S.)
I promise, Al, I give you my word. How much time have I got?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Two hours, at least. Can you do it?

PAM (O.S.)
It's as good as done. How do I reset the alarm?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Don't bother, I'll just tell Michael I forgot to set it. Oh God. Oh, Pammy, thank you, thank y...

PAN (O.S.)
Shhh. Shhh. Are you going to be okay now?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
I am. I promise. When you've got it, leave me a voice mail.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

With Pete, watching Abby come toward us. Slow, purposeful. The smile explodes across her face, as she reaches Pete and...

...HUGS him tight. Holds on. Holds on.

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

EXT. BROADWAY - LATER

Pete sits against a wall, playing a silky version of one of his originals. Abby sits at his side, really listening. Seven or eight folks have gathered, there are a few bills and coins in the open alto case.

An OLD COUPLE starts dancing dreamily. As the others watch, Pete plays a fluid riff, and the old guy twirls his best gal.

As he finishes, the old couple kiss. Spontaneously, Abby starts the applause. Everyone joins in.

YOUNG WOMAN
Do you have any CDs?

PETE (SMILES)
Nothing you could buy.

ABBY
...yet. You folks are privileged to
hear the newest member of the famous
Duke Terry Band.

PETE
Five. Duke Terry Five.

YOUNG WOMAN'S DATE
Are you guys playing in town?

People are throwing more money into the case. Not a lot, but
the feeling is there.

PETE
I'm not in the Duke Terry Five,
guys.

ABBY
Well, you will be, this time
tomorrow.

PETE
The lady has a Ph.D. in Putting On
The Pressure. She minored in Sadism.

ABBY
Listen, the gentleman just played
a huge wedding reception at the
St. Regis. He was such a hit, he
had to run off through the kitchen
just to dodge the groupies.

Everyone's eating it up. But it's given Pete a wistful look.

ABBY
He's expecting a big offer from
Wynton Marsalis. Personally, I
think Duke's the right fit.

He starts gathering up the coins...

INT. DINER - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Pete at a pay phone.

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)
You have one new message.

We watch him listen. His face a blend of excitement and
something approaching fear.

EXT. CLUB SIBERIA, WEST 40s - LATER

Pete and Abby enter a club where the wedding reception's
after-party is on its last legs. Everyone's sweaty, girls'
makeup smeared, dresses drooping. A long night.

ABBY
I hope this is the right reception.
Because I don't know any more songs.

PETE (LOOKING AROUND)
 Didn't Jonathan Weinstein sing anything back to you?

ABBY
 Yes. Can you play 'You're The Reason Our Kids Are Ugly?'

PETE
 I can fake it.

His eyes now sweeping the place. She's watching that. A figure HURTLES past her to EMBRACE Pete. KISSES him on the face.

DANNY
 I got your money, man. More. \$477.89 in American cash. Also a drop-in card for a Scientology Center with meaningful discounts. Who is this?

ABBY (HOLDS OUT HER HAND)
 Abby Randazzo. And thank you for helping us, but we're okay on the money now.

DANNY
 Hey, I sold a kidney. I knew you were beautiful, I could tell from the phone voice.

On her curious look...

DANNY
 Not yours. His.

PETE
 Dan. You're hitting on a married woman.

Dan looks. Blinks.

DANNY
 Dude, what have you two gone and done?

Pete takes Danny's face in his hands. Squeezes.

PETE
 Have you been drinking?

DANNY
 Steadily. And I have nothing against married women, some of my least superficial acquaintances are married women, including the bride.

Then he slips an arm around his pal. Turns him toward the bar.

DANNY
 Some are not.

And falls silent as Pete stands immobile, truly transfixed. We RACK FOCUS to a couple at the far end of the bar. The GUY is very tall and broad-shouldered. The WOMAN is Asian. And staring in our direction.

In the silence, Dan backs away...

DANNY

Time for you to start drinking.
Abby, may I give you a tour of
the upstairs lounge?

Abby is staring at the Asian woman with almost as much attention as Pete. Softly...

ABBY

I'm fine, Dan. It was good to
meet you.

As in, wild horses couldn't drag me away. The Asian woman says something to the man, and begins to cross the room toward us. Dan disappears. Then...

...the tall guy catches up to her. Places a territorial hand on the small of her back.

ABBY

Should I step outside?

PETE

Stay where you are.

The woman turns, says something to the guy. He casts a quick glance at us, and heads for the bar. She comes straight to us now, in the last few steps releasing a warmly genuine smile and...

...PRESSES Pete into a tight, lingering hug. She pulls back, still holding onto him.

HANNAH (A WHISPER)

Hey.

Her eyes are dancing. She is very glad to see him. Turns to Abby...

HANNAH

Hi.

PETE

Hannah Kim, Abby Randazzo.

The women acknowledge each other, friendly, enough of a beat to excuse Hannah turning back to him...

HANNAH

The traffic was awful, all the way
from Philly. I thought I'd missed
you.

PETE
You did? I mean, you did. You did miss me.

HANNAH
But you're here now.

PETE
Yeh. I am. I thought I'd missed you, too.

Beat.

PETE
Which I did. Til now.

HANNAH (TO ABBY)
We can keep this banter up for minutes.

PETE
Seconds, even.

HANNAH
We're only quick like this when we're together.

PETE
Yeh, otherwise I'm almost boring.

Hannah's smile is platonic, but the eye contact is intimate.

HANNAH
You working?

She means the case.

ABBY
He's auditioning for Duke Terry tomorrow.

Hannah's eyes get wide.

HANNAH
No. Really?

PETE
Well.

HANNAH
That is so. So wonderful!

ABBY
He jammed with Lucas Wells in D.C., and Lucas liked his shit.

HANNAH (STILL LOOKING AT PETE)
Bet he did.

She is so openly happy for him.

HANNAH
Tell me all about...

TALL GUY (O.S.)
Here you go, babe.

He's brought her sparkling water and lime. He's drinking Scotch.

HANNAH
Thank you. Cole, this is Abby and Pete. He's auditioning for Duke Terry!

COLE
That's. That's really great.

HANNAH
I know it's late. But would you two like to have a coffee somewhere? Abby is already nodding, when...

PETE
I wish we could. We're actually. Late for something.

His heart wasn't in that. But she seems to understand.

HANNAH
Maybe lunch tomorrow. Or drinks after Duke?

PETE
I'm not sure what's happening. I'd hate to hang you up.

She understands very well.

HANNAH
Well, we won't keep you. If things free up, I'm at the Soho Grand.
(to Abby)
Really nice to meet you.

ABBY
It was. And you, Cole.

Cole has his arm around Hannah's waist. Nodding, smiling. Hannah pulls gently away to kiss Pete's cheek and by instinct...

...Pete's arms close around her. In the old way.

She pulls back. They share a smile. Everything's fine.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - LATE NIGHT

Leaning on the rail. Stars against the black sky. She's wearing his jacket.

ABBY
I just don't know why we had to run
out of there. I really liked her.

PETE (WON'T LOOK AT HER)
Do I look like I'm running?

ABBY
You do. Take it from me, I'm
the poster girl for running.

Silence. She pulls from her pocket...

ABBY
What's she the poster girl for?

...the snapshot that had fallen from the sax case. Pete and
Hannah, younger, much younger. On a catamaran. Each with an
easy arm around the other. No big deal. He stares at it...

PETE
I don't know why I didn't throw this
away years ago.

ABBY (SOFT)
I could take five or six guesses.

She watches him.

ABBY
I thought she didn't show for the
wedding.

PETE
She came later. Dan called before
my cell died, said she walked in
with this guy.

Smiles at the water.

PETE
I was chickenshit to go see her.
So...

So.

ABBY
...you sat in Grand Central. Stuck
in the middle. Until you got stuck
with me.

He looks over at her. They are standing very close.

PETE
Am I stuck with you?

ABBY
Sorry to tell you.

Silence.

ABBY (SOFT)
So. How did you guys meet?

PETE
Sophomore year at American University.
From that first day, we were never
apart for five years.

An undercurrent of regret.

PETE
I was applying to med school. She
knew I wanted music to be my life,
and she made me face that.

ABBY
Good girl.

PETE
She went into advertising, which
she loved.

ABBY
But she loved you, too, right?

PETE
Sometimes I wonder about that part.
But rarely more than fifty times a
day.

She shuts up now.

PETE
When Hannah and I were together,
it felt so...perfect. All the
time. All the time. Nothing
else has ever felt that way,
except when I'm playing. Then,
one day she was offered this job
in Philly...

He has to stop. His face doesn't change. He just keeps
looking out into distance.

PETE
I said, great, we'll love it there.
And she said maybe it was the right
time for us to take a break.

He shakes his head. For some reason, he has to smile.

PETE
I was so. So completely...

He can't find the word.

ABBY
Blindsided.

Yeh. That.

ABBY
That's the way it happens.

PETE
And maybe I should have forgotten
about being the guy. Maybe I should
have begged. But I didn't.

ABBY
It wouldn't have helped.

PETE
Maybe it would have.

She rubs his arm. Links her arm through his.

PETE
Three years later, I took a bus to
Philly. I surprised her in her
office, it was really crazy.

Beat.

PETE
This is embarrassing.

ABBY
I could turn around and cover my
eyes.

PETE
She said she'll always love me. And
that it was completely over. At the
same time.

ABBY
That can happen.

PETE
I followed her home, sat outside
her place, all night. Struggled not
to pound on her door and tell her
she needed me.

She nods. Gets it.

PETE
In the morning, I took the bus
home. And I never spoke to her
again, until tonight.

She knows this much...

ABBY
She still cares for you.

PETE
You don't have to say that.

ABBY
But she does.

PETE
She doesn't. It's just her way
of trying to make things okay.

He looks at the city lights. They're coming closer.

PETE
And all this time, she's never
given me one word as to why.

But Abby knows.

ABBY
She moved on. There's no more to it
than that. It's what they do
sometimes.

The movement of the boat through water. No more words.

EXT. 5TH AVE. - LATER

Walking slow. Close together.

PETE
My big brother is a mechanic in
Spokane. Divorced, two sons. Kid
brother Nick sells fireplace
equipment. He hunts.

ABBY
Parents?

PETE
Yes.

Still walking. She makes a rolling motion with her hand.

PETE
Dad owned a pharmacy, got screwed
by his partner. Now he works at
Rite-Aid. Mom teaches high school
chemistry.

ABBY
She wanted a doctor.

He nods. She did.

ABBY
You feel you let them down.

PETE
I let down all the people I could
have helped. Including myself,
maybe.

ABBY (SOFT)
I don't see it that way.

PETE
You know me so well.

ABBY
Getting there.

PETE
You, on the other hand, were born
on a snowswept morning in Riga, of
exiled royalty...

ABBY
...who migrated to Tulsa, Oklahoma,
went into banking and got rich.
Sort of rich.

He looks over.

PETE
Don't picture you in Tulsa.

ABBY
That makes two of us. I studied art
history at Brown, bummed around
Europe, wound up at Sotheby's in
London and learned a trade.

PETE
Michael blew through London on a
big business deal...

ABBY
I blew through Boston as the junior
junior on a middling deal. We met
in a gallery. And I never went back
to London.

He grins. No shit.

ABBY
His wife had left him for someone
he knew. The last thing he wanted
was to get involved again.

PETE
I can't picture you being the last
thing any man would want.

Straight compliment. She takes it well.

PETE
Lot of baggage there. You're a brave
girl.

ABBY
The funny part is, I remain proud
of that to this day. The girl who
recognized true love and jumped for
it.

He stares in her eyes.

PETE
You know something funnier?

She doesn't.

PETE
That.

He's pointing at a window display in BERGDORF's. A male MANNEQUIN is supposed to look like he's standing in water. He's wearing shorts, but his legs don't exist below the knee. The display floor is covered in blue gel that represents water.

PETE
Do you think the double-stump look is a one-season anomaly? Or is it in for the fashionable long haul, like navy or cashmere?

ABBY
They say disfigurement is this year's black.

PETE
Let's call our amputation specialist and get ahead of the curve.

He turns his attention to a female MANNEQUIN in a stunning white belted jacket.

PETE
In the morning, I'm going to buy you that coat.

ABBY
Credit card fraud is actually more 'stealing' than 'buying.'

PETE
It'll look great on you.

Said simply. He's joking, isn't he?

ABBY
It's eleven hundred dollars. Does that get us all the way up to felony?

PETE
I've got \$1100. I'll call my bank in the morning.

She's staring at him.

PETE
It's just perfect. It really deserves you.

ABBY
You're kidding, right? Because you say it so straight, you're kind of scaring me.

He looks back to her. A very nice and non-scary smile...

PETE
Try and stop me.

EXT. TIFFANY'S, 5th AVENUE - LATER

A different floodlit window. Elegant jewelry, pricey and priceless. They stare in companionable silence.

PETE
Audrey Hepburn was my big crush. I always wanted to be the guy next to her, looking through the window in Breakfast At Tiffany's.

ABBY
Except she was alone at the window, and comfortable being alone. That was the point.

PETE
I missed the point.

ABBY
Also, she had coffee and Danish, neither of which we can really afford at the moment.

PETE
Even more poignant.

Beat.

PETE
So what is it with you girls and diamonds?

ABBY
We need to show the other girls how valuable we are to our mates. We're all about bling.

PETE
Except for you.

ABBY
I guess. Ever since I read Beowulf, it all seems so absurd. The quest for shiny objects and gold.

PETE
Well, it means something to penguins.

ABBY
Penguins.

PETE

When the male penguin comes back from the sea, he spends hours looking for the perfect stone to give his mate. Then he brings it to her and drops it at her feet.

ABBY

That's very romantic.

PETE

They mate for life. That's romantic, too.

He doesn't look at her.

ABBY

Is this still about why I'm not wearing my ring?

PETE

You know me so well.

ABBY

I could tell you about that chore where I lost a stone.

Silence.

ABBY

Or I could tell the truth. Which is that I didn't feel like wearing it.

PETE

How did he give it to you?

Their eyes meet, She smiles.

ABBY

I used to criticize him for eating this crappy cereal. Cocoa Puffs. But I would sneak some myself, thinking he never noticed. I never let the box run down too low.

PETE

This is my favorite story already.

ABBY

One day, I opened the box and found a note which said: 'You really should stop eating this crap.'

Pete chuckles.

ABBY

I decided to pretend I'd never seen the note. I folded it up, put it back, but when I went to the pantry he was standing there.

PETE

Uh-oh.

ABBY

We stared at each other. Then he said he'd been waiting to find some way in which I wasn't perfect. Before he could give me something.

PETE

And this was it?

ABBY

Nope. He said this was adorable. And gave me the ring anyway.

PETE

He handled that well.

ABBY

I cried. And was happy ever after.

The eye contact holds.

ABBY

Don't give up your music, Pete.

PETE

Is this about happy ever after?

ABBY

You know me so well.

He studies her.

PETE

I made every excuse not to go to this wedding. And then I found myself going. And then this audition came up, and I said...

Silence.

ABBY (PROMPTING)

You said, 'Pete...

PETE (NOT LOOKING UP)

Oh, yeh. 'Pete, you've been struggling with giving this up for a long time. So maybe...'

Maybe...

PETE

'...maybe the Gods, or whatever that really is, are giving you the moment. Bring your instrument...'

He looks up.

PETE

'...play your best. In or out.'

ABBY
So do it.

Stares at her. Shakes his head.

PETE
See, any one moment always seems
too small. For the biggest decision
in your life.

Doesn't it?

PETE
But sooner or later, you have to pick
one.

And then...

ABBY
Call Hannah. Call her now.

This was the last thing he expected her to say.

PETE
You mean, call her at the Soho Grand
and wake them up?

ABBY
I'm betting you know her cell
number.

PETE
It's old, she's probably changed
it.

ABBY
Mine's old, I haven't. It's worth a
try. If she's sleeping, it'll go to
voice mail. And you'll ask her to
lunch or drinks.

Silence.

ABBY
Any moment seems too small for the
biggest decision in your life. But
sooner or later, you have to pick
one.

Staring at her.

PETE
I should what, pour salt in the
wound?

ABBY
With myself, I usually prefer lemon
juice.

PETE
Why would you want to put me through
that?

ABBY
Because I saw how she looked at you.
You saw it, too. You have a shot.

PETE
To get slammed.

ABBY
So what? You've felt slammed every day
since she left. We don't know if your
odds are one in a trillion or one in
two. This is about regret, Pete.

He looks down.

ABBY
There was a spark. Don't leave town
with a new regret.

Silence. He's thinking.

ABBY
That guy Cole? I've seen that guy
all my life, you're worth ten
thousand of him.

PETE
What happened to a trillion?

ABBY
Don't push the odds, he's very tall.

He looks up.

ABBY
You're not asking her to marry you,
you're asking her to lunch.

PETE
What if I ask her to get married by
mistake?

ABBY
I won't let you.

He's tempted. Torn.

ABBY
She might not even be with that guy.
She said, 'I'm staying at the Soho
Grand.' And did you see the nervous
way he kept touching her? He was
threatened by you, and he damn well
should be.

He stares at her. Stares.

INT. BURGER JOINT - NIGHT

He's holding the coins. Staring at the phone like it was cancer.

ABBY
I'll wait outside.

PETE
Stay here. Don't let me make an
ass of myself. What am I saying?
I'm calling her, aren't I?

He's dialing. Doesn't have to wait long.

PETE (INTO PHONE)
Hi, it's me. Yeh. Yeh, me too.
It was. Oh, she's wonderful,
she's a good friend.

Abby drops a curtsy at the compliment.

PETE (INTO PHONE)
Anyway. If the offer for drinks
tomorrow is still open...

A puzzled expression.

PETE (INTO PHONE)
Oh. Expecting what? Really. Well.
That's. Lunch would be, um...fine.
Lunch. Sure, I know the place.

And then...

PETE (INTO PHONE)
No kidding? That's kind of you
to say. No, it is.
(soft)
You get some rest, now. Yeh, me
too.

He rings off. Thinks. Smiles.

PETE
She was really glad I called.
We're having lunch...

ABBY
See.

PETE
...the three of us.

She is stunned.

ABBY
No way she's bringing that guy.

PETE
Of course not.

ABBY
She invited me?

PETE
No, she invited Cole's baby. That's
what she's expecting.

Her eyes get wide. Her hands clasp at her chest.

PETE
But it's all great. And you know
why? You know what she said?

ABBY
I can scarcely imagine.

PETE
She's excited about me trying out
for Duke. She always believed in
me!!

A held moment. She's horrified. He's gazing past her.

ABBY
Oh god, Pete, I'm so...

She can't find the words.

PETE
So sorry you're an idiot?

Basically. He smiles.

PETE
Well, so am I.

A beat.

ABBY
You're sorry that you're an idiot?

PETE
Don't push your luck.

Oh.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Walking slower than before.

ABBY
You're really okay?

PETE
Who wants to know?

ABBY
Because if you're not, I don't
quite know how to deal with the
guilt.

PETE
In that case, I'm really messed
up.

He looks over. She is truly concerned.

PETE

This is the most okay I've been since she left. Because it's finally over. And I know she'll always feel something for me, and for some completely insane reason, that part feels good. So, thanks for that.

Keep walking.

ABBY

I'm waiting for the other shoe.

PETE

Of course, I'll never be actually okay. Because the one person on this planet that I know in my heart I belong with is lost to me forever. Thanks to you.

ABBY

Ouch.

PETE

But I'm going to have to be a grownup. And be okay with not being okay. Which completely sucks. So, thanks for that, too.

He means it. She nods, sober. Still walking.

ABBY

Okay. We've hit every crucial topic in our lives, What's left?

PETE

Small talk.

She laughs.

ABBY

I guess so. We seem to be doing everything in reverse.

PETE

Not exactly. We haven't stopped wanting to have sex yet.

She looks over.

ABBY

Or even started.

PETE

Boy, honesty. Refreshing, brutal, there's nothing like it. When's that train, again?

When he looks to her, she's staring off into distance. Some sobering fear has settled in.

PETE

What?

A beat. She doesn't turn.

ABBY

The train. The train home.

PETE

Yeh, it'll be here before you know it.

Abby nods, numbly.

PETE (SOFTLY)

What's on your mind?

ABBY

My purse.

PETE

What about it?

She decides to tell him.

ABBY

I really...it's just bad that I lost it.

The way she says this. Very bad indeed.

PETE

Want to tell me why?

ABBY

Well, for one thing...my wedding ring was in it.

She looks over now.

PETE

Why didn't you say so?

ABBY

What's the difference? It's gone, nothing's going to bring it back.

They've stopped walking. He's staring at her.

PETE

You could be wrong about that.

He sees the flutter of hope. She wants this bag.

PETE

We do have one shot. But you have
to promise me something, right now.

He means this. She nods quickly, sure.

PETE

This is totally in my hands. No
interference like at the pawn shop.
Deal?

A beat for her to wonder. And then...

ABBY

Deal.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - LATER

Two at the bar. Tyler leans toward them. Easy smile, low
voice beneath the covering music...

TYLER

If I knew how to do this, and of
course I don't, would I be earning
a group hug? Or could I get all the
way up to that big kiss you were
talking about?

To Abby's shock, Pete puts his sax case on the bar. Opens it.

PETE

Selmer Mark 6 in mint condition. Five
grand anywhere, you could call...

TYLER

...or four, anyway.

He lifts the sax from its case. Looks it over. Fingers the
valves.

ABBY

Pete.

PETE

No interference, remember?

TYLER

You're gonna leave this here for
good faith?

PETE

I'm fresh out of good faith. I'm
handing it to whoever hands me the
purse.

Tyler stares at him.

TYLER

Why didn't you step up like this
before?

ABBY
My wedding ring is in the bag.
He didn't know.

Ah. Tyler looks to her.

TYLER
You think some fancy bling is
still gonna be in that bag?

ABBY
It's a plain gold band. Not worth
anything to anyone but me. And
besides, it's in a hidden pocket.
No one would know it was there.

Tyler stares her down. All right. Goes to the phone behind
the bar. Dials.

TYLER (INTO PHONE)
Diego. Ty. The asshole I sent down
for his girl's purse...?
(listens)
No, man, he didn't call in that
bust. This dude is stoneless.

Pete loves hearing that.

TYLER (INTO PHONE)
If you can find the bag, your end
is 2K.
(listens, nods)
Just tell me when and where.

Glances to a breathless Abby. A wink. You're in.

EXT. CHINESE MARKET - LATER

Furious activity as Chinese VENDORS get their stalls ready
for the dawn. Fresh fish on ice, vegetables and fruit
everywhere. Produce we can't even name. PAN TO...

...our couple waiting at the corner, looking for the car that
will take them to Abby's bag. Beside them, a dour-faced
Chinese FLOWER VENDOR and his twelve-year-old SON are
preparing...

...their flower bodega. A long rack of flowers on the
sidewalk. Bouquets wrapped in paper and packed into tall
white buckets. The VENDOR is rearranging some.

PETE
One time, I spent a week's pay buying
every flower I could find, and filling
up the apartment. Then I waited till
I knew she was home from work...

Remembers this. Savors it for a moment.

PETE
I showed up with a bouquet of weeds.
Told her some lovesick idiot had

She watches his sad, nice smile.

ABBY
Love the way you're bouncing back.

PETE
Right. Okay, stupid human tricks.
I can touch my tongue and the tip
of my nose.

ABBY
You mean touch your tongue to
the tip of your nose.

PETE
No, I can't do that.

She grins.

ABBY
I can make duck lips.

She makes her lips look like a duck's bill. It is goofy and
hilarious.

PETE
I can jump rope and recite all the
Presidents of the United States in
reverse chronological order.

ABBY
Who can't?

He mimics turning a jump rope and jumps rhythmically up and
down, switching from leg to leg like a boxer. He's very
athletic. She's delighted.

ABBY
You left out the President part.

PETE (JUMPING)
I'm working up to that. Come on,
jump with me.

He mimics swinging the rope in a wider arc. She starts to
bounce up and down, sort of in time with him.

PETE (JUMPING)
Here we go. Bush...Washington...
Chester A. Arthur...

She starts to laugh.

PETE (JUMPING)
...Winston Churchill...Dr. Phil...

ABBY (JUMPING)
You missed one.

PETE (JUMPING)
Like you'd know. Daffy Duck...

She stops jumping. It's a lovely smile. He stops, starts to check out the flowers. Asks the vendor, who's been pretending not to watch them...

PETE
Can I get just one?

VENDOR
Sure. Since you know the presidents
and all.

Pete perusing carefully.

ABBY
So we can't afford breakfast at
Tiffany's, but now there's money
to buy me a flower?

PETE
Who says I'm going to 'buy' it?

Yikes.

PETE
Anyway, who says it's for you?

Oh.

PETE
...Miss Hasn't Thought About Sex.
You like roses?

Beat.

ABBY
I like roses.

He picks one out, still not looking at her. It's a beauty.

PETE
Roses in your bridal bouquet?

He hands all the money in his pocket to the vendor. The guy takes some.

ABBY
Blood red. Tied with green silk.

PETE (STILL NOT LOOKING AT HER)
You must have been really something.

He turns. Hands her the rose. She takes it.

PETE (SINGS)
 Every honeybee fills with jealousy
 When they see you out with me
 I don't blame them, goodness knows,
 Honeysuckle rose.

She is charmed beyond words.

PETE (SINGS)
 When we're passing by, flowers droop and sigh
 And I know the reason why,
 You're much sweeter, goodness knows,
 Honeysuckle rose.

He takes her in his arms and they begin to dance. As the vendor shamelessly watches...

PETE (SINGS)
 Don't buy sugar
 You just have to touch my cup
 You're my sugar
 So sweet when you stir it up

He stops. Lets her go. But she doesn't back away.

PETE (SINGS SOFTER)
 When I'm taking sips, from your tasty lips
 Gee, the honey fairly drips
 You're confection, goodness knows,
 Honeysuckle rose.

The song is over. They stare at each other.

VENDOR
 Actually, it's an American Beauty.

It is indeed. In the silence...

...a HORN HONKS so close, it STARTLES them both. They turn to see a young GOON behind the wheel of a gleaming ESCALADE. The rear door opens, and a well-built guy in a trim goatee peers out at them. He is...

DIEGO
 Hey, Chico. Feel like buying the
 lady a handbag?

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, PIER - NIGHT

The Escalade pulls up to a ramshackle warehouse on the waterfront. Diego jumps out, Pete and Abby climb down. The goon follows, locking the car, then striding ahead to knock on a door, which...

...OPENS. The guy holding the gun is Mohawk. As we enter...

PETE
 Hey, how's it goin'?

INT. WAREHOUSE

Cavernous space, naked overhead bulb. Abby going through a pile of purses, all discarded except the last two. She tears one open, examines the inside. No. Now the last one. Looks up...

ABBY
It's not here.

DIEGO
It has to be. This is all of them.

ABBY
Mine had my stepson's initials on the inside of this flap. In yellow marker.

DIEGO
Then look again.

PETE
This can't be all of them. I saw twice this many before.

DIEGO
We hadn't separated the knock-offs. Those, we toss.

Pete glances to Abby. She wears a funny look.

PETE (TO DIEGO)
Well, you made a mistake, because obviously you threw her bag away.

DIEGO
I don't make those kind of mistakes. This is my busin...

ABBY
My bag is a copy.

Really? Both men equally surprised.

ABBY
That's why it has sentimental value. Harry bought it for Mother's Day with his little savings.

Hmmn.

DIEGO
Two large for me, two for Ty. That's a heap of sentiment.

PETE
Any chance you remember where you dumped it?

Diego's eyes stay on Abby.

DIEGO
I'll rack my brain.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

CLOSE on a giant DUMPSTER, the biggest we've ever seen. PAN to EIGHT MORE DUMPSTERS just like it. Behind them, moonlight on the Hudson. A nice contrast. Standing at dumpster #3...

DIEGO
I've got good news for you.

Pete looks over. Skeptical.

DIEGO
They're all in this one. And
the flashlight is on the house.

He hands the flashlight to Pete. Our boy takes off his jacket.

ABBY
You're really going in there?

PETE
You're right. I'll give you a
boost.

She blinks, WHAT? He smiles. JUMPS to grab the lip of the dumpster and smoothly climbs up and over to...

...DISAPPEAR inside, She cringes at the very thought. The silence broken by some vigorous RUMMAGING. It stops.

ABBY
You okay?

PETE (O.S.)
Hang in there, I'm just trying
on a pair of slacks.

ABBY
EUUUUU!

Beat.

PETE (O.S., AROUND A MOUTHFUL)
Mmmn. A cheeseburger!

Abby, grossed out, can't help but smile.

PETE (O.S.)
Four down, more to go!

But Diego is staring at Abby.

DIEGO
Sentimental value, huh? Enough
to offer a reward?

PETE (O.S.)
We told you, two grand!

DIEGO
Was there a business card in the
purse?

He sees her face. Bingo.

DIEGO
Return to some guy's office. In
Boston. Generous reward?

Full beat.

ABBY
We didn't want to...to give our
home address.

DIEGO (TO PETE)
Come out, Chico. It's not in
there.

What? Pete's face APPEARS over the lip of the dumpster. What?

DIEGO
It's at my house.

In the stunned silence.

PETE
You mind explaining...

DIEGO (SHRUGS)
It's the one my wife wanted. She
had her pick.

Our couple look at each other.

PETE
You didn't want the reward?

DIEGO
The bag was 20 bucks...

ABBY
\$24.95.

DIEGO
...what was the reward gonna be
for a trip to Boston? And besides...

Spreads his hands...

DIEGO
What could mean more. Than my
woman's happiness?

Beat.

PETE
I've got two thousand guesses

DIEGO (FORCED TO ADMIT)
You could get lucky.

INT. DIEGO'S PLACE - LATER

Surprisingly middle-class apartment. Abby looking around as Diego leads them into the parlor. The decor is colorful, shading toward gaudy, but clean and well-maintained. Two vases of artificial flowers. Kids' toys stacked in a bookcase.

Diego puts a finger to his lips...

DIEGO
Wait here.

He disappears. Pete is looking around, taking stock. He leans to whisper...

PETE
Not that I'm expecting any trouble,
but if I give you the high sign,
we're out of here pronto.

She nods. Suddenly twice as scared. Pete has his game face on, still clutching the sax case. Diego returns with a black handbag, gestures for them to follow him into...

INT. KITCHEN

Diego sets the bag on the kitchen table. Abby stares at it for a beat, apparently some real stakes here. She unzips it, goes to the hidden pocket. Her WEDDING BAND. A tiny wallet-size SNAPSHOT, which she palms, unnoticed...

ABBY
What happened to the rest of my
things?

DIEGO
What things? You mean your wallet?
Your keys?

Silence.

DIEGO
Anything else you were particularly
looking for?

No answer. Then a quiet...

ABBY
There was a letter.

DIEGO
Look, lady, everything got tossed.
Like I told you, I gave the bag to
my wife.

A beat.

ABBY
Can you find the letter?

Pete wondering what the hell is this. Diego shakes his head.
She turns to Pete.

ABBY
Keep your sax.

DIEGO
What the fuck are you trying to pull?
You got your bag, you got the ring.

ABBY
It's not worth having him give up the
sax without the letter.

She holds the purse out.

ABBY
Do you want the ring back, too?

PETE
What's in this letter? Why is it such
a big deal?

DIEGO
Let me put it this way...

He pulls out a gun. Pete moves in front of Abby.

PETE
Okay, hold on...

DIEGO
Just shut your pie hole and give me
the fucking sax.

CARMELLA (O.S.)
What the fuck is going on? Who are
these people?

She's in the doorway. Comes forward, really pissed.

CARMELLA
Do you know you woke up two of my
kids?

PETE
Calm down, ma'am. We're just trying
to make a deal for this purse.

She sees the bag. Now she's really mad.

CARMELLA
That purse? That fucking purse happens
to be mine! My husband gave it
to me!

ABBY
Do you want to put the gun down, sir?

Pete sees his opportunity.

PETE (TO CARMELLA)
It's a pretty sweet deal, if you ask
me. Two grand for a twenty-dollar
bag.

ABBY
\$24.95.

Carmella WHEELS on her husband.

CARMELLA
What the FUCK did he just say? What
the FUCK did he just say? Because I
hope I didn't hear what I just heard!

DIEGO
Calm down, baby.

PETE
What? Did he tell you it was real?

Diego WHIPS around.

DIEGO
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

His wife has grabbed a FRYING PAN. He turns, actually
pointing the gun at her, and she WHACKS him with the pan. She
is SWEARING at him in Spanish.

Kids now CRYING in the B.G.. He backs up against the fridge. The
pan CLANGS against it, narrowly missing his skull. And when he
looks around...

...Pete, Abby and the coveted sax. Are gone.

EXT. AVENUE C - LATER

Walking in the night air. She's hugging herself, looking down.

ABBY
You're going to that audition.

PETE
Am I.

ABBY
Yeh, we almost got killed for
the sax.

He's staring at her.

PETE
Well, lucky for Duke Terry that
the guy didn't have your letter.

Dead silence. Keep walking.

PETE
You want to tell me about it?

ABBY
Do I look like I want to tell
you about it?

A beat.

PETE (SOFT)
Yeh. In a funny way, you do.

She thinks about that.

PETE
You weren't wearing your ring.
You had some letter you obviously
didn't want returned to your
husband's office...

ABBY
You've been accusing me of having
an affair all night.

Nods to herself. Won't look at him. We can scarcely hear.

ABBY
And you're close.

Takes a breath. Lets it out.

ABBY
I came down here to make a mistake.
But I didn't quite.

Okay...

PETE
So it wasn't buyers with you at
the bar.

She shakes her head.

ABBY
The bartender must be thinking
you guys are tricks or something.

PETE
I think the term is 'gentlemen
callers.' But I could be wrong.

He's made her smile in spite of herself.

ABBY
I suppose you want details.

PETE
Actually, I don't.

He means that. And she's grateful.

PETE
Sometimes the best mistakes. Are
the ones we don't quite make.

Walking in silence now.

PETE
Smart girl, came to your senses.

No answer.

PETE
A woman like you. Has a lot to
lose.

She keeps her eyes down.

PETE
I mean, busy family, busy job...

ABBY
Yeh, everything I was supposed to
want. Everything that was supposed
to make me happy. I've got it all.

Rueful smile.

ABBY
When you're growing up, they tell
you all you need is to marry your
ideal man, have terrific kids and a
house. And if you're really lucky,
the cherry on top is a fulfilling
career.

He doesn't miss the undertone of bitterness.

ABBY
What they don't tell you is that
you can have all of that, and still
be unhappy as hell. And the more
you have that didn't quite turn out
the way it was supposed to be, the
more alone you feel.

She looks at him.

ABBY
And if you think that's just talk,
I truly hope it never happens to
you.

PETE
It already has.

He raises his sax case.

PETE
You think music is any different
from husbands and kids and houses
and money? Everything lets you down
sooner or later.

He sighs.

PETE

Artie Shaw was the greatest clarinet who ever lived. He was the hottest act in the country. At the height of it all, he suddenly quit. He built a house in Spain and spent the rest of his life reading books.

ABBY

Why?

PETE

No one will ever really know.

ABBY

Why do you think?

She watches as he reflects.

PETE

Playing makes you feel something you can't feel any other way...

ABBY

'Perfect,' you told me on the ferry.

PETE

But when the set's over, it's back to the business hustle. And a very odd kind of life. Maybe that's no more fun at the top than the bottom.

ABBY

Maybe it isn't. But maybe he lost his love for playing. I don't think you have.

He shakes his head. There's more to it than that.

PETE

I'm at this wedding and there are people I went to school with talking about their home, their kids, their investments, their golf game. Golf. I'm not even awake in the daylight.

Realizes.

PETE

I don't know how Hannah put up with it.

ABBY

Some women would rather have a verse of Honeysuckle Rose than an expensive jacket.

Ah.

PETE

Sorry if that freaked you out, it

PETE (cont'd)
You're right, of course, I can't
really afford it.

ABBY
It was a genuine impulse, and deserves
a genuine thank you.

Beat. A smile.

ABBY
So. Thank you.

Awkward and nice. She looks away.

ABBY
If you could play with any band
ever. Would it be Arnie Shaw?

PETE
Artie. No.

ABBY
Who then?

PETE (THINKS)
Miles Davis' band for Kind of Blue.
Jimmy Cobb on drums, Paul Chambers
on bass, Bill Evans on piano, John
Coltrane on tenor, Cannonball
Adderly on alto.
(on her look)
What?

ABBY
You look like you'd sell the rest
of your life for five hours with
that band.

PETE
It's even worse. I'd sell the rest
of your life.

ABBY
Is that a promise?

She sort of meant that.

PETE
If you could change anything in
your life, right now. What would it
be?

ABBY
I don't know anymore. I honestly
don't.

PETE
Does it start with a vowel?

ABBY
I guess I'd wish this whole night
had never happened. That I'd never
missed that train.

Beat.

PETE
Then you wouldn't have met me.

No answer for that. He glances up the street.

PETE
We could always run away together
and join the circus.

ABBY
We could.

From up the street, hear a growing CLIPPITY-CLOP.

PETE
So if I really do it, you'll
come with me?

ABBY
Sure.

PETE
Here's our chance.

She turns to see a HORSE trotting down the street, dragging a
lead rope, wearing a festive HAT and a feather BOA.

ABBY
Must be from some vendor's cart.
He could get hurt.

And Pete BOLTS up the street, leaving his case behind. She
watches as he intercepts the horse. Suddenly...

...the horse pulls FREE, starts loping away, and Abby RUNS
into the street. The horse veers, but she GRABS the rope and
even though the horse isn't moving very fast, it pulls her
OFF her feet, but she HANGS ON. The horse stops.

Pete runs over. Abby is on her feet, stroking the horse's
muzzle, talking to it in low tones. The horse stands quietly,
comfortably.

PETE
Are you all right?

She nods, Stroking the horse's neck.

PETE
You know horses?

ABBY
I had one when I was a kid in
Tulsa.

He watches her.

PETE
Is that anywhere near Tulip,
Texas?

She looks over.

PETE
That's where Audrey Hepburn ran
away from. In the movie. Before
she wound up at Tiffany's.

She strokes the horse. It nuzzles her.

ABBY
You are such a good girl. So
pretty. Are you my lucky charm
tonight? I sure could use one.

EXT. STREET, LOWER EAST SIDE - LATER

LONG ANGLE...a uniformed COP takes the rope from Abby. Shakes
Pete's hand, as Abby strokes the horse's forehead. She shakes
the cop's hand. Walks away with Pete, looking back at the horse.

EXT. STOREFRONT, AVENUE A - LATER

As they walk, Abby is subdued, staring at the pavement. He
knows her well enough to be worried.

PETE
Hey. Check this out.

Points to a storefront. The sign says: FUTURES TOLD - SKEPTICS
WELCOME. Beneath this, a neatly printed: PLEASE RING BELL AT
ANY HOUR.

She looks up at him.

PETE
What the hell.

INT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Bare walls, sparsely furnished. A couple of rickety chairs
and a metal desk. A dingy light fixture hangs overhead,
covered in dust.

Pete PLAYS for BARRY, 74, small and bony, but not yet shriveled.
He's in his bathrobe, random wisps of hair standing on end, two-
day stubble, big watery blue eyes.

BARRY
Usually I prefer cash. In fact,
nice as that was, I still might.

Pete pulls out what's left of his money. Less than three dollars.

BARRY
On second thought, buy the lady
something nice.

He sits back in his chair. Gets settled, as Pete puts his pittance away.

ABBY (TO PETE)
I liked that song. Is it one of
yours?

BARRY
It's called, The Very Thought Of You.
Nice lyrics, too. Very romantic.

He smiles at them.

BARRY
Who wants to go first?

ABBY
You don't use tarot cards, or a
crystal ball or something?

BARRY
If the customers need it to make
them comfortable. But the truth
is, all I really do is look at
you and tell you what I see.

PETE (DOUBTFUL)
And that works?

BARRY
It works for me.

ABBY
What does that mean?

BARRY
I tell you the truth. Whether you
want to face it is up to you.

Beat.

	ABBY	PETE
Him first.		Start with her.

BARRY (TO PETE)
Your problems can wait awhile. In
fact, I think you already know what
you're gonna do about them.
(to Abby)
But you, young lady...

Abby stiffens.

BARRY (GENTLY)
What are we gonna do about you?

ABBY
Anything handy in a 44 caliber?

BARRY
You think you know exactly what your problem is. And you're exactly wrong.

ABBY
And why is that?

BARRY
You think you're trapped by what's happening to you. Actually, you've got choices, you're just afraid to look at them.

Abby looks down at her hands.

ABBY
Okay, what are they?

BARRY
You could walk away.

ABBY
From what?

BARRY
I don't know, but you do. We can always walk away, and sometimes we should.

Maybe she's not ready for that one.

BARRY
You could have a future with our boy, here. And no, I don't say that to every couple who walks in.

Abby looks up to Pete. He's not smiling.

ABBY (TO BARRY)
Picket fence, two and a half kids, summers at the Vineyard?

BARRY
Sounds more like your past, doesn't it.

It does.

ABBY
Pete's a terrific guy. But I'm married to someone else.

BARRY
You asked about your choices. I stand by what I see.

A shrug. A smile.

BARRY
Sorry, no refunds.

She nods, slowly. And as he stares at her...

ABBY
I need to make a call. May I
use your phone?

BARRY
There's one in the back. It'll
give Pete and me a chance to talk.

ABBY (RISING)
I'll be calling Boston.

He thinks about that.

BARRY
I'll put it on your tab.

INT. BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The musty clutter of an old man's disinterest in housekeeping. She doesn't even bother to sit. Paces as she dials, as her call is picked up. Her heart in her throat...

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
Hey, it's me.

PAM (O.S., UPSET)
Ab, I'm sorry darlin', I'm so,
so sor...

ABBY (INTO PHONE, STARTING TO PANIC)
What happened? The fax wasn't
there?

PAM (O.S.)
There was no key.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
What does that mean, there was no
key? It's in a magnetized box on
the pool filter.

PAM (O.S.)
The box was empty. I looked on the
ground, everywhere. Someone must
have taken it and not put it back.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)
You can break in.

PAM (O.S.)
I tried. I broke a window with a
rock, by your laundry room. The
alarm went off, shit, it's like a
klaxon.

Abby is frozen solid. She knows Pam didn't get in.

PAM (O.S.)

I panicked. Lights came on next door, I couldn't reach the door lock through the window, and I just.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)

It's okay, honey, you tried, it's all right.

PAM (O.S.)

I thought I was going to have a heart attack. I ran to my car. The police came so fast, you can't believe it.

A train wreck. My God.

PAM (O.S.)

I mean, the one goddam time you want the police to finish their donuts, and suddenly they have a work ethic.

ABBY (INTO PHONE)

Are they gone?

PAM (O.S.)

I went over, like I was a neighbor, but there were three other people there. The cop said they'd reached Michael on his cell, he'd just landed.

Abby's eyes close. It's over.

PAM (O.S.)

They went through the house, of course. There's a squad car waiting for Michael. He didn't call you?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)

I have to check the rest of my messages. He probably has.

PAM (O.S.)

What can I do?

ABBY (INTO PHONE)

You did your best, darlin'. It's going to be all right.

PAM (O.S.)
Abby...

But there is no answer.

PAM (O.S.)
Ab...?

EXT. EAST RIVER - LATE NIGHT

As they walk, she hugs herself, more against her fear than the cold. She stares at the pavement, tries to keep her face neutral.

PETE (SOFTLY)
He's just clairvoyant. What does
he know?

Silence.

PETE
You okay?

No answer.

PETE
I feel so marginalized. He never
even talked about my future.

Still walking.

PETE
Don't suppose you'd want to take a
crack at it.

She stops.

ABBY
I know you're trying to cheer me
up, but you can't. This is a huge
tangled mess. I'm sorry I dragged
you into all this.

This.

PETE
So that would be a 'no,' huh?

Beat.

ABBY
You want to know your future?
Do you?

PETE
Maybe not.

ABBY
You're a working musician till your
lips fall off. Your work is idolized,
you're famous, you have a big house,
a...

PETE
...Maserati?

ABBY
...wonderful dog, functional credit
cards...

Her look changes...

ABBY
You fall in love with a woman who
deserves you. She falls in love
with you. Trusts you to be faithful.

PETE
If I ever got that lucky, I wouldn't
plan on letting her down.

ABBY
People don't plan on having
affairs, Pete. Sometimes they just
fall in love with someone.

PETE
And fall out of love with the
someone they started with?

She hugs herself tighter.

ABBY
Maybe not.

The tears just come.

ABBY
Maybe you can love two people.

They stand by a low stone barrier. She sinks to sit on it.

ABBY
We always celebrate the anniversary
of our first date.

PETE
When he picked you up in the
gallery.

ABBY
It sounds more romantic my way.

He agrees. Sits down beside her.

ABBY
So last year, May 17, he's in
Chicago. I decide impulsively
to fly there and surprise him.

He has a bad feeling about this.

ABBY
I check his computer to see when
his last meeting will be over.

ABBY (cont'd)
And up pops this email. Flagged
urgent. Entitled 'Tonight.'

PETE (A WHISPER)
Shit.

ABBY
It was about a meeting, all right.
Room 1216, R-C. The Ritz-Carlton.
'12:30-ish.' Signed 'L.'

A ragged breath.

ABBY
Which, as I read his emails over the
months that followed, became 'Lin'
when she wrote to him. 'Linny,' when
he wrote back.

PETE
You didn't go to Chicago and confront
him. Or even call.

ABBY
Or even anything. Except read their
letters over and over, like a novel.

He's listening. She's looking out at the water.

ABBY
He never mentioned me or the kids.
Neither did she. He told her all
these things in his heart, worries,
funny things...

She nods to herself.

ABBY
Just the way you tell things. To
someone you love.

PETE
And your marriage?

ABBY
Seemingly unchanged. Every word,
every look, every joke, every time
we made love...

Tears fill her eyes. This time, they don't fall.

ABBY
World's greatest father. Harry's
absolute hero.

PETE
It's still going on?

ABBY
He ended it, four months ago. He
thought it was unfair to her, if
you can believe that.

Shakes her head.

PETE
Maybe that's just the way he put it.

ABBY
I kept checking, of course. Like a cancer survivor, looking for that first sign of recurrence.

Waiting for him to ask...

PETE
When did you find it?

ABBY
Tuesday. He's been with her in Chicago all week.

Her eyes are down.

ABBY
So anyway. Derek, the guy who wrote the letter in my bag...

PETE
The one you didn't make the mistake with.

ABBY
He's a young art collector, charming guy. He'd been trying to make this happen for a while...

She looks at him.

ABBY
I've never told any of this to anyone.

PETE
You were trying on the ferry.
'Sometimes they just move on. It's what they do.'

ABBY
Stop wanting to be with us.

PETE
He's still there.

ABBY
Define your terms.

Silence.

ABBY
So was it random, or was there a reason? Was the reason me? A flaw. A lack. A mismatch, somewhere.

PETE

You said there are no reasons. We just drive ourselves crazy looking for them.

ABBY

Yeh, but who listens to me?

PETE

He might have. All this time, you never said a word?

Now they're at the open wound. Why didn't she?

ABBY

If I had. That moment could have been the end of my marriage.

Deep breath. The story she's told herself so often.

ABBY

The end of the world I knew. The end of...the one love I was meant to have. The children who aren't really mine, who'd I'd never see again. All because I couldn't be patient and ride it out.

PETE

If all that's true. Couldn't it survive an honest conversation?

ABBY

Would it? Do people really work that way? So reasonable and appropriate. Can you really find your way back from a moment like that? And anyway...

Anyway.

ABBY

I thought I could always tell him tomorrow. There's always tomorrow. When you're living a lie, that's the best one of all.

The look holds.

PETE

Any moment seems too small for the biggest decision in your life. Sooner or later, you have to pick one.

ABBY
I did. That was the fax.

The missing piece.

ABBY
I'm sitting in that bar, I've sent
Derek away. I'm drinking, wondering
why I even considered doing such a
stupid thing in the first place...

PETE (SOFTLY)
...and you remembered Linny.

Yes.

ABBY
I say, screw it, I cannot do this
again, and I start to write the
email I've been dreaming of writing.

PETE
You dream of emails.

ABBY
Cowards do that, they're easier than
arguments.

She looks down.

ABBY
It included everything I knew.
Every lovey little thing he ever
wrote her. Every name I ever wanted
to call him. Told him his
dishonesty had disqualified him as
a husband and a parent...

Beat.

ABBY
But I couldn't send it. His email was
full, so I had my Blackberry efax it.

PETE
And it felt good, right?

ABBY
It did. For nearly an hour. Then it
all started to unravel.

This is the part he's been waiting for.

ABBY
At first, it was just about being
scared to face him. He'd be furious.

PETE
He'd be furious?

ABBY

He's a negotiator, he's always on the offensive. I was sneaking around behind his back, spying on his emails, being thoroughly dishonest.

PETE

If that's his response, he's sick.

ABBY

It's human. Or at least, it's him. The thing about being an unfit father would hit a nerve, of course.

She stops. The hardest confession of all.

ABBY

Then I remembered that I love him.

Nods. She does.

ABBY

Every beautiful moment came flooding through me. The lifetime of moments that lie ahead. Chloe's wedding. Being old farts together, laughing on the porch of some cottage by the sea...

Her eyes a little wild.

ABBY

And that's when I knew I'd thrown it all away. By hitting send.

PETE

You haven't thrown anyth...

ABBY

You didn't see the fax, there is no way back from that. I could have talked to him, could have forgiven, worked it out. No more. No more. Not once he's read the ugliness, the venom, the hatred...

Searching Pete's eyes. Surely, he understands.

ABBY

I had to make that train. I had to get home, destroy the evidence. To hell with the fact it's what I really felt. I jumped up, grabbed for the purse hanging on the back of my chair...

PETE

Only it wasn't there.

ABBY

And I ran all the way to the station.

A long moment.

PETE
I'm sorry.

ABBY
Thanks.

Silence.

PETE
Let's split a beer. Preferably a
cheap one.

HOLD on her.

INT. JAZZ BAR - LATER

Small place. Monk on disc, the tiny bandstand empty. He's got
the bottle, she's got the glass.

ABBY
It's pretty shameful. There's no
getting around that.

He's watching her.

PETE
Why do I think you're talking about
you instead of your husband?

ABBY
Because I'm the loser who won't leave
him.

Oh. Well...

PETE
You're wrong on the first half of
that. And maybe on the second.

She looks up.

ABBY
I've been living a lie for so long.

PETE
There are small children who have no
mom.

ABBY
That's not good enough. Staying with
their father is not an honorable
choice.

PETE
Except you love him.

ABBY
And hate him.

PETE
For trashing your life.

ABBY
For showing me how much of a coward
I am.

PETE
But you love him.

ABBY
You already said that.

PETE
So did you. I think that's the
point.

Deep, deep breath.

ABBY
What if he loves her more?

PETE
Having met you, I'd say that's a
longshot.

ABBY
Possible, isn't it? That you could
meet someone who is perfect for you.
Even though you're committed to some-
one else.

Staring at her.

PETE
No. Because if you're really committed
to someone, you don't give
yourself the room to find the
perfection in someone else.

ABBY
You're saying Michael wasn't committed
to me.

Maybe he wasn't thinking of Michael at all. But what he says
is...

PETE
He doesn't love this girl. And if
he thought he could lose you, he'd
do absolutely anything to prevent it.

ABBY
You're saying that because I want to
hear it.

Beat.

PETE
If you want to hear that. Then you've
made your choice.

ABBY
A little late.

PETE

Bet you a saxophone you're wrong.

ABBY

And what would you do with two of them?

PETE

Play out of both sides of my mouth, while naming the presidents backwards.

Beat.

PETE

I bet he's called you.

She stares back.

ABBY

I wouldn't be surprised.

PETE

He's begging you to forgive him.

ABBY

He's in a rage. That cold pseudo-rational thing he does that scares the shit out of everyone.

A full beat.

PETE

Want to know the funniest reason I stuck with music? All these years.

ABBY

Hannah wanted you to.

PETE

Not exactly.

Maybe he's never said this before.

PETE

I dreamed that she'd walk into a place some night. I'd be playing with someone like Duke.

ABBY

And she'd know what she lost.

PETE

No. She'd want to try again.

No smile.

PETE

See, we love who we love. And even if it's the wrong person, it's not a reflection on us. It comes with the race we're born into.

ABBY

Rat?

PETE

Feels that way tonight.

Doesn't it.

PETE

At least we're not feeling it alone.

Full beat. She rises...

ABBY

Be right back.

And we go with her as she...

...moves through the place to the bar. Leans to the bartender, points...

ABBY

Toilets through there?

The guy nods.

ABBY

Is there a back exit?

He nods again. And she's gone.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Abby desperately trying to flag a taxi. It blows by her, a passenger in the back. She looks up the street. Little traffic, no cabs. She's breathing hard, her whole system running at red- line. A block away...

...a cab is coming. She steps IN the street, WAVING frantically. For a moment, it seems like it won't stop. Then, he hits the brakes, pulls OVER. She GRABS the door, SWINGS it open, as a HAND appears...

...SLAMMING it shut. She whirls to see...

PETE

Are you back yet?

She freezes. He is really angry.

PETE

Cos 'right back' is a squishy concept. Define your terms

ABBY
I'm running away.

PETE
From me.

ABBY
And him, from every fucking thing
there is.

She's at the end of her rope and not backing away from this fight.

PETE
From the kids?

ABBY
Don't talk about the children!
You have no right to do that!

CABBIE (O.S.)
Are you people getting in or what?

ABBY	PETE
If he doesn't let go of this door, call the police!	This woman has no money, she's going to stiff you.

The cabbie slams it in gear.

ABBY
NO! Wait, please. One minute,
I'll settle this. Please.

The cabbie looks in her eyes. He decides he'll wait. She turns back to Pete. Runs her hand through her hair.

ABBY
I'm going to JFK. I'll wake up my mom
in Tulsa. Have her buy me a ticket to
London.

He just blinks. This is more than he can even compute.

PETE
London.

ABBY
Where I can find a job and a life
and some happiness. Does that work
for you, Pete?

PETE
No. And it's not working for you.
Cos I remember the girl you really
are.

ABBY
And who's that?

PETE
The girl who recognized true love
and jumped for it.

She stares at him.

ABBY
I could still be that girl.

Unwavering gaze.

ABBY
She jumped for the wrong guy. I
never said she was smart.

PETE
Well, five minutes ago you said
you loved him.

ABBY
Five minutes ago, you said I loved
him. I haven't said it for half an
hour.

PETE
Twenty minutes, tops.

ABBY
...during which time I had to face
the fact that this bullshit about
still loving him was the lie I
told myself to get through every
day for the last year!

The fire is back.

ABBY
I should have used heroin, I'd have
been better off. I hate his guts,
that much I know, that much I've
known every waking second since I
saw the first email.

PETE
So tell him and it'll be over.

ABBY
The fax is pages, Pete, there are
no words left, this marriage is
dead, I've just been clinging to
the coffin.

She opens the cab door. His hand stops it.

PETE
I think you need to face him.

ABBY
Do you, really? Well, thanks for
the tip.

She YANKS at the door, but he HOLDS it firm.

PETE
I can't let you run away.

ABBY
You can't. You. Why you?

PETE
Because right now I'm all you've
got.

She just blinks.

ABBY
Well, if that doesn't tell you all
you need to know about me.

PETE
Meaning...

ABBY
Meaning all I've got is life advice
from a stranger with no working
cell phone or credit card. Or life.

Silence.

ABBY
The guy who won't let me run away,
who learned his valuable lesson
letting the only woman he ever
loved just walk out the door, is
the same guy who's pawning his sax
because some asshole reminded him
he doesn't have a golf game!

Pete won't release the door.

ABBY
The only thing that keeps you from
being the biggest loser in New
York, is that I haven't left town.

She lets go.

ABBY
It's a damn shame isn't it, when
kindness and a good heart can't
just ride in and save the day.

She STORMS off.

We HOLD on him. Watching her go.

INT. GALLERY, CHELSEA - LATER

Abby wanders through what's left of a gallery party. Rooms built of wooden SLATS with SHEER GAUZE stretched across them. Bare BULBS with metal cords hang here and there, making multiple SILHOUETTED IMAGES of those passing through. Suddenly, from behind her...

PETE (O.S.)
Spooky, isn't it?

He's making shadow animals on the gauze. She seems very happy to see him.

ABBY
I was so afraid you didn't follow me.

PETE
Well, I was enjoying the banter so much. I had to come back for more.

ABBY
Maybe I was a little defensive.

PETE
Define your terms.

ABBY
Psychotic, abusive, cruel, self-centered.

PETE
Good start.

She draws a breath.

ABBY
...in complete denial.

PETE
About what?

ABBY
We'll get to that.

PETE
After the apology?

She stares at him. A full beat.

ABBY
What are you doing here?

PETE
I haven't decided yet.

ABBY
I mean. After the way I treated you.

Oh, that.

PETE
Actually, I agreed with everything
you said, except when you called me
good-hearted.

ABBY
I wasn't talking about you.

PETE
Oh, good.

Beat.

ABBY
You are the most generous, loyal,
funny, wonderful man.

PETE
Thanks for the funny. You're funny,
too. Peculiar, even.

On her smile.

PETE
That thing you said. Heading off
to London.

ABBY
I won't do that.

She looks down.

ABBY
It's going to be hard enough on Harry
as it is. Chloe will make it through.

She's thinking.

ABBY
They expect me this morning.

PETE
You can do it.

She shakes her head. She cannot.

ABBY
I phoned Pam, she's going to bring
the kids down. I'll keep them here
for a week maybe, like a holiday.
We'll do all their favorite things,
and...

And...

ABBY
And I can sell it to Michael, it's
the least he can do.

PETE

Maybe I'll get to meet them.

And that brings a silence. Which he misunderstands.

PETE

I just mean, I'm between engagements.
If you need, you know, moral support.
Or something.

ABBY

Being you're all I've got and all.

PETE

Being that.

Beat. He smiles, stupid of me.

PETE

On the other hand, Harry starts
asking who's this guy? Maybe it's
not a good idea.

ABBY

Pam asked if I met someone.

Silence.

ABBY

I said maybe.

The look holds.

ABBY

That's actually a lie. I said yes.

He seems so stunned, she has to grin...

ABBY

Am I embarrassing you?

No response.

ABBY

Am I scaring you?

PETE

I'm just glad you waited til dawn,
so I wouldn't think it was a
rebound thing.

ABBY

Did I mention you were charming?

PETE

You phrased it differently.

Now he smiles.

PETE

Let me see. I think the exact words
were the biggest loser in New York

ABBY

Lucky you have me to keep you humble.

She hugs herself. Smiles back.

ABBY

I've been stumbling around here, not thinking of Michael or my future. It's been a long time since I could say that.

Can you understand?

ABBY

Instead, I was thinking. What if you didn't come?

PETE

Wasn't much chance of that.

ABBY

What if I never saw you again? Which would serve me right, of course.

Her heart in her eyes.

ABBY

You don't want this to end. Do you, Pete?

PETE

No.

ABBY

Neither do I.

She clasps her hands around her knees. She smiles now. Different from any smile we've seen before. Free and luminous.

ABBY

Now I do know you. I know you so well.

PETE

What do you know?

ABBY

You've never done anything like this before.

He stares back.

PETE

You are so right. In fact, I don't even know what 'this' is.

ABBY

I think we get to make that up as we go.

She smiles again.

ABBY
Show you something...

She reaches for his hand. He reaches back. She puts the tiny PHOTO in it. The one from her purse.

ABBY
That's Harry. That's Chloe, look
at her lashes, that girl is going
to break a lot of hearts.

What he's looking at. Is how proud she is.

PETE
Arid by process of elimination, this
would be...

This would be Michael. Her fingers touch the photo. Yeh.

ABBY
I'm not going to have Pam bring the
children. I'll go home. I'll talk
to him. And we'll take the kids
somewhere for a week or so.

We. She looks at him.

ABBY
We. As in you and I.

Okay...?

ABBY
D.C., maybe. Would they like that?

He's just staring at her. So close. She puts her hands on his face. This is the moment. He leans to kiss her. Slowly, tenderly. Her arms wind around his neck, she lifts herself into a stronger, deeper kiss that holds. And holds.

When she pulls away...

PETE (A MURMUR)
I think I figured out the first
thing we do...

Her answering smile is bittersweet from the first. Her eyes move over his face, then look down. She can't. At least not yet. She puts her forehead against his, and they stay like this for a moment, in affection and silence.

ABBY (A WHISPER)
Feel like a walk?

INT. DINER, FIRST AVENUE - FIRST LIGHT

She's eating a large plate of spaghetti in olive oil and garlic. Ravenous, excited. He has a similar plate, but he hasn't touched it.

ABBY

Harry is small, but he loves to roughhouse. You know? Turn him upside down, sling him over your shoulder, roll around on the grass...

She smiles, just thinking about it.

ABBY

Chloe will sit in your lap, quiet and serious, and make you read stories by the hour. And she'll make this scrunched up face, like she's reading herself, translating from some foreign language.

Twirling the pasta around her fork.

ABBY

They'll love you.

PETE

I'll love them, too.

ABBY

Yeh?

Chewing. Watching him.

ABBY

Michael will let me see them. They'll want that. At least until...

He says nothing. She tries a smile.

ABBY

Until he has someone new, Linny or whoever.

She exhales.

ABBY

We'll cross that bridge when we have to.

And then...

ABBY

They'll be okay, won't they.

PETE

They'll be fine. You, too.

ABBY

Me, too. Better than fine. All this time there wasn't a morning I woke up that I was happy to be lying next to the person I was with. You know what that feels like? That first second you wake
(MORE)

ABBY (cont'd)
up and you don't want to open your
eyes?

He understands.

ABBY
Every movie, every restaurant. Every
walk I took. My mind would go right
there. My stomach would jump with
the fear and just...the poison of it.

PETE (SOFTLY)
No more. No more of that, okay?

Now she smiles. Looks in his eyes.

ABBY
Okay. Thanks.

A comfortable silence.

PETE
Will every conversation we have be
this much fun?

Yup.

ABBY
One self-pitying monologue after
another.

PETE
Oh, good.

He smiles. Starts to eat.

PETE
For a minute there, you had me
worried.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN

Two figures at a railing high above the water. Silent,
looking at the city. She snuggles into him.

ABBY
Do you like Boston?

PETE
If you're asking could I live there,
sure. There's as much work for me
there as pretty much anywhere.

This makes her smile.

ABBY
We could get a little place by the Charles. I could find a gallery, maybe in Cambridge. You'd play at the openings, of course.

They exchange a look.

ABBY
Killer tips.

PETE
Count me in.

She stares in his eyes.

ABBY
I'm not crazy, you know. This isn't just some impulse.

Nods to herself. Sure of this.

ABBY
You can choose your own life. You can meet someone. Someone who feels so perfectly right, whether or not he's perfect.

PETE
Lucky he's got you to keep him humble.

ABBY
And you know that you want to jump. Jump down that rabbit hole. And then do what it takes to make it work every day.

Looks up to him. Do you feel it, too?

PETE
So kindness and a good heart can save the day after all, huh?

ABBY
Stop fishing for compliments.

They share a smile.

ABBY
I want to feel the way I feel with you. All the time.

She's said the right thing. She sees that in his eyes.

ABBY (EVEN SOFTER)
I want to be the person you let me be. The one I've been tonight.

Staring in his eyes.

ABBY
We were at Grand Central for a
reason. We needed to find each
other.

Her finger reaches to touch his cheek. But he won't smile back.

PETE
I think we needed to find that we
can love more than one person in
this life.

The voice, the eyes, bittersweet.

PETE
That's exciting, and confusing.
Maybe it's how Michael felt.

Her eyes, her face, stop.

ABBY
How can you say that? It's completely
different.

PETE
I think the feeling part isn't
different. What's different is
what you do about it.

Reading her eyes.

PETE
You can love more than one person.
But you can only be with one.
That's what he forgot, huh?

Beat.

ABBY
Why are we talking about him?

PETE
Cos he's here on this bridge. And
don't look at me, I'm not the one
who brought him.

In the silence...

ABBY
You don't have to compete with Michael.
In fact, in a lot of ways you're...

And stops.

PETE
...alike? I take that as a compli-
ment.

Because...

PETE
He's the guy you love.

Tears stand in her eyes.

PETE
You can choose your own life.
That's something we both kind of
forgot, didn't we?

Flooding her eyes now.

PETE
So tonight was pretty wonderful,
wasn't it?

ABBY
It still is.

PETE
Outside the pawn shop. You asked if
I wanted a new life. And I said, 'I
don't know, do you?'

The tears are on her face.

PETE
Say what you want.

Beat.

ABBY
I want to go kick his ass.

PETE
Great. He needs it.

ABBY
And I want to see what's left.
And what...what each of us...

Each of us.

ABBY
...are willing to do about it.

PETE
...is willing to do about it.

His fingers brush the tears from her face.

ABBY
I stand corrected.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - EARLY MORNING

The sign says METRO NORTH 6:30 NEW HAVEN. The flashing word BOARDING. The clock says 6:26. And from somewhere very nearby...

...the sounds of an alto sax. The song we heard him play on these steps, and then again for Barry. PAN to find them on the steps, ignored by commuters, she is leaning comfortably against him as he plays. They look like lovers. We know they are more.

The chorus finishes. The sax lowers.

PETE (SINGS)
The very thought of you
And I forget to do
The little ordinary things
That everyone ought to do

Plays a little riff to accompany himself.

PETE (SINGS)
I'm living in a kind of daydream
I'm happy as a king
And foolish though it may seem
To me, you're everything

Tears in her eyes once more. Not so many. Only we see.

PETE (SINGS)
The mere idea of you
The longing here for you
You'll never know how slow the moments go
Till I'm near to you

And all the sound around them FADES to nothing. Like Abby, we can hear only...

PETE (SINGS)
I see your face in every sunset
Your eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you...

He doesn't look at her. He doesn't have to.

PETE (SINGS)
The very thought of you
My love

She nods. She is not quite crying.

PETE
My first request ever. Maybe it'll
be a trend.

ABBY
Maybe.

He packs up his sax. She carries the case. Hand-in-hand, he walks her to the train. The air brakes HISS. Only a minute left. She turns, suddenly...

ABBY
Promise me you'll never give up
playing.

Taken by surprise, he smiles.

ABBY
Swear to God. Swear on whatever...
all this meant to you.

Her eyes are fierce, shining. He finds himself saying...

PETE
I swear on us.

She THROWS her free arm AROUND his neck, KISSES him HARD, with everything she's got. Then breaks away, RUNS onto the train, but...

...she's still holding his sax.

He steps to the door. She hands it back, just as...

The doors HISS shut. The train SHUDDERS as they stare at each other through the glass. And...

...then pulls AWAY. Her eyes follow him. One hand rises to wave, and...

She's gone. He stares after. Stares.

Walks from FRAME.

ROLL END CREDITS.