

Nick & Norah's Infinite Playlist

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based on the novel by
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OVER BLACK:

NICK (V.O.)
*It's the middle of the night. And
the day begins.*

The SOUND of a SLAPPING BASS kicks in.

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- NIGHT

A HARDCORE BAND is playing for a flailing crowd of followers.
BUT ALL WE HEAR IS BASS. Heavy bass.

NICK (V.O.)
*There is nothing but this bass in my
hands. Nothing but this noise in my
ears. I am clockwork.*

We are onstage with NICK (18, bass God). He wears a black t-shirt that reads "I think about death. A lot."

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I am the ticking, the pulsing, the
generator. I am the one who takes
this thing called music and lines it
up with this thing called time.*

WE HEAR THE MUSIC NOW -- the wailing guitar, the screaming lyrics. But still, something is missing.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Okay, granted, it's cause we don't
have a drummer. But I am underneath
every part of this. I am puncturing.
I am punctuating. Whatever happens,
it's on my cue.*

He looks over at DEV (20, singer/screamer).

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*In one measure, Dev will rip off his
shirt and throw it to the crowd.*

Dev then rips off his shirt and throws it to the crowd. The crowd screams at shirtless Dev.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I mean, look at these people. Look
at these people looking at us.*

We now see who caught Dev's shirt -- TWO GAY MEN tugging at the sweaty threads. In fact, MEN ARE EVERYWHERE.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Okay, granted, I'm a non-queer bassist
in a queer-core band...*

DEV (sing-screaming)
 Fuck the Man! Fuck the Man! I really
 want to Fuck the Man!

NICK (V.O.)
 ... But who is filling the room with
 undertone? Dev throws his shirt,
 but I am throwing chords. I am
 drenching them in soundwaves. I am
 stronger than the words. I am bigger
 than the box I'm in and What The
 Fuck Is She Doing Here?

The sea of men is parted by TRIS (18, annoyingly pretty).

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Dear God I told her not to come.

Nick's bass slips, throwing the rhythm. Dev looks over at
 him. Nick recovers.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 While she was ripping me to pieces,
 that was the one fragment I begged
 to keep. "Please don't come to the
 shows," I said. "I don't want to
 see you there." "Of course", she
 lied. Is nothing sacred?

Then Nick sees she is arm-in-arm with ANOTHER GUY (20).

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Apparently not.

Nick's fingers react, angrily speeding up the rhythm. Dev
 takes his cue, singing faster and faster.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Do not bounce your head to this,
 Tris. This music is not for you.

The GUY WITH TRIS starts head-banging, too into the music.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And it's definitely not for that
 hand-job you've replaced me with.
 (then, calming)
 Okay. It's gonna be okay. The set
 is over in six, five, four, three --

DEV (singing)
 Take the Power! Fuck the Man!

NICK (V.O., losing it)
 No, please, Dev, don't take this
 song into a fourth minute. I can't
 handle a fourth minute.

Nick turns to the guitarist, THOM (20s).

NICK (V.O., looking) (CONT'D)
*And now Thom's thinking about a solo,
that's not good for anybody. Please
please let's just finish this thing
so I can go bleed to death in peace.*

DEV. (singing)
... Fuck that Man!

With one final scream, the song is over. Nick's bass lets out one last screwball chord. And the crowd erupts.

DEV (into the mic) (CONT'D)
We are The Fuck-Offs!

With that, Dev jumps into the audience to make out with the most willing guy. Thom disperses too, leaving Nick onstage, gripping his bass, a deer in headlights. The NEXT BAND steps up, starts to set up around him. But Nick is motionless.

NICK
Three weeks, two days and twenty-
three hours ago and she's already
with someone else.

NEXT BAND'S DRUMMER
What?

Nick realizes he said that last part out loud. He snaps out of it, turns to their DRUMMER, desperate.

NICK
Can I help you guys set up?

NEXT BAND'S DRUMMER (confused)
Uh... if you want?

Nick hurriedly picks up a speaker, shuffles it back and forth.

NICK (V.O.)
*That's good. Stay busy. And try
not to look.*

Nick looks up. A SKINNY MAN (20s) winks at him. Nick gives a weak smile and looks down again.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At anyone.

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- MOMENTS BEFORE

In the middle of the room, a BUXOM, BLONDE GIRL (18) dances to the music, clearly inebriated, surrounded by OGLING MEN.

NORAH (V.O.)

*This should be a story about Caroline.
Beautiful, drunk Caroline with the
caramel hair, the Tootsie Pop lips,
and the juvenile delinquent record.*

We move through the room, through the throngs of dancing kids, until we land on NORAH (18), arms folded and in control.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It should be. But it isn't.

DEV (into the mic)

We are The Fuck-Offs!

The band has finished their set. Norah looks up at Nick, now standing small and alone onstage. But Caroline takes a drunken step in her line of vision.

CAROLINE (re: Nick)

I'm telling you right now he's gay.

NORAH

There's no way.

CAROLINE

He's a total mo.

NORAH

He's no mo, Caroline. Look at how badly he's dressed. Look at his shirt and his Supercuts hair. He's bridge-and-tunnel but he's no mo.

CAROLINE (stumbling)

Oh, yeah? And what are we?

NORAH

"We" aren't anything. "You", however, are trashed. C'mon, let's go.

CAROLINE (scoffs)

Whatever, Mom. Cut the cord.

Caroline storms away. Norah watches her return to the ogling men and proceed to flirt wildly.

NORAH (V.O.)

I pretend it's not gonna be the same thing every time. But I can already see how this night'll go down.

(then)

I'll load her onto the bus, I'll hold her hair when she pukes, I'll make up the extra bed, and in the morning, when she stumbles into the

(MORE)

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
kitchen all disheveled and still
drunk, my parents will look at her
like the daughter they never had.

But just then, a CUTE BANDBOY taps Norah on the shoulder.

NORAH (V.O., perking up)
Or maybe --

She perks up, gives a wry smile. But then the boy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a CD.

CUTE BANDBOY
It's just a demo, but I thought --

He slips the CD into her hand, gives a sleazy wink. She looks down at the disc, labeled CARBON 9.

NORAH
Yeah. Awesome.

He walks away. She tosses the CD to the floor. When she looks up again, Nick is getting offstage. Her eyes follow him to the corner bar right next to her.

NORAH (V.O., an idea)
I bet NoMo has a van.

RANDY (O.S.)
What are we looking at?

RANDY (20s, lanky rocker) steps next to her.

NORAH
Somebody's gotta get Caroline home.

RANDY (jumping)
I'll do it.

He rushes off.

NORAH (shouting after him)
I said somebody, Randy. Not anybody.

Randy nudges his way in to the group of men around Caroline.

NORAH (V.O.)
Look at them all. I'd hate 'em so
much more if I wasn't totally one of
them -- Caroline's head minion since
the second grade.

Norah watches as Randy lifts Caroline onto an amplifier. She stands over the crowd and shouts out:

CAROLINE (shouting)
When I say Jesus -- you say Christ.
Jesus --

CROWD (answering)
-- Christ!

CAROLINE
Jesus --

CROWD (answering)
-- Christ!

Everyone howls. Norah tries not to smile, shakes her head.

NORAH (V.O.)
*Cause that's what the daughter of a
fat-cat record company CEO should
be. Not some valedictorian, straight-
edge bitch.*

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- MOMENTS BEFORE

Nick weaves through the crowd like a lost puppy, getting
slammed from all sides by the between-set mass.

NICK (V.O.)
*My eyes are still used to searching
for her in a crowd. My body is still
used to moving with hers. So the
distance -- anything short of contact --
is a constant rejection.*

Nick walks directly up to Thom at the corner bar.

NICK (CONT'D)
She's here.

THOM (looking)
She is? Really?

NICK
Do you even know who I'm talking
about?

THOM
No.

NICK
Tris. She's right over there with
her new dude.

THOM
Tris has a new dude? Already? But
you guys, like, just broke up?

NICK
Yes, thank you, Thom.

THOM
Wow that was fast. Do you think
they knew each other while you were
still dating her?

NICK
Just... fuel the fire, Thom... that's
great.

THOM (looking)
He's not even cute.

NICK
Okay, better, now what am I gonna do
here?

CAROLINE (O.S.)
When I say Jesus, you say Christ!
Jesus --

Thom joins the crowd's chant:

THOM
-- Christ!

CAROLINE (O.S.)
Jesus --

THOM
-- Christ!

Thom laughs and claps. But Nick can't, preoccupied with the
image of Tris only a few yards away from him.

NICK
She's so hot it kills me.

THOM (re: Caroline)
She's wasted.

NICK
I mean Tris. Are you listening? We
need to get out of here.

THOM
But Are You Randy is up next.

NICK
Yes and Tris likes this band. And
the fact that I know that crushes me
because all this knowledge of what
she likes and doesn't like is
perfectly useless to me now.

THOM

Well, so is bitching about her, but
you keep on keeping on.

NICK

I want to leave.

THOM

Look at her, Nick, she's a mall hussy.
She woke up, went to Urban
Outfitter's, got a Ramones t-shirt,
and dumped your straight ass a month
ago. I've said it a thousand times
and I'll say it again: Fuck her.

Thom turns away, talking to another guy, but Nick can't stop.

NICK (V.O.)

*It's not Thom's fault. He doesn't
know what it's like to live with the
memories. See, I remember taking
that shirt off of her. I remember
removing those stockings that make
her look like a comic book hero.*

Nick closes his eyes.

INT. TRIS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

NICK (V.O.)

I'm remembering that right now.

It is quiet. No club noise. Nick is removing Tris's clothes
like he can't believe he gets to do this. He slides the
stockings past her thighs...

TRIS (gently)

Careful, careful...

He gets them past her knees and slips them off her feet.

NICK (V.O.)

*I get to remember this whenever I
want to.*

He sits back, almost catching his breath.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Problem: I can't fucking forget it.

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

The music is pumping. Nick opens his eyes to see the pair
of them, swaying to the beat, his hands on her Ramones shirt.

NICK (V.O.)

*And now this guy is running his hands
all over Joey's face? Rolling down
Dee's chin, and oh God, dropping
down between the A and the M and...*

Suddenly Tris and her dude are walking directly towards Nick.

NICK (to Thom)

She's coming over here.

Nick turns to Thom, searching for someone to talk to, but he is making out with a BEEFY MAN. Nick is trapped.

NICK (V.O.)

She's seriously coming over here.

Nick turns, desperate, to the only person standing alone next to him -- Norah. He steps directly in front of her.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hi. Hello.

She gives him a sideways look.

NICK (CONT'D)

*Could you laugh right now like I
said something really funny?*

But then, without warning, Norah grabs his face and pulls it towards hers, kissing him hard. They both seem shocked for a moment, but then slowly ease into it. Getting more and more comfortable with their intertwined mouths, until...

TRIS (O.S.)

Nick? Norah?

Nick turns to Tris, his world spinning out of control.

TRIS (CONT'D)

*How do you guys, like, know each
other?*

Norah looks up at her.

NORAH (V.O.)

Okay, let me explain some things.

INT. SACRED HEART BATHROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

NORAH (V.O.)

There's me...

Norah, dressed in a Catholic school uniform, throws water in her hands and slicks back her hair.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's Caroline...

FLUSH. Caroline emerges from the stall, still pulling up her skirt, with a cigarette dangling out of her mouth.

CAROLINE
I've decided to fuck Randy from Are
You Randy.

NORAH (V.O.)
And then there's Tris.

Tris is trying to smoke a cigarette, while pulling her ponytail through a John Deere hat.

TRIS
They're not too terrible.

NORAH (V.O.)
*That trucker hat she's sporting since
Ashton Kutcher made it très uncool-
should be proof enough of her poser
status.*

TRIS
I think I'm gonna pierce my eyebrow.

CAROLINE (deadpan)
Gross.

TRIS
Well, something, then.

Norah looks at Tris looking at Caroline.

NORAH (V.O.)
*But the way she rifles through
Caroline's dirty laundry, from clothes
to ex-boyfriends, is what makes her
Single White Female.*

CAROLINE
Piercing is out, Tris. We should be
happy with the holes we were given.

Norah laughs.

NORAH (V.O.)
*You may wonder why then Tris is the
third side of our little isosceles
triangle...*

Norah helps Tris with her ponytail, tugging a little rough.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's a love-hate thing.

TRIS (to Norah)
You've never even pierced your ears.

NORAH
I'm Jewish.

TRIS
So. You go to Catholic school just
cause we do.

NORAH (V.O.)
Correction: I go to Catholic school
just cause Caroline does.
(then, to Tris)
How 'bout you pierce your knees
together, Tris? Kill two birds.

Caroline laughs.

TRIS (echoing Caroline)
Gross.

Tris pulls out her cell phone.

TRIS (CONT'D)
You guys, listen to the latest text
this poor schmuck sent me.
(reading)
"The way you're moving in your
sleep/the way you look before you
leap/the strange illusions that you
keep/you don't know, but I'm
noticing."

Norah seems affected by the words. Moved.

TRIS (CONT'D)
I so gotta get rid of him.

NORAH
Aren't you ever gonna let us meet
this mystery boy so we can judge him
for ourselves?

TRIS
Well, I didn't want you scaring him
off. We've seen what you do to guys.

The words sting Norah.

CAROLINE
Nah, you're just scared we'll tell
him what a cheat you are.

NORAH
No, she's scared he'll fall in love
with you instead.

There's an awkward moment between the three of them. The truth hurts.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*And then we wrote our phony little
 "have a great summers" in our Sacred
 Heart yearbooks and I figured I'd
 never see her again.*

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- MOMENTS BEFORE

NORAH (V.O.)
But here she is.

Same moment as before, Tris is walking over to the corner bar, but this time from Norah's perspective. SLOW-MOTION.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*How does she know the exact place
 Caroline and I will be on a Saturday
 night? And why does she insist on
 wearing those awful stockings that
 make her look like a comic book
 villain. And that dude she's with,
 isn't he one of Caroline's rejects?
 Caroline. I gotta find Caroline.*

She turns to see Caroline tongue-keep in Randy.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Shit. Why am I always the only one
 by myself? She's coming right over
 here. Is it too late to duck & cover?*

Just then, Nick steps directly in front of Norah.

NICK
 Hi. Hello.

From her perspective, he is even cuter.

NORAH (V.O.)
Oh God please don't hand me a CD.

Over Nick's shoulder, she sees Tris still approaching.

NICK
 Could you laugh right now like I
 said something really funny?

Tris is closer now. Almost there. Norah reacts, grabbing Nick's face and kissing him firm on the mouth. The kiss gets better and better, until...

TRIS (O.S.)
 Nick? Norah?

Norah looks up at her.

TRIS (CONT'D)

How do you guys, like, know each other?

Norah leans against Nick's shoulder. Tris's mouth drops open. They are all speechless, staring at each other. And then, Tris flips her hair and storms off.

NORAH (V.O.)

Now, whatever that was, totally worked. And who knew NoMo would be such a damn good kisser. Let's get back to Did She Just Call Him Nick?

NICK

How do you know Tris?

Norah swallows. Tries not to look devastated.

NORAH (V.O.)

Nooooooooooooooooo. This is Nick? The Hoboken boy who wrote all those songs about her? Songs that I would give body parts to have be about me?

NICK

Seriously how do you know her?

NORAH (V.O.)

The band boy stud she hooked up with on the PATH train and has lied to and cheated on ever since?

Norah starts to back away.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I gotta find my friend.

NICK

Tris?

NORAH

No.

NICK

She's not your friend?

NORAH

No. I mean, yeah. There's other forces at work here, Nick.

NICK

What does that mean?

Norah stands on a barstool, balancing a hand on Nick's head.

NORAH (V.O.)

It means we could've ditched this joint and gone to the Village Vanguard. Or had borscht at Veselka at four in the morning. Or maybe even walked along Battery Park at sunrise. But not anymore.

She spots Caroline being pressed against the wall by Randy. Norah hops down, weaves through the crowd, Nick in tow.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It means Tris has already put her hooks into you. And you'll end up bitter and jaded before you're of legal drinking age, writing rude songs about girls, thinking we're all lying cheating sluts cause one of them broke your heart.

He grabs her wrist.

NICK

Wait, please, I need to know.

Norah stops, turns to see his puppy dog eyes. She leans in and touches his face.

NORAH

Oh... You poor schmuck.

She turns away again, leaving Nick speechless. We MOVE TO HIS PERSPECTIVE OF THE ROOM, as he races to catch up.

NICK (V.O.)

Something tells me there was life before Tris -- But I hardly remember it now.

INT. PATH TRAIN -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE on Dev's face as he flamboyantly exclaims:

DEV (as if to a crowd)

We are Shit Sandwich.

Nick, Dev, and Thom all ride the PATH train together.

NICK (laughing)

What?

DEV (proud)

Shit Sandwich. That's our new name. You guys likee?

THOM

Uh, I don't know, Dev. It's...

DEV

It's pretty damn great is what it is. A cinematic reference and a punk statement rolled in one. Hello? Spinal Tap, anyone?

NICK

What's the statement?

DEV

It's a two-word review for a rock album. It's anti-establishment.

THOM

Whatever happened to Dickache? I liked Dickache.

DEV

Please. Nick? Tie-breaker?

NICK

Well, call me a homophobe, Dev, but I'm not entirely comfortable being in a gay band called Shit Sandwich.

Thom nods.

DEV

You are a homophobe. We need an outside opinion. Excuse me, Madam?

Dev is directing his question at fellow PATH-rider, TRIS.

NICK & THOM (laughing)

Shhh...

DEV

Which queer-core band would you prefer to rock out to? The Fuck-Offs, Dickache, or Shit Sandwich?

NICK

Don't answer that.

TRIS

Uh, I'm gonna have to go with anything besides Shit Sandwich.

THOM

And there you have it.

DEV (defeated)

Alright, we're still The Fuck-Offs.

(then, to entire train)

We are The Fuck-Offs.

Nick and Tris smile at each other, a cute first-encounter.

NICK (V.O.)

*But somehow I went from Fuck-Off to
Poor Schmuck in six short months.*

THUNDER CRASHES.

EXT. TRIS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick stands in the pouring rain, shouting up to Tris's window.

NICK (shouting)

TRIS! I LOVE YOU, YOU WHORE!

Tris comes to the window. And then shuts it. Blinds, too.

NICK (V.O.)

*And the next thing I know I'm
following this queen of mixed
signals...*

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- NIGHT

NICK (V.O.)

... This surprisingly good kisser...

Nick follows Norah through the crowd, shouting over the music.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This... this Norah.

(then, to Norah)

You have to tell me.

NORAH

*I messed up her Barbies in the fifth
grade and it's been like that ever
since.*

NICK

You're from Englewood?

NORAH

Do I look like I'm from Englewood?

NICK

*Um... I don't know what answer you...
Wait, does that mean you are from
Englewood or you aren't?*

NORAH

Give us a ride home and find out.

NICK

Us?

(then, V.O.)

*Does she mean Tris? A revisit to
those passenger seat conversations?*

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

*Her face lit perfectly by the strobe
of oncoming traffic?*

But Norah tugs roughly on Caroline's arm, sending her flying into Nick. She looks up at him. *Not Tris.*

CAROLINE

That's one Super-cut you got, dude.

With that, Caroline slips, gripping his shirt.

NORAH

You got her?

He lifts Caroline up in his arms, carrying her through the crowd, as Norah parts the sea before them to the exit light.

He turns to see Thom giving him a supportive thumbs up, mouthing the word "Nice". Nick stands up a little straighter.

NICK (V.O.)

*Yeah. This is nice. I am leaving
with two hot chicks. Granted, one
of 'em is out cold and the other one
thinks I'm a schmuck, but... Fuck
Tris. Fuck Tris and the dude she
rode in on. I wouldn't let her in
my passenger seat if she was...*

Suddenly Tris is standing right in front of him.

TRIS

I need your car.

He's a deer in headlights again, holding Caroline.

NICK (in shock)

Hm? What?

We see it FROM NICK'S EYES for a moment:

TRIS

I said I want to get back together.

He stares blankly at her, until the fantasy is gone.

TRIS (annoyed)

So, can I have your keys or what?

Norah tugs on Nick's arm.

NORAH

Car's already full, Tris. Sorry.

TRIS

I wasn't talking to you, Norah, okay?
So why don't you take Drunkzilla
here and go find some Weezer fans to
tease? I'm talking to Nick.

NICK (V.O.)

*Oh my god. She's fighting over me.
Tris is fighting over me.*

NORAH

You don't get it, Tris. There's no
room for you. Not anymore.

Norah and Tris stare daggers at each other.

NICK (mumbling)

Well, I'm sure we could squeeze...

TRIS

Whatever. You can have him. I just
wanted his car.

Tris flips her hair and storms away.

NICK (V.O.)

*And with that, she leaves me again
for good.*

As he says this, we get QUICK FLASHES OF ALL THE TIMES TRIS
HAS LEFT NICK...

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Every time I see her, from now until
I die... She will leave me for good.*

FLIPPING HER HAIR, WALKING AWAY...

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Over and over and over again.

After the last FLASH, we RETURN TO THE CLUB: Nick releases
his grip on Caroline, dropping her to the floor.

EXT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- LATER

The SOUND of an EXHAUSTED ENGINE. Sputtering. Spitting.
Conking out. Nick's YUGO is parked right in front of the
club. Raging music pours out of the club doors, but our
heroes are completely stalled.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

Norah sits in the passenger seat, watching Nick try the key
again and again. It is uncomfortably silent, until...

NORAH

I thought maybe you had a van... you know... for all that equipment.

He turns the engine again. Nothing. Another pause, then...

NORAH (CONT'D)

A Yugo. Don't see that every day.

She leans forward, steel is coming through her seat fabric.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Certainly not one in such mint condition.

She turns to him, hoping he'll smile. But he is all about the key. She leans against the window, exhales.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So, this is what my promising life has been reduced to. The last days of summer, I'm in Manhattan, skyscrapers, everythang... and instead of living it up, I'm sitting in a Yugo that wreaks of Tris's patchouli...

BURP. They turn to Caroline, who we now see is folded in Nick's cramped back-seat.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... And Caroline's dragon-breath.

Caroline blows the burp up front. And passes out.

NICK

So... this is your friend, huh?

NORAH

I'm afraid so.

NICK

I saw you two earlier. I thought maybe you were a couple.

NORAH

A couple of what?

NICK

A couple of... lesbians.

She lets out a laugh. But he does not.

NICK (to himself)

Damn it, why won't she turn?

Norah looks at him. Does he mean the car or Tris?

NORAH (V.O.)

Of course the first time I do something totally out of character, like randomly kiss an adorable boy, he turns out to be Tris's latest victim. From now on, I gotta keep my mouth shut.

A GROUP OF KIDS comes out of the club, letting the band's music pour out for a moment.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Shhh, listen, d'you hear that?

NICK

What?

NORAH

That strange banging noise?

NICK

Is the car starting?

NORAH (being funny)

It's called drumming, dude. It's like the underlying staple of sound since primitive times. Your band needs a drummer. And we need a manual.

She pops open the glove compartment. A POLAROID of TRIS is taped inside. Norah looks at it.

NORAH (V.O.)

So that's where Caroline's white cut-off shirt went.

Just then Tris and her new guy walk out of the club to see Nick and Norah in the Yugo... stalled. Tris watches him try to turn the engine and fail. She walks away laughing.

In a moment of frustration, Nick hits the steering wheel. But when he does, the horn catches and gets stuck. A steady booming HOOOOOONK pours out. Tris turns back, laughs harder, and scurries away with her new dude.

The band inside kicks into a punk cover of a Simon & Garfunkle song, as Norah's thoughts continue:

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I can't help but feel like this moment is a metaphor for my life since graduation...

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

NORAH (V.O.)

STALLED.

The distant sound of a Simon & Garfunkle song playing downstairs. Norah is drafting a letter TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. She taps her pen, thinking of what comes next, when her father IRA (50s) enters, smoking a cigar.

IRA

What are you doing?

NORAH

There's no smoking in here.

He holds the cigar out the doorway.

IRA

Everyone's waiting for you downstairs.

NORAH

I really don't feel up for a night with your friends.

IRA

They're here to see you, kugle.
They're not here to see me.

Her mother, RACHEL (40s, attractive) bursts in.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

IRA

Kugle doesn't like our friends.

RACHEL (to Norah)

You're the one who didn't invite anybody.

NORAH

There's a reason for that.

RACHEL

The Hills are here. They came all the way from West Orange. Are you really wearing that?

NORAH (looking down)

What?

RACHEL

Nevermind, it's too late now..

They shove her into the hall...

INT. NORAH'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah makes her slow way down the stairs, through the smoke and liquor smells. The walls are covered in GOLD RECORDS, the rooms are filled with milling PARTY GUESTS... including a drunken Caroline whirling in the background.

Norah tries to squeeze past the guests, but she gets caught by a FORMER GROUPIE-TYPE (40s).

FORMER GROUPIE (kisses)

There she is, the McKelvy scholar.
Is our baby girl really rushing off
to Brown?

A RICH-LOOKING MAN (50s) leans in.

RICH-LOOKING MAN

Yeah, why not come work for me and
your dad instead?

FORMER GROUPIE

Brown will always be there.

RICH-LOOKING MAN

It's not going anywhere.

The woman pulls a JOINT out from behind her ear, lights up.

FORMER GROUPIE

Have you thought about taking a year
off instead? Doing some traveling?
You should go to Goa.

A BALD BLACK MAN (40s) leans over Norah's shoulder.

BALD BLACK MAN

Heard about your speech, Norah. You
called your father a liberal yuppie?

NORAH

Actually, I called him a corporate
hippie, but...

A HIP COUPLE (30s) sidles up to her.

HIP WOMAN

She's too pretty to be a math major.
Stick to music, Norah, and some lucky
guy's gonna snatch you right up.

HIP MAN

Somebody's already snatched her up.
What's-his-name. What's his name?

NORAH (uncomfortable)
Nobody's snatched anybody... would
you excuse me for a... I need some...

As she passes the LIVING ROOM, we see in the background SIMON
& GARFUNKLE are actually playing live for the party guests.

INT. NORAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

CLOSE on NORAH'S FACE.

NORAH
I'm not going to Brown.

Her mother stops scrambling eggs, her father stops sipping
on his bloody mary. They look up at her.

RACHEL
What?

NORAH
I've decided to go live on a kibbutz
in South Africa for a year instead.

They stare at her for a very long time. Then...

IRA
You're gonna have to get shots, you
realize that?

And with that, they return to scrambling and sipping.

NORAH
That's it? I'm blowing a free ride
to Brown to live on a commune in a
different hemisphere and you're only
concern is the shots?

IRA
Well, I think they take awhile to
kick in. Malaria and whatnot.

NORAH (snapping)
I'm not going to Brown. Period.
End of story.

RACHEL
It's your life, honey.

NORAH
Are you listening to me? I am
eighteen years old and...

IRA
Exactly.

NORAH

... I don't think college is necessarily right for everybody.

RACHEL

It wasn't right for either of us.

NORAH

This is my future we're talking about here.

IRA

So don't go to Brown.

Norah lets out a pained sound.

IRA (CONT'D)

What did I say?

NORAH

I am eighteen years old...

RACHEL

Just tell us what you want us to say, Nor, and we'll play along.

NORAH

I'm looking for some direction here!

RACHEL

Alright! So go to Brown!

Caroline shuffles into the kitchen, disheveled and still drunk, takes a seat at the table. Rachel touches her hair.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You want some pancakes, sweetheart?

Caroline nods. Rachel and Ira beam at her. CLOSE on NORAH'S CLENCHED FIST, as we return to...

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Norah's fist slams on the wheel. The honking finally stops. She looks at Nick, hanging his head.

NORAH

Maybe we should take a cab.

Just then, there's a KNOCK at Norah's window. A PUNK KID (18) motions to her. She rolls it down.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks, guy, we really could use some...

He hands her a CD.

PUNK KID (without confidence)
We're called Army of Infamy... Kind
of a fusion of Atreyu and Hate Breed
with a little, um, Radiohead...

NORAH

Right.

Norah rolls up the window. Turns to Nick.

NORAH (CONT'D)

See, this is the problem with
technology. You give people iBooks
and Garage Band and now any idiot-
poser can cut a crap album.

She throws the CD in the back-seat with Caroline. Nick looks
at her... *What was that all about?*

NORAH (biting her lip)

What?

Just then, a WHITE VAN barrels down the one-way street, in
the wrong direction, towards them. Nick looks up.

NICK

Oh thank God.

When the van stops, Dev and the Beefy Guy hop out.

DEV

Ah, the Cold War relic.

BEEFY GUY

Having some trouble?

NICK (greetings)

Hey, Dev. Hey, Beefy... Guy.

DEV

Here, pop the hood and let's jump
this bitch.

Nick pops the hood. Dev bends down to address Norah.

DEV (to Norah)

Sweetheart? Thom could use some
help in the van, if you please?

Norah shrugs and climbs out. The Beefy Guy starts attaching
jumper cables to the engine. Dev waits until Norah's out of
ear shot, then leans in Nick's window.

DEV

She's cute. In an Emily Dickinson
sort of way.

NICK

Stop it.

DEV

Did you see the manager nod to her
when you guys left?

NICK

I was sort of preoccupied.

BEEFY GUY (shouting, ER impression)

CLEAR!

Nick turns the key. The engine grinds...

INT. THOM'S VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Norah steps into the van. Takes a seat next to Thom.

NORAH (to Thom)

I knew you guys had a van.

THOM

I'm Thom. With an "h".

NORAH

I'm Norah. Also with an "h".

THOM

Kismit.

NORAH

So... what do you need me for?

He reaches into his pocket and hands Norah a FIFTY DOLLAR
BILL. She looks up at him, confused.

BEEFY GUY (O.S.)

CLEAR!

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

Dev is now sitting in the driver's seat, trying to turn the
engine. Nick leans against his lifeless car.

NICK

I don't know which is worse -- Tris's
exit from my shell of a life -- Or
the tragic exit of my shell of a
car. Poor Jessie.

The engine sputters and conks out.

DEV

Well, at least he died with dignity.

INT. THOM'S VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Thom and Norah.

THOM

Dev and I pooled our resources.
Let's just say we're not the biggest
fans of his dreaded ex, and... we've
decided you're to be his salvation.

NORAH

Ah. Well... I'm all for salvation,
but... I'm afraid I don't get paid
by the hour.

She tries to hand back the money.

THOM

Look, he's cool, you seem cool, um...
I'm not a big fan of that flannel
you're wearing, but... we saw you
two making out and... we think you're
the one.

She half-smiles. Then, she hears THE YUGO STARTING...

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

Jessie is rocking and rolling. Dev slides up the window,
clicks a few buttons, and climbs out to talk to Nick.

DEV

How long are you gonna let this kill
you?

NICK

I need to be alone for a little while.

DEV

You've been alone for a little while.

NICK

Look, this night is the shittiest
night in a series of shitty nights
and I just want it to be over, okay?
(then)

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna
drop these two off, go back to my
mother's house, crawl under the
covers, rub one out, and go to sleep.

Nick grabs for the door handle, but... IT'S LOCKED. With
Caroline passed out inside.

INT. THOM'S VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Norah tries to hand back the fifty.

NORAH

I'm afraid I can't. There's a drunk girl in the back of that Yugo who needs to be vomiting in a toilet in Englewood by morning, so...

Thom looks up to see Nick BANGING desperately on his car window. Thom watches. Turns to Norah.

THOM

We'll trade you.

EXT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- LATER

EVERYONE

WAKE UP, CAROLINE!!!

Everyone, and I mean EVERYONE, from inside the club is now surrounding Nick's Yugo. A barrage of PUNK KIDS all shaking the car, banging on the steel, really enjoying the chaos. Nick looks on, nervous for Jessie.

NICK (nervous)

Careful... careful... he's in a weakened condition.

Norah looks on. At Nick. With pity.

DEV (calling out)

Wait, wait, wait, I think her eyes are opening. Shut up, everybody!

Dev leans against the window.

DEV

Caroline? Can you hear me?

Caroline's eyes roll around, a little drool on her chin.

DEV (slowly)

Aren't you pretty. Okay, Linda Blair, what I'm gonna need you to do is... take two fingers... move 'em to the door... and just slide up the lock. Can you do that for me? Take two...

Norah can't take it anymore.

NORAH (stepping in)

Unlock the door, bitch.

DEV (to Norah)

Well, I don't think that cussing is... Wait, it worked. She's moving, everyone! She's moving!

Everyone cheers again. Caroline's arm falls to her side. And very slowly, she reaches out...

NICK

There it is.

The crowd is on their toes, making anticipating noises.

DEV

Get there... Get there...

Caroline's hand slides up the passenger door. To the lock. And CLICK. The crowd goes wild. The door opens and Caroline falls out onto the pavement. Norah grabs her arms as that Randy guy steps up.

RANDY

Yup, I'll take it from here.

NORAH (sardonic)

Sure, Randy. Let me stamp "date rape" on her forehead first.

But before anyone can do anything, the crowd lifts Caroline into the air, passing her from person to person, CROWD SURFING her to the van. The Beefy Guy gets a hold of her legs.

BEEFY GUY

I got her.

Nick's friends load Caroline into the van.

NICK (confused)

Wait, what are you doing?

THOM (calling out to them)

The night is young. And so are you.

They all climb in the van and peel off. And before Nick and Norah can react, the chaotic crowd pushes them into the Yugo, giving them a real send-off... a real Bon Voyage.

The doors are shut. The engine revved. Jessie's in drive. Nick & Norah are in.

NORAH

Go. Go.

And as they pull away, the kids shout their good-byes. SOME even chase after the car, trying to hold on. ONE KID rips off a piece of dangling metal as Nick, Norah, and Jessie make their escape into night.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

And suddenly, the two of them are cracking up, laughing, watching the scene get smaller and smaller behind them, until it is gone. They laugh into sighs. And then...

Silence. Deafening silence. The city streets pass them by.

NORAH

Where are we going?

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- MOMENTS LATER, BUT IT FEELS LIKE FOREVER

Tumbleweed blows down the armrest between them. The tape deck spins a song of longing. Nick drives without direction.

NICK (V.O.)

*Track four of the break-up mix.
"Pictures of You". The Cure.*

He turns up the volume. The deafening silence has been replaced by the lyrics' glaring irony.

ROBERT SMITH (singing)

*I've Been Looking So Long At These
Pictures Of You... That I Almost
Believe That They're Real...*

NICK (V.O.)

*This is the soundtrack to our failed
attempt at a relationship.*

Norah uncomfortably watches him mouth along to the lyrics.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*This song, and every other one on
it, is dedicated to you, Tris.*

NORAH (O.S.)

Do you want to just take me home?

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick turns to the passenger seat. But now TRIS IS BESIDE HIM, leaned against the window.

NICK

Do you want me to take you home?

She yawns.

TRIS

I'm sleepy.

She climbs over the armrest and curls up in the back-seat. Nick continues driving, alone, hurt. But then...

His cell phone rings. The ring tone plays the first few bars of *Pictures of You*. He smiles, knowingly. Answers.

TRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The thumps in the road... do you feel them, Nicky? Going in rhythm like that?

Her voice is slow, sleepy. She makes a stretching noise.

TRIS (CONT'D)

I feel so safe here. Like when I was a kid. Those late night drives in my father's oldsmobile, coming back from some trip somewhere. The car was so huge, it was like... like my parents were driving my bed. I couldn't help but fall asleep. Cause that car... it was like I was already home, you know? And that's how you feel, Nicky. Like I'm already home.

Her breathing changes. Becomes heavy. But Nick doesn't hang up. His thoughts continue, OUT LOUD.

NICK

And then you fell asleep. I kept the phone to my ear the whole time.

She starts to gently snore.

NICK (CONT'D)

Yeah, this is the moment. This is the moment I realized I'd never get over you. How do you get over this?

NORAH (O.S.)

Do you want to just take me home?

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Nick turns to Norah.

NICK

Do you want me to take you home?

NORAH (V.O.)

I want to throw this tape out the fucking window is what I want.

She slides the fifty dollar bill in her pocket, defeated.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not only do I know all about the little mix tapes he made for his totally ungrateful ex-girlfriend... I own seven of them.

THE BELL RINGS...

EXT. SACRED HEART -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

CATHOLIC SCHOOLGIRLS pour out of the front doors. Norah sits on the steps, HEADPHONES on, next to Tris. Tris is talking incessantly, but all Norah hears is music.

NORAH (V.O.)

*She never appreciated how impressively
his playlists moved from Rancid to
Cesaria Evora to Wilco to Mos Def to
Patsy Cline to...*

(out loud)

Where's Fluffy is on here?

TRIS

Who?

Norah removes her headphones with emphasis.

NORAH

Only the best punk band not out there.
Named for the fucking apathy of a
xenophoboic fucking nation oblivious
to the fucking terror its leaders
wreak on the rest of the fucking
world cause they're too busy worrying
about, you know, their cat stuck in
a fucking tree.

(then)

"Take Me Back Bitch" is a killer
track.

TRIS (laughs)

"Take Me Back Bitch". He's so corny.
You should hear the song he wrote at
the end.

NORAH (V.O.)

*I would give my left nut to hear the
song he wrote at the end.*

Norah hands the tape back half-heartedly.

TRIS

Keep it. I was just gonna throw it
out anyway.

A CAR HORN HONKS. Tris looks past Norah.

TRIS (CONT'D)

Your ride's here.

Tris COYLY waves in its direction. Norah narrows her eyes.

TRIS (still looking off)
So can I copy that homework or...

Norah slaps the headphones back on and turns, making her way to this car.

NORAH (V.O.)
*Sorry, Tris. You don't deserve tracks
one through eleven. And certainly
not track twelve. Where's Fluffy?
My Chemical Romance? The Pixies?
Why are the mixes made for me all
Dylan and Yma Sumac crap?*

She opens the passenger door, a DYLAN SONG pours out.

DRIVER'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, baby.

Norah climbs inside, shuts the door, and EJECTS THE TAPE...

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

The tape pops out. Norah slumps in her seat.

NORAH
The Cure. How could they call
themselves The Cure? I mean, what
the fuck are they the cure for anyway?

NICK
Yeah. The Cause. That's what they
should be called.

This makes her smile. And soon enough, he's smiling too.

NICK (CONT'D)
Am I going the right way?

NORAH
For what?

NICK
I don't know. You want to get
something to eat?

NORAH
Not really.

NICK
Wanna get something to drink?

NORAH
Uh-uh.

NICK
Wanna... watch some nuns make out?

NORAH

Okay.

He looks at her.

NICK

Okay then.

And whips the car around in a frenzied u-turn.

NICK (CONT'D)

Time for a little burlesque.

EXT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- LATER

Nick and Norah walk down a West Village street, searching for an address. They come upon a FUZZY PINK DOOR.

NORAH

Is that the place?

The door opens. A BURLEY SHE-MALE in a PLAYBOY BUNNY OUTFIT, complete with NUN HABIT, emerges and lights up a smoke.

NICK

I'm gonna say yeah.

Nick hashes a plan.

NICK (CONT'D)

Okay, you got ID?

NORAH

Um... no.

NICK

That's okay. I've got mine, so...
I'll go first. Try to hide behind.

She follows him to the door. He immediately hands the "bouncer" his ID. S/he blows smoke, looks at the picture of a CHUBBY CHINESE KID, and then PANS up to Nick's face, nervously trying to copy the Chinese kid's expression.

NORAH (O.S.)

Toni? Is that you?

The she-male, TONI (30s), turns to Norah and lets out a gasp.

TONI

Norah! Oh my God...

Nick can't believe his eyes as Toni envelops her in a burley hug.

TONI (CONT'D)

I haven't seen you since I was
interning for your dad, how are you?

NORAH

I'm... great. You look... *different*.

TONI (sing-songy)

Oh, you know... Snip-snip.

Nick and Norah swallow. Uncomfortably.

TONI

It's almost intermission so you go
right on over to the VIP. Drinks
are on the house.

NORAH

Oh, I don't drink.

TONI

Uh-huh, sure. And he's David Chang
from Illinois. You kids have fun.

Toni opens the door for them, and playfully SMACKS Nick on
the ass. Norah looks at Nick, waiting for a reaction...

NICK

You, too, Tone.

Nick HONKS Toni's bunny tail. Toni laughs, throwing a hand
over his/her chest.

TONI (laughing)

Ooooooh, I like this one, Norah.
Big improvement.

Nick looks at Norah... *Improvement?* But Norah hurries through
the fuzzy pink door. He follows her inside to see...

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- CONTINUOUS

VERY GAY BURLESQUE. The nuns making out are TRANSVESTITE
NUNS. They are doing an on-stage grind to a dance-remix of
"EDELWEISS". Nick and Norah are led to their VIP PEW right
up front, by a grown man dressed as an ALTAR BOY.

ALTAR BOY

What can I bring you two?

NICK

Oh... um...

(to Norah)

I don't really drink either...

ALTAR BOY

Two holy waters. Coming up.

They take their seats. And take in the spectacle.

TRANSVESTITE NUNS (singing)
Edelweiss... Edelweiss...

Nick and Norah look at each other. And burst out laughing.

NORAH
Who told you about this place?

NICK
The Mayor of Gayville.

She lets out a laugh.

NICK (CONT'D)
Never listen to Dev. Should've known
we'd be out of our element.

NORAH
I like it.
(off his look)
Hey, you're a straight guy in a gay
band... I'm a Jew from a Catholic
school... We should be used to being
out of our element.

He looks at her. Really looks at her. And then lifts her
to her feet. They dance to the music, swaying back and forth,
getting closer and closer...

NORAH (CONT'D)
Aren't you the Johnny Castle?

NICK (clueless)
You think so?

NORAH
Been working on your night moves?

NICK
It's the jacket. Has special powers.

She looks at his thrift store mechanic's jacket, a Chevron
logo stitched above the name SALVATORE.

NORAH
You think Salvatore's looking for
you?

NICK
Are you kidding? With moves like
these?

He dips her. And the MUSIC STOPS. The audience applauds.
The nuns disperse. The show is over.

Nick and Norah slide down into their seats again, waiting for the next act to begin.

NICK (CONT'D)
Intermission.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- MOMENTS LATER

The DJ spins The Smith's *Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now*, as Nick and Norah make uncomfortable conversation.

NORAH
So... where are you from?

NICK
Hoboken.

NORAH
Oh. Right.

She tries to smile as we hear her thoughts:

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Shoot me now. Please. Before I
make a complete idiot of myself.
(then, to Nick)
I like Sinatra, too.

NICK
How do you know I like Sinatra?

NORAH
Oh, I just figured... you all do.

She takes a big gulp of her holy water.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*God, why do I even bother? Asking
all the questions I already know the
answers to. Thanks, Tris.*
(then, to Nick)
So, are you going off to college?
(then, V.O.)
*No, because you only applied to
Berkeley and didn't get in. Who
only applies to Berkeley?*
(then, to Nick)
How long have you guys been a band?
(then, V.O.)
*And what did you see in her anyway?
Was it really the big tits and tight
skirts that got you? Are you really
that simple?*

In the background, we see Toni, now dressed as a PRIEST, swirling through the audience, microphone in hand.

NORAH (to Nick)

So... do you guys, like, practice
all the time?

(then, V.O.)

*Do you find me the least bit
attractive? Is the bowl cut getting
your attention? Or is it the flannel
circa '93 that's really doing the
trick? Why did I choose tonight to
bring back the flannel? Why did you
have to date Tris of all people?
And could DJ Irony please stop
spinning the soundtrack to my soul?*

She abruptly stands.

NORAH

I gotta pee.

And all-but-runs TO THE BATHROOM. Pushing the door open --

INT. NEW YORK CLUB BATHROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The door opens. Tris leads Norah by the hand into this other
club's bathroom.

NORAH

I thought we were leaving.

TRIS

These guys are going to Tunnel.

NORAH

So?

TRIS

So I'm going with.

Tris pouts in the mirror, puts on some lip gloss.

TRIS (CONT'D)

I never kissed a guy with a tongue
ring before.

NORAH

Yeah, that's quite an achievement.

TRIS

Sooo glad I wore good underwear.

Norah looks at her.

NORAH

What about Nick?

TRIS

It's cool. I told him I had to hang
with my little brother tonight.

Tris starts out. Norah stops her.

NORAH

No, I mean... what about Nick?

Tris rolls her eyes.

TRIS

You're such a puritan.

Tris walks out. Norah turns to the mirror --

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA BATHROOM -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

To her left and right are LIP-GLOSSED DRAG QUEENS primping.

NORAH (V.O.)

*I'm a puritan? That girl's a penis
fly trap. And I'm a puritan? Course
the dude to my left is more woman
than I'll ever be...*

Norah unbuttons her flannel one more button. And quickly
buttons it up again. She shoves open the middle stall --

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fuck. I am a puritan.

And slams the door behind her.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- MOMENTS BEFORE

The same conversation as before, now from NICK'S PERSPECTIVE.

NICK

How do you know I like Sinatra?

NORAH

Oh, I just figured... you all do.

He watches her drink.

NICK (V.O.)

*She's right. We all do. He's the
reason to admit you're from Hoboken.
I wonder what she looks like naked.*

(to Norah)

*Actually, I haven't figured out that
college thing just yet.*

(then, V.O.)

*Good. Don't tell her about Berkeley.
She'll think you're an idiot.*

NICK (to Norah)

(then, to Norah)

Well, I met Thom freshman year and he knew Dev who knew this other bassist, clinically, so...

(then, V.O.)

I like her questions. I like the way her mouth moves when she asks them. I like how every question she throws at me, I'm right there with an answer, wait, what did she ask?

(then, to Norah)

Uh... yeah, we usually practice at my place, but...

(then, V.O.)

"My place?" That sounds so sleazy.

(then, to Norah)

Well, you know, my mom's place...

(then, V.O.)

Yeah, that's cool. Mention your mother a little more.

(then, to Norah)

I mean, mostly we're at Dev's place...

(then, V.O.)

Stop saying "place". Stop talking. She's smarter than you. She knows it. And any minute now she's gonna...

NORAH

I gotta pee.

NICK (V.O.)

There it is.

Norah rushes away from him. Nick sips on his holy water.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Okay... Think of a story while she's gone.

He thinks.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Think of a story that doesn't involve Tris while she's gone.

TONI (O.S.)

How long has it been since your last confession?

Nick looks up to see a microphone shoved in his face. Toni towers over him in priest garb. He feels the crowd watching.

NICK

Sorry?

TONI

How long has it been since your last confession?

Nick is part of the show now. Toni twirls the microphone.

NICK

Uh... three weeks and...
(looking at watch)
Three days ago?

TONI

And what was it you confessed?

Nick leans into the microphone.

NICK

"I love you."

The crowd winces. Toni winces with them.

TONI

Oooh... that's a rough one. How was it received?

NICK

Uh, vow of silence. And chastity... 'til the next guy came along.

TONI

What about your lady friend in the loo? Is that new?

NICK

Uh... 'bout an hour-and-a-half, including transportation.

TONI

Wooo... That's twice as long as any of my relationships.

The crowd chuckles.

TONI (CONT'D)

Anything to confess here, my son?

S/he puts the mic in front of him again.

NICK

Actually... I'm not really ready to confess again, any time soon.

Toni looks at him, bends down to his level.

TONI

Honey, there aint no such thing as ready.

(MORE)

TONI (CONT'D)

(then)

There's only willing.

Nick nods at Toni's wisdom. S/he then steps on-stage to join the CHOIR BOYS in a gay chorus.

CHOIR BOYS (singing)

Milk, milk, lemonade... Round the corner fudge is made...

Intermission is over. Nick watches, a bit horrified. A moment later, there's a tap on his shoulder. He looks up --

NORAH (O.S.)

How do you feel about Where's Fluffy?

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA/BATHROOM STALL -- MOMENTS BEFORE

Norah bangs her head on the wall of the bathroom stall. She stops, composes herself, plans what to say upon returning.

NORAH (V.O.)

Nick... I regret to inform you that Tris cheated on you. All the time. But on the upside, she says you're quite well-hung.

Not good. She tries again.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nick... You've got a bad case of Trisitis. And I'm here to give you a Trisiotomy.

Not quite. She tries again.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Even though everyone calls me frigid, I am occasionally having truly pornographic thoughts about you.

Nope. She goes back to banging her head. And then looks up, now face-to-face with a huge strip of GRAFFITI.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let's see if the wall provides us with infinite wisdom.

(then, reading)

"Jimmy gives good head." Congratulations, Jimmy. "Clare... meet me in front of the candy store after the show. You know. Andy."

She scans the wall further.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*"Sitting on the john wondering when
 this night will end? Answer: NEVER.
 Where's Fluffy unannounced show at
 the Red Room TONIGHT!!!"*

Norah's eyes light up.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Could this be tonight tonight?

She rubs the ink and it bleeds on her finger. Her eyes widen.
 SOMEONE starts banging on her stall.

NORAH (out loud)
 Shhh... I need to think!
 (then, V.O.)
*No, I need to sleep. Noooo, I need
 a pep-talk. Caroline. I wish I
 could call Caroline.*

INT. THOM'S VAN -- SAME TIME

Caroline is passed out in back, surrounded by band equipment,
 while Thom, Dev, and the Beefy Guy are squeezed up front.

NORAH (V.O.)
*She'd know just what to say. You
 know... if she was conscious.*

Just then, Caroline's eyes slowly peel open.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*She'd say, "Look at yourself. Look
 at where you are right now."*

Caroline takes in her surroundings. White van. Three strange
 men up front, including the tattooed arm of a rather beefy
 man. Her eyes widen, confused, panicked.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"You are only punishing yourself."

The van slows. Caroline lies still as it pulls over.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*"And after everything with what's-
 his-name, you deserve a night of
 infinite possibilities."*

The strange men exit the van, leaving Caroline alone.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*"Now go back out there tits-out and
 drag his sorry ass to Where's Fluffy
 or you'll end up regretting it for
 the rest of your puritanical life!"*

Caroline sees her window of opportunity. She **SHOVES OPEN** the van's back doors and makes her escape, sprinting down the city sidewalk into night.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA/BATHROOM STALL -- CONTINUOUS

NORAH (V.O.)
She's right, damn it.

She grabs the Sharpie hung on the wall, adds to the graffiti.

NORAH (V.O., while writing)
*Nick... Meet me in front of the
stage in ten seconds. The Cure?
It's for the Ex's.*

And with that, she **KICKS** open the bathroom stall.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- NIGHT

Windows down. Music blaring. They cruise the East Village now, searching for a parking spot, making conversation.

NORAH
*Okay, okay... I've got one. Ready?
Gwen Stefani... Jessica Simpson...
Britney Spears.*

NICK
*That's easy. Fuck Jessica Simpson,
marry Gwen, kill Britney.*

NORAH
Good call. Is that guy pulling out?

She points to a potential spot. But the car isn't moving.

NORAH (shouting out window)
Turn your fucking blinker off, man.

NICK
*Okay, I've got a good one. Ready?
Jack White...*

NORAH
Ooh...

NICK
Gerard Way...

NORAH
Uh-oh...

NICK

And every single member of *Where's Fluffy*?

NORAH

That's impossible. I can't kill any of 'em.

NICK

You have to. Them's the rules.

NORAH (pointing)

Is that a spot?

NICK

That's a red zone, don't change the subject.

NORAH

I can drive stick, you know?

NICK

Fuck, Marry, Kill, Norah...

Just then, the CELL PHONE RINGS in Nick's pocket.

NICK (CONT'D)

Saved by the cell.

(answering)

Hello?

THOM'S VOICE RESPONDS:

THOM (O.S.)

What are the love birds up to?

NICK

Uh... Just left Camera Obscura.

THOM (O.S.)

Seriously? What d'you bring her there for? That's the gayest place on earth.

NICK

Tell me about it. How you doing? Everything work out alright?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. 8TH AVE -- SAME TIME

Thom stands at a phone booth with Dev and the Beefy Guy. They are all eating HOT DOGS, mouths full.

THOM

Oh, everything's great, Nick. Really fantastic. Except that we sorta kinda lost the girl.

NICK

What girl?

THOM

You know. The girl.

NICK

What???

THOM

We pulled over for some Gray's Papaya and she must've woke up, cause the chick has flown the coop.

Norah is looking at Nick. He tries to act nonchalant.

NICK (sing-songy)

That is... unacceptable.

THOM

I know. We screwed up. But we're in midtown, man.

(taking a bite)

Midtown sucks.

DEV (taking phone)

Here, lemme talk to him. Nicky? Everything's under control, Nicky. The girl is not lost. She's simply misplaced. Now are you having fun?

NICK

I was.

DEV

Where are you?

NICK

We're headed to *Where's Fluffy*.

DEV

Get the fuck out of here. Where?

NICK

Unannounced show at the Red Room.

Dev screams like a girl.

NICK (CONT'D)

But listen to me, Dev, you cannot come here.

DEV

Of course not. Not yet, right? I mean, we'd have to find the girl first, right? We couldn't just assume that she's a big girl and probably got a cab home and this is fucking *Where's Fluffy* we're talking about.

NORAH

There's a spot!

Nick drops the phone and cuts the wheel, coming to a screeching halt and spinning into a parking spot... which we now see is right back IN FRONT OF THE FUZZY PINK DOOR. Again. Where Toni smokes a cigarette with a DRAG QUEEN JESUS.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- LATER

Nick and Norah have walked almost the entire stretch back now, from the Village to the east side.

NORAH

This must be it.

She points ahead at the line wrapped around the building.

NICK

Shit. That's some secret.

He stops her. Steps in front of her.

NICK (CONT'D)

Here. You may need this.

He slides off his jacket. And wraps it around her shoulders. She slips her arms through the ridiculously long sleeves.

NICK (CONT'D)

Looks good on you. Almost as good as it did on Salvatore.

He slides her hair out from under the collar. She smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)

Just be sure to use the powers for good, instead of evil.

Nick goes to join the back of the epic line, but the BOUNCER sees Norah and opens the velvet rope for them.

NORAH (to Nick)

It's working already.

Nick can't believe it. He follows her inside.

INT. DENIZEN LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

He can't stop looking at her, as they make their way towards the music.

NICK

Who are you?

She shrugs.

NORAH

I'm Norah.

He smiles. She gets insecure.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I'm nobody.

(then)

I'm just the daughter of somebody...

But the music drowns out her words, as they arrive at

The RED ROOM at the Denizen Lounge. A HARD-CORE PUNK BAND screams on-stage. Packed house. MOSH PIT front and center. Fists waving. Jumping, pushing, shoving. Oi Oi Oi! Norah looks at Nick.

NORAH (CONT'D)

You ready?

She takes hold of his hand, leading him towards the pit. But just as they pierce the edge of it --

GUY'S VOICE

YO, NICK!! NICK!

Norah is sucked into the pit, but Nick is pulled out by LEMMY (17) and JEFF (18), both in backwards baseball caps. Nick's posture seems to change. They all shout over the music.

NICK

Hey. What are you guys doing here?

JEFF

Where's Fluffy, dude.

LEMMY

Supposably.

JEFF

Yeah, if they pull the fucking bait-and-switch and Are You Randy shows up instead, I'll be so pissed.

LEMMY

Yeah, those cats are herbs.

JEFF
Who's your little friend?

Nick looks up at Norah, holding her own in the mosh pit.

NICK (smiling)
That's Norah.

LEMMY (looking)
Nor-rahhh.

JEFF
She's cute.

NICK
Yeah.

Beat.

JEFF
Tris was hot, though.

Nick shoots him a look.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You're telling me she wasn't?

NICK
I'm not telling you anything.

LEMMY
You do the hokey pokey yet? In,
out, shake it all about?

Lemmy does a little hokey pokey dance. Jeff laughs.

NICK
I just met her.

JEFF (sarcastic)
Yeah, that's good. Take things slow
like you did with Tris. Good luck
with that.

Lemmy laughs. Tries to play it off.

LEMMY
Eh, we're just fucking with you,
man. This is good. You need to
start hanging with more chicks.

JEFF
You need to stop hanging with fags
is what you need to do.

NICK (casually)
Don't call them that.

LEMMY

They call them that.

NICK

Yeah, but they're allowed.

JEFF

So, what does this mean, you're finally over the bitch?

Nick tries to sound convincing.

NICK

D-efinitely. You know? On my way.
I mean... you know, I like this girl.
I think maybe I could... maybe get
over Tris already maybe and Now Who
The Fuck Is This Guy?

They all look up at Norah, now in a heated discussion with some TALL, LANKY GUY (19), standing way too close to her.

JEFF

Who the fuck is that guy?

NICK

I don't know.

They watch the lanky guy slide up Salvatore's sleeve.

JEFF

Whoa, is that your jacket he's tugging?

LEMMY

Who the fuck is that guy?

The band on-stage finishes their set with a hard drum. The crowd cheers and immediately starts a "Where's Fluffy" chant.

CROWD (chanting)

Flu-ffy... Flu-ffy... Flu-ffy...

JEFF

Aren't you gonna go over there?

NICK

You think I should?

LEMMY

Go over there, son.

JEFF

Don't be a pussy.

LEMMY

We got your back.

JEFF

Yeah. Go over and get what's yours.

Nick takes a breath. And pushes his way into the mosh pit. As he does, a RADIO DJ (40s) takes the stage, grabs a mic and addresses the crowd.

RADIO DJ (into microphone)

I've only got one question for you people out there...

NORAH (V.O.)

Does the yellow brick road really end here?

INT. THE RED ROOM -- MOMENTS BEFORE

Norah pushes her way towards the MOSH PIT, Nick in tow.

NORAH (V.O.)

We have followed it to this exact coordinate -- looking for that ultimate band -- that ultimate night to remember. Fuse: lit. Fuse: burning. Ready... Set...

Suddenly, her hand is empty. She looks back to see Nick with Jeff and Lemmy.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or let's stop and talk to some poser-looking guys. Where's Fluffy is about to take the stage, man.

Norah gets shoved. She shoves back. Moshing along.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That phone call in the car was obviously about Tris. But it's two in the morning, I'm on my second wind, and I have accepted defeat. Nick and I will just be good friends.

But then -- SOMEONE takes hold of her hand.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or maybe --

She looks up at the hand-holder. But it's not Nick.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Tal.

The lanky guy in question, TAL (19), stands over her.

TAL

Hey, baby.

He pulls her in for a kiss. She looks down and he awkwardly kisses her forehead. He looks at her.

TAL (CONT'D)

Nice jacket.

She is speechless, as he leans in her ear to shout/whisper.

TAL (CONT'D)

So... did you do it?

She doesn't respond. He casually slides up her jacket sleeve to reveal a GIANT BAND-AID on her arm. He grins.

TAL (CONT'D)

Al-riiight. I guess it's official.

NORAH

Nothing's official yet.

She pulls down the sleeve. The crowd cheers for the band's finished set.

TAL

What's that supposed to mean?

NORAH

It means I'm not sure where we'll be in three days time.

CROWD

Flu-ffy... Flu-ffy...

TAL

We'll be on a plane, that's where.

NORAH

That's not what I meant.

TAL

C'mon, baby. Can't we just pick up where we left off?

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

I've got one question for you people out there...

NORAH (annoyed)

Where we left off?

Tal gets distracted by the Dj's question.

RADIO DJ

... ARE... YOU... RANDY?!

Half the crowd groans, including Tal.

TAL
The bait-and-switch. You know, I'm
starting to wonder if these guys
even exist.

NICK (O.S.)
What's up?

Suddenly Nick is standing there in between them.

TAL
You must be Salvatore.

NICK
Yeah, that's right.

Norah looks at them looking at each other. Finally --

TAL'S FRIEND (O.S.)
Yo, Tal!

Tal turns to his FRIENDS, who collectively look like an
Israeli punk band.

TAL (to Norah)
We're headed to Maxwell's. You coming
with or you hanging with Sal here?

NICK (correcting him)
That's Sal-vatore.

But Norah is speechless. Can't. Form. Words.

TAL
Guess I'll see you in first class,
then.

He reaches out and touches her face. She flinches a bit.
Tal feels this. And as he backs up, joining his friends, he
turns back once to call out to Nick:

TAL (CONT'D)
Hey, be careful with the Tin Woman
here. She tends to rust if you get
her wet.

And with a smirk, Tal disappears. Norah's eyes burn.

NICK
What did he say?

Norah clenches her fists. Clenches her jaw. Anything that
clenches. Are You Randy has taken the stage. The music is
pounding in her head. She grabs Nick's hand...

INT. RED ROOM - COAT ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick is led through the crowded club, confused, curious, his hand going numb in her grip, as they arrive at a COAT ROOM.

INT. RED ROOM - COAT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She pushes him back into the coats, kisses him, hard, clawing at him. It's almost violent. His eyes are wide open, as she directs his hands all over her body.

NICK (V.O.)

Seriously. Who was that guy? What did he mean by "first class" and what was with his weird little accent and, Wow, her breasts are surprisingly nice. Tris's were always kinda ski-slopy. I should've said that when we broke up. That's what I should've said.

He looks up at Norah.

EXT. TENNIS COURT -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

But now it is TRIS'S FACE. She talks to him through a chained-link fence.

TRIS

I just don't feel that way about you. And I don't think I ever will.

Nick looks at her. His face hot and red.

NICK (V.O.)

Oh, yeah? Well, your breasts were always kinda ski-slopy.

But instead -- Nick starts to cry. Tris turns and walks back to the court, leaving him again. For good.

INT. RED ROOM - COAT ROOM -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Lips. Tongue. Teeth. Now Norah's hands are running all over his body.

NORAH (V.O.)

The Tin Woman? The fucking Tin Woman?

Chest. Stomach. Happy Trail. Down a little lower. Lower.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He took my virginity and my whole youth and that's his assessment of me? Was he not the least bit jealous? I'm wearing this guy's jacket and Whoa, Tris was right about one thing.

TAL (O.S.)
You're doing it wrong.

Norah looks up at Nick.

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

But now it's TAL. They are squeezed in her twin bed, his belt unbuckled.

TAL
Here. Like this.

He guides her hand. She looks uncomfortable. And after awhile -- he squirms away, sits up.

TAL (CONT'D)
I don't know. Maybe we should get a book or something.

Up goes the zipper.

INT. RED ROOM - COAT CLOSET -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Back in the closet, the clawing continues.

NORAH (V.O.)
*Maybe you should get a book, Tal.
Called "One Million Reasons Norah
Should've Dumped You Years Ago".*

She is removing Nick's belt like it's on fire...

NICK
Whoa, whoa... wait a sec.

Nick stops her. She tilts her head up. From her perspective, it sounds like her body SQUEAKS, in need of oil.

NORAH (V.O.)
Oh. My. God.

She looks at him with emotions he couldn't understand.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Regret thy name is Norah.

And with that, she races out of the room. Nick starts after her. But first -- Zipper. Button. Buckle.

INT. DENIZEN LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Norah weaves back through the violently moshing masses --

EXT. DENIZEN LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

And finally explodes onto the sidewalk, knocking into SOMEONE.

TRIS (O.S.)

Norah --

But Norah takes off running down the street.

INT. DENIZEN LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Nick now moves through the sweaty crowd, towards the exit...

EXT. DENIZEN LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

He bursts out of the club doors. But Norah is gone. Nick looks down the street to see a pair of YELLOW STOCKINGS disappearing around the corner. He blinks his vision.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER -- CONTINUOUS

Tris races to catch up.

TRIS

Norah! .Wait up!

She throws an arm around Norah's shoulder.

TRIS (CONT'D)

What d'you do to him, Sub Z?

NORAH

Don't call me that.

Norah shoves her away. Tris bounces back.

TRIS

He's just a boy, Norah.

NORAH

Not him.

Norah plops down on the curb.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Tal.

TRIS

Kibbutz boy? What's his damage?

Norah doesn't respond. Tris takes a seat nearby.

TRIS (CONT'D)

You know, everyone thought that kibbutz thing was a stupid idea.

NORAH

Who's everyone?

TRIS

You know... me and Caroline.

NORAH
You guys talked about it?

TRIS
Are you kidding? Following some
smug asshole to the Dark Continent?
Got stupid written all over it.
Sooo glad you went with Brown instead.

Norah swallows. She looks across the street at the 24-HOUR
KOREAN DELI. Sniffs.

NORAH
I'm hungry.

EXT. DENIZEN LOUNGE -- LATER

Nick sits on the curb, mentally writing lyrics.

NICK (quietly, to self)
On Ludlow/the world goes so slow/all
the things I don't know/closing in...
(starting to sing)
On Ludlow/the sidewalk shadows/keep
pleading don't go...
(losing it)
Your stockings yellow...

SOMEONE walking past throws pennies at him.

NICK (V.O.)
*That couldn't have been Tris. I'm
so tired, I'm hallucinating. See,
this is when alcohol and drugs would
come in handy. Something to help me
forget how I got here in the first
place.*

INT. CLUB -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick and Tris are rocking out to a LIVE BAND. Tris is
hacksawing, losing control. Nick dances with self-conscious
restraint. Tris looks at him. Shouts over the music.

TRIS
What are you doing?

NICK
What?

TRIS
You're still here.

He looks at her, confused. She bounces around him.

TRIS (CONT'D)
You have to go further than that.

She moves his arms for him.

NICK (V.O.)

She was right. I wasn't giving myself to the music. I was looking at the people around me. I was aware. But they kicked into a Green Day cover...

A ramped-up version of TIME OF YOUR LIFE. The crowd responds, becomes a collective sea of bouncing and flailing, Nick loses control, dancing like nobody's watching.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And suddenly, we're seven years old again. She pushed me there. And I got there. And I was grateful.

He looks at her, sweat-glazed, panting.

NICK (shouting over music)

I love you.

She all-but-stops dancing. He clearly regrets saying it as soon as it hits her ears. The music pounds into him.

TRIS

Thank you.

She then lifts herself into the air and is CROWD SURFED away from Nick, all the way up to the stage, where she is quickly ushered behind the curtain with the band. Nick blinks.

LEMMY (O.S.)

What d'you tell her that for?

INT. NICK'S HOUSE, -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Nick and Lemmy play X-BOX with furious thumbs.

NICK

I was in the moment. It felt right.

LEMMY

Didn't we talk about not trusting your feelings?

NICK

Look, I didn't say to hear it back, so... it's fine. I'm sure it's fine.

LEMMY (looking at watch)

Shit, we gotta go if we're gonna catch the train.

They stop the game, grab their jackets, and start out.

LEMMY

Is Tris gonna meet us there?

NICK

No, she's hanging with her little brother tonight.

He shuts the door behind them. We hear the SOUND OF TIRES --

EXT. THE RED ROOM -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

SCREECHING right in front of curb-sitting Nick.

DEV (O.S.)

Is that motherfucking Are You Randy?

Nick looks up to see Dev leaning out the van's passenger window. The Beefy Guy and Thom are beside him.

THOM

Bait-and-switch, huh?

NICK (standing)

What are you guys doing here? You're supposed to be looking for the girl.

DEV

We thought maybe her friend could help us out, but... looks like she flew the coop, too.

Nick walks to the van.

DEV (CONT'D)

You having a pity party?

NICK

I'm done.

DEV

Well, climb on in. We're having ourselves a search party.

Dev turns up the radio to kick off the search party. Nick climbs in back and they take off.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- NIGHT

Norah and Tris comb the aisles, in conversation. A KOREAN MAN (40s) watches them from behind the counter.

NORAH

C'mon, he wasn't always an asshole.

TRIS

No, he started out as a plain dick, then evolved into an asshole.

NORAH

I should've been more grateful. I mean, what other guy would put up with me?

Norah opens a bag of Chips Ahoy.

KOREAN MAN (shouting)

You have to pay for that.

NORAH (shouting back)

I know!

TRIS

I can't believe we're even talking about this. You were fourteen, Norah. Breaking up with the boy you dated when you were fourteen... Not unusual.

NORAH

Yeah. I guess some of us aren't as good at it as others.

Tris rips open a bag of Oreo's.

KOREAN MAN (shouting)

You have to pay for that.

TRIS (shouting back)

I know!!

(then, to Norah)

Look, Nor... You know what'll happen if you stay with him. You'll end up living in Tel Aviv with his miserable psychotic mother learning how to hang his army uniforms in the sunshine. He's not even worth it.

Tris walks away down the candy aisle.

NORAH (V.O.)

It's easy for her. She doesn't know what it's like. She meets boys on the PATH train, for Christ's sake. How could I let go of the only guy who's ever paid me any mind?

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

LOUD MUSIC rattles the wall from below. Norah (then 15), in pajamas and retainer, studies in bed. There's a KNOCK on her open door.

NORAH

Down the hall.

She doesn't look up from her book to see Tal (then 16).

TAL
What?

NORAH (pointing)
Bathroom.

TAL
Oh.

He pauses. Then walks away. A moment later, he reappears in the doorway.

TAL (CONT'D)
I don't have to go to the bathroom.

NORAH (finally looking up)
Oh. Um...

TAL
How come you're not downstairs?

Tal takes a few steps in. There's something confident about him. Sexy. Norah sits up.

NORAH
I prefer a... bird's eye view.
(then, awkward)
How come... you're not downstairs?

TAL
Your mother told me to come up and keep you company.

NORAH
Oh, that's nice and not embarrassing.

He looks around her room. She quickly removes her retainer without him seeing.

NORAH (CONT'D)
So... who d'you come here with?

TAL
My father.

NORAH
Who's your father?

TAL
Lou.

NORAH
Crazy Lou?

TAL
Yeah.

She looks at him.

NORAH
Wow. What's that like?

He slides his hands in his pockets.

TAL
Oh, you know. Crazy.

She smiles. He smiles back.

NORAH (V.O.)
If I could bottle that feeling.

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- LATER (FLASHBACK)

They sit on the floor now, leaned against a bookshelf.
Rifling through books. Talking without sound.

NORAH (V.O.)
That moment.

She looks at him. He looks at her. The MOMENT FREEZES.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There.

And UNFREEZES. Tal leans in.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Right before the lean in and the
what's gonna happen next.*

He kisses her.

NORAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*If I could bottle that. And we could
drink from it whenever we needed to.*

The kiss is awkward, but sweet.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

NORAH (V.O.)
But it doesn't work that way.

Norah watches Tris drink from a Coke bottle. The words just
pour out of her.

NORAH (CONT'D)
I'm going.

TRIS
Where?

NORAH

The kibbutz. We're supposed to leave in seventy-six hours. I got my ticket and my shots and wrote a letter to Brown and nobody knows... not my parents... not even Caroline.

Tris's jaw drops open.

TRIS

No fucking way.

They take bites of their respective cookies.

KOREAN MAN (O.S.)

You have to pay for that!

They turn sharply.

NORAH & TRIS (mouths full)

We know!

EXT. GRAY'S PAPAYA -- LATER

Thom, Dev and the Beefy Guy let Nick out of the van's back.

NICK

Where should we start?

DEV

Yes, where would I be if I was a beautiful, drunk, teenage girl?

THOM

Most likely in the back of that van.

NICK (looking at watch)

Okay, it's after three. Assuming she'll try to find a way back to Jersey... We should split up.

DEV (points to Thom & Beefy Guy)

Okay, Fred and Daphne, walk down 8th to Penn Station. Shaggy and I'll head up to Port Authority.

THOM

Got it.

Thom and the Beefy Guy head into Gray's Papaya.

NICK

Wait, what are you doing?

THOM

We need nourishment.

NICK

We don't have time for...

Dev starts to follow them inside.

NICK (CONT'D)

Dev...

DEV

Scooby snacks, Nicky.

NICK

We are not getting Gray's Papaya.

EXT. 8TH AVE -- NIGHT

Nick and Dev are both eating hot dogs, headed up 8th on the empty sidewalk, talking.

NICK

So, if it takes half as long as the relationship lasted to get over it, then by all accounts I've got two more months of the Tris hangover. And the next...

(looking at watch)

Hour-and-a-half to get over whatever tonight was.

DEV

Exactly. Remember how crazy I got every time I ran into what's-his-nuts?

NICK

You can't even remember his name, Dev.

DEV

I could remember it. If I wanted to. See? That's what you gotta start doing. You gotta put her out of your mind. And someday, you'll wake up and you won't even remember her name.

They walk for awhile in silence. Then...

NICK (reminding him)

Gary.

DEV (remembering)

Gary. Right.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- LATER

Norah and Tris are at the counter with all their treats.

TRIS
Do you have any cash?

Norah looks at her, annoyed.

NORAH
Do you?

Norah reluctantly pulls out the fifty dollar bill. Tris grabs it and starts paying. While counting it out...

TRIS
So -- word on the street is -- you never had an orgasm.

NORAH (suddenly mad)
Oh, really? And who was on the street when you heard this? Was Caroline on the street?

TRIS
Yes, Caroline was on the street.

NORAH
I can't believe her.

TRIS
You know, some people just can't.
(to Korean man)
Thank you.

She winks at the man and they start out.

NORAH
What do you mean?

TRIS
Some girls aren't built that way.

Norah looks at her.

TRIS (CONT'D)
I mean, some girls can't... let go like that.

They walk out of the jingling door.

EXT. KOREAN DELI -- CONTINUOUS

And down the street.

NORAH
It's so unfair -- he's always frustrated with me cause I'm not doing it right or whatever, but when he does it to me -- nothing happens. Ever. Not even close.

TRIS

Yeah, but, you've done it yourself, right?

NORAH

Yeah. I've tried.

Tris nearly chokes.

TRIS

Wait a sec. This is serious. You've literally never had an orgasm?

NORAH

How would I know?

Tris gets a funny smile.

TRIS

Oh, trust me. You'd know.

Her funny smile cuts into Norah. Norah watches her take a big bite of cookie. Chewing. Crunching.

NICK (O.S.)

All I'm saying is...

EXT. 8TH AVE -- NIGHT

Nick and Dev continue up the desolate avenue.

NICK

... I don't see the point in hanging your balls out there or... taking the leap or whatever... when the outcome is always the same. Everything ends.

DEV

Who are we talking about?

NICK

Right now? Tris. No, Norah...

Dev stops, turns to Nick, now directly in front of the doors to PORT AUTHORITY.

DEV

Remember what it was like the first time you heard The Ramones? Or The Clash or The Shins or fucking Green Day? You put on the t-shirt, you sang the songs, you didn't know anything about scene or politics or haircuts or what was cool.

(MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)

All you knew was that the music made
you feel different from anyone you
shared a locker with.

NICK (shrugs)

Yeah. That's what music is all about.

DEV

That's what *everything* is all about.
Meeting someone new... falling in
love... hanging your balls out
there... forgetting about scene and
bullshit. You just gotta put on the
t-shirt like it's the first time.

Nick stands there. Nodding. Speechless.

DEV (CONT'D)

Have you figured out what it's all
about yet?

Dev walks into the Port Authority. Nick follows.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY -- CONTINUOUS

NICK

What what's all about?

DEV

It. The big picture.

NICK

I guess not.

DEV

The Beatles.

NICK

What about them?

DEV

They nailed it.

NICK

Nailed what?

DEV

Everything.

Dev takes hold of Nick's hand with non-threatening emphasis.

DEV (CONT'D)

This. This is what the Beatles got.

Nick looks at him.

DEV (CONT'D)

Other bands think it's about sex.
Or pain. But the Beatles knew what
they were doing. *I Wanna Hold Your
Hand*. First single. Fucking
brilliant. Cause that's what everyone
wants. Not a 24-hour sex-athon.
Not a marriage that lasts a hundred
years. They just wanna hold your
hand.

He lets go of Nick's hand. Nick gets it. Dev looks up.

DEV (CONT'D)

Now that's just sad.

Nick looks up to see CAROLINE, holding her own shoes, standing
at a ticket counter, babbling nonsensically to a TICKET AGENT.

CAROLINE

No, you don't understand, see, there's
such a thing as white slavery and...
I was kidnapped and, and if you don't
give me a ticket to Anywhere, New
Jersey, then the terrorists have
already won...

Nick scoops Caroline up by the arm. She looks up at his
face. And smiles listlessly.

CAROLINE (sighing)

Yu-go.

NICK

That's right. We all go.

EXT. KOREAN DELI -- NIGHT

Norah and Tris sit on the hood of a PARKED CAR.

TRIS

Did you tell him about me?

NORAH

Which part?

(off her look)

No, I didn't tell him anything.

TRIS

Good. You know. Girl code.

NORAH

Can I ask you something?

Norah sits up.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Why d'you break up with him?

Tris removes a chocolate chip from her teeth.

TRIS

Well... it's like this. He's a really good guy, you know? And it was hard to let him go cause, even if other guys were in the picture, he's like this amazing guy. But then it was like, he was building his life around me and all I kept thinking about was getting out of Jersey and starting F.I.T., and... Then he said "I love you" and I was just not feeling that way. And I know it must suck to say that and not hear it back, but... I just felt like he should be with someone who could say that back to him, cause... somebody should. So, I dumped him. Sue me. I'm eighteen and I want to have fun.

She eats the last cookie. And crumples the bag.

TRIS (CONT'D)

But seeing the two of you together...

Tris doesn't finish her sentence. They don't look at each other. They look at the ground.

TRIS (CONT'D)

So, what do you like him or something?

NORAH

Not really.

Norah slides off the car and whistles with two fingers.

TRIS (re: the whistle)

How do you do that?

A YELLOW CAB pulls over. Norah climbs inside, and turns to Tris, now standing by the cab door.

TRIS

His jacket. He never let me wear his jacket.

INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS

Tris shuts the door and walks away. The DRIVER's (40s, Indian) eyes appear in the rear-view.

CAB DRIVER

Where to?

Norah deliberates.

NORAH (V.O.)

The possibilities used to seem infinite. But really, in life, there are only two choices.

(then)

Left or right. East or West. Tal or... is Nick even a possibility?

CAB DRIVER

Are we going or not?

NORAH (V.O.)

To be or not to be. Leap or stand still. Did I go too far with Nick? Or not far enough?

CAB DRIVER

Where to, lady?

NORAH

Hang On A Second!

She thinks for awhile. Looks left. Looks right. And then...

NORAH (CONT'D)

Bowery & 8th.

The cab driver starts the meter. And pulls away.

INT. TAXI CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

They drive past Tris on her way back to the club. Tris gives Norah the finger. Norah gives it back.

NORAH (V.O.)

Tris was never a major irritation until high school. But every now and then, you get her alone and she's almost normal. Tolerable.

INT. SACRED HEART BATHROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

NORAH (V.O.)

Like that time junior year, after I tanked a bio exam...

Norah dries her hands with a paper towel, zombie-fied. Tris comes up from behind and takes the paper towel away.

TRIS

You realize you've been doing that for three straight minutes now.

Norah looks up at her. The words just pour out.

NORAH
I'm late.

TRIS
For what?

Norah looks at her. It takes a moment for Tris to understand

TRIS (CONT'D)
Ohhhh.

NORAH (V.O.)
I didn't know what she'd say. After
all, Caroline's only words were...

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CAROLINE
You're paranoid.

Caroline puts out her cigarette and rolls over to go to sleep.

NORAH (V.O.)
While Tal could only muster...

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- EVENING (FLASHBACK)

TAL
Don't you dare make any decisions
without consulting me first.

Tal walks out of the room, leaving Norah behind.

INT. SACRED HEART BATHROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

NORAH (V.O.)
But Tris just looked at me and said...

TRIS
Okay. C'mon.

Tris grabs Norah's hand and leads her out.

INT. CVS -- LATER (FLASHBACK)

With Norah lagging behind, Tris walks down aisle seven like
it isn't the first time. And quickly chooses a PINK BOX.

INT. STARBUCK'S -- LATER (FLASHBACK)

Tris holds a little paper bag and a gigantic bathroom key.
She and Norah go inside.

INT. STARBUCK'S BATHROOM -- THREE MINUTES LATER (FLASHBACK)

Tris reads the stick for her.

TRIS
It's negative.

Norah opens her eyes.

NORAH
Really?

TRIS
Yeah, see the little minus sign?

Norah looks and nods 'yes'.

TRIS (CONT'D)
You want a frappuccino?

Norah nods 'yes' again, grateful. Tris tosses the test in the trash, opens the door, and nudges Norah out.

TRIS (CONT'D)
You better be more careful, bitch.

INT. STARBUCK'S -- MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Tris stands in line in front of Norah, who is still in shock.

NORAH (V.O.)
This is how she is. She'll take you to her personality's farthest reaches of annoying, and then she'll manage a ninth inning turnaround to be an almost comforting presence.

INT. TAXI CAB -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

NORAH (V.O.)
God, I hate her.

The cab slows down.

CAB DRIVER
Here good?

The cab stops. Norah looks through the window at the entrance to MAXWELL'S, a trendy-looking club on Bowery. Tal and his friends loiter out front. Norah watches him with them.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
Are you getting out or not?!

NORAH (bursting)
Give Me A Second, Fucker!

The driver thrusts open the plastic divider.

CAB DRIVER

Hey -- you wanna sit there and watch your money poo-poo, fine. But I'll tell you what I tell my five daughters when they get fresh. You are talking to a gentleman. So, watch the lip or get out of my cab.

Norah nods, apologetically.

NORAH

Okay. Sorry.

And suddenly, she bursts into tears. The cabbie immediately melts, hands her a box of Kleenex.

CAB DRIVER

You want to talk about it?

NORAH (crying)

Boys are idiots. I hope you don't let your daughters date them.

He lets out a slight laugh.

CAB DRIVER

I try not to.

Norah turns back to Tal. And after a moment, she takes her hand off the door handle.

NORAH

Second and ninth.

CAB DRIVER

Veselka?

NORAH

Yeah.

CAB DRIVER

Good choice.

The cab pulls away.

INT. THOM'S VAN -- LATER

Nick sits in the back of the van with the inebriated Caroline. He tries to bottle-feed her some water, but the ride is a bit bumpy. After a few failed attempts, Caroline reaches up for Nick. Moves her mouth.

NICK

What's that?

DEV (calling out)

What's that?

NICK (calling out)
I think she's trying to say something.

He leans down to Caroline. She starts babbling.

CAROLINE
We were there... This party... This kid's house party... Me and Norah and everybody... And Norah was playing DJ. And everybody talked about going skinny-dipping and then started taking their clothes off. But then Norah... Norah just disappeared. Walked, like, two miles to get home. Didn't even pretend she was sick or nothing.

Nick looks at her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
But that's the thing about Norah. She runs. And if you don't catch up with her, you just get left behind.

Something sad seems to come over her. And suddenly she's vomiting. The van stops. Nick pats Caroline on the head...

NICK
Be good to yourself.

And hops out.

EXT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- MOMENTS LATER

Back at Nick's Yugo, the four guys say their good-byes.

NICK
Okay, so... you got directions?

DEV
Yeah, we got it.

NICK
No - stopping - for anything. I don't care if Brad Pitt is selling fruit on the GW...

DEV
We know, we know.

THOM
What are you gonna do now?

NICK
I... guess I'll just go home.

They all look at him, feeling bad.

DEV
Good-night, our hetero-hero.

Dev gives him a big hug. The Beefy Guy shakes his hand.

BEEFY GUY
It really was a fun night.

NICK
Yeah, thanks for... I'm, I'm sorry,
I don't even know your name.

The Beefy Guy looks pleased to share it.

BEEFY GUY
Lethario.

Nick looks at him.

NICK
Hm.

They stop shaking hands. Lethario climbs into the van.
Thom leans in to pat Nick on the back.

THOM (low, to Nick)
Thanks, man. I didn't know it either.

Thom climbs into the seat next to him. They all wave and
drive off with Caroline in back.

Nick reaches in his jacket pocket, when he realizes... he's
not wearing his jacket. He smiles to himself.

INT. VESELKA -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah sits in the East Village Ukrainian restaurant by
herself, a spread of borscht and pierogies before her. A
UKRAINIAN WAITRESS (40s) brings another.

UKRAINIAN WAITRESS
Assorted meat plate?

NORAH
Great. Just keep it coming.

Norah eats from everything. Suddenly, her PHONE RINGS. No,
not her phone. Nick's phone. Ringing in Salvatore's jacket.
She decides whether or not to answer. She does.

NORAH (into phone)
Nick's phone.

NICK (O.S.)
Is Nick there?

Norah doesn't recognize his phone voice.

NORAH

No he's not. Do you want to call back for his voicemail?

NICK (O.S.)

Can you give him a message?

NORAH

Do I need a pen? Cause if I do, you're shit out of luck.

NICK (O.S.)

Could you tell him that he totally blew it when he let Norah get away from him tonight?

Norah blinks.

NORAH

Who is this?

NICK (O.S.)

And could you tell him that even though he doesn't know who that guy was or what that was all about, he'd really like to see her again so she can tell him all about it?

NORAH (realizing it's Nick)

Are you serious?

NICK (O.S.)

Where are you?

NORAH

Veselka.

NICK (O.S.)

Cross-streets?

NORAH

Second and ninth.

NICK (O.S.)

I'll be there in ten. Could you pass on the message for me?

Click. Dial tone. Norah smiles from ear to ear.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Nick hangs up the PAY PHONE. Jumps into his Yugo. Turns the engine. Put-put-put... VROOOM.

INT. VESELKA BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Norah races into the bathroom and shuts the door behind her. Looks in the mirror. Throws water in her hair. Smells under her arms. Dabs them with paper towels.

INT. VESELKA -- LATER

Nick strides in the front door. Norah is at a table in back. She pretends not to see him until he takes a seat across from her.

Without saying a word, he butters a piece of challah toast. She looks at him. And makes the sign of the cross over him.

NORAH

You are absolved.

He takes a bite. Chews. Swallows.

NICK

I'm Nick. I'm from Hoboken and I'm in a gay band. But I'm not gay. I was recently dumped by this girl and I'm working on getting over it.

She takes a sip of Coke. Swallows.

NORAH

I'm Norah...

NICK (like it's rehab)

Hi, Norah.

NORAH

I'm from Englewood and I'm a Jew from a Catholic school. I've been slowly breaking up with someone for a long-ass time and I'm working on getting over it.

He looks at her.

NICK

I like your jacket.

NORAH

It's not mine.

NICK

It should be.

NORAH

It belongs to Salvatore.

NICK

He told me you could have it.

NORAH

He did?

NICK

He said you look better in it than anybody could.

(whispering)

But don't tell his wife I told you.

NORAH

He's a good man that Salvatore.

NICK

He is.

They look at each other.

NICK (CONT'D)

So, who was that guy?

NORAH

He was sort of my... boyfriend... slash... ex-boyfriend. It's kinda the never-ending story.

NICK

Like me and Tris.

NORAH

No, not like Tris. This was real.

Nick looks at her. Norah realizes what she said.

NORAH (recovering)

I mean... I don't know what I mean. I've been awake for twenty-three hours.

NICK

How long have you guys been together?

NORAH

Three years.

NICK

Three years? Jesus.

NORAH

Yeah.

NICK

I've, like, known my father for three years.

NORAH

Course we broke up, like, nine times in three years, but... I met him when I was fourteen, and I'm not sure we ever really had chemistry and besides, you know, you... I've never even kissed anybody else. Unless you count Becca Wiener at camp when I was thirteen...

NICK (quick)

I do. I definitely count Becca Wiener.

She laughs. He smiles.

INT. VESELKA -- LATER

They are elbow-deep in borscht and pierogies.

NORAH

My parents have been freakishly happy for a quarter century, so, of course that dooms my prospects. Gold can't be struck twice in the Silverberg family.

NICK

So, do you like being Jewish?

NORAH (shrugging)

It's okay. My Judaism is kinda like my straight-edginess. Firm but reform.

(then)

What are you, Christian?

NICK

Technically. I was... you know...

NORAH

baptized?

NICK

I was gonna say "brainwashed", but... yeah. My family's Irish Catholic but I'm not really anything.

(then)

There was a lot of music in my house growing up, but it was always stuff like "Who Put The Overalls In Mrs. Murphy's Chowder", so...

She laughs.

NORAH

Could you hum a few bars?

NICK

I could.

INT. VESELKA -- LATER

The food has been cleared. They sit closer now.

NORAH

You know when you're with someone but you still feel lonely? Did you ever feel that?

NICK

Course I've felt lonely.

NORAH

No. Not like regular lonely. It's a different kind of lonely when you're with somebody, but for some reason you still feel alone. It's lonelier than when you're just by yourself.

(then)

What is it that keeps two people together for so long when it's just not working?

NICK

I don't know, but I could call my folks and ask 'em.

She leans in to him.

NORAH

There are so many... experiences that only Tal and I have shared. You know? Things that only he and I have seen. Places only we know about.

Nick starts to sink. She pulls him back in.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I think that's what happens when you break up with someone. What really gets to you. It's like the other half of your memories just disappears. And you're only left with your version. And after awhile, you don't even remember that right.

NICK

Yeah.

He nods. She looks up at him.

NORAH

I hope I remember this right.

He smiles.

NICK

Maybe someday I'll tell it to you
from my side of the street.

She smiles. They look at each other. For awhile.

NORAH

You want to go somewhere?

NICK

Yeah.

NORAH

Where do you want to go?

NICK (looking at watch)

Wherever. It's only... four in the
morning.

NORAH

Somewhere nobody we know will find
us.

He leans into her.

NICK

Like Park Avenue?

NORAH

Yeah, like Park Avenue.
(leaning in)
Midtown.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- LATER

MUSIC KICKS IN. They drive through the MET-LIFE BUILDING,
emerging out of the other side. Park Avenue. The streets
are empty. The skyscrapers are magnificent. Better than
they know. Norah is driving, while scanning his iPod.

NORAH

I can't believe your library. You're
like my musical soulmate.

NICK (nervous)

Hey, why don't I DJ for a little
bit?

NORAH

You don't like my grooves?

NICK

I'd just like to distract myself
from the fact that you're driving my
car.

She smiles. Looks out at the looming skyscrapers.

NORAH

Hey, my father works around here.

NICK

Really? Where?

She pulls the car into an empty parking lot. Points up at a towering building.

NORAH

See that building with the gargoyles?
He's the top floor.

(then)

I have the key with me.

NICK

You want to go up there?

NORAH

I don't know.

NICK

I bet the view is sick.

She looks up at the windows again. Suddenly flustered.

NORAH

Maybe we shouldn't.

(thinking)

Yeah, forget it.

NICK

You sure?

NORAH

Nevermind.

She throws the car in reverse and backs up... BANG! The car comes to an abrupt stop and sinks. The tires hiss.

Norah turns to the parking lot sign that reads, "Do Not Back-Up. Severe Tire Damage." She turns back to Nick.

INT. ELEVATOR -- LATER

They ride the elevator together. To the top floor. Not talking. Barely looking at each other. Barely touching.

NORAH

We'll just call a tow truck.

INT. RECORD LABEL -- LATER

Norah unlocks the door and they step inside. Lights on. Nick takes in the IMPRESSIVE STUDIO, filled with equipment

that could make planes fly, walls covered in gold records.
His eyes light up at a wall of INSTRUMENTS.

NICK

So... what exactly does your father
do?

NORAH

You mean, you really don't know?

Nick nods 'no'. She smiles.

NICK

Well, are you gonna tell me or not?

She says nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're an enigma, Norah Silverberg.

Nick takes a GUITAR off of the wall. Walking and strumming.

NICK (CONT'D)

Did you ever see any of the mixes I
made for Tris?

NORAH

One or two.

NICK

What was your favorite song you heard?

NORAH

I don't know the name of it. It was
a bonus track.

NICK (still strumming)

Well, how'd it go?

NORAH (singing)

The way you're moving in your
sleep/the way you look before you
leap/the strange illusions that you
keep/you don't know, but I'm noticing.

He looks at her. Stops playing. Moved.

NICK

I wrote that.

NORAH

I liked that.

His guitar accompanies their conversation again.

NICK

I didn't write it for her, if you're --
I mean, it wasn't really about anyone.

NORAH

Could you play it?

NICK

Right now?
(then, being funny)
You wanna lay it down?

She quickly takes a seat at the CONTROLS. He takes the guitar into the RECORDING BOOTH. Cracks his knuckles. Pick in hand. But he changes his tune. Sings a different song.

NICK (singing)

I never should've let her drive my
car... And now he'll be sent to the
junkyard... Poor, poor Jessie...

NORAH (laughing)

I said I was sorry.

They talk through the INTERCOM. He strums a SLOW MELODY.

NICK

It's cool. He falls apart and I put
him back together again.

NORAH

That's how it is with me and Caroline.
(then)
Like Tikkun olam.

NICK

What?

NORAH (slowly)

It's this one part of Judaism that I
really like. Conceptually, I mean.
It's called tikkun olam. Basically,
it says that the world has been broken
into pieces. And there's all this
chaos. And it's our job, everyone's
job, to try to put the pieces back
together. To make things whole again.

NICK

Do you think that? That it's all
chaos?

NORAH

I don't know. Most of the time.
But if we all do our part... tikkun
olam.

They are silent for a moment. Nick leans into the microphone.

NICK

Maybe we're the pieces.

She looks through the glass at him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Maybe that's what it's about. The world being broken. Maybe it isn't that we're supposed to find the pieces. Maybe we are the pieces.

Her heart races. She pushes the intercom.

NORAH

Nick?

NICK

Yeah?

NORAH

I'm coming in.

She rolls the chair back and stands. Making her way towards the recording booth. He prepares for her arrival. Stops strumming the guitar. But the music continues, as she walks into the booth and closes the door behind her.

Leaning into him. Kissing him. Again. But this time, it's for real. Good. Slow. Happening. They talk close between the kisses.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I won't compete with her.

NICK

Who?

NORAH

Tris.

NICK

You're not.

He kisses her again. Removing Salvatore's jacket. She starts to unbutton her flannel. Drops it to the floor. Underneath, she is surprisingly beautiful. He kisses her neck.

His hands tug at the top button of her jeans, popping it open. Her eyes close.

NORAH

Because I know I'm not... pretty like that.

NICK

Are you kidding? You're totally pretty.

NORAH

Give me a break.

He pulls away, just far enough to look at her face.

NICK

I look at you, Norah... And I can't believe I get to stand this close to you.

She kisses him now. Big and wet. Pulls his shirt over his head. He pops another button on her jeans. She gasps, leaning back against the wall. He presses against her. Another button. And another.

NORAH

What are we doing?

NICK

I don't know.

And another and... His hand slides in. And in.

Norah lets out a shockingly pleasurable sound. And abruptly stops, catching her breath.

NORAH

Oh, God, wait.

NICK

Are you okay?

NORAH

I don't know. Wait a sec.

NICK

Did I do something wrong?

NORAH

No, I just...

She looks at him. A huge grin spreads across her face. She kisses him again. He slides down her neck, her chest, her stomach and suddenly the LIGHTS BEAM ON.

Norah drops to the floor. Nick turns to see a JANITOR wheeling a mop and bucket into the next room. Drops.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Tell me it's not my father.

Beat.

NICK

Is your father the janitor?

Norah starts laughing.

NICK (CONT'D)

What?

She keeps laughing.

NICK (starting to laugh)

What?

She can't stop. He touches her face.

NICK

Oh, yeah. I could easily start to
obsess about this.

She nudges him.

NORAH

Good.

A PHONE RINGS. This time, it's Norah's. She looks at the
phone... it's CAROLINE. She quickly answers.

NORAH (into phone)

You better be talking in your sleep.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- SAME TIME

Caroline closes the van's back door, on her cell.

CAROLINE

I'm wide-fucking-awake, bitch. And
if I've taught you anything, you'll
get your ass to Asylum cause Where's
Fluffy is going on in twenty, count
them, twenty minutes... Say 'hi to
Dev.

She throws an arm around Dev's shoulder. Starts in.

DEV (leaning towards phone)

Hey, Norah.

NORAH

Hey... Dev... Why aren't you in
Englewood?

CAROLINE

We were just about to hit the bridge
when we heard about it on the radio.
I made the guys turn around.

DEV (leaning towards phone)
She twisted my arm.

CAROLINE
Are you coming or not?

NORAH
I can't go to Asylum.

CAROLINE
Yes, you can.

NORAH
It's Crazy Lou's club.

CAROLINE
So?

NORAH (low)
So, you-know-who's gonna be there.

Caroline and the guys walk INSIDE THE DARK CLUB:

CAROLINE
This is *Where's Fluffy*, Norah. And
I'm not gonna waste all my minutes
holding the phone up to the stage,
just cause you missed out on the
most kick-ass show of the millennium.
Get in a cab. Get on a train. Get.

Caroline hangs up.

NICK
What'd she say?

Norah looks up at him. And smiles.

INT. SUBWAY -- LATER

Headed downtown. SLOW-MOTION. Nick and Norah sit close in
the empty subway car. They slide back and forth, knocking
into each other, at every sharp turn. A future memory.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION -- LATER

They emerge out of the subway station into the first glimpse
of daylight. They continue down the street, hurried.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- LATER

Nick and Norah make their way towards ASYLUM's velvet ropes.
He looks at her. Takes a breath. And takes hold of her
hand.

NICK
You ready?

INT. ASYLUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Norah step inside. The bi-level club is made of glass -- so you can see up the girl's skirts on the second floor. The downstairs is wall-to-wall with PUNKS AND GOTHs.

As soon as Nick and Norah walk inside, they see that EVERYONE is there -- Caroline, Dev, Thom, the Beefy Guy -- Jeff, Lemmy, Tris and her new dude -- Tal and his Israeli friends.

They all turn to Nick and Norah at once. Caroline is the first to shout out.

CAROLINE

There she is.

Caroline rushes Norah, pulling her away from Nick. But Nick doesn't have time to react.

JEFF & LEMMY

Nick!

DEV & THOM

Nicky!

His friends collide -- gay and straight. Nick looks at them looking at each other. But Tris steps in his line of vision.

TRIS

Nicholas.

We INTERCUT BETWEEN NICK & NORAH'S SEPARATE CONVERSATIONS:

Norah and Caroline.

CAROLINE

Nick Nick? The Hoboken boy?

NORAH

Yes.

CAROLINE

The Hoboken boy?

NORAH

Yes.

CAROLINE

And he was just using his hand?

Suddenly Tal is standing right there.

TAL

We need to talk.

Nick and Tris.

TRIS

What are you, on a date or something?

NICK

Does it look like we're on a date?

Norah and Tal.

NORAH

How would you know? Your idea of a date is watching Schindler's List in your dorm room.

CAROLINE (laughing)

Ooooh...

They look at her. She slinks away. The crowd begins its *Where's Fluffy* chant.

CROWD (chanting)

Fluffy... Fluffy... Fluffy...

Nick and Tris.

TRIS

You never let me wear your jacket.
Not once in six months.

NICK

What are you, jealous?

Norah and Tal.

TAL

I don't get jealous.

NORAH

Right. That would require actually giving a shit.

TAL

What are you talking about?

NORAH

We're not the same people we used to be.

TAL

Yes, we are.

Nick and Tris.

NICK

No. We're not.

Tris takes a step towards him, touching his arm.

TRIS
You look the same to me.

NICK
What are you doing?

TRIS
I'm just saying 'hi'.

CROWD (chanting)
Fluffy... Fluffy... Fluffy...

Back to Norah and Tal.

NORAH
You tell me you love me and you love
me and you tell me, but you don't
tell someone that and then say they're
not experienced enough in bed. Or
maybe they should try and wear red
lipstick or tight skirts to be hot
like their friends once in awhile.

TAL
So, what are you saying?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

They turn to the stage to see a SMALL JAPANESE MAN (20s)
take his place behind TWO TURNTABLES. The crowd stares at
him, confused, as he begins making beats.

NORAH
The last time I saw you was six days
ago, at that party, remember?

TAL
Can we talk about this later?

ONE OF TAL'S FRIENDS comes up to him.

TAL'S FRIEND
Is that him?

Nick and Tris. Nick stares at the man on-stage..

NICK
It's a guy. It's just a guy.

Tris leans in on him.

TRIS
I'm just trying to protect you. I'd
hate to see you get your heart broken.

NICK

Thanks. I think I'll manage.

TRIS

I mean, with her leaving and all.

NICK

Brown is in Rhode Island.

TRIS

You still think she's going to Brown?

The crowd is getting into the music. The bass is heavy. Beating through them. And slowly they realize *this* is where Fluffy is. The mosh pit starts to pick up the pace.

Norah and Tal.

NORAH

You know, somehow in the back of my mind I thought, what better place to work things out than a million miles away from everything and everyone we know. But I don't even think the plane could fly with all our baggage.

Nick and Tris.

TRIS

So, what do you say, Nicky? Will you give me a ride home tonight?

NICK

I can't.

Tris folds her arms.

TRIS

Because of Norah?

NICK

Because I don't have my car.

(then)

And because for the first time, Tris, I saw you and I wasn't all fucked up about it.

And with that, Nick leaves Tris. For good.

The room has become a blizzard of arms and legs and strobe. Norah and Tal are in the middle of it.

NORAH

Just say it, Tal. I'm not Jewish enough.

(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)

I'm not vegan and I don't care about saving the sea otter or only drinking fair trade coffee. I love meat. And as a matter-of-fact, I think the Palestinians should have their own fucking state.

Suddenly, Nick is between them.

NICK (to Norah)

Can I talk to you for a second?

TAL

No, she fucking can't.

NORAH

Shut up, Tal.

NICK

You hear the lady. Nobody puts Baby in the corner.

Nick reaches for Norah's arm. Tal knocks it aside. Nick tries to remain calm, the crowd moving like a whirlpool around them. Nick's friends are looming behind him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Why don't you take a step back before somebody gets punched?

TAL

Don't get pissed at me just cause Tris cheated on you the whole time you were together.

Nick's heart stops.

TAL (CONT'D)

Ooh, was I not supposed to say that?

Nick narrows in on Tris.

NORAH

Nick...

He storms over to her, leaving Norah behind.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Nick...

TAL

See that? Right back to her.

The music really kicks in, as Nick gets in Tris's face. He shouts and he shouts, but all we hear is music. And as Tris's new dude steps up to defend her, Nick knocks him to the floor.

The mosh pit starts to get heavy. People are getting into it. Fluffy may be a DJ, but he is kicking major ass. People start slamming each other from all sides.

Norah shoves Tal hard. Tal shoves her back.

Nick sees this over Tris's shoulder. And rushes Tal, lunging towards him, knocking him back into his wall of friends.

The mosh pit has become a shoving match -- Nick and Tal. Norah and Tris. Nick's gay friends vs. straight friends. Except for Caroline, who dances in her own little world.

The dance floor is a blizzard. Chaos. And as Nick and Norah stand their amidst their demons, the fight grows around them. We hear pieces of it over the music:

TAL (CONT'D)

Tell him the truth, Tris.

TRIS

Like you're some fucking saint, Tal.

JEFF

He's nothing but a faggot.

DEV

He did not just say that.

TAL (to Tris)

I can't believe you're not gonna tell him the truth.

TRIS (to Tal)

I can't believe you want me to.

CAROLINE (to Norah)

I can't believe you never had an orgasm.

The fight has become bigger than Nick and Norah. The mosh pit grows wilder and wilder.

TAL (to his friends)

Three years with Ira Silverberg's daughter and where did it get me?

Chaos surrounds them --

NICK AND NORAH LOCK EYES --

THE ROOM SLOWS DOWN AROUND THEM --

VOICES ARE MUFFLED --

THE SOUND CHANGES --

And Nick and Norah simply look at each other.

And in one quick flash -- they decide -- without words.

Nick takes hold of her hand. They make their escape --

EXT. ASYLUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bursting out of the club doors --

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Running hand-in-hand down the city sidewalks -- The pink light of morning finally emerging and lighting their way --

EXT. STREET CORNER -- MOMENTS LATER

Racing down the subway steps --

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

Up to the turnstile. Nick pulls out a METROCARD. Turns to Norah. Out of breath.

NICK

This will get us to Port Authority, where I know a guy who drives a van to Hoboken, where my sister will loan me her car so I can finally get you home. And there you will sleep for eight wonderful hours, until I wake you with a phone call asking to see you again, and to see you as much as possible before you leave for Africa or Rhode Island or wherever it is you're going. Because maybe when the heart races... this is what it's racing towards.

The train is approaching. He slides the Metrocard through the machine and pushes through the turnstile, handing the card back to her. The train whistles to a stop.

She bites her lip and slides the Metrocard. But it beeps "Insufficient Fare". She looks up at him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Jump over.

She hesitates, seconds ticking by.

NICK (CONT'D)

C'mon, Norah. This is it.

He holds out his hand to her. She looks at the train.

NICK (CONT'D)

Are we in this or not?

But the train doors close. And after a moment, they open again. Norah takes hold of his hand. And takes a breath.

Ready. Set. Leap.

CUT TO: BLACK

AFTER CREDITS:

INT. NORAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- EARLY MORNING

Norah's mother serves breakfast to a motley crew -- a hungover Caroline, Dev, Thom and Lethario, and Norah's father, Ira. Nothing but the sound of silverware on stoneware.

Until Dev pulls a demo CD out of his pocket and slides it across the table to Ira. Ira looks up at him. Dev smiles.

DEV

We are the Fuck-Offs.