

From Scott Sidell

blockhead

by Emily Fox

418 1/2 South Bedford Drive
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
(310) 552-3020

Registered: WGAw No. 691471

An actually quite funny and
well-written exploration of the
possible adult lives of the
gang. Charlie is smuggling winter
leaves as well, ice-prince therapist,
Mary & Penny or pot smoking
lesbian.
Funny and quite
charming.
How's his storytelling
though?

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

A yellow and black Volvo navigates through heavy traffic. Passes under a SIGN for the CROSS BRONX EXPRESSWAY.

CHARLIE, 28, tall, amiable, clueless, drums on the steering wheel. An old beagle hangs its head out a back window.

CHARLIE

(singing; tuneless)

Your hands and feet are mangos, you're gonna be a genius anywaaaaay, do do do do do dee do do doo do do doodoo dee do...

Suddenly, a sound like a

GUNSHOT

and the car lurches. Charlie pulls over. Cars HONK angrily.

CHARLIE

What the...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

LUCY, 28, a striking, pale-skinned brunette, lies on her side and struggles awake only to realize that someone

OBSCURED FROM VIEW

is SCREWING her from behind. He finishes with a groan and rolls away. She waits a moment. SLIDES out of bed.

CLOSE IN ON: her hand, as it scoops up earrings and a watch from the night table. A silver BRACELET is left behind.

I/E. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

LINUS, 27, gets out of a cab and shuffles into the lobby. His thinning brown hair, brushed straight back, exposes the forehead of a worrywart.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Linus stands outside the bathroom door and knocks lightly.

LINUS

Luce? You in there? I'm back.

Lucy opens the door. Black mud masque on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Bon matin, mon petit frère.

LINUS

What happened to your face?

LUCY

I'm clarifying my skin.

LINUS

Any word from Charlie?

LUCY

Of course not. Why would he be on time?
Why would he call if he were running
late? Why would he do anything right?

LINUS

He probably made a wrong turn and ended
up in Florida.

LUCY

Knowing him, he probably got as far as
the Cross Bronx and got a flat.
(noticing something)
Oh, fuck. My bracelet.

LINUS

You forget it at Schroeder's?

LUCY

Yeah, must've.

LINUS

You stay there last night?

The phone rings. She looks at him. He goes to answer it.

LINUS

Hello. Hi...Hi, Charlie. I can barely
hear you...You're WHERE?

EXT. CROSS BRONX EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The Volvo's pulled over, one tire deflated. A taxi idles
behind it.

Linus jacks up the car. Charlie stands by helplessly. Lucy,
FUMING, watches out the taxi window. Traffic whizzes by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Linus, I'm sorry about this.

LINUS

It's not your fault. People get flat tires all the time.

LUCY

(hollering over the traffic)
You stupid blockhead! You couldn't have made it three more stupid miles?! You couldn't have broken down on the West Side Highway where at least there's a goddamn SHOULDER?

CHARLIE

Oh, brother.

LINUS

Ignore her, Charlie. There's no shoulder on the West Side Highway, either.

Lucy gets out of the cab and GRABS the dog out of the car.

LUCY

You're doomed, Charlie Brown. This is a sign! You should never have come to New York. You'll never make it here. I'm taking the dog and I'm going home.

Charlie leans in and stares at her face.

CHARLIE

Did you...is something different about your face?

LUCY

No!

Her cab speeds off.

LINUS

It's her nose. She got it fixed.

CHARLIE

It looks good.

LINUS

We don't discuss it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Any other taboo subjects I should know about before I move into your apartment?

LINUS

(thinking it over carefully)

Well, we don't discuss her beauty regimen, her clothes, her job or her love life unless she brings them up or asks a direct question. But you'll see -- she's mellowed out a lot since we were kids.

I/E. LINUS AND LUCY'S BUILDING - DAY

The Volvo hobbles up to the curb.

INSIDE, Linus and Charlie wait together for the elevator.

CHARLIE

I can't believe your grandmother left you a whole apartment. All my grandmother left me were some old war medals and a percentage of my inferiority complex.

LINUS

Well, Grandma van Pelt was crazy, but she had a serious head for investments. She bought this apartment in 1955 for \$10,000, and it'd probably be worth about \$850,000 on the open market today.

Linus steps into the elevator. Charlie just stands there.

LINUS

Well? Aren't you coming up?

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Charlie follows Linus into the kitchen, where Lucy's slicing bagels. She looks at Charlie with distaste.

LUCY

Charlie, this is a bagel. B-A-G-E-L. Bagel. We eat them here.

She walks out.

CHARLIE

Would it kill her to act even a little bit pleased to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Probably.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - LATER

Breakfast is finished. Linus talks excitedly.

LINUS

That's an interesting question, Charlie. Insider trading is this: let's say a startup company, like Starbucks, decides to go public. We have to decide if the stock is worth underwriting. When we do, we go on what's called a roadshow...

Lucy yawns dramatically. Linus looks embarrassed.

CHARLIE

We keeping you up, Lucy?

LUCY

Yes.

LINUS

(hastily)

So if I tell a friend of mine about a stock offering like that before he should know about it, and he invests and makes a lot of money, that's illegal.

LUCY

Don't you have a game today, Linus?

CHARLIE

A game? What kind of game?

LINUS

I'm in a league.

CHARLIE

A league? What kind of league?

LUCY

(exiting)

You'll see.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LUCY

(calling out)

Charlie! I put out some clean towels in case you want to wash up or whatever. They're these yellow ones with the black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She suddenly uncovers a package of BIRTH CONTROL PILLS.

LUCY

Uh-oh.

(calling again)

What's today?

LINUS

(O.S.)

Sunday!

She flips open the package. Cringes. POPS one, two...three pills into her palm. Suddenly:

Charlie appears in the doorway.

CHARLIE

You're supposed to take one of those every day, I think.

LUCY

(fake incredulity)

Really?

She puts the pills into her mouth and swallows, defiantly.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PLAYING FIELDS - DAY

Two bodies SLAM and bounce away from each other from the impact. An ultimate frisbee game is in full effect.

Linus and Charlie wear yellow FEMINIST FRISBEE LEAGUE jerseys. Lucy carries a newspaper under her arm.

PATTI, 27, a powerful-looking athlete, jogs up and gives Charlie a staggering pat on the back.

PATTI

Chuck! What a huge kick to see you! Ready to go get 'em, Tiger?

CHARLIE

(scared)

Whatever you say, Coach.

PATTI

Okay, the name of the game is bodycheck, bodycheck, bodycheck! Let's huddle!

She jogs off. Charlie looks at Linus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Bodycheck? Are we playing pro ice hockey?

LINUS

Patti takes this league pretty seriously.
It was her senior project at Wheaton.

CHARLIE

Captaining a frisbee team was her senior
project? What'd she major in? Gym?

LINUS

No, Women's Studies. She did a study of
the natural formation of a political
structure in a controlled group of
ideologically like-minded people.

CHARLIE

And you're a card-carrying member.

LINUS

(earnestly)

Patti assured me that it's a great way to
meet women.

LUCY

(archly)

For her, maybe.

EXT - CENTRAL PARK - PLAYING FIELDS - LATER

Charlie is getting the living shit kicked out of him. Patti
pats him on the back a lot, encouragingly.

Lucy reads on her blanket. MARCY, 27, a bespectacled academic
with no-nonsense hair and long legs, plops down next to her.

LUCY

Marcy! What brings you downtown?

MARCY

I'm here as a gesture of conciliation.

Marcy waves at Patti, who looks at her darkly as she runs by.

LUCY

Another lover's quarrel? Can't you two
play nice together?

MARCY

Hey, she picked the fight with me this
time. Speaking of not playing nice
together, isn't that Charlie Brown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5.

LUCY

Yes. Ugh. He's staying with us.

MARCY

For how long?

LUCY

Probably forever. It's so bleak.

MARCY

He was living at home, right?

LUCY

Since graduating. Now he wants to be a columnist, but you can't just BE a columnist. He'll end up working at Starbucks with all the other frustrated William Safires.

Both girls watch Charlie run for the soaring frisbee -- and it ricochets off his hand --

LUCY

I just hope he writes better than he catches.

-- but he recovers and does a victory dance in the end zone.

MARCY

Charlie Brown scored!

LUCY

That's a first.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Charlie holds an ice pack on his head and one on his ankle.

On the floor, Linus carefully, deliberately rolls a joint.

Patti and Marcy, legs entwined, are red-eyed and giggly.

PATTI

Careful, Linus. I think you dropped a molecule.

LINUS

Yeah, laugh now, Patti. Keep it up and you won't be getting any more.

He lights the joint, takes a deep hit, and passes it around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucy holds it up to Charlie's lips. He exhales and coughs violently. She SNATCHES it away.

CHARLIE

Can I say something?

LUCY

MAY I say something.

CHARLIE

May I say something, at the risk of sounding supercilious?

LUCY

Only if you can spell "supercilious."

CHARLIE

Okay. Patti, you're this super sports buff, right? Body is your temple and all that. And -- I'm just curious, I'm not judging -- but, are you a regular marijuana smoker?

LUCY

Blockhead, she's the source.

PATTI

The only real perk to teaching at a fancy private girl's school is getting to confiscate their drugs.

LINUS

You know what I really want?

LUCY

Did someone hear that buzzing?

LINUS

Doritos.

MARCY

Yeah, I hear it. It's like a slow, rhythmic buzzing. Like a zither.

PATTI

A what?

LINUS

Cool ranch Doritos.

(CONTINUED)

MARCY

A zither.

CHARLIE

It sounded like maybe the intercom.

LUCY

Is someone coming over?

MARCY

Everyone we know is here.

LINUS

Cool ranch Doritos and a lemon lime
Slice. Why doesn't anyone drink Slice
anymore? Slice is delicious!

PATTI

Marcy, what's a zither?

LUCY

Linus, go see if someone's at the door.

CHARLIE

What if one of us had the power to
conjure up a pizza delivery guy?

LINUS

And what the hell ever happened to Tab?
Now THERE was a diet soft drink.

PATTI

What's a zither? Anyone?

CHARLIE

It would take Pink Dot to a whole new
level.

MARCY

It's an instrument! Jesus!

CHARLIE

Just think about something, and they
bring it to you! Psychic Pink Dot! It's
genius!

PATTI

What's Pink Dot?

CHARLIE

You don't have Pink Dot here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PATTI

What IS it?

MARCY

Patti, why are you so goddamn curious about every goddamn thing?

CHARLIE

It's a delivery service. Like, groceries and stuff. They get you anything from anywhere. 1-800-PINK DOT. You don't have that? Maybe it's a west coast thing.

LINUS

Every store in New York delivers. You don't need a SERVICE.

LUCY

Linus, see if there's anyone at the door.

Linus gets up with difficulty. He opens the door -- no one there. He walks out to the elevator lobby. Empty. Then:

The elevator doors open. Before him stands a

GORGEOUS BLONDE

eating from a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos. Linus blinks.

LINUS

Am I dreaming?

SALLY

Linus?

LINUS

(realizing)

SALLY?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linus comes back to the powwow, carrying Sally's suitcases.

CHARLIE

Yeah, Pink Dot also has these little blue cars that look like Volkswagen bugs, with propellers on the top. They drive around and the propellers, like, rotate.

Everyone stares at Charlie. Dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Lucy? Charlie? Conference in the kitchen.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Lucy and Linus negotiate in fierce whispers in front of Charlie and his sister SALLY, 24 -- tall, great hair, deceptively soulful eyes. Looks dim but isn't.

LUCY

Two Browns descend upon the van Pelt household on the same day? A weaker person might sense conspiracy.

SALLY

It's just for a little while. Until I find a place.

LUCY

That's what your brother said, too. And he's already been here for eight hours.

LINUS

Why can't Sally crash here, too? We have plenty of space.

LUCY

Most of which is blanketed with your stupid Wall Street Journals.

LINUS

We'll get the maid to come twice a week.

LUCY

The maid is expensive.

SALLY

If it's a problem I can go to a hotel.

CHARLIE

(to Sally, under his breath)
Weren't you supposed to be out of the country for the next four months...?

SALLY

(whispering back)
Things didn't exactly go as planned.

LUCY

Sally, can't you go home? It's only like an hour and a half on Metro North.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
Not exactly.

Sally and Charlie share a strained look.

CHARLIE
It's our mom...She's having a tough time
since our dad...well...

SALLY
(blurting)
...The bank repossessed our house.

CHARLIE
Sally!

SALLY
What?

CHARLIE
That was supposed to be a secret. I mean,
she BEGGED us not to tell anyone.

LINUS
They repossessed your HOUSE?

SALLY
They SEIZED it.

CHARLIE
Sally! Jesus! Shut UP!

LINUS
Is that why you're here, too, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Sort of. Not exactly. Yeah.

SALLY
(wide-eyed)
It was really awful. Everything's in
storage.

LUCY
Okay. Enough. Sally, how long do you need
to stay in New York?

SALLY
(hesitates)
Until January?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

14.

LUCY
But that's two months away!

SALLY
I didn't get into any of the runway shows in Milan, so my agent sent me back to New York. I'm supposed to hang around until catalogue season.

LUCY
And do what, exactly?

SALLY
Maintain my naturally curly hair?

LINUS
(authoritative)
Sally, you always have a place here. Both of you do. For as long as you want.

Linus looks defiantly at Lucy. Lucy scowls at Charlie. Charlie shrugs at Sally. Sally smiles sweetly at Linus.

LUCY
Whatever. You call the maid.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Linus tours Sally through the apartment. In the bathroom:

LINUS
-- And in here, we have really good shampoo. See? It's expensive. I get all this money for working overtime, but I have to spend it at the grocery store, so Lucy gets very fancy shampoo and I get reimbursed by accounting!

Sally, bemused, sizes him up. He blushes.

LINUS
(sheepish)
You look really great, Sally.

SALLY
It's my job to look great. You look... really tired.

LINUS
It's my job to look tired.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

What is it you do, exactly?

LINUS

I'm in Securities. High-technology
Securities at Morgan Stanley.

SALLY

What does that mean?

LINUS

It means that people who have faith in me
give me their money and I make it grow.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Linus passes Sally's PORTFOLIO in the hall. Looks around,
picks it up. Takes it into his bedroom.

LINUS' POV: On pictures and clippings of Sally. He lingers
over the lingerie shots. Pockets a small SNAPSHOT of Sally.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

ALARMS in each bedroom go off one by one.

-- 5:30am: Linus suits up to go jogging.

-- 6am: Lucy attends carefully to hair and makeup.

-- 7am: Charlie sits upright in bed. Looks bewildered.

-- 7:30am: Sally hits snooze. Keeps sleeping.

EXT. LOBBY - MORNING

-- Linus races out of the lobby, catches a cab. Frantic.
Late. Dagwood Bumstead come to life.

-- Lucy emerges and walks downtown. Elegant. Purposeful. Take
no prisoners.

-- Charlie comes out, dog on a leash. Heads left, then right.
Unsure of which way to go. Chooses left.

-- Sally's still sleeping, right where we left her.

INT. MORGAN STANLEY - DAY

At Linus' desk, SIX LINES LIT UP AND RINGING. He stares at
them, paralyzed. Starts picking them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Van Pelt. Hi, hold on. Van Pelt. Hi, hold on. Van Pelt. Hey, Mr. Peterson. Yes, I'd be glad to talk to you about that. Can I put you on hold? Thanks. Van Pelt.

I/E. EAST SIDE - SIDE STREET - DAY

Lucy rushes up the steps of a brownstone. On the door, a plaque: SELBY & ASSOCIATES: PROFESSIONAL COUNSELING.

INSIDE, she grabs her messages from the RECEPTIONIST and flips a little sign on the doorknob of her office: IN.

Continues down the hall. Knocks at the door of

BILL SELBY'S OFFICE

and enters. SELBY, 45, sits behind his desk. Academic. Imperious. A hint of slime. Doesn't look up.

LUCY

You wanted to see me, Dr. Selby?

SELBY

Good morning, Dr. van Pelt.

LUCY

Good morning.

SELBY

I believe I have something of yours you might have misplaced.

She walks to the desk. The silver BRACELET sits next to a FRAMED PHOTO of Selby with his wife and kids.

LUCY

Thanks.

SELBY

I understand your lunch appointment canceled.

LUCY

Yes.

SELBY

So did mine.

(finally looks up)

Do you still have the hotel room key?

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Charlie emerges from three different Starbucks. Then:

Passes a tropically-decorated, non-Starbucks coffee house with a huge sign in the window: HELP DESPERATELY WANTED.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally finally wakes up at 1pm. Wanders out to the kitchen.

SALLY
Anyone home?

INT. MORGAN STANLEY - DAY

Linus and several other suits are gathered in the office of TOWNSEND PEREZ, department supervisor and pure-bred pit bull.

TOWNSEND
Thanks for coming in, guys. Now, about this unfortunate issue with Max Blank...

Linus feels something in his jacket pocket. Pulls out the photo of Sally he filched. Townsend's voice FADES OUT into a wordless nasal honking as Linus stares at the picture.

TOWNSEND
...So let's all try to avoid ending up like Max and remember: don't give your friends insider tips. Okay? Van Pelt?

Linus snaps to. Raises his hand.

LINUS
Here.

INT. MARGARITAVILLE COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Charlie talks with the manager, RASTA JOHN, a white guy with dreadlocks and a lugubrious voice.

CHARLIE
Margaritaville is a funny name for a coffee shop.

RASTA JOHN
(very, very mellow)
It's not about what you serve, man. It's about the atmosphere you create. Take Starbucks, for instance. Too sterile. Too Orwellian. And way too much tall short nonfat bullshit. But you come to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASTA JOHN (cont'd)
Margaritaville, you listen to some island music, you soak up the good vibes, you relax...and even if you came here for a latte, you FEEL like you just had a nice, tall margarita...in the Caribbean.

CHARLIE
I see.

RASTA JOHN
I also put pads of paper on the tables in case people want to write poetry.

CHARLIE
Good thinking.

RASTA JOHN
I'm a poet myself.

CHARLIE
You don't say.

RASTA JOHN
You should read some of my stuff sometime, man!

CHARLIE
Has it been published?

RASTA JOHN
Well, not exactly. I write most of it in chalk. On sidewalks, man. It gets washed away by the rain just like the human race will be washed away by time.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Well. You'll have that problem.

RASTA JOHN
Hey, since you're a writer too, we could have readings! Or an open mike night!

CHARLIE
Do you think readings would be in keeping with the Caribbean theme?

RASTA JOHN
Take away the palm trees and it's still a coffeehouse, my friend.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Sally stands amid a terrible mess. Fire extinguisher on the counter. The front door opens.

It's Linus. He sniffs.

LINUS
Hello?

SALLY
Linus! In here!

LINUS
Is something burning?

SALLY
I was trying to make something special
for dinner since you and Lucy are being
so gracious and letting me stay.

LINUS
And?

SALLY
And, there was sort of a fat fire.

LINUS
What were you making?

SALLY
I was trying to roast a duck?

LINUS
Are you asking or telling?

SALLY
Apparently you have to drain off the fat.

LINUS
Were you using a recipe?

SALLY
I thought it was like a chicken.

LINUS
Not so much.

SALLY
Live and learn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Is everything okay? Are you okay?

SALLY

Some firemen came. They took care of everything.

LINUS

So you're okay.

SALLY

Yeah.

(baiting)

They were really cute.

LINUS

(not biting)

I understand that's an important quality in a fireman.

SALLY

But not as cute as YOU.

She pinches his cheek and exits. Linus stares after her.

LINUS

(calling)

There's more to a man than his looks, you know! Stockbrokers can be heroes, too!

He surveys the mess. Sighs. Starts to clean it up.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy, Linus and Charlie eat pizzas. Sally determinedly stares at the charred duck.

CHARLIE

It's called Margaritaville.

LUCY

I thought you said it was a coffee place.

CHARLIE

It is. The name embodies the atmosphere, not the product.

SALLY

I think it sounds great, Charlie. I'm proud of you for finding a job so fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Being a part of the work force does wonders for the self-esteem.

LUCY

Margaritaville. That's the stupidest thing I ever heard.

SALLY

You sure no one wants to try some roast duck?

Everyone stares at her.

SALLY

Fine. More for me.

INT. SCHROEDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A FEW DAYS LATER

SCHROEDER -- blond, handsome, very weird -- answers the door.

CHARLIE

Schroeder -- great to see you, friend!
It's been too long!

SCHROEDER

(a little flirty)
Charlie. How are you. Bienvenue. Entrée.
Libations are in the kitchen.

Schroeder blends back into the dramatically outfitted crowd.
The air is thick with smoke and attitude.

Linus and Charlie look as if they stumbled into the wrong party. They pour drinks and try to look nonchalant.

CHARLIE

What's with Schroeder? Has he gotten weirder?

LINUS

He's just your typical Julliard freak.
Can't interrupt practice. Can't touch his hands. Can't talk too loud around him. Can't blah blah blah. It's like hanging out with Michael Jackson, except no pet llama.

CHARLIE'S POV: Lucy carefully links her arm through Schroeder's. Schroeder ignores her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

How long have they been going out?

LUCY'S POV: Schroeder and his beefy, ugly friend TOAD listen to RAMSAY, a timid violinist.

RAMSAY

I thought her Kreutzer was lovely.

SCHROEDER

Well, I found it saccharine, false and completely immature.

RAMSAY

But, Schroeder...she's your instructor.

SCHROEDER

If we're not able to run circles around our superiors, then no progress is made. Genius regularly overcomes genius -- this is one of evolution's constants. Otherwise we would all still be painting stick figures on the inside of caves, n'est-ce pas?

Schroeder and Toad smile at each other knowingly.

LINUS AND CHARLIE'S POV:

LINUS

He and Lucy've been together about six months, although I have no idea why.

CHARLIE

Where did you guys find him?

LINUS

We saw him at some concert in the park right when she moved here, and she just chased and chased him 'til he got too tired to fight. You know how she can be when she decides she wants something. She's like a Mafia princess.

CHARLIE

They seem...happy.

LINUS

(archly)

Happiness is being absolutely certain that your boyfriend is heterosexual.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Shut up! You think?

LINUS
Do you own a black turtleneck? Do you use
a cigarette holder? Do you take ballet?

CHARLIE
(thinks)
All three no.
(beat)
Have you said anything to Lucy?

LINUS
Are you kidding? I'm fond of my
testicles.

CHARLIE'S POV: as Lucy listens to Schroeder pontificate.

LINUS
Either way, I don't think someone like
Lucy should waste her time on a low-grade
lunatic who practices piano eleven hours
a day.

Lucy catches Charlie staring at her. He raises his glass in a
silent toast. She makes a face. But then smiles.

INT. SCHROEDER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

LUCY'S POV: as Schroeder disappears into the bathroom. She
waits a moment, slinks up to the bathroom door, enters.

Schroeder's pants have just DROPPED around his ankles. He
sees her and turns sheet white.

SCHROEDER
Lucy! Jesus!

LUCY
Hi!

Long pause as Lucy absorbs Schroeder's embarrassment and --
is it anger?

SCHROEDER
Lucy, this is private time for me...
(gestures downward; mutters)
...and Ludwig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
Oh. Sorry. Bye.

She backs out, closes the door. The shower curtain swings back. Toad's face pops out.

TOAD
Whew, close one.

SCHROEDER
(zipping up)
Shut up, Toad.

INT. SCHROEDER'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LINUS' POV: Lucy exits the bathroom with a puzzled look on her face.

Moments later, Schroeder exits. Then Toad.

Linus' eyes narrow knowingly.

INT. SCHROEDER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Charlie talks to a well-heeled, bored-looking woman.

CHARLIE
I never met anyone named Wingfield before.

WINGFIELD
It's a family name.

CHARLIE
That means you hate your first name, right?

WINGFIELD
(taken aback)
I beg your pardon?

CHARLIE
Lemme see your driver's license.

WINGFIELD
(hands it over reluctantly)
Here.

CHARLIE
See? I knew it. Margaret Wingfield Kelly.
What's wrong with Margaret?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINGFIELD

It's my grandmother's name. I've always been called Wingfield.

CHARLIE

Sounds more like an airport than a person.

WINGFIELD

(appalled, but flirty)
Were you absent the day they taught social graces?

CHARLIE

No, I was there, but I definitely flunked. Big fat F. Hoo yeah.

INT. SCHROEDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Schroeder sits at his grand practice piano and absently picks out scales. Lucy pokes around his bookshelves. Schroeder watches her. Melancholy.

LUCY

(her back to him)

Schroeder, if you have something to tell me, tell me. Otherwise I'm going back to the party.

SCHROEDER

I don't know how to tell you.

LUCY

Should I make it multiple choice? Are you moving to Belgium? Are you considering liposuction? Are you breaking up with me?

SCHROEDER

I'm in love with someone else.

LUCY

(stricken, but hiding it)
That wasn't one of the choices.

SCHROEDER

I hope this isn't too devastating.

LUCY

Please. You know what's devastating? Earthquakes, that's what. And floods. Really bad floods can be devastating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHROEDER

I just thought I should be honest.

LUCY

Good. You win the Honesty Prize. Can I leave now?

SCHROEDER

You can do whatever you want.

LUCY

Because I'm not going to keep up this girlfriend act if I don't need to.

SCHROEDER

Why not switch to your ice princess act? You do that one so well.

Off her look -- furious, but rattled:

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT - LATER

Charlie is showing off something on a torn piece of paper.

CHARLIE

(sing song)

She gave me her phone number! She gave me her phone number!

LINUS

That's great, Charlie Brown. Lotta times you get girls saying, 'Why don't you give me YOUR number?' Which everyone knows means, 'You will never touch this body.'

CHARLIE

She gave me her phone number! What do I do now?

LINUS

Call her!

LUCY

Don't call her.

CHARLIE

What?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

First of all, Wingfield Kelly is not the sharpest needle in the haystack.

LINUS

Now, Lucy...

LUCY

She's also a big slut.

CHARLIE

How do you know?

LUCY

Charlie, I went to COLLEGE with her. She dated Eddie Brooks and cheated on him constantly. It was common knowledge.

LINUS

People do discover the merits of faith, you know. Maybe she's changed.

LUCY

People don't change.

CHARLIE

Well, thanks for raining on my parade about it.

LUCY

I'm just telling you what I know.

CHARLIE

You DON'T know. You don't know anything. You probably don't even know anyone named Eddie Brooks.

LUCY

Okay, A) yes I do, Princeton is a VERY small community, and B) I'm never wrong about people. So C) don't argue with me.

CHARLIE

I'm not arguing, I'm just pointing OUT...

LUCY

You should just listen to me for once in your miserable life and maybe you won't get your goddamn heart broken all the goddamn time.

Charlie rolls down the window and TOSSES the number out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINUS
Aw, Charlie...

CHARLIE
(to Lucy; defiant)
Happy now?

LUCY
Hey, it's your life.
(thinks a moment)
Maybe it was WINIFRED Kelly who went out
with Eddie...

POV OUTSIDE THE CAB: The taxi screeches to a halt. Charlie jumps out and frantically starts looking for the number. Millions of tiny pieces of paper swirl around the street.

Charlie's WAIL OF AGONY mingles with Lucy's DIABOLICAL LAUGH.

LATER:

Charlie picks through piles of trash. Lucy sits on a curb. Linus sits down next to her and sighs heavily.

LINUS
It's gone. He'll never find it.

LUCY
Schroeder broke up with me.

LINUS
Just now? Just tonight?

LUCY
(affectless)
He says he's in love.

LINUS
(misunderstanding her)
It was bound to happen sometime, Lucy. A man has to explore these things. After all, what is sexuality anyway? Sometimes an experiment can confirm what you are as well as what you're not.

LUCY
(not really paying attention)
I just wonder who she is.

LINUS
So he didn't say anything about...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

What?

LINUS

Nothing.

(calling)

Charlie! We can probably get her number
from someone! Don't lose hope!

Charlie throws handfuls of little white scraps into the air.
They fall like snow around him.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sally prepares a huge breakfast. Lucy eyeballs the spread.

LUCY

What's all this food?

SALLY

(proudly)

Kippers and eggs, rye toast, stewed
fruit, yogurt, coffee, tea and juice.

LUCY

Where are we, Buckingham Palace? Who the
hell eats like that in the morning?

SALLY

(crushed)

I thought you'd like to have a nice
breakfast. I heard about Schroeder
dumping...I mean, I heard you broke up.

LUCY

It's no big deal.

SALLY

Lucy, how can you say that? It is SO a
big deal! You guys were meant for one
another! You've always loved each other!

LUCY

Don't belabor the point, Sally.

SALLY

Linus said Schroeder said he's in love
with someone else.

LUCY

Did he now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
Aren't you the least bit upset?

LUCY
No.

SALLY
You must be in denial.

LUCY
Hey, who's the psychiatrist here?

SALLY
You?

LUCY
Right! Me! I'm the psychiatrist! I don't need you to tell me I'm in denial. Give me some of those eggs.

SALLY
Well, if you need to talk, I'm here.

Lucy thinks. Looks at Sally. Thinks.

LUCY
Sally, can you keep a secret?

SALLY
Of course.

Off Lucy's Mona Lisa smile:

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - DAY - LATER

Sally, wide-eyed.

SALLY
And he's how old?

LUCY
Forty-five.

SALLY
Wow.

Lucy hands her a photo of Selby. Sally flips it over. On the back: two numbers -- HOME and HAMPTONS. And "Love, Bill."

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
Are you appalled?

SALLY
I went out with someone who was married
once. But he and his wife were separated.
The divorce was almost final.

LUCY
That's what they all say.
(beat.)
I sort of want to call him and tell him.

SALLY
Tell him what?

LUCY
That I quit my Day Boyfriend.

SALLY
Don't you think that'll scare him?

LUCY
Nothing scares him.

SALLY
What if his wife answers?

LUCY
I guess I can hang up.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - LATER

Lucy picks up the phone. Dials. Hangs up instantly.

Dials again. Hangs up again. Dials again. Hangs up again.
Dials again. Listens this time. No answer.

LUCY
Huh. No machine. Weird.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy's stares out her window. A rough knock on the door. It's
Bill Selby -- and he's SPITTING MAD.

SELBY
(fierce stage whisper)
I told you those numbers were for an
emergency only.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

What are you talking about?

SELBY

You called my house!

LUCY

When? No I didn't.

SELBY

Yesterday! You called and hung up. FIVE TIMES.

LUCY

How do you...?

SELBY

We have a caller ID box on that line instead of a machine. My wife came back from Amagansett before I got back from racquetball and only wanted to know who was 555-9906.

LUCY

Well, that's, yeah, that's very similar to my number.

SELBY

So she calls the number and gets your machine.

LUCY

Well, heck. The long arm of coincidence.

SELBY

...So why is the nubile ingenue calling her boss at home on Sunday, she wants to know?

LUCY

"Nubile ingenue"?

SELBY

Her words.

LUCY

Are you accusing me of calling you and hanging up? Jesus, Bill. I'm twenty-eight years old. I haven't called and hung up on a boy since I was twenty-five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SELBY

That's just it, Lucy. I'm not a boy. I'm a man with a wife and children. I can't jeopardize that.

LUCY

Then you'd better stop sleeping with me.

She gives him a challenging look. He tries to stare her down. Can't. They both crack a smile.

LUCY

(teasing)

"nubile ingenue"?

INT. LAING JUSTICE'S OFFICE - KEATING AGENCY - DAY

LAING JUSTICE, Sally's agent, a wolf in wolf's clothing, reviews some photos of Sally.

SALLY

The nubile ingenue.

LAING

(looks up)

What?

SALLY

That photo -- the one you're looking at. That's my "nubile ingenue" look.

Laing stares at her, comprehending but not acknowledging.

SALLY

I'm KIDDING, Laing. Jesus. You look so serious. Did someone die?

LAING

In a way.

SALLY

Are we talking about photos or talking about death? Because I didn't come here to talk about death.

LAING

Sally, the ingenue is dead.

SALLY

She is? That's tragic. I hear rock 'n' roll is dead, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAING

I mean: "Sally the Ingenue" is dead.

SALLY

But I feel fine.

LAING

(holds up an old photo)

This is Sally the Ingenue. You are not her any more.

SALLY

I was sixteen in that picture.

LAING

Exactly.

SALLY

I'm beginning to hate the sound of this.

LAING

We have to decide what to do about your future. You're good, Sally, but you're not Brooke Shields.

SALLY

Well, I'm not a giantess, if that's what you mean.

LAING

That's not what I mean.

SALLY

Anyway, she didn't work at all in her twenties. She was fat.

LAING

Yes, and now she has a sitcom. Do I see that in your future? No.

SALLY

Come on. I could be the wacky redhead. A little Nice 'n' Easy, some green eyeshadow...

LAING

Darling, look. I want the best for you, but maybe it's time for you to consider other options. Maybe go back to Sarah Lawrence...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY

Laing, this is what I DO. I'm only
twenty-four. Please don't hang me out to
dry. Not yet.

(beat).

I can't afford not to work.

LAING

Sally, I'll do my best.

Laing rises. Meeting's over.

INT. MONKEY BAR - NIGHT

Sally is surrounded by her fellow models, all impossibly
thin. Sally looks depressed as hell. Gets up. Wanders off.

AT THE BAR: Sally waves over the bartender, NICK.

SALLY

Hi, Nick.

NICK

Hey, gorgeous. How are you?

SALLY

So bored.

NICK

What, you don't find the fashion plates
entertaining?

SALLY

The only people talking to me are the
voices in my head.

NICK

Can I fix you something nice and toxic?

SALLY

Please. Anything to find the humor.

NICK

Grain alcohol? I'll mix it with grape
juice. You won't taste a thing.

SALLY

That's the ticket.

They clink glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36.

SALLY
To my diminishing career.

EXT. MONKEY BAR - DAWN - LATER

Nick steers a very drunk and loudly singing Sally into a taxi. The cab drives off with Sally's feet hanging out the window.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Charlie's on the phone. Linus flips through the white pages.

CHARLIE
In Manhattan, a listing for a Wingfield Kelly. No, it's a person. A residence. I don't know the address. It might be under Margaret. Or just M. You have a what?
(hangs up.)
Wingfield Kelly is a law firm on 40th Street.

LINUS
I'm sorry, Charlie.

Door slams. It's Sally, looking bereft, and sort of green.

SALLY
Does this building have a roof?

LINUS
Typically, most buildings do.

SALLY
How do I get there?

LINUS
Fire stairs. Why?

SALLY
I'm going to go jump off.

She leaves. Charlie and Linus look at each other.

CHARLIE
Sounds like a job for big brother.

EXT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - ROOF TERRACE - DUSK

Charlie climbs up a ladder and joins Sally, who's smoking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37.

CHARLIE

I thought you were jumping off.

SALLY

I'm a failure.

CHARLIE

Hey, me too! Must be genetic. No, really. What's going on?

SALLY

I was out last night at Monkey Bar, you know, "socializing with colleagues," which was so boring that I got hugely drunk. Then I got a call this morning to fill in for this other girl at this shoot, this really high profile thing for Elle, and I was so hung over that I threw up right in the middle. The photographer walked out.

CHARLIE

Yikes.

SALLY

And my agent, that bitch, was mortified, naturally, and told me that I had used up all my get-out-of-jail free cards.

CHARLIE

I hate Monopoly metaphors.

SALLY

Me too.

CHARLIE

So what now?

SALLY

Who knows. I'm supposed to go to this Halloween party at Webster Hall. Make amends. Show my face. That sort of thing.

(beat)

This would all be a lot easier if I didn't feel so guilty about Mom needing the money.

CHARLIE

Yeah, me too. Thank God your job is profitable.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

(fiercely)

Listen, big brother. I might not have a job soon. I could be blacklisted.

CHARLIE

I thought they only blacklisted political dissidents. Since when do they blacklist fashion models?

SALLY

Since about 10am this morning, when I puked on a five thousand dollar Ralph Lauren fur stole.

(beat)

Look, I never thought I'd say this, but...Charlie, I need your help.

Off Charlie's worried face: CUT TO:

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - NIGHT

The coffeehouse is deserted. Rasta John and Charlie drink beers and write on scratchpads.

RASTA JOHN

Whatcha working on, Cholly?

CHARLIE

Oh, just this thing.

RASTA JOHN

What's it about?

CHARLIE

Actually, I've been working on a series of novels for about ten years. There's this medieval guy. Sort of a knight. He's questing after the love of this woman he saw once, with this brilliant red hair. But he can never find her. He's, like, all over the countryside trying to track her down, but he always fails. He's supposed to marry this ill-tempered queen from his kingdom, but he can't accept his fate. So he keeps questing.

Rasta John ponders. Then:

RASTA JOHN

So it's like about man's inability to balance fantasy and reality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39.

CHARLIE
I guess so. Yeah.

RASTA JOHN
Who's the girl?

CHARLIE
Oh, it's not autobiographical or anything.

RASTA JOHN
You gonna do anything with it?

CHARLIE
Actually, I'm going to try to submit it to some dorky fantasy magazines for serial publication. I could really use the extra cash.

RASTA JOHN
Man can't live by steamed milk alone.

CHARLIE
What are you working on?

RASTA JOHN
(holds up paper)
Tic tac toe, man. It relaxes me.

CHARLIE
You're playing against yourself?

RASTA JOHN
One's self is the only real opponent.

CHARLIE
What is that? Zen?

RASTA JOHN
I made it up. I just don't like to lose.

CHARLIE
I'm used to losing.

RASTA JOHN
Gotta change that, man. Play against yourself and you'll always win.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy is engrossed in "Ally McBeal." Three ads in a row for different pregnancy tests. Lucy listens hard.

LATER:

Lucy consults a calendar. Inspects her underwear. Nothing. Jumps up and down a few times. Still nothing.

INT. LOVE COSMETICS STORE - NEXT NIGHT

Lucy, in work clothes, argues with a clerk. Holds up a box and shakes it.

LUCY

Why does this item cost TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS?

CLERK

Ma'am, I don't decide the prices. I just put the stickers on the items. Pregnancy tests is expensive, but they cost the same as going to a lab and getting a blood test.

LUCY

How do you know?

CLERK

Honey, ain't a woman on this round blue earth hasn't had a scare.

LUCY

Well, listen. Is there a generic brand or something? Or do I have to buy...
(looks at package skeptically)
...e.p.t.? The Extremely Pricey Test?

CLERK

(deadpan)

Well, the other night I was watching "Ally McBeal" and there was an ad for First Response. It has an easy-to-read indicator that shows a plus sign if you're pregnant and a minus if you're not. And it's thirty cents cheaper.

A beat. Lucy stares at the clerk. The clerk blows a bubble.

LUCY

(contemplatively)

I wonder what Ally would do.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucy unwraps BOTH pregnancy tests. Stares at them.

LATER:

Looks at the response stick. Bright pink plus, clear as day.

LATER:

Linus finds the First Response box in the wastebasket. Picks it up. Inspects it. Brow furrows.

Opens Lucy's door. Pitch dark. She's fast asleep.

LUCY

Whoever you are, I hope the building is burning to the ground.

LINUS

Lucy...

LUCY

I don't smell smoke.

LINUS

Can you explain this?

LUCY

Can I explain what?

LINUS

Can you explain a pregnancy test sitting in the wastebasket? You know, even Brenda on 90210 tied the box up in a plastic bag and put it, like, in the garbage. It was just coincidence Mrs. Walsh found it.

LUCY

Don't worry, Linus. It was negative.

LINUS

Oh. Okay. I'll just...put it in the...
Good God, this was twenty five dollars?

LUCY

Plus tax.

LINUS

I guess it's a small price to pay for peace of mind, right?

LUCY

Right. Goodnight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

42.

LINUS

Oh. Well. Okay. Goodnight, Lucy.

Linus switches off the light. Closes the door gently. Lucy switches a light on. Checks her underwear again. Nothing. Worry floods her face.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy arrives for work. Very stressed out.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Dr. van Pelt.

LUCY

Is Dr. Selby in yet?

RECEPTIONIST

He is, but he said to hold his calls because...I wouldn't go in there...!

Lucy CHARGES into Selby's office.

LUCY

Bill, we have to...oh.

Selby's on the floor, playing race cars with his two SONS. They all look up at Lucy. Selby's relaxed face turns dark.

SELBY

(coldly)

Hello, Dr. van Pelt. Can I help you?

LUCY

Oh. Sorry to interrupt. We can talk later, Dr. Selby. Or how about never? Is never good for you?

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Selby SLAMS the door behind him.

SELBY

What the hell was that about?

LUCY

What was what about?

SELBY

It's customary to knock, young lady!

Lucy stiffens. "Young lady"?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
(icy)
You didn't.

SELBY
What?

LUCY
Just now. You didn't knock.

SELBY
I'm your BOSS. I OWN this practice.

LUCY
You're also SLEEPING with me. It changes things a little, in case you hadn't noticed. Like it's making you completely paranoid, for instance.

SELBY
Lucy, you know how hard I work to keep my personal and professional lives separate.

LUCY
Which am I? Personal or professional?

SELBY
What difference does it make? Both, I guess.

LUCY
You can't have both.

SELBY
(nervous laugh)
You want me to fire you as my business associate so we can sleep together?

LUCY
No, I'm firing YOU as my sleeping associate so we can do business together.
(businesslike)
Thanks for stopping in, Dr. Selby.

He stares at her, incredulous. Gapes like a hooked fish.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie and Lucy sit on the floor, cutting sheets into ghost costumes. His is completely mangled. Hers is perfect.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - LOBBY - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two GHOSTS leave the building. Then:

Sally, in a teeny dress and blonde Afro wig, gets on the elevator with a COWBOY and an INDIAN and their NANNY.

COWBOY

Are you dressed up as something?

SALLY

Yes.

COWBOY

What are you supposed to be?

SALLY

I'm Penelope Tree.

COWBOY

Who?

SALLY

She was a very famous English fashion model in the 1960s.

INDIAN

(to his nanny)

Aren't you English?

NANNY

Yes.

INDIAN

Are you Penelope Tree?

NANNY

No.

COWBOY

Are you...Mrs. Doubtfire?

NANNY

No.

INDIAN

Are you...Mary Poppins?

NANNY

No.

INDIAN

(yelling)

Why not? Why not? WHY NOT?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

It's a very small elevator.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Linus lets Sally in. His eyes bug out at her costume.

LINUS

Hi. What are you?

SALLY

I'm Penelope Tree.

LINUS

The British fashion model? Heir to the fortune and legacy of the late Marietta Tree? Contemporary of Twiggy and predecessor to Kate Moss?

SALLY

Yeah. What are you?

LINUS

Nothing, yet. But after I cut some holes in this sheet, I'll be a ghost.

SALLY

Caspar the Friendly?

LINUS

Linus the Banker.

SALLY

That'll fool everyone. Where's Lucy?

LINUS

She and Charlie just left.

SALLY

I thought she was going to come to this party with us. Charlie too. I put them on the list.

LINUS

Lucy said something about some costume thing she had to go to first. But listen, Sally -- I have a proposition for you.

SALLY

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45.

LINUS

This guy at work invited me to this awesome party downtown. It's going to be like a rave. You know, with different kinds of music and stuff on each floor...

SALLY

I know what a rave is.

LINUS

Oh.

SALLY

We're not going.

LINUS

Now, just...

SALLY

I have to go to this Webster Hall thing. I HAVE to. I can't miss it. Laing will kill me. Worse yet, she could fire me.
(she pauses; thinks.)
What's this rave, anyway?

EXT. 86TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - DOWNTOWN PLATFORM - NIGHT
Charlie and Lucy wait for the subway. Lucy is antsy, pacing.

CHARLIE

You ever notice that there are always lots and lots and lots of batteries down there in the tracks?

LUCY

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Why do you think that is? People just think, hey, these batteries are dead, might as well throw 'em in the tracks?

Lucy ignores him.

CHARLIE

It's like a battery graveyard. Jesus.

INT. DOWNTOWN SUBWAY - NIGHT

Charlie and Lucy sit. Lucy stares straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47.

CHARLIE

You know, I hate when all the posters in the whole train car are the same.

Lucy ignores him.

CHARLIE

You know why?

Nothing.

CHARLIE

Because then you can't pretend to read them. They all say the same thing. How're you supposed to avoid making eye contact with other passengers? It's so awkward.

Still nothing.

CHARLIE

Whole car of Fruitopia. Jesus.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Lucy stalks down the street, still silent. Charlie keeps glancing at her, waiting for her to say something.

CHARLIE

Ever notice how guys in movies are always named Jack, and yet you never meet anyone in real life named Jack?

LUCY

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Yes.

LUCY

Can you save your writerly observations for another day? Preferably not a day you spend with me?

CHARLIE

Look, you invited me...

LUCY

I know, I know. Just...be quiet. You're here for moral support, not for your sparkling conversational skills.

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Linus and Sally stare up at the lions.

SALLY

You're supposed to wait here?

LINUS

No, in the park in back.

SALLY

For this guy to come meet you?

LINUS

No, for the messenger to come bring us the address of the party.

SALLY

A messenger? Like a bike messenger?

LINUS

No, I think it'll be something more...theatrical.

SALLY

(deeply skeptical)

Linus, is your friend sending someone in a death suit and a glow-in-the-dark skull mask to this crummy scary park in the middle of the night? Because I don't like to see guys in death suits on Halloween.

LINUS

Sally, I promise, it's going to be a really cool party. You just have to be patient. Wait with me.

He starts walking down the block towards the park.

LINUS

Are you coming?

Sally hesitates. A cab CRUISES by, stops.

She looks at the cab. Looks at Linus.

A moment -- and then she follows Linus.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Charlie trails after Lucy, who speedwalks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Wait up!

LUCY

Walk faster!

She halts abruptly in front of a brownstone.

LUCY

This is it. 69 W. 9th St.

Charlie catches up, huffing.

CHARLIE

Well? Are we going in?

Lucy suddenly doesn't look so sure.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT

Sally and Linus sit on a bench. Sally fidgets. Linus is calm.

SALLY

So...this Townsend guy, you work with him?

LINUS

Actually, he heads the department.

SALLY

He's hosting the party? Rave, I mean?

LINUS

Yeah. He only invited me, among the people in my program.

(reflective)

He says I have a rare sincerity about me.

SALLY

Huh.

(looks him up and down)

I don't know why that would qualify you to attend a rave, Linus.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Lucy stands at the foot of stairs. Charlie waits at the top.

LUCY

Which apartment is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Um, it appears to be the whole
brownstone.

Beat.

LUCY

I'm going home.

She starts walking away.

CHARLIE

But I thought you had to see Schroeder.

She stops.

LUCY

You're right.

CHARLIE

What do you have to talk to him about,
anyway?

LUCY

I don't have to talk to him. I just have
to win him back.

Lucy charges inside. Charlie follows, looking worried.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Everyone's wearing incredible costumes. People STARE at them,
like the kids accidentally walked into the grownup party.

Lucy grabs Charlie's hand and pushes her way in.

LUCY

(sotto voce)

This is awful.

CHARLIE

It's not so bad. No one knows who we are.

LUCY

That makes it worse. What if anyone finds
out who I am? They'll know I'm dressed up
as a ghost!

CHARLIE

Maybe we should leave right away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

No, if we leave right away, everyone will know that we weren't really supposed to be here. We have to stay long enough to legitimize our arrival as well as our departure.

CHARLIE

Did I miss a meeting? Who made up THAT rule?

LUCY

Didn't you go to college? Don't you know anything about party etiquette?

CHARLIE

Lucy, I went to Berkeley. It wasn't a college. It was a city-state.

LUCY

(adjusting her sheet)

Where the hell is he?

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT

Park's deserted. Linus sits on the bench. Sally paces.

SALLY

When did he say he'd be here?

LINUS

He just said Halloween.

SALLY

Hah. It's November first now, genius. Halloween is technically OVER.

LINUS

He'll be here. I promise.

SALLY

If I miss this Webster Hall thing, I can kiss my agent goodbye. She specifically said --

LINUS

Sally. I give you my word.

A beat. Sally sits down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

Okay. Okay. Okay. We have to pass the time somehow. Let's sing 99 bottles of beer on the wall.

LINUS

Too boring. Let's tell ghost stories.

SALLY

Too scary. Let's tell our deflowering stories.

LINUS

Everyone knows your deflowering story. The quarterback and the prom queen in the back seat of a '57 Chevy. It's so corny.

SALLY

It was romantic.

LINUS

Were you in love?

SALLY

I thought I was.

(beat)

Come on. Tell me yours.

Silence. Linus looks pained. Sally's eyebrows shoot up.

SALLY

You mean...You're not...?

Off Sally's look of complete disbelief:

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

An elaborate Indian Princess talks to the two ghosts.

INDIAN PRINCESS

(slowly, as to be heard by
someone deaf or foreign)

Are you two here with your parents?

The two ghosts look at each other and nod silently at her.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
But...why?

LINUS
Some of us just...we just wait.

SALLY
For what? Armageddon?

Beat.

LINUS
For the right girl.

She stares at him. He stares back.

LINUS
Please don't say anything. To anyone.
It's very private information.

INT. BROWNSTONE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucy re-applies lipstick as Charlie sits on the edge of the tub, watching her. She smacks her lips, turns to him.

LUCY
How do I look?

Charlie says nothing. Just stares at her.

LUCY
Hel-lo? Charlie Brown? Makeup assessment,
please.

CHARLIE
(a little too heartfelt)
You look beautiful.

Lucy is startled by his candor, but lets it pass.

LUCY
Okay, back to the front lines, troops.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SALLY
Hey, I don't think your messenger is
coming.

LINUS
Why would he SAY he'd come and not come?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

That's what people do. It's a fact of life. A rule of thumb. Taller than the highest mountains and the deepest sea. Shama lama ding dong.

LINUS

The only thing that guides man is faith.

SALLY

The only thing that guides woman is having to go to the bathroom.

LINUS

Oh.

SALLY

I think I'll run across the street to that Greek restaurant over there.

LINUS

I'll stay here.

She starts walking away.

LINUS

Okay bye.

(calling after her)

Walk safely!

He watches.

A HOMELESS GUY walks towards her.

Linus thinks a moment. Runs after her. They both disappear into the Greek place. Then:

A GUY IN A DEATH ROBE walks up to their now-empty bench. Looks around, confused.

The homeless guy shuffles past.

DEATH

Linus?

The homeless guy grunts and keeps walking.

DEATH

(calls out)

Linus? You here? Townsend Perez sent me...? Okay, guess not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Guy in the Death Robe takes another look around. LEAVES.

A minute later, Linus and Sally emerge from the Greek place with coffee cups. Laughing. Oblivious.

INT. BROWNSTONE - HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

Charlie and Lucy watch couples DANCING. The couple dressed as Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire is especially demonstrative.

LUCY
God, get a room.

CHARLIE
Seriously.

LUCY
Some people.

CLOSE UP on Charlie's eyes, through the eye holes. He squints. Looks quickly at Lucy. Has she noticed? Not yet...

CHARLIE
Luce, hey, let's get out of here. It's too, uh...

...Too late. Lucy's eyes BUG OUT as she realizes that the demonstrative couple is Schroeder in drag and Toad in the tux, kissing Schroeder's neck.

LUCY
Oh my God.

CHARLIE
Lucy, let's just leave. We'll just -- go. Walk out the door. Don't hang around, now. We're not welcome any more.

Lucy PULLS off her sheet in one swift motion, never taking her eyes off Ginger Rogers.

Toad spins Schroeder so he's suddenly face to face with Lucy.

SCHROEDER
Lucy.

LUCY
Mother?

SCHROEDER
Lucy, I can explain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

You haven't left much to the imagination.

SCHROEDER

I meant to tell you...

LUCY

Must've slipped your mind.

SCHROEDER

What are you even doing here? I didn't expect you.

LUCY

You mean you didn't invite me.

SCHROEDER

Well, if I'd've known you were coming, I'd have...

LUCY

Worn the tux and put him in the dress?

SCHROEDER

No, the dress looks better on me.

LUCY

It's...very pretty.

SCHROEDER

Lucy, why are you here?

LUCY

No reason. Nothing. Just in the neighborhood. Gotta go.

(pauses)

I thought maybe we could talk, but...

SCHROEDER

About what?

LUCY

You know. The weather.

SCHROEDER

Is everything okay? Are you in some kind of trouble? Maybe I can help...

LUCY

Ho no. I don't think so.

She YANKS a speechless Charlie out of the room.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT - LATER

Sally and Linus polish off the coffee and baklava.

LINUS

So, modeling. How's that going?

SALLY

It's a miserable profession. Lucrative, but miserable.

LINUS

What's it been? Eight years?

SALLY

Nine.

LINUS

I guess you could be burning out by now.

SALLY

I'm thinking about taking acting classes.

LINUS

That's a terrific idea.

SALLY

Really? You think?

LINUS

I think you'd be a WONDERFUL actress.

A look. Little sparks. Then:

SALLY

Hey...what time is it?

LINUS

A little after...two. No, wait. Sorry. It's ten after three.

SALLY

TEN AFTER THREE IN THE MORNING???

LINUS

Yeah. Sorry. I guess it's a little late for you to go to your party.

SALLY

TEN AFTER THREE IN THE MORNING???

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Uh, yeah.

SALLY

I can't believe it! I missed the party! I wasted my whole entire evening talking to YOU! And now Halloween is over!

LINUS

I'm sorry.

SALLY

I don't think there ever was a rave! I think you made the whole thing up! Just to...just to...

LINUS

Sit out in the cold with you all night?

SALLY

Yeah!

LINUS

Why would I do that?

SALLY

To ruin my life! Deliberately!

LINUS

Sally, you're overreacting.

SALLY

I'm going home!

LINUS

Okay.

SALLY

Alone!

LINUS

Okay.

SALLY

Don't follow me.

LINUS

But you're going to my house.

SALLY

Well, I'm taking my own cab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She gets in a cab. He gets in the next one.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Lucy runs by. Charlie runs after her.

CHARLIE

Lucy, wait! Lucy, don't...try not to...

Too late. She's heaving into someone's bushes. She finishes.
Sits on a stoop. Defeated. Worn.

CHARLIE

Do you always throw up when confronted?

LUCY

Yeah, and then the next day I can wear my
skinny jeans. It's only fair.

CHARLIE

Justice prevails.

LUCY

Did you know?

CHARLIE

Know what?

LUCY

About Schroeder, Blockhead.

CHARLIE

No.

LUCY

This is a disaster.

CHARLIE

Not really. At least you're already
broken up.

Lucy starts to SOB. Charlie is startled. Digs in his pockets.

CHARLIE

You want a York peppermint patty?

LUCY

Thanks.

She takes it and eats it.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Linus comes home to find Sally sitting in the living room, staring out at Park Avenue.

LINUS

Hi.

SALLY

Hi.

LINUS

Are we speaking?

SALLY

Sounds like it.

LINUS

Look, Sally, I'm really sorry. I knew your party was important to you, but I thought you'd enjoy the rave, and frankly I thought I'd have more fun if you came with me. I wanted to show you off -- my gorgeous model date. I was selfish, and I apologize.

SALLY

Spilled milk.

Sally keeps staring out the window.

SALLY

Look, Linus...what you have to understand is that my mother doesn't have anything left. Our dad had this massive debt when he died...and if my modeling contract is terminated, or if my income in the next few months is held up for any reason...

She trails off.

He walks toward her purposefully. Sits beside her.

LINUS

Tonight doesn't have to be a total loss, you know.

SALLY

(apprehensive)

Linus, I...

EXT. STOOP - NIGHT

Charlie and Lucy still sit on the brownstone stoop. Her face is streaked from crying. Her head rests on his shoulder.

He strokes her arm, her shoulder, her hair.

Puts his other arm around her.

Foreheads touch.

She puts her hands over his.

LUCY
(apprehensive)
Charlie, I...

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Amid a tangle of bedsheets, two writhing bodies, either having sex or fighting. Things heat up. A hand reaches out and gropes for a condom.

A sheet is flipped back.

It's Charlie and Lucy. Faces flushed, breathing hard.

CHARLIE
What is it?

LUCY
I can't.

CHARLIE
You can't...?

LUCY
I just can't.

CHARLIE
Do you have a specific reason or just a general feeling of unease?

LUCY
I just can't.

CHARLIE
Okay, a reason would be really helpful to me and my masculinity right about now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

I don't need a reason. No means no.

CHARLIE

Lucy, we're...already sort of doing it.

LUCY

I have thresholds that I can choose not to cross. At any time.

Charlie concedes. Flops onto his back. Sighs heavily.

CHARLIE

You are a hideous tease.

LUCY

I am not.

CHARLIE

Yes, you are. You've always been.

LUCY

What do you mean, "always"?

CHARLIE

Every time we do this! Remember that time at Lake George?

LUCY

We were sixteen. I was too young.

CHARLIE

What about that Fourth of July? You weren't too young then.

LUCY

You had a girlfriend.

CHARLIE

She was in Europe!

LUCY

So?

CHARLIE

And what about that time junior year?

LUCY

Eew. We were in a car. I don't have sex in cars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Look, all I'm saying is that it would be nice if you could decide beforehand. It's obnoxious to always be like "no, I don't want to" at the last possible second.

LUCY

A girl can say no whenever she chooses.

CHARLIE

I'm not stripping you of that right, Lucy. I'm just pointing out that it would be CONSIDERATE of you to decide before we get all...involved.

LUCY

(defensive)

Well, I never know when I start how I'll feel later. It's a gamble you have to take. You have to play the odds.

CHARLIE

But I never win.

LUCY

Tough luck, eh?

He sits up, sighs heavily again. Beyond frustrated. She draws a little design on his back. He squirms away.

LUCY

Charlie, I just don't think this is the right time. What with what happened earlier and all.

CHARLIE

You know what, Luce? It's never going to be the right time. You take too much pleasure in emasculating me. It's not funny, it's unkind, and I'm sick of it.

(beat)

You cry wolf too much, Lucy. People are going to stop believing in you.

He gets up, starts getting dressed, including shoes.

LUCY

Where are you going?

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCY
(shrill)
Where are you GOING?

Off her angry, panicked look:

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Charlie leaves the building with the dog and a duffel. Heads downtown.

He passes a FIGURE DRESSED AS DEATH. Then another. Then two more. Starts to walk faster.

I/E. LINUS AND LUCY'S BUILDING - DAWN

The sun rises. Streetlights on Park Avenue flicker off.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT,

Light creeps through Linus' bedroom window. His eyes are wide open. Shirt off, khakis on. Curled up next to him: Sally, fast asleep under the covers. She stirs.

SALLY
You still awake?

LINUS
Yeah.

SALLY
Don't worry, Linus. Lots of guys are too nervous the first time.

She drifts off again. Linus just keeps staring.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Charlie knocks on the door. A tall, very thin, shaggy-haired guy answers. Behind him, an apartment fit to burst, full of books, magazines, shabby furniture, urban artifacts...

...And a giant, lumbering, pot-bellied PIG.

Welcome to PIGPEN'S pigpen.

PIGPEN
Charlie Brown. It's really good to see you, brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Pigpen, my liege. Thank you for your generous couch offer.

INT. PIGPEN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Pigpen prepares lunch in the huge, chaotic kitchen.

PIGPEN

I've been cooking all night, dude. In fact, I've been cooking all week! I'm really into cooking lately. See, I found all these old cookbooks at a sidewalk sale and I bought 'em all for, like, five or ten dollars. I guess you can see I'm kind of a bibliophile. Anyway, I found this great recipe for fish pie, and when you called to say you were coming, I thought I'd try it out on you!

CHARLIE

(raises eyebrows)

What sort of fish pie?

PIGPEN

Well, it's a variation on a traditional medieval recipe for starry gazey pie.

CHARLIE

Sounds good. Wait, did you say medieval?

PIGPEN

Yeah. It's supposed to be made with eel.

CHARLIE

Eel.

PIGPEN

Yeah, eel. You bake it in this long dish and the eels are inside, and they're supposed to sort of poke their heads through the crust so they're looking at all these stars that you cut out of dough and put on top of the pie.

(he grins)

Doesn't that sound interesting?

CHARLIE

Riveting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIGPEN

But I couldn't get eel.

CHARLIE

(sighs with relief)

Yeah, I hear eel are hard to come by this season.

PIGPEN

So...instead I'm using these big sardines I found on Ninth Avenue at this Chinese market I like. I had to defrost them but I think they'll be fine.

Off Charlie's turning-green face:

CUT TO:

EXT. PAPAYA KING - DAY

Charlie and Pigpen eat hot dogs.

PIGPEN

'Course, I love a good hot dog any day. Those sardines really don't bake well, do they? I'm going to have to try that recipe again.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS DOG PARK - DAY

Charlie watches as his dog WADDLES around the park. Pigpen reads a cookbook.

PIGPEN

Snoopy's getting pretty old, isn't he?

CHARLIE

In dog years he's seventy. But check it! He still does very well with the ladies!

The beagle sniffs around a pretty white poodle.

CHARLIE

Like owner, like dog.

A big Doberman starts growling at Charlie's dog. Charlie looks for the Doberman's owner. Then he sees her --

CHARLIE

Oh my Christ.

-- The loveliest RED-HEADED GIRL in all of Brooklyn. Charlie is struck dumb. Charlie jogs over to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

67.

CHARLIE

Hi! Hey, excuse me, but your dog looks like he's about to eat my dog.

REDHEAD

She.

CHARLIE

What?

REDHEAD

My dog's a girl.

CHARLIE

Yes...I see that. Now.

REDHEAD

She looks fierce, but in fact she's really sweet.

CHARLIE

Yeah, people say that about me, too.

REDHEAD

Do they.

Long, terrible, awkward pause.

CHARLIE

Well, see ya. C'mon, Snoop.

He walks away, BLUSHING. She looks after him curiously.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy looks awful. She smokes and stares at the phone as it rings. The machine picks up.

CHARLIE

(O.S.)

Hey, is anyone there? Hello? It's Charlie. I think I just met the woman of my dreams! At the dog park! She has red hair and a Doberman! I think I'm in love. Anyway, just calling to check in. Hi, guys. Hi, Sally.

Click -- just as Lucy goes to pick up the phone.

LUCY

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She replays the message. Looks incredibly sad.

INT. PIGPEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pigpen is cooking again.

PIGPEN

Oh my God! I'm out of turmeric!

CHARLIE

Oh, no!

PIGPEN

Don't jest, dude! This recipe won't work without it! We have to go out to the Indian market right now.

CHARLIE

Will they be open this late?

PIGPEN

Welcome to New York, friend. It's twenty-four hour.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie has the dog. Pigpen has a long shopping list.

PIGPEN

While we're there, I can stock up on a few things. Mace, chervil, monosodium glutamate, Juicy Fruit...

INT. INDIAN MARKET - NIGHT

Charlie and Pigpen peruse the aisles. Suddenly --

CHARLIE

(stage whisper)

Don't look now!

PIGPEN

(looks)

What?

CHARLIE

I said don't LOOK now!

PIGPEN

I don't see anything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

It's the little red-headed girl!

PIGPEN

Where? Oh, that red-headed girl? The one from the dog park?

CHARLIE

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

CHARLIE'S POV: the Redhead stops in front of...the diapers. Charlie's face falls. Then:

She moves down and grabs some Tampax. His face lights up.

The Doberman sees the beagle and starts GROWLING. The Redhead follows her dog's gaze and sees Charlie.

REDHEAD

Well, hello again.

CHARLIE

Hi! I mean, hello. How ya doin?

REDHEAD

Fine, thanks.

Charlie gropes for words. She looks at him expectantly.

CHARLIE

Nice night.

REDHEAD

Little chilly.

CHARLIE

For November. Yes. Very cold.

PIGPEN

(sensing impending disaster)
My friend here and I were just doing an emergency spice run. We're cooking and we ran out of turmeric.

REDHEAD

Oh. Yes. I never have enough turmeric when I need it.

(waves the Tampax box)

I just came to get some ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

What a coincidence! I love ice cream!

REDHEAD

So does Barbara.

CHARLIE

Who's Barbara?

REDHEAD

My dog.

CHARLIE

Your dog's name is Barbara?

REDHEAD

I named her after my psychiatrist.

CHARLIE

Another coincidence! My sister's a psychiatrist!

REDHEAD

You don't say.

CHARLIE

My name's...Chaz.

He puts out his hand. She shakes it uncertainly.

REDHEAD

Well, see you around the dog park, Chaz.

She walks away.

CHARLIE

She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life.

PIGPEN

Who's Chaz?

CHARLIE

Fuck you.

PIGPEN

Come on, Chaz. I still haven't found the marjoram, and if we don't hurry, my battered tripe will be ruined.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE
Battered tripe? That's what you're making?

PIGPEN
You'll love it.

CHARLIE
Pigpen, I'm going to have to call the battered tripe hotline. There's no excuse for domestic violence.

PIGPEN
(dryly)
It's tripe, cooked in a batter. It's considered a delicacy in some countries.

CHARLIE
What's tripe, exactly?

PIGPEN
(matter-of-fact)
It's the gastronomic name for the stomach of an animal that chews its cud.

The sound of retching O.S. CUTS TO:

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Lucy kneels before the toilet. Gets up. Wobbles.

Knocking at the bathroom door.

LINUS
(o.s.)
Luce, you okay?

LUCY
Go away!

LINUS
Lucy, what's going on?

LUCY
Something I ate! Leave me alone!

LINUS
I just want to -- okay. Let me know if you need anything.

Lucy looks in the mirror. Pale. Forlorn.

72.
INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Linus prepares breakfast. Sally shuffles in. Linus is defended, awkward -- until Sally puts her head down on the counter. Then he looks worried.

SALLY

Linus, I have a big, big problem.

LINUS

Yours is not the face of a well woman.

SALLY

Iaing terminated my contract with Keating.

LINUS

Because you missed some stupid party? I thought she was the one telling you to get some sleep!

SALLY

No, it's because her star photographers don't want to work with me. Loomis Takahara actually walked out on me the other day. Of course, I threw up on him. It was hideous.

LINUS

Well, Loomis Takahara is an idiot.

SALLY

And my mother needs twenty-one thousand dollars by the end of next week, and I can't give it to her.

LINUS

What about Charlie? Can't he help?

SALLY

Goddamn Charlie and his goddamn tequila coffeehouse. No, the only support he has to offer is moral.

LINUS

How much money do you have?

SALLY

About seven thousand dollars. And change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

73.

LINUS
Give it to me.

SALLY
What?

LINUS
Give it to me. I'll triple it for you.

SALLY
Is this a pyramid scheme?

LINUS
Sally, I work at Morgan Stanley. We don't participate in pyramid schemes. I'm going to invest it in a little company whose stock is about to go public.

SALLY
Is that legal?

LINUS
Legal as in within the confines of the moral law?

SALLY
No, legal as in within the confines of not going to jail for doing it.

LINUS
It's not very illegal.

SALLY
That sort of like being a little bit pregnant?

Out of nowhere: Lucy. Green around the gills. Venomous.

LUCY
What?

LINUS
Lucy, hi! Feeling okay?

LUCY
Please. No pre-coffee talking.
(pours herself coffee)
Ugh. This is disgusting. Who made this?

LINUS
I made it. It's cinnamon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

It tastes like Big Red! Blech!

She pours it into the sink. Storms out.

SALLY

(to Linus)

I can get the money for you today.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

End of a long day. Lucy picks up the phone, dials.

LUCY

Hi, yes. Hi. Hi. I need to make an appointment for a pregnancy test.

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - NIGHT

Rasta John sits reading aloud to a (very) small crowd.

RASTA JOHN

"...Then I thought to myself, goddamn, I have to take a piss, and as I stood there taking that piss against that wall, I thought about the tragic race of man, the continuum of space and time, and the black hole that we all live in. Empty. Black. Hole."

He looks up. Grins. Scattered applause.

RASTA JOHN

Thanks! Thanks for letting me share my blank verse poem entitled "The Piss." Next we'll hear from my favorite employee and milk steamer and friend, Charles Campbell Brown Junior!

CHARLIE

Uh, hi everyone. I'm Charlie. Uh, it's great to be here at Margaritaville, although I'm here every day, and, well, I'm reading from an essay entitled "The Spelling Bee."

(clears his throat)

"The Spelling Bee, by Charles Brown."

Charlie looks out into the crowd and sees Lucy walk in.

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - SUPPLY ROOM - LATER

Lucy sits on a milk crate. Charlie stands.

CHARLIE

What?

LUCY

Don't make me tell you twice.

CHARLIE

How long have you known?

LUCY

I don't know anything yet. That's why I'm getting the test.

CHARLIE

How long have you had reason to suspect?

LUCY

Well, obviously since Schroeder -- since we broke up.

CHARLIE

Well, what does he say?

LUCY

Who?

CHARLIE

Schroeder.

Lucy says nothing.

CHARLIE

You haven't told him?

She looks at him. Baleful.

CHARLIE

You haven't told him.

INT. MORGAN STANLEY - LINUS' CUBICLE - NIGHT

Linus burns the midnight oil. Sits alone at his computer. A few keystrokes. A few more. A beep. He talks to himself.

LINUS

Knock knock. Who's there? Linus. Linus who? Linus van Pelt. Tell the viewers what you're doing, Linus. Okay, sure, Jay. This is what we call insider

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS (cont'd)
trading. Isn't that illegal? Yes, Jay.
Ladies and Gentlemen, the fall from grace
of Mister Linus van Pelt! Let's have a
big round of applause!

INT. MARGARITAVILLE - NIGHT

Lucy stalks out. Charlie follows a few paces behind, but is
stopped by JONAS LEE, an unobtrusive guy in a suit.

JONAS
Hey, excuse me, Charlie? Charles Brown?

CHARLIE
(totally preoccupied)
Yeah?

JONAS
Hi, I'm Jonas Lee. I'm the editor of
Netski. Have you heard of...?

CHARLIE
Uh, no.

JONAS
Well, it's a new internet magazine. I
just started it a few months ago. Anyway,
I've actually been reading your stuff
since we were at Berkeley...

CHARLIE
You went to Berkeley?

JONAS
I read your column in the Heuristic
Squelch. I was a big fan.

CHARLIE
You're kidding.

JONAS
And I was just walking by...I thought
this was a bar.

CHARLIE
This place has a bit of an identity
problem. It suits me.

JONAS
Look, Charlie -- I know this comes out of
left field, but I've been looking for
someone to write a sort of casual
observer, man-about-New York kind of
thing. A column.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAS (cont'd)

(beat)

I have a fat NEA grant. We could pay you.

Charlie hesitates. Can't believe this is happening now.

CHARLIE

You know what? I'm kind of embroiled in a very weird personal crisis right now. Why don't you give me your card, and I'll call you?

He takes the card and dashes out after Lucy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It's pouring. Lucy tries to hail a cab. Charlie hollers at her from the curb. She resolutely ignores him.

CHARLIE

Lucy, wait! I'm not criticizing you as a person! I am criticizing your method!

LUCY

I'm the fucking shrink, Charlie. I know what you're doing. Just leave me alone. I'm sorry I told you anything.

CHARLIE

Lucy, I want to be supportive! Don't lash out at me! This isn't my fault!

She waves impatiently at the passing cabs. All full.

CHARLIE

(quizzical - to himself)

Or is it?

(to Lucy)

Or is it?!

LUCY

Is what?

CHARLIE

Is there any possibility that this is my fault?

LUCY

No!

CHARLIE

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Charlie, we didn't do it. If you recall.

CHARLIE

Yeah, but sometimes...!

LUCY

Can we not scream about this on the street in front of God and country and everybody?

He gets right in her face. Aggressive. She shrinks a little.

CHARLIE

When's the test?

LUCY

Tomorrow. I told you.

CHARLIE

When tomorrow?

LUCY

What difference does it make?

CHARLIE

I'm coming with you.

LUCY

No.

CHARLIE

Don't argue with me. I'm coming.

LUCY

(pleading)

Please don't.

INT. WOMENS' HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Lucy sits expressionless as a technician pulls on a long syringe, DRAWING BLOOD out of Lucy's arm.

Back in the waiting room. Charlie. Waiting.

LUCY

Hi.

CHARLIE

How'd it go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
(holds out her arm)
I got a Snoopy band-aid.

CHARLIE
Cute.

He puts his arm around her. Protective. Leads her out.

ON THE STREET:

She suddenly bursts into tears.

CHARLIE
Lucy... I mean, is there anything...?

LUCY
No.

CHARLIE
Do you want to go get something to eat?

LUCY
No.

CHARLIE
Should we just go somewhere and sit down?

LUCY
No.

Lucy begins really crying.

CHARLIE
Lucy, talk to me.

LUCY
I can't.

CHARLIE
Look, I came all the way down here with you. We're in, like, the middle of the carpet district. I have no idea how to get home. You have no one else to talk to. So talk to me.

LUCY
Promise not to hold it against me.

CHARLIE
Done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY
(cringing)
If I'm pregnant...

CHARLIE
Big if.

LUCY
...I'm not exactly, totally, entirely
sure...

CHARLIE
Of...

LUCY
...Whose it is.

CHARLIE
Wait. You said it couldn't have been me.

LUCY
No, it's not you.

CHARLIE
So, who else's could it be?
(realizing)
Did you cheat on Schroeder?

LUCY
Let's not use the word "cheat."

CHARLIE
(furious)
Good grief! Did you have sex with someone
else while you and Schroeder were
together?

LUCY
Kind of.

CHARLIE
Kind of? What the hell does that mean?
It's a yes or no question, Lucy!

LUCY
Why are you so angry? This doesn't affect
you.

CHARLIE
Yes it does. Yes it does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCY
How?

CHARLIE
Because I'm your appointed guardian.

LUCY
You are not.

CHARLIE
Of course I am. You came to me for a reason.

LUCY
I can look after myself.

CHARLIE
You think you can, Lucy, but everyone needs someone to watch over them.

LUCY
I don't need your help. People are born alone, they die alone, and the only person you can really count on is yourself. If I have to go through this, the only person who needs to take care of me is me.

A cab pulls up. She gets in. He comes to the window. Through the glass, she sees him YELL:

CHARLIE
I know you don't really believe that!

The cab pulls away.

EXT. DOG PARK - SATURDAY MORNING

Charlie and Pigpen watch the beagle. Suddenly:

REDHEAD
Chaz?

CHARLIE
Oh my God! Hi!

REDHEAD
Hi.

CHARLIE
What are you doing here? I mean -- of course I know what you're doing here. You're with Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REDHEAD

No, my husband has Barbara. They're right over there.

CHARLIE

Your huh...your huh...?

PIGPEN

Husband.

CHARLIE'S POV: a GORGEOUS GUY tossing a frisbee with Barbara.

CHARLIE

I...he's...

PIGPEN

He looks familiar.

REDHEAD

He used to be an actor. Now he's a congressman.

PIGPEN

Yup. That's where I've seen him. Billingsley, right? Actor-cum-statesman-cum-novelist?

CHARLIE

What, no talk show?

The Redhead waves at her man. Her diamond wedding band winks in the light. Charlie looks like he's been clubbed.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - SATURDAY - MORNING

Linus calculates some figures on paper, shows them to Sally.

SALLY

Twenty-nine thousand dollars? Above the original seven?

LINUS

No, including. Should be twenty-nine and some change, which leaves you eight in capital, which sounds like acting class money to me.

SALLY

Linus, you are a genius! My mom'll be so relieved! I'M so relieved! I love you!

She lunges for him and impetuously KISSES him. He looks embarrassed -- but she doesn't let him go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
I'd like to make it up to you.

LINUS
Don't worry about it.

SALLY
No, really.

She stares him down, boldly. Finally he looks away, blushing.

LINUS
No.

SALLY
(teasing)
Come on.

LINUS
Look, we tried. It was a dismal failure.

SALLY
Guys are always too nervous the first time. Don't be embarrassed.

LINUS
Easy for you to say. You weren't the one with the uncooperative appendage.

SALLY
Maybe if we sneak up on it, it won't have time to get scared.

LINUS
No, really, I...

She kisses him. He doesn't resist. But he keeps talking.

LINUS
Sally, you should keep in mind that what I've done for you is highly illegal and could cost me my job.

SALLY
I'm a good secret keeper.

LINUS
(teasing)
No, you're not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
(proudly)
Yes I am! YOU trusted me...

LINUS
...which was a terrible idea.

SALLY
Lucy trusts me. She told me all about her
affair with Bill Selby.

He pulls away abruptly.

LINUS
Her WHAT?

Oops.

He backs away from her. Out of the room. Eyes glazing over.

She sits alone. Dejected.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - SATURDAY MORNING

Lucy sits in a corner of her bedroom, on the phone.

LUCY
I'm calling for my test results. 89G662X.
(long silence.)
Hi. Okay. Oh. Well...When can I see Dr.
Sutton? Today? Fine. Monday's fine.

She hangs up. Worst fears realized.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - SATURDAY MORNING - LATER

Lucy gets ready to leave.

LINUS
Where're you going?

LUCY
Out.

LINUS
Don't forget an umbrella.

LUCY
Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS
Lucy, can I ask you something..?

LUCY
Make it quick.

LINUS
Did you...?

The phone rings.

LINUS
(picks up phone)
Hello? Hi, Charlie. How are you? You did?
She's what? Didn't you check for a ring?
Ah, gloves...Yeah, Lucy's right here.

Lucy waves the phone away.

LINUS
Uh, actually, Charlie, she's leaving and
wants to know can she call you later.
(hangs up)
What was that about? You're not still in
a fight with him...?

LUCY
Who said we were in a fight?

LINUS
Nobody.

LUCY
I just don't feel like talking to him.

LINUS
Suit yourself.

LUCY
What did you want to ask me?

A beat. Linus looks pained. Loses his nerve.

LINUS
Did you pay the phone bill?

INT. PIGPEN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Charlie hangs up the phone and lies flat on his back as the
pig nuzzles him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Here's how pathetic my life is: even Lucy van Pelt won't talk to me.

PIGPEN

Yeah, but who wants to talk to that crazy bitch anyway.

CHARLIE

She's troubled.

PIGPEN

She's bossy.

CHARLIE

She's decisive.

PIGPEN

She's mean.

CHARLIE

(thoughtful)

And she's got absolutely flawless skin.
Like porcelain.

Beat.

PIGPEN

Well, if you feel THAT way, then I'm not going to have this conversation.

CHARLIE

No, I don't feel THAT way. She's Lucy. She's been kicking me around like an old shoe since we were three. I was just saying, she has beautiful skin.

PIGPEN

"Women Who Abuse Men and Men Who Dig It."
That's the title of your next book.

CHARLIE

Next book? Let's go for first book.

PIGPEN

Let's go for first Op-Ed piece.

CHARLIE

Let's go for first article in Sassy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIGPEN

You write much better than that
congressman guy.

CHARLIE

No, all I do is steam milk. It's not even
a fair fight.

PIGPEN

Come on, Charlie. There are other sharks
in the sea.

CHARLIE

But she was the One For Me.

PIGPEN

How do you know? You met her once!

CHARLIE

Twice. No, three times!

PIGPEN

So, you had a few meaningless
conversations with her.

CHARLIE

I've been waiting to meet her my whole
life, and now that I've found her, she's
married! My life is one long senseless
tragedy! I should just end it all now and
put myself out of my misery!

He goes to the window, wrests it open.

PIGPEN

You gonna jump?

CHARLIE

Yes!

PIGPEN

We're on the second floor.

CHARLIE

I know that!

PIGPEN

You wanna sprain your ankle?

CHARLIE

Aaagh! I can't even commit suicide well!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PIGPEN

Come on, Charlie. Stop being so apocalyptic. There will be other little red-headed girls for you to stalk.

CHARLIE

Who cares, when love can never grow in this bleak and desolate landscape!?

PIGPEN

You mean Brooklyn?

CHARLIE

No, I mean the bleak and desolate landscape of my life.

PIGPEN

Oh, THAT landscape.

CHARLIE

Lucy's right -- we're all alone in the universe. Love is an unnatural state. We have to learn to fend for ourselves and not depend on others to love us.

Charlie looks genuinely sorrowful.

PIGPEN

I love you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Thanks, Pigpen.

Pigpen BEAMS.

INT. MORGAN STANLEY - DAY

Linus sits at his desk. Townsend Perez taps him on the shoulder. Behind Perez, a scary man in dark glasses.

TOWNSEND

Van Pelt? This is Matthews. Assistant Vice President for compliance. Wants a word with you.

LINUS

Sir?

TOWNSEND

You can use my office.

INT. PEREZ' OFFICE - DAY

Linus looks like he's being marched to his execution.

MATTHEWS

We all know that there's frequently a price run-up in the days preceding an announcement of a public offering, so it's getting tougher for compliance officers like myself to police insider trading. Now, I don't THINK you're in the wrong here, but I just have to make sure. What with the whole Max Blank fiasco.

LINUS

Anything I can do to be helpful...

MATTHEWS

You're not in the habit of making big investments in your own name.

LINUS

No, sir.

MATTHEWS

But this offering on Consolidated that we made last week...

LINUS

Yes, sir.

MATTHEWS

You brought in quite a bit of cash.

LINUS

Some, sir.

MATTHEWS

Was it for personal gain?

LINUS

Not exactly, sir.
(breaking down)
It was for a girl, sir.

MATTHEWS

A what? And stop calling me Sir. This isn't Beetle Bailey.

LINUS

This girl, sir. I mean, Mr. Matthews.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands over Sally's photo -- a little worse for wear.

LINUS

I did it for her. Mr. Matthews. Sir.
(determined)

I'm going to marry her. Someday.

Matthews nods approvingly.

INT. MORGAN STANLEY - HALLWAY - DAY

Townsend jumps back as his office door opens. Matthews affectionately clubs Linus on the shoulder.

MATTHEWS

(to Townsend)

Kid's all right. No problem here.

Off Townsend's raised eyebrows:

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Charlie's at a pay phone, holding a business card.

CHARLIE

Hi, is...Jonas Lee there? This is Charles Brown. I called to talk to you about the...yeah. Yeah, I'm at a pay phone. Well, there was a fire at the apartment where I'm staying. No, nothing serious. It was a fat fire...Yeah, maybe there's a column in that. We'll call it "My crazy friend who thinks a goose is a reasonable thing to cook for Thanksgiving."

INT. DOCTOR BOB SUTTON'S OFFICE - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Lucy lies on her back, staring at ceiling tile. Legs in stirrups. Measured breathing.

LUCY

This is so cute. Your own little practice. I remember when you were just an intern.

DOCTOR BOB

I remember when you were just trying to wisecrack your way through your OB-GYN rotation. How's old Bill Selby?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
We hate each other.

DOCTOR BOB
Okay, Lucy. You can sit up now.

Lucy holds her paper gown closed. DOCTOR BOB is her own age.

LUCY
Tell it like it is, Doctor Bob.

DOCTOR BOB
Well, all those tests indicate you're pregnant...

LUCY
I hear a "but."

DOCTOR BOB
...But I'm not seeing any gestational sacs on your ultrasound.

LUCY
That's because they're very very teeny.

DOCTOR BOB
Which could indicate an ectopic pregnancy.

LUCY
(dumbstruck)
Oh.

DOCTOR BOB
Which, as you know, could possibly rupture your fallopian tubes. I'd like to run some tests right away. Is there anyone you'd like to call?

Lucy thinks. Bites her knuckles. Hard.

LUCY
No.

EXT. LINUS AND LUCY'S BLDG - ROOF TERRACE - EVENING

Sally smokes a cigarette in the rain. Linus opens the roof door. Comes and stands next to her. She stares straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS
Hi.

SALLY
Hi.

LINUS
Are we speaking?

SALLY
Sounds that way.

LINUS
I'm sorry about what happened on
Saturday. I didn't mean to bolt like
that.

SALLY
No. It was my fault. I have a secret-
keeping problem.

LINUS
Well, maybe it's the people with the
secrets who have the problem.

SALLY
Yeah, maybe.

Long silence. Sally does her best to ignore him.

LINUS
Look, Sal, I don't want you to think I
didn't take your offer seriously.

SALLY
My offer?

LINUS
Well...wasn't it? An offer?

SALLY
You make it sound like I made some kind
of altruistic gesture.

LINUS
(laughing nervously)
Well, I would be getting high quality
services in return for a nominal fee.

The comment just hangs there. Linus looks surprised that it
even escaped his lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
(disgusted)
That's the worst thing anyone has ever
said to me.

She runs off. Linus dashes after her, down the stairs.

LINUS
(echoing)
Sally! That's not what I meant!

He catches up to her outside the apartment. She's locked out,
and in tears.

SALLY
It makes me SO ANGRY that I have nowhere
else to go right now.

LINUS
Sally, I didn't mean it like that.

SALLY
Well, what did you mean?

Linus gropes for the right words.

LINUS
There's nothing I'd like more than
to...for us to be together. But I'd also
like for it to be part of something. A
romance. Not just some kind of wager
between friends.

(beat)
I believe in us, Sally. You're the only
woman who's ever loved me. And I don't
want to do you any dishonor. I don't want
to do this unless we're, like, together
together.

SALLY
Together together.

LINUS
Yes. In a proper courtship.
(beat)
Look, no pressure. Just sleep with it. I
mean, me. I mean, on it. Sleep on it.

SALLY
(grinning)
Keep digging, Linus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINUS

Yeah, well. I try to make my subconscious fairly obvious to the naked eye.

She thinks for a moment.

SALLY

I don't think I've ever had a proper courtship before. Will we go on dates?

LINUS

Yeah, prolly.

Sally gets a gleam in her eye.

SALLY

Can we go to the opera?

LINUS

Sure.

SALLY

Can we go to...the Bronx Zoo?

LINUS

Okay.

SALLY

Roosevelt Island?

LINUS

Okay.

SALLY

Le Cirque?

LINUS

Oh God. Okay. But for a special occasion.

They disappear into the apartment as she continues to pelt him with questions.

INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM - ONE WEEK LATER - MORNING

Lucy's curled up in a fetal position. Daylight fights its way in through drawn blinds.

A knock. Sally pokes her head in.

SALLY

I brought you some tea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
(tiny voice)
Thanks.

Sally sets down a lavish tea tray.

SALLY
That's some flu you've got there.

Lucy stares into space.

INT. NETSKI OFFICES - DAY

Jonas tours Charlie around the offices.

JONAS
Copy room...Coffee area..."executive
washroom" -- I love saying that --
and...here's your office.

Charlie has his own cubicle. His face lights up.

JONAS
Of course, if you're more comfortable
working at home...

Charlie holds up a copy of the VILLAGE VOICE classifieds.

CHARLIE
I'm actually in the process of looking
for a home, so...for now this will be
just fine.

JONAS
You know, I have a friend who's looking
for a subletter. It's a one-bedroom on
Broome with a sleeping loft. Nine fifty.
She's moving to LA in two weeks.

Charlie is agog. He takes Jonas' head in his hands and kisses
him loudly on the cheek.

CHARLIE
Jonas, if you were a girl with red hair,
I'd marry you.

INT. LINUS' AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Linus makes a list. Lucy, piqued, half-listens to him. Sally
bakes something complicated. Christmas carols on the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

Marcy agreed to bring the cider and that mulling stuff you put in it, plus rum to spike it with. We all know what Patti's bringing. Violet's bringing some dessert thing and Franklin says he'll get cheese and crackers or something. The twins are bringing pigs in the blanket, Pigpen's all fired up to make a bûche de Noël...

SALLY

...I want to make the bush de Noël!

LINUS

...and Charlie's bringing a tree.

A dark cloud settles over Lucy's face.

SALLY

We can't have two bushes de Noël. I asked first!

LINUS

Lucy, do you think you can pick Rerun up at the train that afternoon?

Lucy doesn't answer. Shuffles out.

LINUS

He's your brother, Lucy. What's the big deal?

He gets up and follows her into her bedroom. Shuts the door behind him. She's back in bed.

LINUS

Lucy.

LUCY

Go away.

LINUS

What's going on with you?

LUCY

Nothing.

LINUS

You know, you're not fooling anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

I don't know what you're talking about.

LINUS

I know a lot more than you think.

LUCY

About what?

LINUS

I know about you and Selby.

LUCY

That bitch! I swore her to secrecy!

LINUS

Don't blame Sally. I knew there was someone. I just didn't know who. And I know this isn't just some flu you've got.

LUCY

Yes it is.

LINUS

So how come no one's caught it from you?

LUCY

Because you're all in robust good health?

LINUS

Your nose isn't running and you don't have a fever and you're not taking any cold tablets or anything.

LUCY

I'm practicing holistic medicine.

LINUS

You're practicing holistic bullshit. You know, if I had an abortion, I'd tell you.

LUCY

If YOU had an abortion, I'd tell Oprah.

LINUS

Did you?

LUCY

Naw, I hate Oprah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINUS
Have an abortion.

LUCY
No.

Not what he was expecting.

LINUS
Oh. What's with the invalid act, then?

LUCY
I'm sick. I told you.
(beat)
But I'm getting better.

Linus just looks at her.

LUCY
Linus, you have to trust me.

LINUS
How can I, when you've been lying to me
this whole time?

LUCY
Because you're my brother. And you have
to believe me that I had my reasons.

LINUS
Things are going to have to change, you
know.

LUCY
I know. I know.

Linus leaves. Then:

LINUS
(poking his head back in)
Let me know if you need anything, okay?

Lucy gives him a watery smile. He comes to her, envelops her
in a huge hug. Rocks her back and forth as she cries into his
shirt.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S APARTMENT - TWO WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

The place is all decked out for Christmas. Lights, candles,
tinsel, wreaths. A space cleared for a big tree.

People are everywhere -- setting up food, popping champagne
bottles, unstacking boxes of ornaments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcy, Patti and VIOLET are in the pantry, smoking a joint.

PATTI
(to Violet)
Bitch, you didn't tell me you went to
Argentina.

VIOLET
Matthew's father is the ambassador.

MARCY
(taking a hit)
I bet they have some fine plant down
there. You bring any back?

PATTI
What do you think we're smoking, bitch?

MARCY
Why're you calling everyone bitch?

PATTI
I watched Clerks again. I can't stop.

MARCY
Well, if you don't mind my saying, I find
it a little hostile. Sir.

Lucy, looking fully restored and gorgeous in a red gown,
pokes her head into the pantry.

LUCY
Hey, are you girls coming to the party or
are you going to stay in here all night?

PATTI
We'll be right out, Luce.
(under her breath)
Bitch is looking fine in her Christmas
dress.

LUCY
What?

PATTI
Nothing. You look terrific, is all I
said.

LUCY
Thanks.

She leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATTI
Mm, mm, MMM.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TWINS, who speak only in stereo, FRANKLIN, a dignified black man, and RERUN, the youngest van Pelt sibling, stand around the food table.

FRANKLIN
So, Rerun, you enjoying school so far?

RERUN
I'm a senior.

FRANKLIN
Oh. So, so far, so good?

RERUN
Can't wait to graduate and move down to
D.C. Maine is much too cold.

TWINS
We went to school in California! We loved
it!

FRANKLIN
Yes, but are you educated? Or just tan?

They look at him blankly.

IN THE CORNER:

Sally and Linus look at the empty space for the tree.

SALLY
I can't imagine where Charlie could be.

LINUS
It doesn't take that much effort to find
a tree. Especially the night before
Christmas Eve. They're practically giving
them away.

SALLY
He probably, like, went to the woods to
chop one down. Just because it's too easy
to buy one at the corner grocery.

EXT. WOODSY AREA - NIGHT

Charlie smokes a cigarette and wields an ax. Pigpen stands
by, flipping through a book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIGPEN

You're supposed to hit the ax in the same place, forming a "V" shape. Aw, come on, Charlie. You know how to do this from watching Porky Pig. He was forever chopping down trees.

CHARLIE

Woody Woodpecker, too.

PIGPEN

Yeah. Also, you know, we don't have to fuck around like this. We could just go buy a tree.

CHARLIE

It's much more honorable to chop one down. Makes me feel like a man.

PIGPEN

What would it make you feel like to just pick one up at the local grocery store?

CHARLIE

(thinks)

A man...who lives near a grocery store.

PIGPEN

You beginning to see my point?

CHARLIE

There's not going to be anything left at the grocery store. It's the night before Christmas Eve. We're going to end up with some crummy skanky tree and everyone'll be pissed off at us.

PIGPEN

Hey, don't look at me. I made a lovely bûche de Noël.

EXT. LOCAL GROCERY - NIGHT

Charlie negotiates with the guy selling trees. There are two left: one lush and huge, one tiny and wimpy.

Charlie is torn. Finally points to the wimpy tree. Pigpen just shrugs: you're the boss.

INT. LINUS AND LUCY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

IN THE ELEVATOR: Charlie's got the tree. Pigpen has something wrapped in foil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Come on. It's a cute little tree.

PIGPEN

Sure.

CHARLIE

A little tinsel, a few ornaments...

PIGPEN

Right.

They get out and ring Linus and Lucy's doorbell. Linus answers.

LINUS

Finally! The tree! Took you long enough!
Did you chop it down yourself or
something?

CHARLIE

Or something.

Pigpen unwraps his bûche de Noël, decorated in neon colors, and puts it next to Sally's, which is sort of slumped. Sally scowls at Pigpen.

The tree is installed in its corner. Everyone gathers around. Lucy pushes her way to the front.

LUCY

You've got to be kidding.

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie steers Lucy into her room. Angry as hell.

CHARLIE

What's going on with you?

LUCY

What the hell's with that stupid tree?

CHARLIE

You haven't returned my phone calls since
before Thanksgiving.

LUCY

I give you one lousy job...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

And Sally said you were sick before.

LUCY

...And you screw it up. Every local grocery in town had huge gorgeous trees all month long...

CHARLIE

You want to know what happened with the tree? I wanted to chop one down at this chop-down-your-own-tree place in Yonkers, but I'm not much with an ax. So I bought that nice little tree instead of a big fancy tree because the big fancy tree was \$125 and that one was \$15, which was all I had. Now, explain yourself.

LUCY

My job was to make the egg nog, which turned out very nicely, if I do say so.

CHARLIE

How could you not call me to tell me what happened with your pregnancy test? After I came WITH you....!

LUCY

I didn't need you, so I didn't call you.

CHARLIE

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe I needed you?

No, it hadn't. She frowns.

LUCY

What for?

CHARLIE

Maybe I couldn't sleep at night because I was worried about you.

LUCY

That's ridiculous. You sleep like a log.

CHARLIE

Maybe I wanted to tell you about my new ATM card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY
YOU have an ATM card?

CHARLIE
Yeah, checking AND savings.

LUCY
Boy, they'll give anyone a bank account
these days.

CHARLIE
Maybe I just missed you, all right? How's
that? Maybe I just wanted to talk to you.
Have a good old-fashioned debate and let
you beat me down.

LUCY
Yeah, maybe.

CHARLIE
Maybe I've fallen in love with you.

Beat.

LUCY
Shut up. You have not.

CHARLIE
What? It's not so crazy. After all this
time?

LUCY
That's exactly why it's crazy. You don't
just wake up one day and realize you're
in love with someone.

CHARLIE
No?

LUCY
No. Not in real life.

CHARLIE
In your professional opinion, Doctor, how
does it happen?

LUCY
Not like that.

CHARLIE
You're scared, aren't you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCY

Yeah, I'm scared. You're being very scary right now.

CHARLIE

You're scared of having to deal with someone who's not gay, not married...

LUCY

And not a stupid blockhead. Which rules YOU out.

CHARLIE

You're wrong, Lucy.

LUCY

I'm never wrong.

CHARLIE

I'm not a blockhead anymore.

LUCY

Of course you are.

CHARLIE

No, I'm not! I have a job now. With health insurance and everything. I'm a columnist for an internet magazine.

LUCY

There's no such thing as an internet magazine.

CHARLIE

Sure there is.

LUCY

Yeah, but you're still living in squalor with Pigpen and his cookbooks.

CHARLIE

Wrong again! I have an apartment. A sublet. On Broome Street. It's even got a bedroom.

LUCY

That'll come in handy. Pajama parties and whatnot.

CHARLIE

Are you really that threatened by my success?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She says nothing.

CHARLIE

You are, aren't you. You spent years making me believe I would never be anything but a failure, and you can't STAND it that you were wrong.

(beat)

And you REALLY can't stand it that I'm right.

He starts to leave.

LUCY

(coy)

So...what happened to falling in love?

CHARLIE

Oh, I was just kidding about that.

LUCY

What?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I just said that because I knew it's what you wanted to hear.

LUCY

Of all the...

CHARLIE

(cheery)

Turns out you're a lot easier to manipulate than I thought!

He leaves. Lucy clutches at her throat. Tries to breathe.

He comes back. Pushes his face in close to hers.

CHARLIE

See?

LUCY

What?

CHARLIE

See what it's like? I dangle something in front of you, and then yank it away just when you start to trust me. Like a carrot on a string. Like the football you never let me kick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LUCY

This isn't funny, Charlie.

CHARLIE

It's never been funny. But YOU always thought it was fucking hilarious.

LUCY

(stunned)

You set out to hurt me. Deliberately.

CHARLIE

How's that medicine taste, Lucy? Real sour, huh?

LUCY

You're a bastard.

CHARLIE

There's a lesson in all this, about the fragility of the human heart. If you can't see it, then God help you, Lucy van Pelt. Because it's spelled right out for you, clear as day.

LUCY

So you didn't mean it. What you said.

CHARLIE

About what?

LUCY

You know. Before.

CHARLIE

I just said, like, five contradictory things.

LUCY

(bracing herself)

You didn't mean it when you said you were in love with me.

CHARLIE

No, I did mean it.

LUCY

Oh.

CHARLIE

(acidic)

I don't actually lie about stuff like that. Ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

He moves to leave.

LUCY
Where are you going?

CHARLIE
I have a tree to rehabilitate. I'm done
trying to rehabilitate you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's trying to snazz up the sad little tree with
ornaments and tinsel.

Marcy, Patti and Violet hang back and stare, glazed.

MARCY
I wonder if this tree would look this bad
if we hadn't smoked.

VIOLET
It might look worse.

PATTI
Maybe we should smoke some more.

VIOLET
Nothing left.

MARCY
You're joking, right?

PATTI
Maybe we can call Pink Dot. Where's
Charlie? He knows all about Pink Dot.
Chuck, what's the phone number for Pink
Dot? Do they really deliver ANYTHING?

Linus corners Charlie. They crouch by the foot of the tree.

LINUS
Did you talk to her?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

LINUS
Did it go okay?

CHARLIE
Not really. It felt sort of like an
episode of Dallas, only no big hats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINUS

What's that supposed to mean?

CHARLIE

I mean, it'll always be unresolved. All this animosity -- it'll just keep coming back, week after week, and eventually she'll shoot me.

Then:

The Christmas carol record scratches, stops. Everyone looks.

LUCY

Charlie.

He turns to her. They FACE OFF across the room.

LUCY

I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

What?

LUCY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Before a jury of my peers, I'm apologizing.

CHARLIE

For what?

PATTI

Yeah, for what?

MARCY

Shut up.

PATTI

Are they fighting?

LUCY

I'm sorry I didn't call you.

CHARLIE

And...?

LUCY

I'm sorry for being a tease.

CHARLIE

And...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

I'm sorry for not believing in you.
You've accomplished so much, and you
deserve to be proud of yourself. And it
feels really strange for me to be proud
of you, but I am.

CHARLIE

Go on.

LUCY

I'm sorry for abusing your fragile heart.
I had no idea...I didn't know how you
felt.

(deep breath.)

And I'm sorry about the football. All the
footballs. I'm sure you would have been a
really good kicker.

CHARLIE

And...?

LUCY

And, that's it! What else do you want me
to apologize for?

CHARLIE

Nothing, I'm just enjoying this public
display of humility. It's so
uncharacteristic of you. Aren't we all
enjoying this, folks?

LUCY

Aaagh! I hate you so much!

She rushes towards him and beats his chest with her fists. He
just laughs. Catches her arms and pins them behind her. Leans
in and KISSES her confidently. She resists but then gives in.

Everyone gathers around and applauds as the tree is lit up.

Charlie whispers to Lucy:

CHARLIE

You really wanna do this? I mean, do it
right?

LUCY

Not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

111.

CHARLIE
Maybe a little?

LUCY
I'm not making any promises.

CHARLIE
Yes you are. Just one.

As Christmas carols surge up again:

PATTI
I missed something, didn't I. No one ever
tells me anything.

MARCY
All you have to do is pay attention.

SALLY
This is a really beautiful moment!

PIGPEN
Sally, I'm moved. Dance with me.

SALLY
Uh...

LINUS
Don't you guys see? This is a disaster in
the making.

PATTI
Yeah, Lucy and Charlie hate each other!

MARCY
That's exactly why it just might work.

PIGPEN
I bet they'll have really belligerent
sex.

SALLY
Hey, speaking of which, did you guys know
that Linus is still a virgin?

LINUS
Sally! Jesus!

MARCY
You are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PATTI

Huh. Cool.

LINUS

That was supposed to be a secret.

SALLY

Sorry!

Sally links her arms through Linus'. Smiles winningly at him. But he's distracted...

LINUS' POV: as Charlie and Lucy sneak out and down the hall.

PIGPEN

Okay, here's an analogy game: Charlie Brown is to Lucy as...

MARCY

...Kermit is to Miss Piggy.

PATTI

...Sam Malone is to Rebecca Howe.

PIGPEN

...Icarus is to the sun.

SALLY

What?

Charlie opens Lucy's bedroom door. Voices continue O.S.

PIGPEN

You know. That kid who tried to fly and got too close to the sun and his wings melted.

LINUS

The WAX on his wings melted.

PIGPEN

And he came crashing down into the ocean.

SALLY

That sounds sort of tragic.

Lucy disappears into the bedroom. Charlie hesitates.

PIGPEN

It's all about hubris.

Charlie watches as Lucy kicks off her shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LINUS

'Course, if you don't try to fly, you'll never know if you can.

SALLY

So, the moral of the story is that he should at least try even though you might fail miserably. Right?

LINUS

Yes. You should try everything in life at least once.

Charlie closes the door behind him.

THE END