

BED OF ROSES

Amelia and the King of Plants

Michael Goldenberg
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FADE IN:

AN ~~FADE~~ HAND-PAINTED STARFIELD

A ~~high~~ WIND blows through the storybook stratosphere.

The ~~stars~~ above. Wisps of painted cirrus, and the Earth, far below.

And ~~at~~ distance, a carefully rendered airplane.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE ~~FADE~~

Closer ~~now~~ more detail visible. We can now see that only one of the ~~rows~~ is lit, about mid-cabin. The WIND continues to blow ~~now~~ gently through a

SERIES ~~of~~ DISSOLVES

each ~~iteration~~ closer than the last. We can hear the HUM of the ~~engine~~ now as we begin to PUSH IN on the one yellow-lit window, ~~lower~~ -

HARD CUT TO:

INT. ~~WING~~ EIGHT

The ~~hum~~ continues, muffled now, and we are moving through the darkened ~~cabin~~ of a real airliner. It is about half full, mostly ~~filled~~ BUSINESSMEN. Here and there a reading light pierces ~~the~~ darkness: it is late.

We ~~begin~~ hear the soft CLICKING of someone typing on a keyboard. ~~As~~ we continue down the aisle we FIND a YOUNG WOMAN sitting ~~in~~ a window seat, working at her powerbook; her dark suit ~~and~~ concentrated expression lit only by her reading light and ~~the~~ glow of the screen.

She ~~stops~~ typing, pausing to rub her eyes.

VOICE (O.C.)

Can I get you anything?

Lisa ~~starts~~ looks up. A female FLIGHT ATTENDANT stands over her; ~~she~~ speaks with a soft Eastern European accent.

LISA

I'm sorry?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Is there anything you need.

Lisa ~~stares~~ blankly at her for a moment, then:

LISA

Could I just get a glass of water?

The Flight Attendant nods, disappears into the darkness.

Lisa glances at the airfone in front of the empty seat next to her. She hesitates...then takes a credit card from her pocket, pushes it into the slot to activate the release mechanism, takes out the phone and quickly dials a number.

LISA
Dr. Reubens please?

She absently runs her finger along the edge of her laptop.

LISA (con'd)
Hi - I'm sorry for calling so late;
I just wanted to check if...
(she closes her eyes)
When.
(beat)
I...I understand. No. My attorney
will be handling the arrangements.

The Flight Attendant reappears, holding a plastic cup of water.

LISA
(into phone)
Thanks. Yes. Thank you very much.

She slowly puts down the phone. A moment.

LISA
My father died.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I - I am so sorry.

LISA
He just died. Just now.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I am so sorry. Is there anything...?

Lisa shakes her head, murmurs:

LISA
It's okay. He wasn't really my
father.
(beat)
Foster parent.
(beat)
I called him Stanley.

A brief, hard expression crosses her face; she turns away to conceal it.

LISA
How long til we get in?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Another hour or so; perhaps you
should try to rest. Can I get you
a pillow or a blanket...a drink...?

Lisa, staring out the window, doesn't respond.

LISA
It's starting to get light. Outside.
(shaking it off)
I'm fine, thanks.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
You are certain? If there is
anything -

LISA
Thanks. I'll be fine.

The Flight Attendant nods awkwardly, leaves.
Lisa looks numbly out the window. Beyond the sky is indeed
showing the first pale glow of morning.

MAIN TITLES BEGIN

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY

A taxi travels along the mostly deserted LIE, partially
silhouetted against the early morning sky.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Lisa sits curled up in the back seat of the cab, her luggage
beside her, watching as the towers of the city approach.

EXT. TAXI - DAY

The cab pulls off the highway towards the Queensborough bridge.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Her bag in one hand and the laptop in the other, Lisa emerges
from the cab and walks toward the entrance of an imposing
office tower.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

Lisa emerges from an elevator, walks over to a thick glass
door and pulls a card through a scanner on the adjacent wall.
The door clicks open.

INT. OFFICE

Lisa walks down the plush, empty corridor; stops at a closed
office and unlocks it. We can see the cubicle area behind her
is completely deserted; she is the first one here.

INT. ~~LISA~~'S OFFICE

Lisa ~~cl~~es the door behind her, puts down her bag and moves to her ~~desk~~, looking through her mail. Through the window beyond ~~her~~ we can see we are on a very high floor; the city glistens below in the early morning sun.

Lisa ~~sits~~, automatically reaches down to open a drawer and takes out a toothbrush and toothpaste. She squeezes some out on the brush, starts brushing her teeth as she turns to her desktop computer and begins to work.

END TITLES

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lisa and SIMON REYNOLDS, an impeccably groomed, fiftyish executive, walk briskly through the maelstrom of activity that swirls through the office.

SIMON

How'd the new sites lay out?

LISA

Good. Most of the international permits have been secured but some of the local regulators have been dragging their heels; we have the new consultant working on it.

SIMON

I'll need the new numbers and your report by three.

They arrive at his corner office; Simon stops in the doorway.

SIMON

Get any rest?

LISA

At least half an hour.

SIMON

(a quick smile, then:)

Three o'clock.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Lisa sits at her desk, checking figures on her paperwork against those on the computer screen. Through the window behind her we can see the last traces of sun reflected off the midtown skyline. DANNY BURKE appears in the doorway, 28, wearing a good Italian suit. He watches Lisa work for a moment.

DANNY

No rest for the restless.

LISA
(startled)
Danny? How did you -

DANNY
Someone was coming out; they tried
to stop me and I was forced to kill
them.

Lisa smiles in spite of herself, looks back at her screen.

DANNY
How was Bulgaria?

LISA
Very...Bulgarian.

DANNY
So. I'm here to abduct you.

LISA
I'm sorry?

DANNY
I called ahead to Lucy's, they're
gonna stick a candle in your flan
and sing Lady of Spain.

LISA
Danny... I'm sorry; I have to get
this done.

DANNY
(pausing)
Oh.

LISA
Anyway I haven't even been back to
the apartment yet.

DANNY
What, Mel?

Lisa hesitates, nods. Danny sighs - then produces a small
wrapped package, tosses it to her.

DANNY
Welcome home. Call me.

He leaves. Lisa sits back in her chair, turning the package
over in her hands. She pulls off the wrapping. It's a
nightlight in the shape of a toy airplane.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE NIGHTLIGHT

turned on now, plugged into the wall. Slowly we PAN TO FIND Lisa, her head resting on her desk. She is hard asleep.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

From across the airspace we drift past the anonymous face of Lisa's building; most of the windows are dark. Through one of the few lit ones a CLEANING WOMAN is visible; a few floors below her and to the right is Lisa's office.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON LISA - NIGHT

Lisa is dreaming, her eyelids fluttering rapidly in REM sleep. A small whimper escapes her. Another -

Suddenly she wakes with a start. Looking up, scared and disoriented, her eyes finally fix on the desk clock. 2 a.m.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Lisa comes out of the revolving door, coat and scarf on, overnight bag in hand. She hesitates as she passes a HOMELESS WOMAN curled up in the shadow of the building, silently watching Lisa as she passes. Lisa pauses for a moment, then moves to the curb and hails a cab.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up in front of a small, elegant prewar apartment building. As Lisa emerges A DOORMAN opens the door.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sound of a key turning a dead bolt; the door opens and light from the hallway spills into the darkened, third-floor apartment. Lisa turns on a lamp.

The furnishings are tasteful but anonymously so; the home of someone who's rarely home.

Lisa closes the door, turns two dead bolts, chains the chain, sets her bags down on the floor. She removes the pile of mail from under her arm and sets it down on a small table beside a blinking phone machine; turns up the volume and pushes play.

OVER the following we hear:

CINDY (V.O.)

Lisa, Cindy; Simon moved the status meeting to 7:30, thought you should know.

INT. BATHROOM

The light switches on. Lisa, holding a small electric stun gun in her hand, quickly moves to the shower curtain and throws it open. It's empty.

KIM (V.O.)

Hi, um, it's me. I'm depressed. How was your trip? Give me a call. I'm really not that depressed. Mostly.

INT. BEDROOM

She switches on the light, glances around, then moves to the closet and slides open the door. She perfunctorily rifles through the clothes for any hidden assailants; this is clearly a ritual.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Lisa, David Sims. I'm in Pittsburgh...

Lisa moves to the bed, kneels down to look under it...then sighs, sits on the bed and puts the stun gun down on the nightstand.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I received your fax on the burial specifications; everything here seems to be under control.

(a pause)

Yes, well, we'll speak soon.

We hear the machine click off, begin to rewind. Lisa closes her eyes for a moment...then opens them, reaches into the nightstand drawer and takes out a small container. She starts to close the drawer - then stops, noticing something toward the back.

Behind the pens and post-its is what appears to be a photo album. Lisa looks at it for a long moment, tentatively touches its white cover...then stops, pulls back her hand and shuts the drawer.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa re-enters the room, moving toward a small table that sits in front of a window overlooking the street. On the table is a simple goldfish bowl. As she moves past us we can see the container in her hand is fish food.

LISA

Hey Melville, did you miss...?

The words die on her lips.

A beautiful calico goldfish is floating motionless on top of the water.

Lisa stares into the bowl. Her hand begins to shake. She drops the container, closes her eyes.

LISA

Oh shit.

Dizzy, she braces herself against the table.

She tries to catch her breath. Overwhelmed, too exhausted to fight the rising tide of emotion, she begins to cry.

EXT. LISA'S BUILDING

Through the other side of the window we see Lisa leaning helplessly against the table, and as the CAMERA slowly begins to pull back and descend we can see her silently trying, and failing, to hold back the tears...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CHIRPING phones, hurrying ASSISTANTS, the office in full swing. We move toward Lisa's open door; she stands behind her desk on the phone.

LISA

...no, that's collateralized against the mortgages on phase one; we don't consider it a significant factor. Yes. Maybe. Ten million shares.

A coworker, FRANCINE, knocks lightly on Lisa's open door. Lisa looks up, waves -

LISA

Look, I'm going to check with State again and get back to you with the new numbers, okay? Yes. No problem.

(hangs up)

Shoot me now.

FRANCINE

Delivery for you out at reception.

LISA

Fed-ex?

FRANCINE

(smiling enigmatically)

Delivery for you out at reception.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Lisa pushes through the thick glass door to the reception area - and stops short.

Sitting on the reception desk is the most stunning arrangement of flowers in the history of the planet.

It is ~~truly~~ spectacular. Lavender and yellow stargazer lilies, deep red African daisies, blue and yellow irises, all freshly cut and ~~beaut~~ifully arranged in an exquisite crystal vase.

Lisa is entranced. She slowly moves to them, reaches out to touch them -

DELIVERY GUY (O.C.)

They'll last longer if you put a little seven-up in the water.

She whirls. Standing behind her is a DELIVERY GUY, wearing jeans and a flannel shirt.

DELIVERY GUY (con'd)

I know; sounds weird but it works.

LISA

I - they're -

DELIVERY GUY

(smiles, nods)

Yeah. Sign here please?

Dumbstruck, she takes the pen he holds out and signs her name.

DELIVERY GUY

Well, that should do it. Let me get that for you.

He opens the door for her. Bewildered, Lisa picks up the flowers and heads back inside. The Delivery Guy watches her go.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa takes the card from the flowers and opens it. It's blank. Francine appears behind her.

FRANCINE

Someone I should know about?

LISA

(holding up the card)

Someone I should know about.

FRANCINE

Okay... Well whoever it was, they must really care about you a lot.

LISA

I guess.

FRANCINE

No, I mean they must really care
about you a lot.

LISA

Euh?

FRANCINE

That vase. I'm pretty sure...

(comes closer)

That's a Lalique.

(Lisa looks at her
quizzically)

They go for about a thousand
bucks a pop.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE/INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Lisa sits at her desk, frowning at the flowers sitting in front
of her. The phone on her desk RINGS ON SPEAKERPHONE.

DANNY

Yeah.

LISA

(picking up)

Hi.

DANNY

Hi.

Lisa peers at the crystal vase, bites her lip.

DANNY

Hello?

LISA

Did you send me anything today?

DANNY

Like?

LISA

Someone sent me flowers.

A pause; then, simply:

DANNY

It wouldn't have occurred to me.

LISA

(simply)

That's what I thought.

DANNY
(off, to someone else)
Two seconds.
(to Lisa)
Gotta go.

LISA
Mm.

She hangs up - then impulsively punches another number. After one ring a machine picks up.

KIM (V.O.)
(gloomily)
Hi, thanks for calling, if you want
you can leave a message but if you
don't I'll understand.

The machine BEEPS; Lisa picks up.

LISA
Hi. You didn't happen to send me
some flowers you couldn't possibly
afford..?
(pauses)
Okay, call me.

She hangs up, frowns - then picks up the blank card from the flowers. On the back in tiny letters is the name of the shop: Lewis, King of Plants, along with an address and number. Lisa picks up the phone and dials.

MAN (V.O., FILTERED)
Flowers.

LISA
Hi, yes, I received a delivery from
you this morning and I was wondering
if you had a record of who placed
the order.

MAN (V.O.)
What's the name?

LISA
What?

JUMP CUT to CLOSER ANGLE.

MAN (V.O.)
Your name?

LISA
(her voice catching oddly)
Lisa Walker? They just came this
morning.

We hear the other receiver being clunked down, then a series of rustling noises. Lisa taps the end of a pencil against her coffee cup, on which is printed "the nineties are the eighties in denial." We hear the other receiver being picked up.

MAN (V.O.)

I don't have it here.

LISA

What?

MAN (V.O.)

I don't have any record of the order; you sure it's our shop?

LISA

Yes, I mean...could you have misplaced it? Someone obviously went to a lot of trouble; I -

MAN (V.O.)

Hold on a sec.

We hear the Man shout to someone in the background, "Jimmy, bring up some more baby's breath?" then, back into the phone:

MAN (V.O.)

Can't help you, I got nothing here.

The line clicks dead. Lisa slowly replaces the receiver, looks at the flowers sitting on the credenza.

FIRST EXECUTIVE (V.O.)

...anyway now it looks like it'll be at least another four to six weeks before we can get any kind of functional infrastructure into place...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lisa, Simon and two other young, dark-suited EXECUTIVES sit around a large table. Lisa is looking out the window.

FIRST EXECUTIVE (con'd)

...and if these figures are accurate we're probably looking at another twelve to sixteen before going on line.

Simon looks up, notices Lisa. A beat.

SIMON

Thanks Tony; that should do it for now.

The Executives begin assembling their papers, rise. Lisa snaps to, rises as well.

SIMON

Stay a minute?

The other Executives clear the room. Lisa stands uncomfortably.

SIMON

How are you, Lisa?

Lisa looks around the room; turns back to Simon.

LISA

Fine.

SIMON

Good, because I want you to take the rest of the day off.

LISA

I...Pardon?

SIMON

(rising)

I want you to take tomorrow off too. In fact I don't want to see you for the rest of the week.

LISA

Simon...I know I'm a little out of it today but really, I'm fine.

SIMON

Glad to hear it, you'll enjoy the time off more.

LISA

(stares; then:)

This isn't necessary.

SIMON

This isn't a discussion.

(he finishes gathering up his papers)

You're been under the gun without a break for too long. We'll talk about a proper vacation when you get back; in the meantime, if I see you anywhere near this place before Monday you're fired.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE

Lisa is struggling with her coat. She isn't happy. Francine pops her head in.

FRANCINE
Late lunch?

LISA
More like an early retirement.
I've just been laid off.

FRANCINE
What?

LISA
'Til Monday morning. Enforced vacation.

FRANCINE
My sympathies.

Lisa picks up the vase of flowers, hugs them to her chest.

LISA
Two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon.
(turns to Francine)
What do people do?

CUT TO:

A TV SCREEN

and another fabulous bargain from QVC.

Lisa is sitting up on her bed, pointing a remote at a small color TV. She has changed out of her suit and wears sweatpants and a faded, oversized Columbia t-shirt. She flips unseeingly through the channels, sighs, tosses down the remote. A commercial plays in the b.g.

She grabs the phone off the nightstand, plants it on her stomach and punches a number (INTERCUT conversation).

FRANCINE
Yeah?

LISA
Hi. Listen, did you get the
figures yet on the -

FRANCINE
I can't talk to you.

LISA
What?

FRANCINE
Simon says; I'm supposed to hang up
if you call.

LISA
You're kidding.

FRANCINE

Why don't you quit fighting this and just enjoy it?

LISA

Enjoy being treated like a child?
Enjoy being banished from my own -

FRANCINE

Shh, I think he's coming. 'Bye.

Francine hangs up, shaking her head in amusement. Lisa fumes, slams down the receiver. We hear tinny APPLAUSE from the t.v.

MONTEL WILLIAMS

...and we're back with women who say
their grandmothers want to seduce
their husbands. Our next guest...

Lisa stares at the t.v. in appalled fascination, then zaps it off in disgust.

She just sits there, not knowing what to do with herself.

After a moment she reaches over to the nightstand and picks up a familiar piece of paper. It is the card for the flowers. She flips it over, squints at the tiny writing...

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Lisa, in sweater and overcoat, trots briskly up the steps emerging from the subway and starts down the sidewalk. As she walks she checks addresses against the card.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Lisa approaches a small corner flower shop. Painted on the window in small letters is "Lewis, King of Plants." Beyond we can see a sea of greenery and brightly colored flowers.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

A bell jingles as Lisa opens the door; as she closes it behind her she stops in wonder.

It is another world. Birds twitter, a miniature waterfall falls into a small rock pool; lush vegetation and exotic flowers give the impression of an indoor tropical rainforest. A domed, storybook painted sky above.

MAN (O.C.)

...three-twelve...West 81st...3A.
Yeah, five at the latest.

The MAN hangs up. A skinny Puerto Rican TEENAGER emerges from the foliage, lugging a blooming tray of baby red zinnias.

MAN

Rush.

(turns to Lisa)

Can I help you?

LISA

I hope so.

She approaches, places the card on the counter.

LISA

I called this morning about a
delivery I received? Only the person
I spoke to said...

MAN

Walker, right?

(he examines the card,
turns to Jimmy)

You know anything about a floral in
a Lalique, went out this morning?

JIMMY

Just a sec.

(wipes his hands on
his apron, comes over)

Wasn't me.

RANDY

Where is he?

JIMMY

(shrugs, then)

Oh wait, it's Wednesday.

(checking a wall clock)

He should still be there.

They both look at Lisa, who looks quizzically back -

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

An old West Side branch from the original Carnegie Endowment.
As Lisa approaches the heavy oak door suddenly it opens from
the inside - an attractive YOUNG FATHER emerges, holding a
sleeping LITTLE GIRL in his arms.

For a moment they are face to face. Lisa stares at the man; he
smiles back at her, holds the door open for her. She takes a
breath - turns to glance at the little girl's peaceful face -
then manages a flustered nod of thanks and hurries inside.

INT. LIBRARY

As Lisa moves from the vestibule into the library proper we
hear the pleasantly resonant voice of a middle-aged LIBRARIAN.

LIBRARIAN (O.C.)

...waiting until the sailor and his wife were asleep, he quietly dressed and went to the harbor. As he rowed out to the Zephyr, the boy felt the light evening wind grow stronger and colder.

As Lisa moves around the corner we see that the Librarian, wearing a colorful smock, is reading from a book. A nearby sign reads: "Story Hour, Wednesdays, 4:00" A group of CHILDREN sit on the floor around her.

We slowly move across the rapt, five-year old faces.

LIBRARIAN (O.C.)

Under a full moon he sailed the Zephyr into the bay. He tried to remember everything the sailor had told him. He tried to feel the wind pulling his boat forward, lifting it up...

We move toward the end of the group; the hand of a five year old boy is frozen on the shoelace of the girl next to him.

LIBRARIAN (O.C.)

Then, suddenly, the boy felt the Zephyr begin to shake. The sound of the water rushing past the hull grew louder. The air filled with spray as the boat sliced through the waves. The bow slowly began to lift. Higher and higher the Zephyr rose out of the water, then finally broke free-

We reach the end of the group - where the Delivery Guy we met earlier sits back on his elbows, listening intently.

Lisa stops short at seeing him.

LIBRARIAN (O.C.)

The sound of rushing water stopped. There was only the sound of wind in the sails. The Zephyr was flying.

The Delivery Guy is rapt. Lisa stares at him.

INT. LIBRARY - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

The group is breaking up; MOTHERS are retrieving their children and helping them into their coats.

The Delivery Guy is talking quietly with the Librarian.

As he moves in closer he suddenly stops talking, sensing
 her. He turns around and sees Lisa.

She smiles. He stares at her for a moment...then breaks
 into a smile.

DELIVERY GUY

Lisa Walker.

LISA

I...

She smiles still for a moment - again, she seems somehow
 distant. She can't hear her name spoken aloud. It only lasts a second.

DELIVERY GUY

(to the Librarian)

Welcome back.

The Librarian smiles, leaves. The Delivery Guy turns back to
 Lisa.

DELIVERY GUY

How are your flowers doing?

LISA

They're beautiful.

(a deep breath)

Look, I know this may seem obsessive
 but...I spoke to your boss and he
 said they don't have any record of
 the order, but since you're the one
 who took it...You understand, don't
 you? I mean...I have to know!

The Delivery Guy looks at her for a moment, then:

DELIVERY GUY

I gotta be some place. You want
 to walk with me?

EXT. STREET - MOVING - DUSK

The Delivery Guy and Lisa head west down a sidestreet.

DELIVERY GUY

There's something about hearing a
 story read out loud that's so great.
 She's terrific too, really a natural
 storyteller.

LISA

Do you go to...story hour...a lot?

DELIVERY GUY

Not for a while; she's been sick.

They walk in silence for a moment. Suddenly the Delivery Guy stops and turns to her.

DELIVERY GUY

Look, I did take the order but to be honest...I don't really feel right telling you. I mean I know they're your flowers and everything, it's just...the person felt pretty strongly about it being anonymous. I'm sure you'd want that if the situation was reversed...

LISA

(stares, then:)

That wouldn't be very likely.

DELIVERY GUY

Excuse me?

LISA

If I wanted to cheer someone up by sending them flowers I wouldn't make them so crazy by not signing the card that they couldn't even enjoy the stupid things in the first place, y'know? I mean it sort of defeats the purpose.

The Delivery guy hesitates at this. Frowns.

He turns to look out before them at the trees of Riverside park; beyond lies the Hudson and the sun setting over Jersey. He sighs, sits down on a park bench. Lisa remains standing, unsure of what to do.

LISA

Are you meeting somebody?

DELIVERY GUY

Hm? Oh, no.

He indicates the sunset. Lisa stares at him. A moment.

LISA

You're not going to tell me.

DELIVERY GUY

(hesitates, then)

I'm sorry.

A beat - then Lisa thrusts her hands in her pockets and walks away.

EXT. PAY PHONE - WEST END AVENUE - DUSK

Lisa's own voice can be heard saying "You've reached -" before she punches in a code number; we hear the machine squeal as it rewinds, then playback:

KIM (V.O.)

(on machine)

Someone sent you flowers? Who sent you flowers? Listen, I'll be you know where about six-thirtyish, come drink adult beverages with me. Hey, how come you're not at work?

INT. CHUMLEY'S - NIGHT

An amiable downtown hole-in-the-wall with a good jukebox.

Lisa enters, looks around. Toward the back a dark, somewhat intense YOUNG WOMAN with too much hair rises, waves at her - and in doing so knocks over her drink.

KIM

Oh, shit. Oh, this is just great.

Lisa smiles, moves toward the table. KIM stands, simultaneously wiping herself off while pulling at her hair as she calls to a WAITER -

KIM

Steve, I'm sorry, can I get another sea breeze and some napkins? God I am such a pig. Hi.

Lisa has by now reached her; they kiss each others' cheeks.

SEVERAL DRINKS LATER

An Ellington ballad plays on the jukebox. Kim sighs.

KIM

...well I don't see why you don't just stop fighting it and enjoy it. Kick back, rent some old movies, stock up on chocolate chip cookie dough...

(to herself)

God, that sounds really good.

Lisa smiles but it's clear her mind is elsewhere.

KIM

Did anyone else know about Stanley? Maybe someone back in Pittsburgh sent them or something...

LISA
(shaking her head)
He was it.

She makes a toast, drains her drinks. A pause.

KIM
How's Danny?

LISA
The romantic equivalent of a
nightlight.

Kim almost chokes on her pretzel.

LISA (con'd)
I didn't say that.

Kim takes out pen and jots a note on a cocktail napkin.

KIM
Wrong; that line is definitely fair
game.

LISA
How's the new one coming?

KIM
Um...they may want to do a production
down at the Famous Door.

LISA
You're kidding! That's fantastic!

KIM
Please, it's off-off-off-off, nobody will
come, I'm clinically depressed.
(sighs)
No, just the same haunting low-grade
depression that is my constant companion.
I think it's this new day job too.

LISA
Which one is this?

KIM
Clerical, but it's St. Vincent's? It's
really sad, so many sick people...

LISA
With a capital...

KIM
Yeah.

The song finishes. Kim finishes her drink, sits back.

KIM
Anyway as far as the flowers...I'd
just let it go.

LISA
Let it - How can you say that?

KIM
(pauses)
Look, you know how I get about these
things; I can spin a torrid romantic
fantasy out of two seconds of eye
contact on a train ride. This? My
God, an anonymous gift from a secret
admirer? I could go for years on
that, and I guarantee you even my
dullest fantasy would be ten times
more romantic than the truth could
ever be. God, you got material like
this who wants the truth?

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Lisa leans back, watching the lavender city flash by.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sound of the key turning the dead bolt. Lisa enters and
quickly locks the door, reaches into her purse - and stops
short.

A light is on in the bedroom.

Lisa silently sets down her keys and moves quietly but quickly
toward the bedroom. She takes the stun gun out of her purse.

As she crosses the living room we see behind her the vase of
flowers sitting on the table by the window where the fishbowl
was.

INT. BEDROOM

Lisa cautiously peeks her head in...and sighs in angry relief.

Danny is sitting up in bed, eating chinese food from the carton
with a serving spoon, watching CNN. He doesn't look up.

DANNY
This is terrible.

Lisa looks at the screen. Black smoke billows from the twisted
wreckage of an airliner. A REPORTER stands amid the carnage.

DANNY
Dallas. 237 people. Just dropped out
of the sky.

Lisa flops on the bed beside him and starts to pick at his mu shu.

LISA
What is this, pork?

DANNY
Chicken.

LISA
You scared me to death you son of a bitch.

DANNY
(squinting at the screen)
God, would you look at that?
(another bite)
I've been watching for like three hours, the same images, the same sober commentary over and over...I'm completely addicted.

They watch in silence for a moment. Suddenly Danny turns to Lisa with a concerned look.

DANNY
Hey, where's Mel?

Lisa closes her eyes...then opens them again.

DANNY
Oh no. Really? I'm sorry. Didn't the feeder work?

LISA
It worked fine; I think he just died of loneliness.

DANNY
I'm really sorry.
(a pause)
Hey, why aren't you at work anyway?
And who sent the flowers?

Lisa turns to look at him. A tired look; it's been a long day. She leans over and kisses him; a long one. Soft:

LISA
Would it be okay if we didn't talk anymore right now?

Danny nods. Kisses her back. It continues.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

The lamps are off; only the flickering light of the t.v. A slight breeze stirs the curtains. Danny is gone.

CLOSE ON LISA

Another dream. Another tiny whimper of fear -

Her eyes snap open. A deep breath.

She rises, crosses to the television. Watches the silent, ghostly images of the plane crash for a moment. Snaps off the TV.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa pads sleepily across the darkened kitchen to the sink. She fills a glass with tap water.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lisa starts across the darkened living room, the fizzing glass in her hand. She stops as she sees the flowers sitting in the moonlight; moves to them.

She gently brushes her fingers against the petals of a day lily. Takes a sip from her glass.

She looks out the window and down at the street. It is late; the street is deserted.

Except for a lone figure standing directly across the street.

Who is looking straight up at Lisa.

It's the Delivery Guy.

Lisa gasps, drops her glass.

She quickly kneels to pick up the glass, stands, looks out the window again.

A fleeting glimpse in the shadows, then nothing.

Lisa stares out the window, stunned, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

It is early morning; the closed sign hangs in the window.

Lisa stands in a doorway across the street, bundled up against the morning chill. She sips from a cardboard cup of coffee.

As she looks up from her sip she stops - the Delivery Guy is approaching the flower shop. He pauses in front of the door, looks around, frowns.

Then slowly looks up until he is looking right at Lisa.

Lisa freezes - then tears open her handbag, frantically searching for her stun gun - and then he's there, breathless, in front of her.

DELIVERY GUY

Hi. I, uh...thought I might find you here.

(Lisa is dumbstruck)

Look, the shop doesn't open for another hour; can I buy you some breakfast?

(raising his hands)

Public place; you'll be perfectly safe. Really.

INT. GREEK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lisa and the Delivery Guy sit at a booth; Lisa is about to speak when a GREEK WAITER approaches, puts down silverware.

WAITER

Menus?

LISA

Nothing for me.

DELIVERY GUY

You sure?

(she nods; to Waiter:)

Can I get a cheese omelette with rye toast and potatoes and a short stack on the side; and some sliced tomatoes and some coffee?

The Waiter nods; goes. A pause.

LISA

Okay look...

DELIVERY GUY

I sent you the flowers.

Lisa is speechless with a thousand questions. After a moment the Delivery Guy looks down, toys with his fork.

DELIVERY GUY (con'd)

I like to walk. At night, mostly. I go all over the place. Just to walk; y'know....think.

(beat)

I like to look up at all the darkened windows and imagine the people sleeping behind them. What their lives are like. What they're dreaming about.

(beat)

DELIVERY GUY (con'd)
One night...I was out late, just
walking, not really even sure where
I was...

CUT TO:

EXT. LISA'S STREET - NIGHT

The Delivery Guy walks down the sidewalk, hands in pockets.

DELIVERY GUY (V.O.)
...and as usual that late almost all
the windows are dark...except for
one. I stop, look up...

EXT. LISA'S WINDOW - NIGHT

Lisa is standing before the fishbowl, crying. As the CAMERA
slowly begins to descend he continues:

DELIVERY GUY (V.O.)
And standing in the window is the most
beautiful woman I've ever seen... I come
closer... and I can see she's crying. And I
just...wonder what made this beautiful woman
standing in the window so sad.

The CAMERA has continued to descend, still on Lisa, and as it
reaches ground level and crosses the street we finally include
the Delivery Guy in frame, looking up at her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SCENE CONTINUES - DAY

Lisa is frozen.

DELIVERY GUY
I followed her to work the next
morning, found out her name...
I felt bad about yesterday, I didn't
mean to be a jerk or anything. It
just...somehow seemed really
important...

LISA
To keep it a secret.
(he nods)
But - but what about...and my God
that vase, I mean how -

The Delivery Guy looks down for a moment.

DELIVERY GUY
The thing about a mystery is, if
you're not careful there can be a
real letdown after the solution's
been revealed...? Especially if it
happens too fast.

DELIVERY GUY (con'd)
(before Lisa can speak)
Look, what are you doing today?

LISA
Huh?

DELIVERY GUY
Spend it with me?

LISA
What? No! Anyway don't you have to
work?

DELIVERY GUY
No.

LISA
But -

DELIVERY GUY
I only came down this morning to
meet you.

Lisa stares. He looks up at her. Struggling:

DELIVERY GUY
Look... I know this is all a little
strange, to say the least - but
believe me, it isn't the kind of
thing I do every day either.
(she hesitates)
Besides...if you don't come how else
are you going to solve the rest of
the mystery?

She stares at him. He smiles an innocent, hopeful smile...

And then CARL SAGAN intones -

CARL SAGAN (V.O.)
THE MYSTERY OF THE UNIVERSE:

A FIELD OF STARS

A million hard, steady points of light, spinning slowly around.

CARL SAGAN
WHERE DID WE COME FROM? WHERE ARE
WE GOING? THE ANSWER MAY WELL LAY
IN THE STARS...

As we PULL BACK we see we are in the domed interior of Hayden
Planetarium; Lisa and the Delivery Guy lean back in the large
padded armchairs as the stars above continue to spin. He points
to the looming mass of the projector, leans over to whisper:

DELIVERY GUY
Third largest projector in the
country; cost almost half a million
dollars.

LISA
(staring dizzily at the
whirling ceiling)
Oh.

CARL SAGAN
...WELL OVER ONE HUNDRED BILLION
YEARS OLD. THE NIGHTTIME SKY MAY
WELL BE THOUGHT OF AS A CELESTIAL
TIME MACHINE, ALLOWING US A GLIMPSE
BACK INTO THE DISTANT REACHES OF
GALACTIC HISTORY...

DELIVERY GUY
I can't believe you've never been.

LISA
It never would have occurred to me.

We move in closer on Lisa. She stares up at the whirling canopy
of stars.

INT. HALL OF DINOSAURS - DAY

They stand in the entrance to the hall opposite the huge
Brontosaurus skeleton that dominates its center. A moment
of silence, then:

DELIVERY GUY
(doing a credible
Carl Sagan)
EONS AGO THEY RULED THE EARTH AND
NOW THEY ARE BUT DUST.

Lisa laughs; he smiles back. They slowly begin to circle the
massive skeleton.

DELIVERY GUY
So what exactly do you do at that
office of yours with the
spectacular view?

LISA
International finance.

DELIVERY GUY
Is that fun?

Lisa hesitates, finally decides to just ignore the question.

LISA

Right now we're representing the American principals behind several new industrial facilities in Eastern Europe. Monitoring expenditures, issuing new stock to collateralize additional capital... Your basic exploitation of political upheaval for personal gain.

(awkwardly)

It's complicated.

DELIVERY GUY

Mr.

(beat)

My Dad used to take my sister and brother and me here when I was a kid. We'd go to all the museums; come into town early on a Sunday, go here or the Met before a matinee, or ballgame. The Museum of Transportation's another good one; they have subway cars going all the way back to the turn of the century.

(turns to her)

So this additional capital, you're working that how, with a bond issue?

LISA

(surprised)

Yeah.

DELIVERY GUY

Who's underwriting?

LISA

(a take)

A consortium; we're still assembling the team...

She stops walking, stares at him. He continues walking slowly toward the railed-in dinosaur area. He stops facing it. A pause, then suddenly his voice booms:

DELIVERY GUY

(no accent)

WHAT CAUSED THEIR TRAGIC
EXTINCTION? WHAT COSMIC CATASTROPHE
ERASED THEM FROM THE PAGES OF THE
PAST? WHAT MYSTERIOUS MALADY RIPPED
THEM FROM THE BOOK OF HIS-TORY?

He turns back to Lisa with a raised eyebrow.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

A beautiful early autumn day. They exit the Museum and walk across the street to the park.

EXT. STRAWBERRY FIELDS - DAY

Lisa and the Delivery Guy wander through the gardens.

DELIVERY GUY
Are you from the city?

LISA
(pausing)
I grew up in Pittsburgh.

DELIVERY GUY
Is that where your family is?

Lisa is silent for a moment, then nods quickly. A pause. The Delivery Guy stops.

DELIVERY GUY
I don't mean to push. I'm...a
little out of practice at this.

They continue to walk. The Delivery Guy points out a patch of brilliant midnight blue flowers.

DELIVERY GUY
Foxgloves. They do really well in
northern climates.

LISA
They're beautiful.

DELIVERY GUY
(indicating some light
purple ones nearby)
Those are Agapanthus. Good flower;
a little finicky about moisture
though.

LISA
Nothing worse than a finicky
Agapanthus.

DELIVERY GUY
(re: the cold)
They won't last much longer.
(he points to another)
Heliotrope. My favorite.

LISA
How come?

DELIVERY GUY
(takes a deep breath)
Brings on this incredible Proustian
rush. There's a lot of it around
where I grew up. What's yours?

LISA
(still back on
"Proustian")
Favorite? I dunno. Roses I guess. I
guess that's pretty boring.

DELIVERY GUY
Nothing boring about a classic.

LISA
A friend of mine got some once,
they were this sort of pale
lavender gray...

DELIVERY GUY
Sterling roses. Very classy.
There's a thornless variety -

LISA
Those were them.
(pause)
I guess in a way they really ought
to have thorns...to balance it out?
Otherwise they're just too perfect.

DELIVERY GUY
I dunno. Seems like there're enough
thorns out there as it is. Anyway I
think once in a while everyone's
entitled to too much perfection.

LISA
(considers this, then)
Have you always been interested
in...plants?

DELIVERY GUY
My grandfather was sort of the king
of amateur gardeners, he got me into
it. Actually he was pretty terrible
at it; a real black thumb. Nothing
he planted ever grew the way it was
supposed to. His flowers always
bloomed at the wrong time or not at
all; his vegetables tasted terrible.
He'd be so proud when he brought
them in, then when he wasn't looking
my mom would switch them for ones
she bought at the market. Actually I
think he knew but he never said

anything... probably because he
didn't want to eat them either.

LISA
You're close to your family.

DELIVERY GUY
Pretty bizarre, huh.

EXT. FLOWER DISTRICT - DAY

The day is waning. They walk slowly through the flower
district, SHOPKEEPERS bringing in their wares off the sidewalk.

LISA
I'd forgotten what this feels like.

DELIVERY GUY
Mm.

LISA
It feels so decadent.

DELIVERY GUY
How do you mean?

LISA
I didn't get anything done today.

DELIVERY GUY
You've done a lot.

LISA
No; y'know, done. I failed to earn
my keep. I did not contribute to
the Gross National Product.

DELIVERY GUY
Did you have a good time?

LISA
(smiles)
Utterly beside the point.

Instead of returning the smile he just looks oddly at her.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

The late afternoon sun is sinking into a canyon of buildings.
The Delivery Guy stops in front of a beautiful prewar building.

DELIVERY GUY
This is me.
(pausing)
Can you come up?

LISA

I...better not.

DELIVERY GUY

What, because I'm a psychotic who wanders the streets all night and follows strange women to work?

LISA

(thrown)

Basically.

DELIVERY GUY

Actually there is something I'd like to show you...something that's not gonna be around much longer.

(pauses)

I don't have a lot of guests, but...it'd mean a lot to me if you came up for a minute.

A silence, then:

LISA

One condition.

DELIVERY GUY

Okay.

LISA

I'm trying to solve this mystery? I have some questions I'd like answered.

DELIVERY GUY

(peering at her oddly)

Well sure. That was sort of the idea.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Lisa and the Delivery Guy stand side by side, looking up as the floors pass. Lisa is very tense. The Delivery Guy turns to her, smiles.

INT. DELIVERY GUY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

We hear the sound of footsteps on the stair and muffled words, then a key turning in the lock. The Delivery Guy pushes the door open as we hear Lisa saying "Look, maybe this isn't - "

She enters the apartment and stops short.

LISA'S POV: Late afternoon sunlight streams through a row of windows onto a large expanse of hardwood floor. Through the windows is a breathtaking view of the park.

A tall bentwood hat rack stands near the door; by the window is an antique rocking chair, a small, low table, a floor lamp, and a number of books stacked against the wall.

The walls are bare except for a single bright, impressionistic painting of a bouquet of flowers, hanging opposite the chair. Other than this there is no furniture.

LISA

Lived here long?

DELIVERY GUY

Almost three years.

(exiting into the kitchen)

Something to drink?

LISA

Huh? Oh. No thanks.

Lisa looks around for a moment, then spots the painting. She approaches, examining it.

DELIVERY GUY (O.C.)

So. What do you think?

Lisa turns around. The Delivery guy holds a glass of water. He indicates the apartment.

DELIVERY GUY

I call it adventures in minimalism.

He smiles, drains his glass, then crosses to a double-hung window that opens onto a fire escape. He thrusts up the sash and starts to climb out on the fire escape, looks back at her.

DELIVERY GUY

C'mon.

EXT. ROOF - MAGIC HOUR

The Delivery Guy climbs up the last rungs of a wrought iron ladder, then helps Lisa over the restraining wall and onto the roof. She brushes herself off - then stops as she looks up. The roof is an impossible oasis of green. It's as if a small meadow has been magically transported here; long grass covers a gentle hill; trees, an abundance of wildflowers, a small brook.

DELIVERY GUY

There's about three inches of clay, another three of crushed rock under about six inches of topsoil. An engineer handled the structural stuff and drainage system but the rest I did myself.

(Lisa is speechless. The Delivery Guy shivers)

DELIVERY GUY (con'd)

It probably has another week left,
maybe two. First good frost it'll
be gone... 'til next year anyway.

LISA

(turning to him)

This place, all of this... and that
vase...

Her voice trails off. The Delivery Guy pauses; kneels to pull
a weed.

DELIVERY GUY

I made my initial capital in
options, though now I'm mostly in
conservative-end no-load mutual
funds. The rest is split between
tax-free bonds and a few more
aggressive equities.

(Lisa is dumbstruck)

I guess the Lalique was sort of my
fatal mistake. If I hadn't been so
extravagant you probably wouldn't
have pursued it like this. It would
have just stayed this perfect
gesture; I could have just vanished
mysteriously into the sunset.

(Lisa reacts)

I just...I wanted everything to
be...too perfect, y'know? And for
you that sort of extravagance
seemed necessary. I don't know.
Maybe I wanted you to pursue it.

LISA

But...you deliver flowers...

He stands, looks out at the view. Shrugs.

DELIVERY GUY

I like to see their faces.
When they're just falling in love,
or making up from a fight...even
when they're grieving...there's
something incredible about a
person's face at that moment.

(turns to her)

Yours was amazing.

(she blushes)

It's a good reminder, too.

(her look says "of what?")

That it's always someone's birthday.
That someone has always just gotten
married...or died...or been born.

He gazes out at the city, then turns to look at Lisa.

They are very close. A gentle breeze blows.

A moment of inevitability.

She leans forward...

They kiss.

A great kiss.

Finally she breaks it, breathless, with a realization:

LISA

You're Lewis.

LEWIS

(nods)

It was my grandfather's name too. I
named the store for him.

He tentatively leans forward. They kiss again. A better one.

He breaks it. She opens her eyes; full of hope and fear and
vulnerability.

LISA

Lewis, King of Plants.

Lewis reaches up, gently brushes the back of his fingers along
her cheek.

LEWIS

Lisa Walker...

Lisa freezes at the sound of her name.

Something has changed in her eyes. The rapture of a second ago
has suddenly given way to some unspeakable terror.

LISA

I have to go.

LEWIS

Huh?

LISA

(backing away)

I'm sorry. Really, this...this has
been wonderful but...

She moves to the ladder.

LISA

I have to go.

INT. APARTMENT - DUSK

Lisa climbs in the window and goes to get her coat from the hat rack; Lewis quickly follows, bewildered.

LEWIS

Lisa - ?

LISA

I'm sorry.

LEWIS

Did I say something? Did I -

LISA

No, it's just...I can't do this.

LEWIS

Lisa...please -

LISA

I shouldn't have...not your fault -

LEWIS

But - can I call you? Can I at least - ?

LISA

No. Please don't.

LEWIS

But -

LISA

I'm sorry.

LEWIS

Please, Lisa -

LISA

Stop calling me that.

Silence. Finally.

LISA

Please...just....g'bye.

She slips out the door. Off Lewis, helpless -

EXT. PAYPHONE - TWILIGHT

Lisa, her hand shaking, slips a quarter in and punches a number.

LISA

I need you to meet me. Can you come over?

INT. LISA'S KITCHEN - DUSK

A loud GRINDING noise. Lisa stands at the sink, feeding flowers from the arrangement one by one into the garbage disposal. Her hands are shaking.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Lisa doesn't hear it, continues to push the flowers down the drain. It RINGS again; Lisa turns off the disposal. She goes to the door, wiping her hands on a towel.

LISA

Who is it?

KIM (O.C.)

~~Her~~

Lisa opens the door; as Kim enters Lisa locks and chains it behind her then heads back for the kitchen; Kim follows.

KIM

God its starting to get cold. I'm moving to Phoenix to live with my mother, she'll be thrilled.

Lisa returns to the sink. She flips on the disposal and resumes feeding the flowers into it one by one. Kim does a take. After a moment she shouts over the noise of the disposal:

KIM

NICE FLOWERS.

Lisa methodically continues her work. Kim moves to the wall beside her and flips off the disposal.

KIM

Excuse me, but what the hell is going on?

Lisa stares back at her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

Lisa sits curled up on the sofa, shakily sipping the alka seltzer Kim hands her as she sits down next to her.

KIM

What is it? What's going -

LISA

I found out who it was.

KIM

You found out - (what)?

LISA

I found out who it was and...and...

(whispers)

And he's great.

KIM

This is who sent you the flowers?

(Lisa nods; her eyes

filled with terror)

Okay...you found out who sent you
 these great flowers, and it turns
 out he's this guy who's great, and
 this is clearly a terrible thing
 because, because...

(frowning)

Why is this a terrible thing?

Lisa ~~is~~ at her. Tears begin to well. There are no words.

Lisa ~~is~~ to Kim's copious hair.

KIM

It's okay. Everything's gonna be
 okay. I have no idea what's going
 on here but even so...

Lisa, ~~is~~ sniffling but somewhat recovered, sits up; Kim
 offers ~~her~~ a tissue and she blows her nose.

LISA

I'm sorry; I know this isn't making
 much sense...

KIM

(gamely)

Oh, no...

(pausing)

Is this about Danny? I mean are you
 worried -

LISA

(blows her nose; scowls)

No, I mean...you know the deal,
he's seen other people, I've seen
 other people, we just keep each
 other around for...

KIM

Nocturnal lighting purposes.

LISA

...but it's not like there's any
 commitment or anything there, I
 mean it's the last thing either of
 us wanted; want.

KIM

So?

LISA

So...I'm just not in the market,
y'know? I don't have any room in my
life for someone who's great, I
mean...I mean I work for a living.

KIM

Right.

LISA

And I'm very good at my job.

KIM

No one disputes this.

LISA

And I'm just not...
(desperately)
I'm not up to this.

A moment as they both take this in.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

LISA

Omigod.

KIM

What?

LISA

It's him.

KIM

Who?

LISA

Oh God...you get it, okay?

KIM

But -

Lisa hurries into the kitchen, stands out of view. Kim frowns,
goes to the door.

KIM

Who is it?

VOICE (O.C.)

Delivery.

LISA

It's him.

KIM
It's - ?
(calling)
Delivery of what?

VOICE (O.S.)
Flowers.

LISA
That's him, that's what he does.

KIM
He's a delivery boy?

LISA
It's sort of his hobby.

KIM
His - ?
(deciding to save
this for later)
What do you want me to say?

LISA
I don't know! Make something up!

KIM
But he's got flowers! Of course
we've seen what you do with those...

LISA
Kim -

KIM
Hold on; I just wanna see what Mr.
Right looks like.

She undoes the bolt and, keeping the chain guard on,
cautiously opens the door.

KIM
Hello?

Through the door we can see Jimmy, the teenager from the
flower shop.

JIMMY
Delivery?

KIM
Um...hold on a sec.

Kim closes the door and turns to Lisa.

KIM
Is Mr. Right sort of skinny
and about sixteen?

Lisa stares at her - then hurries to the door and opens it.
Jimmy stands there holding two dozen sterling roses.

KIM
(impressed)

Nice.

He holds them out to Lisa.

LISA
I can't do this.

KIM
I can; here.

Kim takes the flowers, digs in her pocket and hands Jimmy a couple dollars.

KIM
Thanks a lot.

She closes the door; they go back over to the couch and sit.
Kim sets the flowers on the coffee table; hands Lisa the card.
She hesitates.

KIM
Open it.

Lisa slowly opens the small envelope, takes out the card. A single etched rose is depicted on the front.

Lisa opens it, reads it. She closes her eyes.

Kim takes it from her, reads:

KIM
Thank you for a day of too much perfection.

She slowly closes the card, impressed. Lisa's angry, frustrated expression says "see what I mean?"

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sits up in bed, hugging her knees, apparently watching television - but as we slowly circle around her we see it isn't on.

She is looking down at the photo album we glimpsed earlier in the nightstand drawer. Carefully she lifts it up, places it on her lap. She tentatively opens the cover and slowly begins to turn the pages, the contents of which are hidden to us.
The DOORBELL rings.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Lisa stands in her robe looking out the window at the empty street. The vase on the table in front of her is now filled with the roses. She touches them gently. The DOORBELL rings.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Afternoon. Lisa sits on the couch, on the phone, wearing sweatpants and t-shirt. And all around her...

Flowers. Every pot, vase and jar in the room is filled with sterling roses. Bouquets of them cover every available surface.

LISA

...no, they took a break between twelve and six; other than that it's been on the hour.

KIM (V.O.)

That skinny guy must be exhausted.

LISA

There's another one too, they go in shifts.

(Kim is silent)

I know, it's great, it's just being wasted on the wrong person.

KIM (V.O.)

(flatly)

Marry him. Marry him now.

LISA

(as the DOORBELL rings)

This can't continue.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Randy is on the phone; Jimmy comes in with an armful of roses.

RANDY

...when can they be ready? No, I'll have them picked up -

The door jingles as Lisa enters, breathless. Both Jimmy and Randy look up. Beat.

RANDY

(into phone)

Thanks.

(hangs up)

LEWIS.

LEWIS (O.C.)

Just a sec.

Randy and Jimmy look back at Lisa, look at each other - then grab their coats and head for the door. As they exit Jimmy deftly turns the "open" sign in the window to "closed;" we hear the door lock behind them.

Alone for a moment, Lisa looks around the shop. Fingers the old-fashioned register....then notices a small painting hanging behind the counter, similar to the one in Lewis' apartment. Lisa starts to look closer, then hears someone coming up the stairs, turns -

Lewis enters with an armful of roses, stopping as he sees Lisa. A moment.

LEWIS

Hi.

A beat - then he moves to a long worktable, where he puts the roses down among the hundreds that already cover it.

LEWIS

I cleaned out the entire city.

LISA

Lewis...

- and suddenly the words come pouring out of Lewis; it's as emotional as we've seen him.

LEWIS

I'm sorry about yesterday. I moved too fast, it was all wrong...

LISA

No -

LEWIS

- I push too hard sometimes, I know that, but it's just been so damn long and...and...

(pausing)

Look. I don't know you. I only spent a day with you but it was one of the nicest ones I've had in a long time, and I just...I mean, I forgot what it could be like.

(beat)

Anyway I'm sorry. I promise I won't bother you anymore.

LISA

Lewis.... It wasn't you. You were fine, you were...

(a beat - and then,

oddly, as if waking up)

That painting...

LEWIS

What?

She indicates the painting behind the counter. Lewis turns to look at it, then stares back at her.

LISA

It's like the one...

LEWIS

(beat)

My wife painted them.

(beat)

She was an artist. I was still at Goldman Sachs when she did that one. The hotshot wunderkind, spending these sixteen hour days downtown.

(beat)

One night....we were making love.... I felt this lump under her arm. Eight months later...

(He almost loses it;
gets hold of himself)

I cashed out. Bought this place...and started wandering the streets. That was three years ago.

(beat)

I'm - I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lay all this on you.

Over the course of the scene the sun has quietly set.

Lisa moves to him. They are very close.

Impulsively he leans in and kisses her. She responds. They kiss again, and again, more passionately. Lisa breaks away, breathless, shaking -

LISA

Lewis?

LEWIS

Mm.

LISA

Question.

(he looks up at her)

Why me?

A pause. Simply:

LEWIS

Your light was on.

A moment. They kiss again. Again.

She leans back onto the worktable, her hair tumbling out among the roses. She pulls him to her.

She unbuttons his shirt, pushes it off his shoulders.

Both of them are trembling, exploring, discovering what another human being feels like as if for the first time.

Slowly, carefully, they make love amidst a sea of roses...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Lisa sleeping, her peaceful face illuminated by bright slats of morning sunlight. She holds a single rose in her hand.

INT. LEWIS' KITCHEN - DAY

Lewis, wearing jeans and a flannel shirt, stands at the stove cooking breakfast. Lisa appears behind him, wrapped in a sheet. He turns around -

She smiles uncertainly. A moment of awkward, morning-after trepidation...and then he goes to her, kisses her.

LISA

Um...my clothes...?

LEWIS

Oh! Sorry - over there.

Lisa looks over to the hat rack. Her clothes are neatly hung up, wrapped in plastic from the cleaners.

LEWIS

Hope you don't mind; I thought I'd drop them off for you when I went out for groceries. I also bought a bathrobe and toothbrush; they're in the bathroom.

LISA

(amazed)

You bought...when exactly did you get up this morning?

LEWIS

You like bacon? Cause I also got sausage and ham, or if you don't want meat with your eggs I have tomatoes and some really nice peppers, or if you don't want eggs with your eggs I bought pancake stuff...there's a waffle iron here somewhere...

LISA

Um...coffee?

LEWIS

Sure, right; regular -

(indicates coffee pot)

- decaf -

(a thermos; he goes to
the cupboard, opens it)

Tea; English Breakfast, Earl Gray,
Orange Pekoe, or if you want herbal-

LISA

Coffee's fine.

LEWIS

(getting it)

Cream? Milk? Half and half? Sugar?

Sweet and Low? Equal?

LISA

(amazed)

A little milk, thanks.

LEWIS

We don't have to eat at all, I mean
if you're not a breakfast eater. I
know the other morning you didn't
order any but I didn't know if that
was because you weren't a breakfast
eater or you thought I was gonna
kill you.

LISA

Actually I'm starving.

LEWIS

(smiles)

Good.

(a pause)

I...I guess I must seem pretty
ridiculous. It's just...like I said,
I'm not used to...I mean...I just...

She puts a finger to his lips. Kisses him.

LEWIS

...wanted to make sure...

She kisses him again.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

They sit eating at a small table in front of a window
overlooking the park. Lisa now wears a pretty silk robe.

LISA
This is...really interesting.

LEWIS
My Dad's the cook in the family; he makes this dish with duck and marinara and pineapple...I know, sounds disgusting but actually it's...pretty disgusting.

LISA
(laughs, then)
Have you always been close to your family?

LEWIS
(pauses; shakes his head)
Before Katherine died I hardly saw them.
(pause)
After...afterwards...they were really there for me.
(forced casual)
Maybe you'll get a chance to meet them sometime.

LISA
(ibid)
That'd be great.

LEWIS
How about yours, they were in Pittsburgh you said?

Lisa looks silently down at her fork for a long moment.
Then she looks up at him:

LISA
Yeah. They are.

Lewis senses something odd in her tone but lets it pass.

LEWIS
So...did you have plans or anything today? I mean do you have to work or anything?

LISA
Couldn't if I tried.

LEWIS
Really? Because I was scheduled to, but I thought if you wanted we could...I mean you could -
(a huge exasperated sigh)

LEWIS (con'd)

I mean I don't want to push anything
or anything but -

LISA

I'd love to.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - MOS - DAY

An old-fashioned elevator door opens, revealing Lisa in jeans, an old shirt and baseball cap, and Lewis holding a large bouquet of tulips and his clipboard. They walk to the door of an apartment; Lewis hands the flowers and clipboard to Lisa, smiles encouragingly and steps out of view.

Lisa knocks on the door. A huge WOMAN in her sixties appears, wearing an enormous pink muumuu and a black velvet hat. She swoons over the flowers, babbling soundlessly as she tucks a tip into Lisa's hand, kisses her on the cheek and closes the door. Lisa just stands there, dumbstruck.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - MOVING - DAY

Lewis is laughing. As the van bumps along Lisa is still a bit stunned.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - DAY

Lewis and Lisa deliver flowers to:

a tearfully smiling YOUNG WOMAN in an upscale highrise.
a YOUNG COUPLE; in the background we can see a newborn baby in its crib.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY (MOS)

An OLD MAN, obviously a recent widower, nods sadly, accepts the flowers gratefully.

INT. GRAY'S PAPAYA - DAY

Lisa and Lewis stand at the counter eating lunch.

EXT. DELIVERY VAN - DAY

Lewis opens the back doors of the van, revealing it to be full of flowers. Lisa and Jimmy begin to help him unload; Lisa comes across a bridal bouquet, tied with a white ribbon.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

An anxious MOTHER OF THE BRIDE directs them in the placement of flowers around the church and pulpit area.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Lisa ~~takes off~~ her baseball cap, hands the bridal bouquet to the beautiful but nervous young BRIDE. A moment between them.

WEDDING - ~~SERIES~~ OF SHOTS - DAY

The pews ~~are~~ filled; the procession makes its way up the aisle as afternoon light slants through the stained glass windows. Lisa and Lewis stand in the very back, watching.

The GROOM ~~places~~ the ring on the Bride's finger. They kiss.

The FAMILIES hoot and cheer. The Mother of the Bride looks stunned ~~and~~ disoriented.

As the recessional begins we move in on Lewis and Lisa at the back; Lewis is smiling sadly, perhaps remembering his own wedding. Lisa's expression is a mixture of a thousand emotions; she stares at the lovely bride and the rows of happy, beautifully dressed people marching toward them, as we CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the windows as Lewis and Lisa make love...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office in full swing. Lisa, a rose in her lapel and a blissful expression on her face, pushes through the security door and starts down the hall; she passes Francine's office.

FRANCINE

Look who's back.

Lisa stops, leans in the doorway, smiles a secret smile. Francine arches a questioning eyebrow.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa sits at her desk, on the phone.

KIM (V.O.)

You're kidding.

LISA

Kim it was amazing. He's amazing, the whole thing was completely -

KIM (V.O.)

Amazing?

LISA

I'm serious -

(her other line RINGS)

Hold on a sec.

(changing lines)

Yeah.

DANNY (V.O.)

The creature lives! Where have you been?

LISA

Danny.

DANNY (V.O.)

Seriously, I was starting to worry.

LISA

Danny...

DANNY (V.O.)

You worked all weekend again, didn't you.

LISA

Um...hold on a sec?

(switches lines again)

It's Danny; call you later?

KIM (V.O.)

Ooooooh. You better.

LISA

(switching lines again)

Can you have lunch today?

DANNY (V.O.)

You want to go out for lunch?

LISA

Can you meet me?

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Lisa pulls on her coat as she walks down the hall. She passes Francine's office.

FRANCINE

Where is she off to now?

LISA

(pauses, then)

Turning out a nightlight.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MOS - DAY

Through the glass we can see Danny and Lisa eating lunch at a window table; Lisa gently explaining the situation. Danny is slightly hurt but all in all seems to take it well; in the end he kisses her forehead -- he's happy for her.

INT. FRANCINE'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Francine works at her desk. After a moment she looks up, sees Lisa standing in her doorway.

FRANCINE

How'd it go?

LISA

He was really sweet about it. I think he was actually a little relieved; we'd been going for a pretty long stretch this time.

FRANCINE

(pausing)

Meaning...

LISA

Hm?

FRANCINE

Nothing, just the way you said that it sounded like...I mean is he expecting you back?

LISA

(stares, then)

No. Of course not.

FRANCINE

(after a beat)

Listen, our group's working late tonight, we're ordering in Thai-

LISA

I'm leaving early.

FRANCINE

Oh, I - excuse me?

SERIES OF SHOTS - MOS

We move slowly across the faces of a familiar group of five-year olds. The Librarian from before is reading a story, and as we reach the end of the group we find Lewis - and Lisa sitting next to him, watching him.

Lisa sits with her head on Lewis' shoulder on the bench in Riverside Park, watching the sunset.

The CAMERA CIRCLES them as they dance in Lewis' empty living room. The lights of the city glimmer beyond...

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Lisa hurries through the security door and down the hall, running late. She is somewhat rumpled and disheveled, in yesterday's clothes, but trying to act cool. She passes Francine standing at a SECRETARY's (CINDY) desk; smiles weakly.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Simon approaches Lisa's office, knocks perfunctorily and opens the door. He is surprised to find the lights off and the office empty.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

A beautiful blustery day. Kim sits at Bethesda Fountain, wearing Fellini sunglasses, writing intensely on the back of her hand. Lisa and Lewis approach; Lisa nervously introduces them. Kim is flustered, sweet.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK - DAY

Lewis buys an ice cream from a vendor in the background. Lisa turns to Kim.

LISA

Well?

KIM

(gloomily)

He's great.

LISA

You think?

KIM

He's terrific, okay? I hate you, I despise you, where are you taking me to dinner.

INT. YAFFA CAFE - NIGHT

Lisa, Lewis and Kim at a funky East Village restaurant.

LEWIS

So what's it about?

KIM

It changes day to day; I'm kind of a rewrite-aholic...

KIM (con'd)

It was sort of inspired by reading I've been doing about the early feminists... the high price of revolution, that sort of thing.

LEWIS

Really?

KIM

Yeah. It's just...it's nothing.

LISA

It's terrific.

KIM

She doesn't know what she's talking about, she hasn't even read it.

LISA

(to Lewis)

She won't let anyone read her work before it's performed.

LEWIS

That must be rough on the actors.

KIM

It's a play, it isn't meant to be a literary experience. Anyway I don't trust being read; I mean I could never be a novelist - you have no control over your audience's experience - where they read, when...I mean imagine someone reading my most profound insights while sitting on the - or at lunch, getting ketchup all over my...I mean the mind reels...No, I like the theater; at least with a play I can be there to watch while everything goes wrong; I can monitor the misinterpretation.

(sighs)

I mean art, hell, it's all about damage control.

(frowns; to both of them)

You think I'm neurotic?

(Lewis and Lisa laugh)

What?

EXT. SCHURZ PARK - EVENING

Lisa and Lewis, walk down the promenade along the East River; the lights of the Triborough Bridge.

They sit on the swings in the deserted park, gently rocking back and forth, not saying anything. Lisa turns to him just as he looks up.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE/INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY - INTERCUT

Lisa is punching up screens on her computer and scribbling down figures when the phone rings; she picks up.

LISA

Yeah.

LEWIS

When's your birthday?

Lewis is busy making an arrangement, the phone crooked against his ear. We can see Randy misting in the background.

LISA

Huh?

LEWIS

In case on a whim I feel like getting you something or something.

LISA

(pausing)

I was never real big on birthdays.

LEWIS

Really; I want to put it in my -

LISA

April first.

LEWIS

April...your birthday is April fools day?

LISA

Yeah. Look, I'm in the middle of something here, I really gotta run.

Lisa quickly hangs up the phone. Lewis stares at the receiver.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MOS

Autumn leaves flutter to the ground in Central Park.

Lisa wakes in the middle of the night in Lewis' bed. She turns to see his side is empty. She gets up and goes to look out the window. She sees Lewis, in his coat and scarf, exiting the building, heading off on one of his walks. She frowns, goes back to sit on the edge of the bed...then turns to the laptop computer sitting on the nightstand; opens it, switches it on.

Lewis helps Jimmy and Randy unload pumpkins from the back of a pickup truck and carry them into the flower shop.

INT./EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Lisa, in coat and scarf, stands in the doorway to the lobby of a small downtown theatre. She hugs herself, stamps her feet against the cold.

Through the lobby we can see a rehearsal is just breaking up. Kim, wearing a Columbia sweatshirt, is talking intently to a tall man with a neatly trimmed beard as several ACTORS pull on their coats, wave goodbye. One intelligent-looking ACTOR picks up his bag, crosses over to Kim and the bearded man, converses momentarily, nods, then starts to leave. He passes Lisa in the doorway, smiles at her.

LISA (V.O.)

But it's going well?

EXT. SOHO STREET - MOVING - NIGHT

Bundled up against the cold, Lisa and Kim walk down the sidewalk, their footsteps echoing.

KIM

Yes. No. Who can tell. Anyway why talk about my pathetic little life when I can be living vicariously through yours; what'd you do last night?

LISA

We fried.

KIM

Pardon?

LISA

We deep fried things.

KIM

What kind of things?

LISA

Food. We fried foods God never intended to be fried. We sat with all our clothes off in the middle of the kitchen floor with batter and flour and bread crumbs and we fed each other fried foods.

KIM

You'd been drinking heavily.

LISA

Beaujolais.

KIM

And during this drunken bacchanal
your disgustingly thin naked bodies
didn't get spattered with hot oil?

LISA

Mmm. A little.

KIM

(pausing)

Okay...

LISA

And then when we were all full and
bloated we made greasy, cholesterol-
filled love right there on the
kitchen floor.

KIM

This sounds serious. I mean once
you've fried with a man...I mean
what's next, using each others'
loins as a pizza oven?

LISA

He wants me to move in with him.

Kim stops.

KIM

And?

LISA

I'm moving in with him.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - DAY

WORKMEN close up the zoo for the winter.

INT. OFFICE - MOS - DAY

The CAMERA CIRCLES Lisa as she sits at her desk talking rapidly
on the phone, in the middle of a heated negotiation. Simon,
Francine, and the two Executives we saw earlier are standing
around her, tensely waiting. Lisa continues talking as she
looks up at the group, who is hanging on every word.
Several more heated exchanges, and then Lisa abruptly stops
talking - the other party has hung up. She slowly puts down
the receiver...then shakes her head. The group reacts.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lisa, coat and scarf on, exits her office and walks

down the hall toward the elevator. An odd, distant expression on her face.

EXT. LISA'S OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Lisa exits the building and enters the flow of sidewalk traffic, her walk uncharacteristically slow.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Lisa walks slowly downtown, oblivious to the world around her.

She passes the windows of several downtown ANTIQUE SHOPS.

Inside one of the shops she gently touches some beautiful antique jewelry. On the wall beyond are sepia-toned photographs of somebody's great-great grandparents. Lisa moves to a wall of bookcases, lined with old volumes. She fingers they're ancient spines, then impulsively pulls out one with a mottled green binding. She opens it, begins to read.

Dusk now, further downtown. Lisa walks past rows of blankets and card tables set out along the sidewalk, covered with various detritus for sale: old magazines, boxes of old postcards...and something that catches Lisa's eye: an old brown leather photo album.

She picks it up, begins to leaf through the misplaced document of some forgotten family. She takes out her wallet.

Night; the Battery. Lisa walks beneath the streetlamps, down an empty sidewalk alone.

INT. LEWIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lewis sits in the rocking chair, reading a book by lamplight. On the small table next to him Lisa's Lalique vase is filled with dried flowers.

Much of her furniture now occupies the living room.

The key turns; Lisa enters. She closes the door and just stands there for a moment. Lewis puts down his book.

LEWIS

Hey.

LISA

Hey.

She just stands there. She seems faraway, lost.

LEWIS

Working late?

LISA

Hm?

LEWIS

Were you working late?

LISA

(shakes her head)

I left early.

LEWIS

(glancing at the clock)

It's after ten.

A pause. Lisa continues to just stand there.

LEWIS

Lisa?

(Lisa is silent)

Lisa, is everything okay?

LISA

(pausing; finally)

I don't know.

She continues to just stand there. Lewis puts his book down, crosses over to her.

She looks up at him. He holds her. She hugs him back, then:

LISA

I love you.

LEWIS

(stops, then)

I love you too.

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - DUSK

Lisa snaps off her computer, stands and gets her coat. Remembers something, goes back to her desk. Simon appears at the door.

SIMON

Got a second?

Lisa looks up. Simon closes the door behind him.

INT. LEWIS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa is furiously putting away groceries; Lewis tries to help but finally decides its safer to just stay out of her way.

LISA

I mean I just felt so fucking patronized! I have made more money for those people...

LEWIS
Maybe he really thinks this'd be
best for you.

LISA
He's talking about me going back to
my old job!

LEWIS
He said it was an option to
consider. Anyway I'm not sure I
understand why that'd be such a
terrible thing.

LISA
(stares, then)
Great, Lewis. Next you'll have me
barefoot and pregnant -

LEWIS
Look, you're the one who said you
wanted to try and find some balance-
Where else in the budget is it
supposed to come out of?

LISA
(snapping)
I guess if I was smart I'd just quit
altogether and deliver flowers for a
living -

LEWIS
(exploding)
WELL IT SURE AS HELL COULDN'T HURT!

Lisa stares at him. He's struggling to reign in something; a
part of him we haven't seen before.

LEWIS (con'd)
(voice shaking)
Look, you wanna fight we can fight;
I know how. I - I don't...
(struggling)
I will not...do this.

Lisa stares. Lewis backs off.

LEWIS (con'd)
Nothing's going to be decided right
now. Next week we'll catch a break,
we'll be out of the city, my Mom can
spoil us for a few days and...what?

LISA
You want me to come for Thanksgiving.

LEWIS

I...yeah. When you said you weren't going back to Pittsburgh...

LISA

I can't go.

(Lewis stares)

Kim is stuck here working through the holidays; she doesn't have any family in town; I told her I'd spend Thanksgiving with her.

LEWIS

Jesus -

LISA

I'm sorry, I should have told you but we made the plans a long time ago and I just didn't think.

LEWIS

(after a tense pause)

So we'll have Thanksgiving with Kim.

LISA

No. You should go see your family.

LEWIS

This is ridiculous -

LISA

I'd feel horrible if you missed that because of me. Your family is important to you and I want you to go.

(beat)

Lewis...please, just indulge me on this one, okay?

He stares at her for a long moment - then, finally, with no room for negotiation:

LEWIS

Christmas.

LISA

Huh?

LEWIS

You'll come for Christmas.

Jaw tight, he starts putting groceries away.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SERIES OF SHOTS

Winter comes to the city. A light snow swirls through the air.

Dead leaves blow across the deserted sheep meadow.

The barren flower beds of the rooftop garden. The wind rustles the bare branches of a fruit tree, stark against a platinum sky.

The SOUND of a JET whooshes overhead as we CUT TO:

EXT. 34TH STREET - DAY

The same gray sky hanging over Herald Square; TILT DOWN to a sidewalk jammed with holiday shoppers. Lisa, carrying several shopping bags, makes her way to the entrance of Macy's.

INT. MACY'S - NORTH POLE DISPLAY

Lisa squeezes through the crowd, stops near a long line of PARENTS with CHILDREN. She checks her watch, puts her bags down, looks around - and suddenly stops.

On the display platform a MOTHER is gently placing her crying TWO YEAR OLD on SANTA's lap.

Lisa watches, transfixed.

With a hiccup the child suddenly stops crying, stares awe-struck up at Santa's face. Gingerly he reaches out and touches his beard. Lisa is riveted...and as the Mother smiles and the child stares, as the hubbub of laughing children and chattering shoppers swells and rushes and swirls around her, consuming her -

KIM (O.C.)

Sorry I'm late.

Lisa is jolted out of her reverie. Kim stands beside her, wearing a red smock with a Macy's nametag on it and a Santa cap.

KIM

I had the hausfrau from hell, would
not let me go until I...

(pause)

You okay?

LISA

Huh?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A window booth; bundled up SHOPPERS pass by outside. Kim, sans hat, munches mechanically on fries as Lisa picks at a salad.

LISA

So how's it looking?

KIM

Could we not talk about it? It makes
it easier to stay in denial.

(pause)

You still coming?

LISA

Opening night.

KIM

Oh.

A pause.

LISA

What, don't you want me to?

KIM

Of course I do. I mean...if you do.

LISA

Of course I - don't you want me to?

KIM

(pauses)

I think I'm ambivalent.

LISA

(stares, then:)

I'm coming.

KIM

Fabulous.

(expansively)

SO, CHRISTMAS, HUH?

LISA

(pauses, then:)

Christmas.

KIM

When do you leave?

LISA

We're supposed to drive up the morn-
ing after your show; Christmas Eve.

KIM

Supposed to?

LISA

I'm not going.

KIM

(pausing)

Okay...

Lisa visibly tenses. Kim backs off, but also tenses.

KIM

Right. Anyway what do I know, I'm
just your best friend, right?

Lisa looks up, softens. A moment between them. Tentatively:

KIM (con'd)

Have you passed this little factoid
on to Lewis yet?

(Lisa shakes her head)

Hasn't this ever come up before? I
mean didn't Danny's family ever...?

LISA

He never talked to them. He hasn't
spoken to them in years.

KIM

I can't relate to that at all.

Lisa stares into her salad.

LISA

Anyway I don't understand what the
big deal is.

KIM

Right, most of the social functions
that used to be performed by family
members now get filled by friends or
coworkers or lovers anyway, blah
blah blah.

LISA

Exactly. The idea that they have to
be people you're related to is....
prehistoric.

A pause.

KIM

You haven't told him yet.

(Lisa shakes her head)

Oh sweetie.

A LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

EXT. MANHATTAN - PANNING - NIGHT

An icy rain falls over the city.

INT. LEWIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Lewis and Lisa are in bed. We hear the sound of the RAIN as the patterns from the window course down the wall.

LEWIS

(stroking her hair)

...it's gonna be great. They're gonna love you and you're gonna love them.

(pauses)

Maybe not Aunt Meg, although she's easier to take since the medication.

LISA

Lewis...

LEWIS

(smiles, then:)

She used to be beautiful. When she was young? In her pictures she's like this incredibly sexy thing. It's always so amazing to me...

(pauses)

My dad actually dated her first; my mom was sort of the wallflower. Scary to think, I could have ended up this mutant hybrid between me and my cousin Barry.

(a pause)

How'd your folks meet?

A long silence. Only the sound of the rain is heard. Then Lisa begins to speak; we slowly move in on her.

LISA

It was this really snowy night. It ended up being almost a blizzard, but that wasn't until later.

(pause)

They had both just moved to town; they were about our age, a little younger. There was this dance, like a mixer at the V.F.W. My Dad was there with a friend; my Mom had come by herself even though she had this really bad cold. Neither one of them danced. My dad sat down next to her. They started talking. My mom kept sneezing. He ended up walking her home in the snow. It turned out they lived in the same building.

LEWIS

You're kidding.

LISA

Right above each other. Two floors apart. They were married six weeks later. Ten months later...

LEWIS

What a great story.
My sister Wendy and her husband are coming with Katie, their nine-month old? This is the most incredible kid...

(a moment)

Do you ever think about...? Just in general, I mean...have you?

A long pause. When Lisa finally speaks it is with barely restrained emotion.

LISA

I don't ever want to have children.

She turns over. He rises to his elbows, looks at her.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lisa stands at her desk, the phone to her ear as she scribbles something on a notepad. We hear the phone ringing, then:

JIMMY (V.O.)

Flowers.

LISA

Hey Jimmy, it's Lisa.

Francine appears in the doorway; Lisa waves.

LISA

I need to send some tiger lilies to the Famous Door Theater down on Broome Street...

FRANCINE

He's here.

LISA

(hand over phone)

Two seconds.

INT. LEWIS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lewis sits in the middle of the floor, wrapping packages. He checks a name off a list lying on the floor next to him, looks at the next one. He pauses, frowns.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lewis comes into the bedroom and heads for Lisa's nightstand. The mottled green book sits on top. Lewis sits on the bed, hesitates - then opens the top drawer of the nightstand.

Among the pens and pencils is a small address book. Lewis starts to reach for it - then notices something else toward the back of the drawer. He pauses - then pulls it out of the drawer. It is the white photo album.

He hesitates...then opens the cover, revealing a blank page. He frowns, turns it - revealing another blank page. Quicker now he turns to the next page, then the next. The album is completely empty....except for a single photograph.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lisa, flustered, is rushing to put on make up. Lewis sits on the counter, already dressed.

LEWIS

We have time.

LISA

No, we don't; I need to talk to her before it starts, she's a basket case on openings and if she thinks I'm not there...I can't believe Bayard, he just would not stop talking....

As she talks she moves into the bedroom; Lewis follows. Through the window beyond them we can see it is snowing.

LEWIS

You all packed?

LISA

I haven't started.

LEWIS

(pausing)

I sort of wanted to get an early start tomorrow; traffic out of the city's going to be a nightmare and-

LISA

Lewis.

She seems about to say something, then doesn't. A pause.

LEWIS

So, do we know what this thing is called yet?

LISA
She wouldn't tell me.

LEWIS
She wouldn't tell - ?

LISA
She's being very weird about the whole thing; more than usual I mean.

LEWIS
(after a pause)
Oh my Mom called; Mark is coming, Taylor too. They just got back in the country.

LISA
Great.

LEWIS
Don't worry, I picked them up something extra just in case.

LISA
Lewis.

LEWIS
It's this coffee table book with all these pictures of...I think it's Bolivia...(Uruguay? Bolivia.)

LISA
I'm not going tomorrow.

Silence.

LISA (con'd)
I know this is bad timing; I would have said something sooner but I was really hoping to make it work and...
(a deep breath)
This whole licensing mess is crashing down on us, I've just got a ton of -

LEWIS
On Christmas.
(pause)
This doesn't have anything to do with work.

LISA
What? I don't -

LEWIS
Lisa.

LEWIS (con'd)

(beat)

I saw your address book.

(beat)

I wanted to send a card to your folks; I know you said you'd take care of it but I wanted to anyway...so I looked in your book. Under Walker. Under their first names; "Mom and Dad..." I couldn't find them. In fact the only Pennsylvania number in the whole book was for someone named Stanley Krasne. I called; it's been disconnected.

(Lisa is silent)

I tried information in Pittsburgh; they have no listing for a Richard or Eileen Walker. I also tried -

LISA

(murmurs)

I don't know when my birthday is.

LEWIS

What?

LISA

We're late, c'mon, we have to go.

LEWIS

(after a pause)

I also found this.

He holds out the photograph.

Lisa looks down at it. Beat. After a moment she begins to walk towards Lewis, and then right past him to the window. She looks out, watching the snow fall.

LISA

When I was three months old I was found in a bathroom at the Pittsburgh airport; great, huh.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH

NINE YEAR OLD LISA sits on the knee of a large, unsmiling man wearing a cardigan sweater and a hat. We slowly PUSH IN on the little girl's numb, expressionless face.

LISA (V.O. con'd)

I was put in a shelter home. They placed me with an older couple. The woman died right after they got me but the man petitioned to be able to

LISA (con'd)
keep me and they said okay. He sold
auto parts; mufflers, spark
plugs.... He was an alcoholic.
He...he...

BACK TO LISA

looking out the window at the falling snow.

LISA
His name was Stanley. He died a few
months ago.

LEWIS
But...the stories you told me, about
your family...your parents...

LISA
(murmurs)
"The Best of Times," Paul Hunt,
copyright 1933, page 112.
(beat)
Someone warned me once to be careful
with mysteries, they're always more
interesting than the solutions.
(turns to him)
I'm sorry for that. But I won't be
going with you tomorrow.
(picks up her purse)
We need to leave, we're gonna be
late.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY - NIGHT

A cramped space carved out of a downtown loft, jammed with
people, most of them dressed in black. Lines of Christmas
lights are strung here and there.

Lewis and Lisa squeeze through the crowd, making their way over
to a corner where Kim is whispering intensely into the ear of
the tall man with the beard we saw before.

LISA
Kim.

KIM
(freaking out;
whirling around)
WHAT?!
(staring)
Oh my God you came.

LEWIS
Hi.

KIM

Oh, God, you're here, that's so sweet...and I got your flowers, they're gorgeous, thank you, thank you both so much but now you need to leave.

LISA

Kim -

KIM

No, there is about to be a debacle of epic proportions in this building and you really don't want to be anywhere nearby. I'm serious. Go.

TALL MAN

(smiling)

Isn't she cute?

KIM

(whirling on him)

I AM NOT CUTE, DANIEL, I AM HAVING WHAT WILL PROBABLY END UP BEING A FATAL ANXIETY ATTACK AND IT IS ANYTHING BUT CUTE!

(a deep breath)

Lisa, Lewis, this is Daniel, my director.

Daniel continues to smile; "nice to meet you's" all around.

KIM

I'm serious you guys, I'm deeply moved that you came but now you need to go very far away.

LISA

It's going to be fine...

KIM

Lisa. Listen. I have to tell you -

The lights in the lobby flash on and off.

KIM

Oh my God.

LISA

Too late. Look, we'll see you after, okay?

KIM

Oh my God.

LEWIS

I'd say "break a leg," but...what do you say to the writer anyway?

KIM

Break a head.

LISA

You'll be fine.

(to Daniel and Lewis)

She'll be fine.

KIM

Quick, somebody whack me with a ball peen hammer.

INT. THEATRE

A small, 99-seat black box. It's a full house. The audience has settled in; they chatter, rustle their programs. Lisa and Lewis take their seats near the front. At the end of the top row is Daniel, sitting calmly with a notepad on his knee, and next to him Kim, twisting her hair in knots, every so often erupting involuntarily with a whispered "oh my God."

Lisa examines her program. The front reads: "The Famous Door Theatre Presents/Amelia's Return/a new play by Kim Slater.

The houselights begin to dim. The "oh my God's increase in volume. A WOMAN sitting next to Lewis turns around to peer at Kim; Lewis turns and whispers in the Woman's ear:

LEWIS

The writer.

The Woman gives a silent "oh" of comprehension.

Daniel puts a quieting hand on Kim's knee. As the houselights begin to fade we hear the SOUND of a TURBO PROP ENGINE; it grows steadily in volume, crossfading to the ROAR of a JET ENGINE as the houselights go out completely.

ONSTAGE

The JET abruptly cuts out as lights bump up on the intelligent-looking actor we saw earlier, dressed contemporary casual, holding a bottle of beer. He stands observing a YOUNG WOMAN in a suit, circa 1931, sitting at a small table with a number of maps and charts spread out before her. She checks them as she makes furious notations in a small notebook. He approaches.

MAN

Hi.

The Woman doesn't seem to hear him. The Man clears his throat.

WOMAN
(not looking up)

Yes?

MAN
All the other tables seem to be
taken.

The Woman looks up. She looks around, slightly annoyed. Finally shrugs "whatever."

THE AUDIENCE

chuckles appreciatively; the actors are good and it's a warm house. They smile, settle back into their seats - except for Lisa, who is peering oddly at the stage.

ONSTAGE - LATER

The Man and Woman sit on swings. We pick up the action mid-scene.

WOMAN
"...In the ability to fly a woman is fully equal to a man. There can be no condescension to a woman setting records in aeroplanes exactly like those that men are using."

(smiles)

Wiley Post said that but he wasn't happy about it. I was flying wasp-engined Vegas while he was still barnstorming in biplanes.

(the smile fades)

I've worked hard to get where I am and I won't apologize for it. I'm good at my job.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Kim watches in fascination, unconsciously mouthing the actor's dialogue...

As Lisa tightly clutches her program.

ONSTAGE - LATER

Beginning up in the rafters among the tangled matrix of pipes, cables and lights, we slowly drift down to the stage, following a string of christmas lights down to the Man and Woman. They lie on the beach, looking up at the stars (the christmas lights), as we hear the gentle pounding of the SURF.

MAN (O.C.)
Spending all that time up there by yourself... didn't you get lonely?

A moment, then:

WOMAN

There's no time to be lonely.
There's no sense of time at all; no
memory, no history. Nothing to
remember...nothing to regret.

(pauses)

Up there at night flying under the
stars - it's the only time I don't
feel alone. It's the only time I
feel... part of something.

MAN

But what about your friends? Your
family?

WOMAN

I don't need a family.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Lisa stops.

ONSTAGE

The Woman looks up at the twinkling Christmas lights.

WOMAN

I have a spectacular view.

LATER

The Man stands by as the Woman, now wearing the leather flight
jacket and white scarf of the Amelia Earhart we remember, packs
a small suitcase. Throughout the scene will be VARIOUS
CUTAWAYS; Kim, Lisa, Lewis. We pick up the scene mid-fight.

WOMAN

You don't understand! I have work to
do -

MAN

And I wish to hell you'd quit hiding
behind that same damn excuse -!

WOMAN

- you're threatened, just like the
rest of them -!

MAN

Nobody's trying to take anything
away from you here, can't you see
that? That isn't the issue and you
know it!

She stares at him. As he continues we slowly begin to MOVE IN ON the Woman, intercutting with a MATCHING SHOT of Lisa.

MAN

You ever wonder why you feel so lost? So totally cut off, so alone? Why you can't trust anything and everyone and thing around you feels so fucking disposable?

(a breath)

Make a connection, Amelia. You're gonna have to do it sometime; maybe not now, maybe not with me but at some point you're gonna have to risk it. I know it hurts, I know it's terrifying...but until you do you'll always be circling above your life you'll never be living it.

(softly)

Come back to us, Amelia. You want to feel a part of something try joining the human race.

Lisa is stunned.

INT. THEATRE - LATER

Most of the audience has filtered out; Lewis and Lisa are the only ones remaining in their seats. Lisa just sits there, staring down at the program in her lap. Outside in the lobby we can hear the lively chatter of a reception in progress.

We see Kim in the lobby, babbling happily to Daniel and several others. She spots Lisa and Lewis through the door; excuses herself, moves to a table and pours two plastic cups of wine, goes back into the theatre. She cautiously approaches.

KIM

Um...thought you guys might need these.

Lewis rises, awkwardly takes a cup. A beat. Kim tentatively holds the other cup out to Lisa.

LEWIS

Lisa?

Lisa, numb, just sits there.

KIM

Right. Well, they say if you can reach one person....

(a horrible silence.

She pretends to spot someone in the lobby)

Uh oh, shmooze-op at five-o'clock.

She hands the other glass of wine to Lewis, hesitates a moment longer, then leaves.

Lewis turns to Lisa. A long silence, then, almost inaudibly:

LISA

I'll go.

HIGH ANGLE - CAR

A light snow falls as Lewis' battered compact speeds up the Palisades Parkway on a gray December day. The towers of Manhattan fall away behind them.

INT. CAR - MOVING - LATER

The windshield wipers squeak rythmically against the glass as the Connecticut countryside rolls by. Lisa sits paralyzed.

LISA

I changed my mind.

LEWIS

Can you grab me an apple?

LISA

I can't do this. I'm sorry, I really am but I just can't; please turn the car around.

LEWIS

They're right behind your seat there.

LISA

I'm gonna be sick.

(turning to him)

Let's have Christmas at home, just the two of us? We'll watch "It's a Wonderful Life" for the millionth time and order in curry from Tandori Palace and light a fire and make love until we're really really sore, okay?

LEWIS

We don't have a fireplace.

LISA

Okay?

LEWIS

I love that movie.

Lisa turns to stare at him. He keeps driving.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car ROARS by and disappears into the mist.

EXT. CONNECTICUT TOWN - DAY

They drive down the picturesque Main street. Lisa looks dubious. Lewis points out the sights.

LEWIS

I threw up over there once.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER - DAY

The car turns onto a tree-lined, snow-covered country road. The large, middle-class homes are spaced apart, separated by tracts of woodlands.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Lewis points out the countryside ahead of them.

LEWIS

This whole area was all Indian territory; all that James Fenimore Cooper stuff? When we were kids we used to go hunting for arrowheads.

LISA

Neat.

EXT. FARRELL HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls up in front of a mid-sized colonial that's seen many colorful "improvements" over the years. Large trees, a basketball hoop, The driveway is already occupied by several other cars.

INT. CAR

Lewis turns off the engine. They sit motionless for a moment.

LEWIS

This is it.

(pause)

Maybe we should go in.

LISA

(terrified)

Oh, okay.

EXT. CAR - DAY

They get out of the car, taking their luggage and shopping bags full of presents with them. Lisa shivers, stamps her feet, her

breath steaming. She looks around. Opposite the house is a snow-covered field; all in all it is an idyllic winter setting.

LISA
I guess this is what they call
"nature."

LEWIS
That's what they call it.

LISA
It makes me nauseous.

She shivers. They start up the path to the door, their shoes crunching in the snow.

LISA
There's still time to change your
mind; if we left right now we could
be eating chutney by eight.

LEWIS
I love you.

LISA
Oh, gee, that changes everything.

They arrive at the front door. Lewis is about to ring the bell -

LISA
LEWIS!

He looks at her, startled. She looks back, white with terror. She takes a huge breath, adjusts her scarf -

LISA
Okay.

Lewis kisses her...then pushes the doorbell.

LISA
How do I look, do I look like a
Gumbyhead?

LEWIS
A Gumbyhead I could spend the rest
of my life with.

Lisa freezes. The door opens and Lewis turns towards it.

LEWIS
Mom!

INT. FARRELL FOYER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS. FARRELL welcomes them inside. She hugs Lewis, waves to Lisa over his shoulder, smiling.

MRS. FARRELL

Hi!

LEWIS

Hey Mom. Mom, this is -

Two TWELVE YEAR OLD BOYS come racing by and out the door -

MRS. FARRELL

Yo! Hey -!

(calling after them)

- WATCH IT, YOU'LL SLIP AND CRACK
YOUR HEADS OPEN (so slip and crack
your heads open) Lisa, hi, welcome;
I've heard so much about you.

To Lisa's surprise Mrs. Farrell hugs her too.

MRS. FARRELL

Brrr. Come on in, take off your
coats.

They remove their coats; Mrs. Farrell helps them with the bags as they move down the entry hall. Somewhere a child is banging on a piano.

MRS. FARRELL

(over her shoulder)

We put Wendy and Sam in the guest
room because of the baby so we moved
the queen size into Lewis' old room;
I hope that's okay.

LEWIS

Mark's old one?

MRS. FARRELL

(to Lisa)

It's been down in the basement since
we turned his room into my office
but I aired it out.

(passing the den

where the piano banging
is coming from)

Jason, come say hi to Uncle Lewis
and Lisa.

They move into the living room. It is dominated by a large, beautifully decorated lit-up Christmas tree. Rising from the couch to meet them, dorrito in hand, is SAM ROSENTHAL; sitting beside him is a genial middle-aged couple and an attractive young woman rocking a sleeping nine-month old; she waves.

LEWIS

Lisa, this is my sister Wendy, her husband Sam....

SAM

Hi; nice to meet you.

LEWIS

Bob and Eva Franklin; hey guys.

Eight-year old JASON races into the room, twirling around to make himself dizzy.

LEWIS

...and this is Jason.

SAM

Stop that for a minute and say hi Jace.

JASON

(stopping, breathless)

Hi Jace!

(he cracks up, then runs out of the room)

SAM

(meaningfully)

Jason is eight.

WENDY

And this is Katie.

(waving Katie's hand)

Say hi Katie.

Mrs. Farrell goes to the back door and calls out.

MRS. FARRELL

Mark, your brother and Lisa are here! Taylor?

(closing the door)

They're coming.

LEWIS

Where's Dad?

MRS. FARRELL

He went to his meeting then afterwards he was going to pick up some firewood. And Grandma Jean...

WENDY

I think she's downstairs taking a nap.

SAM

Jason's been sort of a handful today.

MRS. FARRELL

Your Aunt Meg will be here later, and Bill Evans...

LEWIS

(overlapping)

Please tell me her camera's still broken.

MRS. FARRELL

She got a new one. Autowind.

LEWIS

(confides to Lisa)

Pathological picture taker.

The back door opens and MARK FARRELL, Lewis' twenty-three year old brother enters, brushing off snow, stops as he sees Lewis:

MARK

Pinhead!

LEWIS

Pusbag! Get over here.

Mark comes over; Lewis puts him in a mock headlock as Mark pretends to gag.

LEWIS

Markey, this is Lisa.

MARK

(raspily)

Hi Lisa.

MRS. FARRELL

Where's Taylor?

MARK

(breaking the chokehold,
putting Lewis in a
mock armlock)

He's just finishing up.

(to Lisa)

We've been making sure all the
snowmen in the neighborhood are
anatomically correct.

WENDY

(to Lisa)

How was the drive up?

LISA

Okay.

LEWIS

It goes pretty fast.

MARK

Sure, with Mario Andretti here...
(they spar)

MRS. FARRELL

(to Lisa)

You must be tired, why don't we get
you settled. Would you like some
tea?

LISA

Tea? Tea. No. Thanks.

They start to gather their things together. We hear the front
door opening and boots clomping and -

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

WHERE'S MY BOY?

(Lewis smiles at Lisa)

WHERE'S MY BOY?

MR. FARRELL enters, burly, red-cheeked, carrying a bunch of
duraflame firelogs. He dumps them by the fireplace.

MRS. FARRELL

I thought you were going to buy a
half cord -!

MR. FARRELL

They were all out; anyway these are
more appealingly packaged.

(turns to Lewis, gives
him a bearhug)

HERE'S MY BOY!

LEWIS

Hey pop.

MR. FARRELL

(turning to Lisa)

And who is THIS?

LEWIS

Dad, this is -

MR. FARRELL

I KNOW WHO IT IS!

(gives her a bear hug)

Hi Lisa, nice to meet you.

LISA

Um, hi.

MR. FARRELL

(releasing her)

Hope you don't mind but we're
tactile people.

LISA

N-Not at all.

MRS. FARRELL

I was just saying -

Just then a miniature, black, oinking vietnamese pig comes running through the living room and disappears into the kitchen. A moment of silence, Jason comes racing through in hot pursuit. Sam sighs.

SAM

I'll get him.

He goes after him as Mr. Farrell leaves to take off his coat and boots.

MRS. FARRELL

I was just saying they must be tired
after their drive and they might
want to catch their breath before
dinner.

LEWIS

(mock dubious)

Is that what I smell?

MRS. FARRELL

Oh shut up.

Lewis smiles. A moment of quiet. He looks over to his sister, rocking the sleeping baby. A moment between them.

LEWIS

Hey sis.

(Wendy smiles, waves;
Lewis turns to Lisa)

LEWIS

So what do you think, should we go
upstairs?

Lisa, completely overwhelmed, can only nod. Lewis turns and smiles at his family:

LEWIS

We'll go upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

Mrs. Farrell helps them carry their things up the stairs. As they climb up Lisa looks at the dozens of framed photographs that cover the wall.

MRS. FARRELL
(over her shoulder)
It can get a little chilly in here;
Tom still hasn't fixed the weather
stripping so I put on an extra
comforter...

Lisa stops. She is staring at a picture of a younger Lewis, standing beside a pretty young woman with auburn hair.

MRS. FARRELL (O.C.)
...there's also a space heater in
the closet but it's old and makes
this sort of....noise, still...

Lewis turns, realizes Lisa isn't behind him. He and Mrs. Farrell exchange a glance. Lewis puts down his bags and goes back to stand next to Lisa.

LISA
That's her.

LEWIS
Yeah.

LISA
She's beautiful.
(a pause)
I'm sorry.

LEWIS
For what?
(a pause)
You want to go up now?

Lisa nods. They start back up the stairs, then follow Mrs. Farrell down the hall.

INT. LEWIS' OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The three of them enter the room stand there for a moment, looking into the room, full of the artifacts of Lewis' childhood.

LEWIS
Oh Mom, before I forget - there're
some pointsettias in the back of the
car; I'll bring them in later -

MRS. FARRELL
You didn't have to do that.

LEWIS

They were leftover at the store.

MRS. FARRELL

Well, as long as you...

(they both finish the sentence)

...didn't pay for them.

(pausing)

Okay; that should do it. You know where everything is; if you guys need anything else just yell.

LEWIS

Thanks Mom.

MRS. FARRELL

Lisa, we're very glad to have you with us.

LISA

It's nice to be here.

LEWIS

(lightly)

Yeah, she couldn't wait to come.

MRS. FARRELL

Oh shut up.

She shares a "what are you going to do?" sigh with Lisa, exits. Lisa sits on the bed. A pause.

LEWIS

Well?

(Lisa just nods dumbly, overwhelmed)

They're loud, but nice.

(pausing)

You okay?

LISA

Fine...I just don't seem to be able to, y'know....breathe.

(a huge breath, then)

Your brother's adorable.

LEWIS

He knows.

LISA

(a pause; looking around)

How come you have these stickers all over everything?

She is referring to the oval STP stickers that cover much of

the furniture. Lewis picks up a nerf football from the nightstand, toys with it.

LEWIS

My Dad gave them to me when I was a kid; he used to race for them.

LISA

You never told me that.

LEWIS

Before he got married and started contracting, yeah. He drove funny cars for STP, Penzoil; set some records.

LISA

What kind of meeting is he going to on Christmas Eve?

LEWIS

A.A.

Lisa sits on the bed. Lewis lies back on the bed, putting the football down. Lisa picks it up.

LEWIS

So?

LISA

I dunno. It's all so... perfect.

LEWIS

Oh don't worry, we're plenty screwed up.

LISA

You know what I mean.

(softly)

It's so weird to think of home as anything but a place to escape from.

(pause)

You're really lucky.

A pause. Lewis nods, then sighs and settles back on the bed.

LISA

Lewis...

LEWIS

(yawns)

I'm sorry - someone kept me up half the night arguing and the other half making up.

Lewis closes his eyes, settles in for what appears to be a nap.
Lisa looks at him for a long moment.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Lisa walks down the stairs, pausing at the picture of Lewis and Katherine - and then another photo catches her eye:

It is a picture of the old Lewis: Armani, sunglasses, a hard, killer smile. Lisa peers at it... and then her gaze shifts again to another photo: an old man with a huge smile on his face, standing with a pitchfork in the middle of a desolate patch of earth.

WENDY (O.C.)

Grandpa Lewis.

Lisa whirls to find Wendy smiling at her, holding the baby.
Lisa recovers, looks back at the picture.

LISA

His garden?

WENDY

Mm. And that was a good year.

Lisa comes the rest of the way down the stairs.

LISA

There are a lot of pictures.

WENDY

Aunt Meg took most of them. Around here we say "If Aunt Meg didn't shoot it, it didn't happen."

(Lisa smiles)

I have to change her; wanna help?

(Lisa looks around, points questioningly at herself)

C'mon, it's fun.

INT. DEN - DAY

Sam is asleep on the couch, softly snoring as Jason quietly plays a video game in the corner; Wendy and Lisa move to the changing table.

WENDY

Here, if you'll just hold her a minute...

LISA

Maybe I shouldn't; I mean I might drop her or something.

WENDY

Oh I drop her all the time, it's good for them.

She hands Katie to Lisa, who nervously takes her, holds her.

WENDY

That's it.

She smiles, then starts getting out diapers, baby powder, etc. Lisa, terrified, tries to act casual as the baby drools on her shoulder.

WENDY

She likes you; usually she won't drool on you until she's known you at least an hour.

(finishes)

There. Here you go, Katelah.

Finished with her preparations, she takes the baby back and places her on the changing table, then dabs Lisa's jacket clean with a washcloth.

LISA

Oh. Um. Thanks.

Lisa watches as Wendy expertly begins to change the baby.

WENDY

So. You and Lewis set a date yet?

(Lisa freezes)

I'm kidding.

LISA

I knew that.

WENDY

You know he's totally nuts about you. Goes on and on every time he calls.

LISA

He does?

WENDY

Yep.

LISA

(pausing)

He's a good person.

WENDY

Basically.

(slowly)

You do have to keep an eye on him a little though.

LISA

What do you mean?

Wendy ~~then~~ then shakes her head dismissively.

LISA

Please.

Wendy ~~then~~ Finally:

WENDY

It's just sometimes...as much as he's changed...and he has changed, so much...in some ways there's still a little Wall Street left in our faintly flower delivery boy."

A moment later Wendy smiles a forced smile. Lifts up Katie.

WENDY

I'm done.

LISA

(after a pause, slowly)

Do you have any hand lotion? That's part of why I came down; I left mine at home and I thought...

WENDY

I don't but Mom probably does; she's in the kitchen.

LISA

M.

(pause)

Maybe I'll just...

WENDY

(nods)

Thanks for your help.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A bright, warm room. Jason's crayon drawings cover the fridge; a pot of cider simmers on the stove, a radio plays softly. Mrs. Farrell sits on a stool at the counter, brow furrowed, mashing potatoes. Lisa enters, stands unnoticed for a moment.

MRS. FARRELL

Hey! Come on in.

LISA

Lewis is sleeping. I was just wondering if you had any hand lotion....

MRS. FARRELL

Isn't it awful? On the sill.

LISA

Huh? Oh. Thanks.

Lisa gets the bottle from the sill above the sink, puts some on.

LISA

Um...Anything I can help you with?

MRS. FARRELL

Well...you want to finish these up while I make the salad?

LISA

Yes.

As the scene continues Lisa mashes potatoes and Mrs. Farrell makes the salad.

MRS. FARRELL

He's just crazy about you, y'know. Every time he calls he just can't stop talking about you.

LISA

Really.

MRS. FARRELL

(pauses, smiles)

Anyway we're really glad you're here.

LISA

(smiling back)

I feel very nauseous. Welcome. I feel very welcome.

MRS. FARRELL

Good.

The miniature pig we saw earlier waddles in. It sniffs around at Lisa's feet, then goes to drink from its water bowl. After a moment Jason follows, heads straight for the fridge, opens it-

MRS. FARRELL

Off-limits, we're eating soon.

JASON

But -

She stops him with a look. He sighs, picks up the squealing pig and exits.

LISA

Is Jason...?

MRS. FARRELL

Jason is Sam's son from his first marriage.

LISA

Oh.

(pause)

His mother is...?

MRS. FARRELL

Crazy. No, I don't mean that. About a year after he was born she got an itch and took off with a...I guess he was a missionary...

Mr. Farrell enters, opens the fridge

MR. FARRELL

Mercenary, hon.

(he takes a handful of
grapes, pops one in his mouth)

Man was a killer for hire.

MRS. FARRELL

Get out of there, we're eating soon.

MR. FARRELL

Down in Central or South America or something. Just gotta check my duck.

(he goes to the oven)

Looking good.

He smiles, pops another grape in his mouth and leaves.

MRS. FARRELL

So Lewis says you're in finance?

LISA

Yeah.

MRS. FARRELL

Is that fun?

Lisa frowns, tries to respond but can't think of what to say; Mrs. Farrell tactfully moves on.

MRS. FARRELL

I like real estate; makes me feel sort of like a matchmaker, y'know; the right house for the right

MRS. FARRELL (con'd)
 people? Sometimes they're ones my
 husband built which makes it nice.
 He built this one, also Sam and
 Wendy's. Maybe he'll build you and
 Lewis one one day. He always wanted
 to for him and Katherine...

A pause. She sets the salad down. Quietly:

MRS. FARRELL
 Lisa...this is awkward but I'm going
 to go ahead and say it anyway.
 Lewis...Lewis feels things so
 strongly, even as a child he was
 very intense and...focused about
 what he wanted, and now...I mean he
 seems fine but I think he's still
 very fragile in a way. When he first
 called and told us about you we were
 so thrilled - but also a little
 concerned. I mean, it's been so
 long, and...I mean I just don't...

LISA
 Mrs. Farrell.

MRS. FARRELL
 No, after a speech like that I think
 you better call me Barbara.

LISA
 Barbara. I don't know what's going
 to happen. But I know the last thing
 I want is to see Lewis get hurt.
 (then:)
 How was that?

MRS. FARRELL
 (gratefully)
 Perfect.

Lewis enters, sleepy. He opens the fridge, stands in front of
 it for a moment.

LEWIS
 I fell asleep.
 (pause)
 You guys talking?

MRS. FARRELL
 Nope, just standing here staring at
 each other.

LEWIS
 (grabs some grapes
 from the fridge)
 I thought I'd take Lisa down to see
 the perch before dinner.

MRS. FARRELL
 That would be nice. Aunt Meg and
 Bill should be here soon, and Barry
 and Rhonda. We'll probably eat
 around five-thirty.

LEWIS
 Grandma Jean up yet?

MRS. FARRELL
 Still napping.

LEWIS
 Okay?

MRS. FARRELL
 She'll be fine.
 (to Lisa)
 It's been nine years since Grandpa
 Lewis died but the holidays are
 still a little hard.

LEWIS
 (turning to Lisa)
 You want to take a walk?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TWILIGHT

Lewis and Lisa, bundled up, walk along the tree-lined lane,
 their feet crunching in the snow.

LEWIS
 You and Mom have a good talk?

LISA
 Mm-hm.
 (pause)

LEWIS
 You talk about me?

LISA
 You think that's all we have to talk
 about?

LEWIS
 Pretty much.
 (pauses)
 She tell you about my delicate
 condition?

LISA
What do you mean?

LEWIS
How you could inadvertently strike a
crippling blow to my fragile little
world.

(Lisa is silent)
It's not, you know. My life was
different before you came into it,
and I prefer having you in it, but
if this doesn't work out I'm not
going to fall apart.

LISA
(stops, turns to him)
Why are you telling me this?

LEWIS
If you think my happiness is depend-
ent on you...if you think that
you're the only thing holding me
back from the brink of...whatever -
I mean shit, that kind of pressure?
I'd be out of here so fast...

LISA
That's good to know.

LEWIS
No, really. I love you. I want to be
with you. But I don't need you, not
in that way. You're under no
obligation here.

LISA
I know that. And the same goes for
you.

LEWIS
I just think it's important... that
everything's out on the table.

Lisa stops, looks at him. There's something odd in his tone.
Lewis steps away, points:

LEWIS
This is it.

A large, craggy rock formation juts out over a gentle slope
that stretches down to the snow-covered valley beneath them.

They walk out to the edge of it and look out at the view.

LISA
It's beautiful.

LEWIS

I spent a lot of time here after
she died.

(turns to her)

But I'm really okay now.

He kisses her. They look out at the valley; warm light emanates from the windows of distant homes tucked under the trees. The stars have begun to come out. They look up.

LEWIS

(softly)

Where did we come from? Where are we
going...?

They continue to look out at the view as we HEAR:

MRS. FARRELL (V.O.)

Is that everything?

WENDY (V.O.)

I think that's everything.

INT. FARRELL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The entire family, some sixteen people (including AUNT MEG, BILL EVANS, TAYLOR, BARRY, RHONDA, their TWELVE-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER and the baby in a high chair) are seated around the table. The gentle clinking of silver and the rustle of cloth as Mrs. Farrell finishes lighting the tapers and Mark finishes pouring the wine. The table is beautiful, the china and crystal glinting in the candlelight, pointsettias on either end serving as centerpieces. Sam shushes Jason, who is quietly rocking in his chair to make it squeak.

Mr. Farrell, at the head of the table, turns to his right where GRANDMA JEAN sits, a handsome woman of eighty.

MR. FARRELL

Mom? Will you do the honors?

They join hands, bows their heads. Lisa hesitates, joins them.

GRANDMA JEAN

Lord, bless this table and all of us
who sit around it. Thank you for
your bounty and your blessings
tonight and every night. Bless those
who are no longer present at our
table...

(she pauses briefly)

...and welcome those who join us for
the first time....Baby Kate, and our
new friend Lisa.

(Lisa reacts)

MORE

GRANDMA JEAN (con'd)
 Thank you for the company and
 comfort of this, our family, and of
 the larger family that dwells in
 your house forever. Amen.

Amen. Lewis squeezes Lisa's hand.

INT. FARRELL KITCHEN - NIGHT

After dinner; Lewis, Mark, Taylor and Wendy finish bring the
 dishes in; Sam and Mrs. Farrell are at the sink; Lisa dries a
 baking pan. Suddenly a shrill voice cries:

AUNT MEG (O.C.)

Hold it!

Everyone in the kitchen stops, turns wearily toward the voice
 and smiles perfunctorily. A series of FLASHES goes off with the
 SOUND of an AUTOWINDER. AUNT MEG nods, checks her focus, sips
 her scotch.

AUNT MEG

Got it; thanks.
 (she leaves)

LEWIS

I'm gonna break that thing.

Jason comes running in, tugs on Wendy's sweater.

JASON

Is it time yet?

WENDY

(to Sam)
 It's almost his bedtime.

SAM

Mom?

MRS. FARRELL

Sure.

(to Jason)
 Let us just finish up in here, okay?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lewis and Lisa come in from the kitchen on their way to the
 living room, wiping their hands on towels. The others are
 just behind them.

LISA

What is this?

LEWIS

You'll see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone gathers around the tree. Mr. Farrell throws another duraflame on the fire.

As Lisa enters the living room she notices the painting above the sofa - an impressionistic bouquet of flowers.

MR. FARRELL

(fixing the fire)

Lisa, we have a tradition here,
started many years ago by my three
spoiled and impatient children...
that everyone gets to open one gift
on Christmas eve; sort of a head
start on tomorrow's orgy of greed.

(he rises, brushing
hands off on his pants)

So. Who's first?

JASON

Me!!

MR. FARRELL

Let's see; who should it be...

JASON

(straining)

Mmm...mme, please.

LEWIS

I think we have something for Jason.

MR. FARRELL

Jason? You want to open a present?

JASON

No duh.

LEWIS

Mom, grab that blue one under the
tree? To the left...yeah.

She hands the package to Lewis; it is actually two packages, a
larger one and a smaller tied together with ribbon.

LEWIS

Jace, from Lisa and me.

Jason grabs it out of his hands and immediately goes for the
larger package, tearing off its wrapping...

It is a beautiful hardbound book; gilt-edged, heirloom quality.

LEWIS

That's David Copperfield, Jace. That was one of my favorite books when I was your age.

(off Wendy's look)

Around your age.

Jason puts it down in front of him. He's doing his best to hide his disappointment.

JASON

Thanks Uncle Lewis, thanks Lisa.

LEWIS

Isn't there something else there?

JASON

Huh? Oh.

He sighs, opens the second smaller package - and suddenly his face lights up as he holds up the Nintendo cartridge.

JASON

CyberNinja five, excellent!

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Almost everyone has opened a gift; Sam is holding up a navy blue cable knit sweater. Wendy and the baby sit next to him, Lisa next to Wendy.

AUNT MEG (O.C.)

Hold it!

(FLASH, AUTOWIND)

Got it.

WENDY

Try it on.

SAM

I will, hon; later.

WENDY

If you don't like it or it doesn't fit I kept the receipt...

SAM

It's perfect honey; thanks.

They kiss. A pause.

MR. FARRELL

I think that's everyone.

WENDY
(turning to Lisa)
Could you hold Katie for a minute; I
have to run to the kitchen.

LISA
Um, I -

Before she can protest she's holding the baby. She's terrified;
but the baby is sound asleep.

MRS. FARRELL
Is that everyone? Did everybody open
something?

LEWIS
I don't think Lisa did.

LISA
Oh, that's okay, really.

MRS. FARRELL
No, no, no. Lisa...let's see...
(she starts looking under
the tree)

LEWIS
Mom?

MRS. FARRELL
It's here somewhere...

LEWIS
Mom.
(she looks up)
I got this one.

He rises, goes over to the tree and finds a small, elegantly
wrapped box. He goes to sit next to her, hands it to her. She
stares. Slowly she reaches out and takes it.

MRS. FARRELL
(sensing the import here,
calls)
Um, Wendy....?

She turns to see Wendy is standing in the doorway.

Lisa continues to stare at Lewis.

LEWIS
Open it.
Slowly she unwraps it.

It is a small black box. She slowly opens it, revealing a blue velvet ring box inside. She looks up at Lewis.

LEWIS

Open it.

She opens it.

Sitting inside is a stunning engagement band; crowned with a tiny, delicate gold rosebud with a diamond in its center.

LEWIS

It's, um.

(pause)

It's an engagement ring.

(pause)

Which I guess makes this a proposal.

The room is dead silent.

WENDY

(pained; her breath escaping)

Lewis...

Lisa's hands starts to shake.

LEWIS

Lisa...?

LISA

I...I...I'm sorry...I just...

She begins to hyperventilate.

MRS. FARRELL

Honey, are you okay?

Looking around in a daze Lisa finds Wendy, holds the baby out to her -

LISA

I'm - I'm sorry, c-could you...?

Wendy quickly comes and retrieves the baby.

LEWIS

Lisa?

Lisa doesn't seem to hear as she rises, looks around disoriented, dizzy, starts to stumble toward the door -

LEWIS

Honey?

Everyone looks at Lewis; he is up and hurrying after her.

EXT. FARRELL HOME - NIGHT

The snowy landscape gleams blue in the moonlight; trees, mailbox, an overturned tricycle buried in a glittering blanket of snow.

Lisa stumbles down the lane, Lewis close behind, the snow crunching underfoot, their words tumbling out in puffs of white.

LEWIS

Lisa -? LISA -

He catches up with her.

LEWIS

Lisa?

(grabs her shoulders)

LISA

No.

LEWIS

What? What is it?

LISA

No -

LEWIS

Lisa -

LISA

(murmurs)

Amelia.

(she shakes her head
violently to clear it)

I have to leave now, I'm sorry. I
can't - Please. Please let me go
now.

LEWIS

What?

LISA

I c-can't do this. I'm so sorry but
I just can't do this, I don't know
how, I thought I could pretend but I
can't, I can't -

LEWIS

Lisa -

LISA

No. Your family is wonderful,
they're really truly wonderful, you
should be so proud. But I'm not
meant to be here...

LEWIS
What are you talking about?

LISA
But you'll find someone, you will.
You'll find someone really great.

LEWIS
(gaping)
Jesus Christ; Lisa, you're just -

LISA
(backing away)
Going.

Lewis is speechless.

LEWIS
Fine, we'll go. I'll get the car.

LISA
No.

He stares at her, finally getting it.

LEWIS
Jesus, if you think I'm just gonna
let you -

LISA
It's done.

LEWIS
NO!

Lisa turns, starts to go. Lewis grabs her shoulders -

LEWIS
I won't let you do this - !

LISA
(whirling on him)
IT'S DONE, Lewis, okay? You gave me
permission, I'm taking your advice.

He stares at her, dumbfounded. His voice shakes.

LEWIS
All - all right. Maybe I wanted this
too bad, maybe I pushed too hard-

LISA

(amazed)

Pushed too hard? Pushed too - !

(almost laughing; soft)

The mysterious flowers from the
 Prince in disguise. Roses on the
 hour. Cream, milk and half and
 half... I mean, it was all...
 perfect. Too perfect.

(beat; soft)

You acquired me, Lewis. From the
 very beginning you've been writing
 the script of this, playing me -

LEWIS

I -

LISA

And I wanted to be played. I wanted
 to live out the fantasy too. Because
 it was so much easier to believe
 than the truth.

He stares at her. Finally, almost inaudibly:

LEWIS

I - I - I didn't mean - I mean I
 never meant -

(truly shaken)

Okay. Maybe I screwed up. And maybe
 you have every right to do this.
 Maybe you have every excuse to walk
 away. But I don't think that's why
you're walking away.

Lisa just stares.

LEWIS

I don't think that's what this is
 about at all.

Then: .

LEWIS

Why don't you want to have kids?

Lisa freezes.

Something releases in her. She starts to cry softly.

LEWIS

(helpless, moving to her)

Lisa -

(she shakes her head)

Lise, I -

LISA

Please...

LEWIS

Lisa -

LISA

That's not my name.

(her voice shaking)

That's not what my name is.

(her eyes fill with tears)

I don't know what my name is.

She is weeping openly now. Lewis goes to her, tries to hold her but she backs away. She stands crying, shivering in the moonlight.

LISA

Lewis. Lewis. It's so wonderful, you know, you should be so grateful for it.

(touches his face)

Lewis.

(pause)

I would love to be able to give you something, Lewis. I would love to be able to give you...part of myself, y'know? But that's not something I have in my possession right now.

(pause)

And the reason I can't have children - the reason I can't have kids Lewis is because if I did I would have absolutely no idea what to name them.

He stares at her.

She begins backing away, hands stuffed in her pockets, as Lewis continues to stare and we

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A downpour in Central Park on a dark, gloomy day. Through the gray mist we can dimly make out the lights of midtown.

Lisa sits at her desk working, the rain visible through the window behind her. Francine comes in and places a file in front of her. Lisa doesn't look up.

Lisa walks briskly down Lexington Avenue on a clear day. She passes a branch of the Public Library. Her stride slows almost imperceptibly, then speeds back up.

Lisa at her desk working, late at night. Simon, overcoat on and briefcase in hand, walks by the open door, the deserted, darkened office visible behind him. He pauses at Lisa's door, unnoticed, watches her for a long moment.

Lisa lying in a bed we haven't seen before, looking pensively out the window. The light of a television flickers across her face. As we pull back we see Danny lying with his back to her, asleep.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A somewhat bland room in an ultra modern high-rise.

Lisa is still sleeping as Danny buttons his shirt in the mirror.

After a moment she stirs in bed; sits up. Danny smiles perfunctorily at her in the mirror.

LISA
What time is it?

DANNY
Breakfast meeting.

A pause. She looks around sleepily for a moment.

LISA
I guess I fell asleep.
(pause)
Sorry.

DANNY
Don't be silly.
(a pause)
Didn't you say you were supposed to go in early today?

LISA
Huh? Oh. Yeah, I guess.
(a pause)
Maybe I'll just stay in bed.

DANNY
Housekeeper comes at eleven.

A pause. Danny begins tying his tie in the mirror.

LISA
You wanna have dinner tonight?

DANNY
Can't; I have to go to Boston, I'm on the six o'clock.

LISA

Oh.

(a pause)

It's Easter this weekend.

DANNY

Hm? Yeah, I guess.

LISA

(pausing)

Talk to your family lately?

He stops, turns to her.

DANNY

Why would you ask me that?

LISA

No reason.

DANNY

No, really. I mean...ever since we started up again you've been...

LISA

(defensive)

What?

DANNY

Different. Asking about my family -? I mean I say I can't have dinner and all of a sudden I start feeling guilty -

LISA

All I did was -!

DANNY

No. The point is I never used to feel that way. You know our agreement about spending the night; you're the one who insisted on it. I mean once in a while is fine but lately it's been like all the time-

LISA

Fine. I'm sorry. I'm out of here.

DANNY

No; c'mon, that's not what I mean and you know it.

LISA

So?

DANNY

~~And~~ I'm saying is...I just get the
 feeling you're looking for...more.
 And the whole point of this was
 neither of us had time for that now.
 Eventually, sure...but not now. Not
 for me.

She just sits there for a moment. To her frustration she finds
 herself tearing up.

DANNY

~~Hey...~~

LISA

~~Wait.~~

Danny sits on the bed next to her.

DANNY

~~Look~~, it's not a big deal.

LISA

No, you're right, I'm a bitch.

He takes her hand. Brushes her hair back from her eyes. Gently:

DANNY

No.

She looks up at him. He smiles sympathetically. A moment...then
 he rises, grabs his overnight bag and coat.

DANNY

Turn out the lights before you go,
 okay?

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - DAY

Lisa sits at her desk working. A light tap on the door.

She looks up.

Kim stands there. A pause.

KIM

Hi.

LISA

Hi.

A pause.

KIM

I'm - I'm sorry to bother you; here,
 I mean. I mean...

KIM (con'd)

I mean you haven't returned my calls
and I just...missed you and every-
thing and I guess I was just
wondering how much longer you were
planning on hating my guts.

A moment.

LISA

I don't hate your guts. I've...been busy.

KIM

Mm.

LISA

Not just work, I mean. I've sort of been
convalescing.

KIM

Right.

(a pause)

Well. I won't hold you up.

LISA

Kim...

Lisa wants to say more but can't bring herself to.

KIM

Yeah.

(a pause)

Oh, almost forgot.

She comes back into the office, takes out an envelope and
places it on Lisa's desk.

LISA

What's this?

KIM

Nothing; just a quote I came across
by this writer I sort of like. It
made me think of you so I typed it
up.

LISA

I...thanks.

KIM

(nods, then)

Okay.

She starts to leave - then stops in the doorway, turns around -

KIM (con'd)

Okay. I've been thinking a lot about what happened - all right pretty much exclusively, and after being really thoroughly awfully horribly ruthless with myself I think I've come to the semi-objective conclusion that my motives were at least in part, y'know, not evil, even well-intentioned, if misguided, whatever, and although there's certainly no reason for you to ever talk to me again and I would certainly never try to persuade you to that effect I would only say in my own defense that I do, y'know, love you, and that maybe as a friend I'm not exactly perfection, but you're not exactly the easiest person in the world either, sister, okay, cheap shot, off the subject, and anyway it's no excuse and I'm leaving now but I'm sorry and anyway that's it, okay?

LISA

(beat; simply)

Okay.

KIM

(unsure)

Okay?

LISA

Okay.

(beat)

I'll call you, okay?

Kim holds her breath -

KIM

Okay.

Kim smiles shyly, frowns, sighs, twists her hair then leaves.

Lisa looks down at the envelope for a moment, then opens it, unfolds the contents.

Typed on a sheet of bond paper is the following:

"Tis but my name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man....

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

- Romeo and Juliet; Act II, scene ii

Lisa looks down at the paper for a long time.

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

A beautiful Spring day. Lisa walks, lost in thought. After a moment she glances up - and stops.

LISA'S POV

An unremarkable sight. A young MOTHER lifts her small DAUGHTER up onto a park bench, then kneels to tie her shoe.

TIGHT ON LISA

watching, rapt. Hold.

A gentle breeze stirs, lightly blowing her hair. Hold.

And then, as if waking from a dream, she suddenly turns and finds that she's standing next to a flower shop.

INT. LEWIS' LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Lewis is looking for a book in a bookcase we haven't seen before. The windows open out on the Spring evening, a magic sky over the park.

The apartment is now filled with new, different furniture. Only the Lalique vase remains on the table near the rocking chair; it holds a single sterling rose.

There is a knock at the door.

Lewis looks up. He puts down the children's book he's holding and goes to the door.

LEWIS

Who is it?

(a pause)

Hello?

LISA (O.C.)

(voice catching)

Delivery.

Lewis stops. He stands motionless for a long moment.
He opens the door.

Lisa stands there, holding a small bouquet of heliotrope.

LISA
Your light was on.

Lewis is silent.

LISA
I - I wasn't sure you'd be here. I
thought you might be out on one of
your walks or something.

LEWIS
I sort of got out of the habit.

LISA
Oh.
(pause)
How are Jimmy and Randy?

LEWIS
I sold the shop.
(a pause)
I'm working part time as an
investment consultant for the city;
public health and housing
commission.

LISA
Oh.
(a pause)
How's your family?

LEWIS
They're good.

A moment. She wipes her eyes, starts to say something -
Just then we hear a Woman's voice calling from the bedroom,
moving toward them.

VOICE (O.C.)
Lewis, I meant to ask before, do you
have any...?

Lisa freezes. She and Lewis lock eyes for a timeless moment -
- and then Wendy appears in the doorway, holding a cooing,
animated Katie in her arms. She stops as she sees Lisa.

WENDY
Lisa.

A pause.

LEWIS
Sam's in town on business so Wendy
and Katie came by for a visit.

LISA

Right. Well. I was just -

WENDY

No you weren't.

She smiles quickly, encouragingly at Lisa, then leaves. A pause. Lisa takes a huge breath.

LISA

Well.

She holds out the bouquet to Lewis.

LEWIS

Lisa...

LISA

Put a little seven-up in the water.
Sounds weird, I know, but it works.

She searches his face for a sign.

LISA

Yeah. Well. I should be going.

A pause. Lewis is silent. Lisa starts to go. Her footsteps echo down the hall.

After a moment she stops. She turns back to him.

LISA

Um...this is the part where you're
supposed to say "Wait."

Lewis is silent. She takes a few steps back towards him, wipes her eyes.

LISA

Yeah, see...I'm supposed to start to
leave and then...that's when you
forgive me for being...such a
coward; for staying so far away you
could never have reached me...and
for being the last to know what I
guess everyone else already knew.

(beat)

And you call out "Wait. Don't go,"
see, and then I stop and, then we
hug and then we know everything's
y'know, gonna be okay.

A pause. Simply:

LEWIS

I guess I'm just not familiar with
the procedure.

LISA

I guess not.

(wipes her eyes)

Yeah. Well, I'll...see you around.

She looks at him for a long moment.

She turns and starts to go, for real this time.

LEWIS

(softly)

Wait.

Lisa stops in her tracks.

LEWIS

(his voice catching)

Don't go.

A pause. She turns around. She slowly walks back, faces him across the threshold. She looks up at him, her eyes filled with hope and longing and terror. An excruciating pause, then:

LEWIS

How was that?

She can't take it anymore; she hugs him fiercely; after a moment he too hugs back, whispers in her ear.

LEWIS

Everything's gonna be okay.

They continue to stand there on the threshold, holding each other with all their might, as we

FEVERSE

and begin to move away, the vase with the rose coming into view in the foreground, then receding as we travel out the window through which we can now see a wobbly Katie toddling uncertainly toward them, as we begin to move up the side of the building, up the fire escape...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A SUDDENLY ILLUSTRATED VERSION

....of the same fire escape as we continue to move up, up past a painted, blooming roof garden and out to a storybook, r-filled sky.

FADE OUT