



LAVA FILMS LLC

NICK AND NORAH'S INFINITE PLAYLIST

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

NICK (V.O.)
*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.)
*Okay so 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.)
*In one measure, Dev'll 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 the shirtless Dev.

NICK (V.O.)
*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.)

Okay so 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? Who is drenching
them in soundwaves? Who is 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.)

Dear God I told her not to come.

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

NICK (V.O.)

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.)

Apparently not.

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

NICK (V.O.)

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.)

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 (20).

NICK (V.O., LOOKING)
*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)
 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 on-stage,
 gripping his bass, a deer in headlights. The NEXT BAND steps
 up, setting up around him. But Nick is motionless.

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

NEXT BAND'S DRUMMER
 What?

The NEXT BAND's DRUMMER looks at him.

NICK (V.O.)
*This is the soundtrack to our
 failed relationship. The break-up
 mix I never gave you. Track one.*

Nick stumbles off-stage, avoiding Tris contact.

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- MOMENTS BEFORE

In the middle of the room, Tris parts the sea of men,
 bouncing her head to the music, self-aware.

NORAH (V.O.)

*This should be a story about Tris.
Annoyingly pretty Tris with the
dirty blond hair, handful of tits
and tight-ass skirts.*

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

NORAH (V.O.)

It should be. But it isn't.

DEV (INTO THE MIC)

We are The Fuck-Offs!

The band has finished. Norah is focused on Nick, now standing small and alone on-stage, 'til her drunken friend CAROLINE (18, buxom) steps in her line of vision.

CAROLINE

Fuck on. Look at you, lookie-lou
(bumping her)
Go talk to him.

NORAH (SCOFFS)

Yeah, that's likely.
(making excuse)
Besides he's a total mo.

CAROLINE

He's no mo. Look at how badly he's dressed. Look at his shirt and his Supercuts hair and he's coming over here...

Caroline gives Norah a slight nudge and Nick bumps into Norah's shoulder, as he passes her by without seeing her.

NORAH (RECOVERING)

Well, he's bridge-and-tunnel,
whatever he is.

CAROLINE (SLURRING)

Oh yeah? And what are we?

NORAH (BACK AT CAROLINE)

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 sidle up to a group of 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.*

WE ALSO SEE HOW THIS NIGHT'LL GO DOWN:

NORAH (V.O.)
I'll load her onto the vomit comet--

Norah lifts her vodka-soaked friend up the bus steps.

NORAH (V.O.)
I'll hold her hair when she pukes --

Norah acts as scrunchy as Caroline hurls into a garbage can.

NORAH (V.O.)
I'll make up the extra bed --

Norah pulls out the trundle bed.

NORAH (V.O.)
And in the morning --

Norah sits at the TABLE. Caroline shuffles in the room:

NORAH (V.O.)
*-- when she stumbles into the
 kitchen all disheveled and still
 drunk, my parents will look at her
 like the daughter they never had.*

Norah's MOTHER (40s) holds out a plate of pancakes, her FATHER (50s) extends an extra Bloody Mary, sipping from his own. On Norah's annoyed face:

WE CUT BACK TO THE CLUB. She wears the same annoyed face until a CUTE BANDBOY taps her on the shoulder.

NORAH (V.O., PERKING UP)
Or maybe --

She perks up, giving a wry smile. Until 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, followed by a shitty 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 turns back, Nick is standing next to her, talking to Thom.

RANDY (O.S.)

What are we looking at?

RANDY (20s, lanky rocker) leans over her shoulder.

NORAH (WORKING UP THE COURAGE)

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 shoves his way through the group of men around Caroline. Norah watches as he lifts her 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 (SHOUTING)

Jesus --

CROWD (ANSWERING)

-- Christ!

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

NORAH (V.O.)

*It's the middle of the night. And
my day begins.*

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; the bright red exit light beckons like an oasis in the desert.

NICK (V.O.)

*My eyes are still used to searching
for her in a crowd. My body is
used to moving with hers. So the
distance -- anything short of
contact --*

He bumps into Norah without noticing.

NICK

-- is a constant rejection.

Thom steps in front of him, drops an amplifier in his arms.

NICK

No. Thom. I can't.

THOM

You said you'd be equipment bitch
so we could play manhunt.

NICK (STOPPING HIM, DEAD SERIOUS)

You don't understand. 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 (SLIGHT LAUGH)
Wow that was fast. You think they
met while you guys were still
together?

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

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? I
need to get outta here.

THOM
But Monomania 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 hands the amp to Thom.

NICK
I want to leave.

Thom hands the amp to some BEEFY GUY (20s) standing behind him. Thom looks him up and down. Then turns back to Nick.

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 before and I'll say it again: Fuck her.

Thom turns back to the Beefy Guy, introduces himself.

THOM
Hi, I'm Thom.

Nick looks back to Tris.

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 yellow 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.)
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 --
 (out loud)
 Oh God she's coming over here.*

Suddenly Tris and her dude are walking directly towards Nick. Nick turns to Thom, searching for help, but he is making out with the Beefy Guy. Nick turns to his other side, where Norah is standing, staring in the same direction.

NORAH (V.O.)
She's seriously coming over here.

Norah looks past Tris to see Caroline, currently tongue-deep in that guy Randy.

NORAH (V.O.)
You see, there's Caroline...

A distant FLUSH takes us to:

INT. SACRED HEART BATHROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Caroline emerges from the stall, pulling up her Catholic schoolgirl skirt, a cigarette dangling from her mouth.

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

NORAH (V.O.)
There's me...

Norah, dressed the same, but buttoned up, throws water in her hands and slicks back her hair.

NORAH
*You are a penis fly trap.
 (then, V.O.)
 And then there's Tris.*

Tris, also in uniform, her skirt rolled two inches shorter, is trying to smoke a cigarette.

TRIS

They're not too terrible.

Norah watches Tris pull her ponytail through a mesh John Deere hat.

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 God gave us.

Norah laughs.

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

How 'bout you pierce your knees
together, Tris? Kill two birds.

Caroline laughs.

TRIS

Gross.

Tris reaches into her bag.

TRIS

Here, Nor. Got another one for ya.

She pulls out a cassette tape, tosses it to Norah. Norah
scans the tape's playlist.

NORAH (IMPRESSED)

Wilco into Chet Baker into...

(gasp)

He put Where's Fluffy on here?

TRIS

Wait'll you hear the song he wrote
at the end.

Norah slides the tape in her pocket.

CAROLINE

When are you gonna let us meet this
mystery boy so we can judge him for
ourselves?

TRIS (MEANING NORAH)

Well, I didn't want him getting too
close to the ice box. We all know
Norah's affect on guys.

The words sting Norah.

CAROLINE (BEING FUNNY)

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

NORAH (NOT BEING FUNNY)

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

There's an awkward moment between the three of them. The
truth hits Tris. Her jaw drops.

NORAH (V.O.)

*And then we wrote our phony little
"have a great summers" in our
Sacred Heart yearbooks and I hoped
I'd never see her again.*

INT. ONE-ROOM CLUB -- MOMENTS BEFORE

NORAH (V.O.)

But here she is...

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

NORAH (V.O.)

*Why does she insist on wearing
those awful yellow 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 making out with Randy.

NORAH (V.O.)

*Shit, why am I always the only one
by myself?*

Norah looks to her right. At Nick. That other guitarist and some beefy guy are locked at the lips. Norah looks back at Tris as she whispers something in her new guy's ear.

NORAH (V.O.)

*Ice Box? Just cause I'm not a
total slut, I'm a fucking ice box?*

Suddenly, Nick steps in front of Norah.

NICK

Hi. Hello.

NORAH

Oh God please don't hand me a CD.

NICK (CONFUSED)

What?

Tris is closer now. Almost there. Norah grabs Nick's face and pulls it towards hers. Their lips just barely land on each other. The kiss is awkward, teenage.

Nick's eyes are open the whole time. And out of the periphery, he sees Tris inching closer.

Nick spins Norah's body around, making sure that Tris is watching, and goes in again.

This time, the kiss is better. Their mouths intertwined, getting lost in it for a moment, until...

TRIS (O.S.)

Nick? Norah?

They pull away, Norah especially bleary-eyed. They look up at Tris, her mouth agape, standing with her new dude.

TRIS

How do you guys, like, know each other?

There's a moment of silence. They all stand speechless, staring. Nick opens his mouth to answer when the NEXT BAND'S MUSIC KICKS IN, LOUD AND OVERPOWERING, drowning out Nick's words. Tris's new dude takes her by the hand, leading her back towards the pit.

There's a sudden break in the music just long enough to hear:

NICK

... And you look great, by the way.

But Tris is already gone. Norah's eyes fill with panic.

NORAH

Oh dear God.

NICK

How do you know Tris?

She swallows.

NORAH

Tell me you're not Nick.

NICK (SUDDENLY HOPEFUL)

She's told you about me?

Norah starts backing away, bee-lining towards Caroline.

NORAH

I... I gotta find my friend.

NICK

Tris?

NORAH

No.

NICK

She's not your friend?

NORAH

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

CLOSE on Tris watching Nick weave through the crowd, trailing Norah.

Norah squeezes through the dancing kids, up to her wasted friend, and pries her from Randy's mouth.

NORAH (CODE)

Red Rooster Red Rooster, I just kissed Tris's sloppy seconds...

CAROLINE (ANNOYED)

What's the problem now?

NORAH (EQUALLY ANNOYED)

The problem, Caroline, is that *this*
(gesturing to herself)
is not gonna compete with *that* --
(gesturing to Tris)
The night is over, Red --

Norah pulls. Caroline slips and falls to the floor.

NORAH

-- Rooster.

Norah ducks down, trying to lift her inebriated friend to her feet. And just as quickly, Nick is there.

NICK

Seriously, how do you know... Are you leaving?

NORAH

I have to get my friend home.

NICK

You need a ride? I could give you a ride. Back to Englewood? Is that where you're from? Englewood?

NORAH

Do I look like I'm from Englewood?

NICK

I don't... Wait, does that mean you
are from Englewood or you aren't?

Nick helps Caroline to her feet.

CAROLINE (TO NICK)

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

And with that, she slips again. Nick recovers her, lifting
her limp body in his arms.

NICK (TO NORAH)

I'm right out front.

He carries Caroline towards the exit light, Norah in tow. He
sees Thom giving him a thumbs up and mouthing the word
"Nice". Nick stands up a little straighter.

NICK

Don't worry. There's plenty of
room in it for...

TRIS (O.S.)

I need your car.

Suddenly Tris is standing right in front of him. 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

So, can we have your keys or what?

Nick blinks.

NICK

We?

Nick looks over at the other dude, suddenly realizing that
"we" doesn't refer to him and Tris.

NORAH

Car's already full, Tris. Sorry.

TRIS

Uh, I wasn't talking to you, Norah, okay? So, why don't you take Drunkzilla here back to your daddy's house and get on with your nightly duties. I'm talking to Nick.

NICK

Now, when you say "we"...

NORAH

You don't understand, Tris. There's no room for you. Not tonight.

Norah and Tris stare daggers at each other.

TRIS

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

And with that, Tris flips her hair and walks away. Nick's heart stops; he immediately releases his grip on Caroline, dropping her to the floor.

EXT. ONE-ROOM CLUB / LOWER EAST SIDE -- LATER

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

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

A Yugo. Don't see that every day.

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

NORAH

Certainly not 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

So, this is how it ends. The last real night of summer, I'm in the city, and instead of going out in style, 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. She blows the burp up front.

NORAH

... And Caroline's dragon-breath.

Caroline passes out.

NICK

So, *this* is your friend?

NORAH

My *charge*, more like it.

NICK

I saw you two earlier.

NORAH (PERKING UP)

Really?

NICK

I thought maybe you were a couple.

NORAH

A couple of what?

NICK

A couple of... lesbians.

Norah lets out a laugh.

NICK (FRUSTRATED)

Damn it, why won't she turn?

Norah stops laughing -- *Does he mean the car or Tris?* In a moment of frustration, Nick hits the steering wheel. But the horn catches, gets stuck. A steady booming HOOOOOONK pours out. Just then, a DRUNK KID yells at Nick's window.

DRUNK KID

You off-duty?

Nick waves him off, shouting --

NICK (LIKE IT HAPPENS A LOT)

This is not a cab.

The kid walks away. Norah slams her fist on the wheel, the honking finally stops. She looks at Nick hanging his head.

NORAH (SHE AND CAROLINE)
Maybe we should just take the bus.

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

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

He hands her a CD.

PUNK KID (NERDIER THAN HE LOOKS)
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
See, *this* is the problem with technology. You give people iBooks and Garage Band and now any idiot-poseur 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, Thom and the Beefy Guy hop out.

THOM
Ah, the Cold War relic.

BEEFY GUY
Having some trouble?

NICK (GREETINGS)
Hey, Thom. Hey... Beefy... Guy.

THOM
Pop the hood and let's jump this bitch.

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

THOM (TO NORAH)
Sweetheart? Dev 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. Thom waits until Norah's out of ear shot, then leans in Nick's window.

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

NICK
Stop it.

THOM
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. THE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Norah climbs into the passenger seat and looks up at the lead singer, Dev.

DEV
Hi, I'm Dev, I'll be your queerleader for this evening.

She looks at him, confused. He hands her a FIFTY.

NORAH
I don't get it...

DEV

Thom 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, so...

DEV

Look, he's cool, you seem cool,
I'm... not the biggest fan of that
flannel you're wearing, but...

He starts looking around the van for a different top, holding
up a few choices. He whistles for her to take off her shirt.

DEV (MOTIONING)

C'mon, we're all girls here.

BEEFY GUY (O.S.)

CLEAR!

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

Thom leans in Nick's window, as he grinds the engine again.

THOM

So what, they know each other...

NICK

So I think this is my opportunity.
You know. To get some answers.

THOM

Answers? You got the answer, Nick.
The answer was 'no'. The answer is
currently fucking your ex-
girlfriend. Now it's your
choice... pity party for one... Or
titty party for two...

Nick rolls up the window, not wanting to hear anymore.

INT. THE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Dev squeezes Norah into a white wife-beater, her body
surprisingly curvy underneath.

DEV

Just take him for a drive. Take him to a show, or a movie, whatever straight people do...

NORAH

I think he needs to be alone for a little while.

DEV

He's been alone for a little while. He's over all that. He had a mild case of Trisitis and now you're here to give him a Trisiotomy.

Dev pinches her cheeks, giving the illusion of blush.

DEV

Besides, we saw you two making out and... we think you're the one.

Norah smiles. The first real smile we've seen from her. Suddenly, the SOUND of the engine turning. Norah looks up.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

The car now rocking and rolling, Nick grabs his lucky jacket, thrift store variety monogrammed "Salvatore", and steps out to talk to Thom, shutting the door.

NICK

I just want to find out "why"?

THOM

Good, go ahead, hang with flannel-girl, get some of those "answers" you've been looking for...

CLOSE on Caroline stirring in the back-seat with a "shhhhh" and begin rolling up the Yugo windows, locking the doors.

THOM

... And in the midst of the interrogation, quite possibly, by sheer accident, just have a good time, you can do that, can't you?

Nick shrugs and grabs for the door handle, but... IT'S LOCKED. With Caroline passed out inside. His eyes widen.

NORAH (O.S.)

I can't.

INT. THE VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Norah hands Dev back the fifty, pulling her flannel back over the wife-beater.

DEV

Why not?

NORAH

There's a drunk girl in the back of that Yugo who needs to be vomiting in a toilet in Englewood by morning, so...

Dev looks up to see Nick now banging on his car, screaming through its window, tugging on the handle. Dev turns back to Norah, ties her flannel up above her belly button and shoves the fifty in her cleavage.

DEV

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

Careful... She's in a weakened condition...

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...

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...

DEV
There it is.

The crowd is on their toes, making anticipating noises.

NICK
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.

But before Norah 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 hold of her legs.

BEEFY GUY
I got her.

While the Beefy Guy loads Caroline into the van, Dev and Thom
shove Nick and Norah into opposite sides of the Yugo.

DEV
We'll get her home.

THOM
The night is young.

DEV
And so are you.

They are shoved inside. The doors shut. The chaotic crowd
swarms the car, shaking it violently, like in a riot. Nick
looks at Norah.

NORAH
Go. Go.

The engine is revved. The car's in drive. Nick steps on the gas. And the crowd helps shove Jessie forward, giving them a real send-off. A real Bon Voyage into the night.

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 and Norah make their escape.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

They can't help but laugh as they watch the scene get smaller and smaller behind them. Until they hit the first red light. The car stops. The laughter stops.

They sit in silence. Waiting for the light to turn green. Any minute now. And... green. The car grinds forward again; they're off. After a moment:

NORAH (O.S.)

Where are we going?

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

Tumbleweed blows down the armrest between them. It would be deafeningly silent, if not for the radio. Finally:

NORAH

So... your friends... um... they're all gay, right?

NICK

Well... not all my friends.

NORAH

I mean the ones in the van.

NICK

Oh, yeah. Yeah, don't worry. They're completely gay.

(then)

One hundred percent homosexual.

(then)

Dev is... especially gay... Am I going the right way?

NORAH

For what?

NICK

I don't know.

(then)

(MORE)

NICK(cont'd)
Do you wanna... get something to
drink?

NORAH
I don't drink.

NICK
Yeah me neither.

She looks at him, suddenly impressed.

NORAH
You're straight-edge?

He shrugs, cool.

NICK (COOL)
I don't really subscribe to any
label.

Norah rolls her eyes.

NORAH (UNDER HER BREATH)
He says wearing Diesel jeans.

NICK (NOT HEARING)
What?

NORAH
Nothing.

Nick turns up the radio. They listen to the beat for a
moment. Then:

NORAH
Hey, listen, d'you hear that?

NICK
What?

NORAH
That strange banging noise?

NICK
Oh God, is it the car?

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
Zaggat's.

She pops open the glove compartment. A POLAROID of TRIS is taped inside, looking back at her. Nick realizes it's still there. Norah looks at it, as the next song comes on.

Pictures of You. The Cure. The silence has been replaced with the lyric's glaring irony.

ROBERT SMITH (SINGING)

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

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.

She slams the glove compartment shut. They stop at a red light. And suddenly, the back door opens. Nick turns to see TWO DRUNK TEENAGERS, boy and girl, climb in back.

DRUNK GUY

Twenty-eighth and eighth.

They shut the door and immediately begin making out. Heavily. Nick looks back at them.

NICK

This isn't a...

They keep sucking face, thinking they're in a cab. Nick turns back to Norah. She shrugs. He steps on the gas.

NICK

Twenty-eighth and eighth.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- LATER

The sound of the hard-core tongue-bath behind them, Nick and Norah try to make conversation to drown it out.

NICK

So... are you from Englewood?

NORAH

Uh-huh...

Nick taps the steering wheel.

NICK (TRYING TO BE FUNNY)
"Englewood, up to no good."
(then)
I'm from Hoboken, by the way.

NORAH
I know.
(then, recovering)
I mean... Jersey's in the house.

Nick gives a fraction of a smile.

DRUNK GUY
I love you.

DRUNK GIRL
I love you.

DRUNK GUY
I love you so fucking much.

The drunk kids continue to paw at each other.

NICK
You come into the city a lot?

NORAH
On the weekends. Whenever there's
a show worth seeing.

NICK
It's funny we've never met before.

NORAH
Why is it funny?

NICK
You know.
(then)
Not funny ha ha, but...

The back-seat kissing has become moaning. The noises are louder and louder. Nick talks louder to cover it.

NICK
Are you going off to college?

NORAH
Oh... uh... I don't know yet.

NICK

You don't know where?

NORAH

Um... I don't know *if*... I mean,
I'm supposed to go to Brown, but...
I might have this job lined up,
so... it's complicated.

NICK

Yeah. Me too. I'm still, you
know, weighing my options.

NORAH

What options? You only applied to
Berkeley and didn't get in. I
mean, who only applies to Berkeley?

He turns to her. She bites her lip.

NICK

How did you...

DRUNK GUY (LOUD)

You passed it, dude.

Nick screeches the car to a halt. A few yards past a club's
velvet ropes and the long line of emo-punks waiting out
front.

DRUNK GUY

How much?

NICK

Eight... fifty?

The kid throws a crumpled ten up front and hops out. Norah
watches him walk his girl to the end of the club's line.
Nick looks at Norah, trying to sound casual.

NICK

So...

Suddenly Nick's voice comes through on the mix tape.

NICK'S VOICE (ON THE MIX TAPE)

So, that's it, Tris. The break-up
mix. Ten songs from my broken
heart to...

Nick quickly ejects the tape. A beat, then:

NORAH (NOT LOOKING AT HIM)
I gotta pee.

She bursts from the car, slamming the door shut behind her.

NICK (TO SELF)
And there she goes.

Nick watches Norah walk straight up to the velvet rope, where the BOUNCER immediately pulls it back, letting her past. Nick cocks his head, curious, and then --

YELLOW STOCKINGS

Out of the corner of his eye. Running along the opposite sidewalk and disappearing around a corner. Nick blinks, immediately throwing his car in drive. Following.

INT. CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah squeezes through the crowd, marching towards the bathroom, cell phone in hand -- DIALING CAROLINE. We hear the ringing and ringing --

NORAH
C'mon... c'mon...

INT. THE VAN -- SAME TIME

The muffled sound of a cell phone ringing Hava Nagila in Caroline's pocket. She's passed out in the van's back, surrounded by band equipment, while Thom, Dev, and the Beefy Guy are squeezed up front, mid-conversation.

DEV
I just think The Fuck-Offs isn't
hard-core enough.

BEEFY GUY
How 'bout The Fuck-Ons?

DEV
Or The Fuckers.

THOM
The Motherfuckers.

DEV
The Fatherfuckers.

The guys laugh. The laughter creeps inside Caroline's sleeping head. Her eyes slowly peel open. She takes in her surroundings. White van. Three strange men up front, including the tattooed arm of a rather beefy fellow.

BEEFY GUY

What about the Cockmasters?

Her eyes widen, panicked.

DEV (O.S.)

Balls Deep.

The strange men laugh. Caroline is terrified.

THOM (O.S.)

Here it is. End of the line.

The van slows. She lies perfectly still as it pulls over and the "kidnappers" exit the van, leaving Caroline alone.

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

INT. CLUB'S BATHROOM STALL -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah hangs up and plops onto the toilet seat, now face-to-face with a huge strip of GRAFFITI. She scans the walls.

Reading different colored scrawlings like "Jimmy gives good head." and "I don't want the world... I just want your half."

And then she sees a doodle of a WHITE RABBIT. And another white rabbit. And another. Norah follows the little white rabbits all the way around to the bottom of the stall's wall. Norah bends down and underneath the stall next to her.

GIRL

Perv!

A GIRL (20) zipping up her jeans gives her a look as Norah arrives at the final white rabbit with a little thought bubble saying FIND WHERE'S FLUFFY AT THE RED ROOM TONIGHT! Norah's eyes light up. She rubs the ink. The color bleeds on her finger. She gasps.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- SAME TIME

Nick drives, turning a corner, in search for the yellow stockings he's lost sight of. He mumbles to himself.

NICK (SING-SONGY)
 You are retarded. You are a
 stalker. You are Travis fucking
 Bickle, following a mirage...

And then -- he sees them, turning another corner. He sits
 up, slowing next to her.

NICK
 A beautiful, long-legged mirage...

He rolls down his window...

NICK
 ... who happens to be a man.

He rolls up the window, stepping on the gas again, passing
 the LONG-HAIRED HOMELESS MAN IN YELLOW STOCKINGS.

NICK (TO HIMSELF)
 Looking for answers?

Nick turns the corner, pulling up in front of the club, just
 in time for Norah to be running out.

NICK (TO HIMSELF)
 What answers? I don't even know
 the fucking question.

She opens the door, out-of-breath.

NORAH
 How do you feel about Where's
 Fluffy?

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- MOMENTS LATER

They drive again. This time, bubbling with energy, the music
 of Where's Fluffy blaring around them.

NICK
 They're only the best punk band not
 out there.

NORAH
 Named for the xenophobic fucking
 nation oblivious to the fucking
 terror its leaders wreak on the
 rest of the fucking world cause
 they're too busy worrying about
 their cat stuck in a fucking tree
 or whatever.

NICK

Yeah. And "Take Me Back Bitch" is a killer track.

NORAH

Killer.

NICK

I had a bootleg of "Black Carnage" before anybody.

Norah smiles, knowing she had it before anybody.

NICK

We heard they were playing once at the Elbow Room, but it was a total bait-and-switch. Fucking Are You Randy shows up instead.

NORAH

I hate that. Those cats are herbs.

NICK (THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING)

Thank you.

NORAH

Where's Fluffy is so much more raw.

NICK

Exactly.

(pause)

You know, I was the one who got her into Where's Fluffy. Me. She didn't even know who they were 'til I put 'em on a mix for her.

(beat)

I'm talking about Tris.

NORAH

Is that right.

Nick lowers the radio.

NICK

So, seriously... how do you guys know each other?

Norah sighs, looks out the window, the life sucked out of her.

NORAH

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

NICK

Fifth grade, huh? Wow. You guys must be... really close... talk a lot... chit chat... So, do you guys go to Sacred Heart together and who's that guy, is it serious?

NORAH (SHAKING HER HEAD)

I can't believe Tris dated a straight-edge.

NICK

"Dated"? Is... is that what she called it? Did she happen to mention why we stopped "dating"?

NORAH (CUTTING HIM OFF)

You know, I'm really not interested in playing on The Tris Game Show, okay?

NICK

You started it.

NORAH

No, I didn't. And what did you see in her anyway? Was it the blonde hair and tight skirts that got you? Are you really that simple?

NICK

This is your *friend* we're talking about here?

NORAH

Oh. Right. I'm the bad guy. I'm the... I can't do this.

NICK

Do what?

NORAH

Bang a 'u' back to Ludlow. I'll find my own way. I refuse to be the goodie-bag at your pity party.

She pulls the fifty out of her pocket and holds it out.

NORAH

Here.

NICK

What's that?

NORAH

Your friends gave it to me.

Nick looks at it. Then back at her.

NORAH

They wanted me to... show you a good time.

NICK

Oh. How... Pretty Woman of you.

NORAH

It wasn't like that...

NICK

Right, cause we *both* know you kiss on the mouth...

NORAH

That was a momentary lapse of reason.

NICK

Of course it was.

NORAH

You could've been anybody.

NICK

I actually *was* anybody.

NORAH

And now you're nobody, so go ahead and take the fifty, alright?

NICK

No, you keep it. You've earned it. I'm having a terrific time.

She makes a frustrated sound, shoving it back in her pocket.

NORAH

Just drop me off.

NICK

With pleasure.

He cuts the wheel --

EXT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

The car skids a hundred-eighty degrees, careening up on the sidewalk, before slamming into the street and into traffic.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- CONTINUOUS

NORAH

Are you crazy?

He drives ahead. She looks back to see one of his hubcaps roll into a gutter behind them.

NORAH

You lost one of your sweet rims back there, guy.

NICK

Look, I don't know what it is that I did to you, or more accurately, what *some* guy did to you...

NORAH

It's no guy...

NICK

What a shocker...

NORAH

I just think you're silly.

NICK

Silly?

NORAH

That's right.

NICK

You don't even know me.

NORAH

I know your make.

He slams to a stop at a red light.

NICK

My make, huh?

NORAH

Emo-punk bandboy obsessed with Tris? They could make action figures out of you. Drummer not included.

NICK

You know, it's funny Tris never mentioned you, considering what good friends you are.

(then, mock remembering)

Though she did mention some frigid, spoiled JAP who was totally jealous of her, but...

NORAH

Jealous?

NICK

Struck a nerve?

NORAH

Get out of the car.

NICK

What?

She unfastens her seat-belt.

NORAH

Get out of the car. I'm kicking your ass.

She gets out of the car.

NICK

You can't be serious.

She slams the door shut. Marching to his side.

NICK

She can't be serious.

(then, shouting out)

Were you born this bossy or is this years of getting what you want?

He opens his door, starts out.

NICK

Okay, little girl, you want to play reindeer --

She reels back and punches him in the throat, knocking him against his car, choking.

NICK

Jesus --

NORAH

I am not jealous.

NICK (CHOKING)

You're out of your mind.

NORAH

What could I possibly be jealous of?

NICK

I don't know -- sanity?

NORAH

Well, at least I'm not a liar.

And with that, Norah takes off down the street, mumbling loudly to herself -- *jealous simpleton schmuck* --

NICK (CALLING AFTER HER)

Hey, what did I lie about?

He watches her go. And suddenly, his jacket pocket is ringing. Nick pulls out his cell. Answers.

NICK (INTO PHONE)

Awesome. Awesome night.

THOM (O.S.)

You kids having fun?

NICK (STILL CHOKING)

Best fifty bucks you ever spent.

THOM (O.S.)

She told you about that, did she?

NICK

What's going on with you guys?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. EIGHTH AVE -- SAME TIME

Thom stands on his cell phone. Dev and the Beefy Guy are in the background, inspecting the van's flung-open doors. 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.

Nick rubs his head like it hurts.

NICK (SING-SONGY)

That is... unacceptable.

THOM

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

(taking a bite)

Midtown sucks.

NICK

Well, you have to find her, Thom.

THOM

We looked everywhere, man. She's
not in the van... She's not at
Gray's Papaya... She's gone. Now I
think it's time that we cut our
losses and call it a night, right?

Nick looks down the street at Norah trying to hail a cab.

THOM (O.S.)

Nicky?

DOWN THE STREET, Norah dials a number on her cell phone, her other hand trying to flag down a cab. CLOSE on her phone: DIALING TAL. Dialing... dialing... CONNECTING. Suddenly, Norah is spun around. Nick is standing there.

NICK

I need you.

Norah closes her phone, just as TAL answers:

TAL (O.S., THROUGH PHONE)

Hey, baby...

CLICK.

EXT. CITY STREET -- LATER

The van comes to a screeching halt in front of Nick and Norah. Dev leans out the passenger window and shines a flashlight in their faces.

DEV

You kids been drinking?

NICK & NORAH

No.

DEV

Well, why not? We're having ourselves a search party!

Dev cranks up the music, as Nick and Norah climb in the van's back. The guys wave the flashlights around like glow-sticks.

DEV, THOM & BEEFY GUY

Search par-ty! Search par-ty!

Thom slams on the gas. And the van skids off towards the scene of the crime.

INT. THE VAN -- LATER

The guys up front argue about band names, as Norah and Nick are knocked around in back with the equipment.

DEV

What about Shit Sandwich?

THOM

What about Shit Sandwich?

DEV (AS IF TO A CROWD)
We are Shit Sandwich.
(then)
Huh? A cinematic reference and a
punk statement rolled into one.
Spinal Tap, anyone?

THOM
Whatever happened to Dickache? I
liked Dickache.

The van makes a sharp turn. Knocking Nick and Norah into
each other. They quickly pull away. Norah folds her arms.

NORAH
This is so like her.

NICK
Who?

Norah looks at him -- *Not Tris, idiot.*

NORAH (WITH EMPHASIS)
Caroline.

NICK
Right. What's so like her?

NORAH (SIGHING)
Ruining my night. Ruining my life.

NICK
Well, was it really that fun to
begin with?

Norah looks at him.

NORAH
Which?

He looks back.

NICK
Does it matter?

DEV (O.S.)
We need an outside opinion...

The guys up front interrupt Nick and Norah.

DEV

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

NICK

You don't have to answer that.

NORAH

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, as if to "crowd")

We are The Fuck-Offs.

The guys laugh. The van makes a sharp right turn and a kick drum flies back, slamming into Norah's head with a loud boom.

NICK

Ooh, you alright?

She winces, rubbing where it hurts.

NORAH

I can't believe I'm missing Where's Fluffy for this.

DEV

What? Where's Fluffy? Where?

NICK

Forget it, Dev.

THOM

Are you kidding? They're doing a show? Tonight?

NICK (SLOWING HIM DOWN)

Yes. Supposedly at the Red Room, but...

DEV

Shut. Up.

NICK

... It doesn't matter now because we need to locate the entire person that you managed to lose on your watch...

DEV

Can't we just assume that she's a big girl and got a ride home for a hand-job this is fucking Where's Fluffy we're talking about here?

THOM

It's probably where she's at anyway, I mean, the chick likes to party, I say we do a drive-by...

NORAH

No. No drive-by.

Norah stops their rant.

NORAH

We're starting at the scene of the crime. Looking for clues there. Then we'll head up to Port Authority, ask around, find out if maybe she caught the last bus home. If not, we'll split up and comb the city.

Beat.

DEV

Okay, Velma... do we have time to get some Scooby snacks first?

The guys up front laugh. Nick stifles his own. Norah leans her head back, defeated.

NORAH

The sooner we find Caroline... the sooner we find Fluffy. And the sooner this night is over.

Nick looks at her. They make another sharp turn. A cymbal flies back and nearly takes her head off with a crash.

NORAH

And if you don't have a drummer, then why the fuck do you have drums, you fistful of assholes?

She kicks the drums, annoyed. Dev turns to Thom.

DEV
Fistful of Assholes.

THOM
I like it.

Nick smiles to himself. But Norah can't. She leans back.

NORAH (TO SELF)
Where are you, Caroline?

INT. PORT AUTHORITY -- SAME TIME

Caroline (barely) stands at the one open ticket line, across from an OLD BLACK MAN (60s) behind glass.

CAROLINE
I don't have eleven dollars.

BLACK MAN
What *do* you have?

CAROLINE
Total?

BLACK MAN
Yes.

CAROLINE
One. I have one dollar.

BLACK MAN
One dollar won't get you to Newark.

CAROLINE
I don't want to go to Newark. I...

She sneezes. Her gum shoots out of her mouth, onto the glass, along with some spittle. She pulls the gum off the glass, puts it back in her mouth, continues.

CAROLINE
You don't understand, see, I was kidnapped. Okay? Guys in a van talking about going balls deep. And I don't know if you know, but there's such a thing as white slavery...

The hardened black man looks back at her. She starts to remove her shoes. Stumbling, holding one up.

CAROLINE

Here. These are vintage Rene Caovilla. You can totally have 'em, give 'em to your special lady or, hey, keep 'em for yourself, whatever, I'm not a judger. I just need one ticket to Englewood Cliffs please.

BLACK MAN

Englewood Cliffs, eleven dollars.

CAROLINE

I don't have eleven dollars.

BLACK MAN

Then I don't have no ticket.

He slams his shade shut. CLOSED.

Caroline looks around. The entire bus station is empty except for a pair of IDENTICAL TWINS (male, 30s, dressed the same) sitting in the waiting area. Caroline makes her drunken way towards them. She clears her throat.

CAROLINE

Hello... Gentlemen... I was wondering if you fellows could help me? I'm trying to get a ride home and it seems I'm a little shy...

(then, attempt at flirty)

Well, obviously not shy... I mean, I *did* come up to the two of you...

We now see the "twins" across from her are actually just one guy that she's seeing double.

CAROLINE

You see, I was kidnapped and this is America and if I can't find a way back to Jersey, then the terrorists have already won...

The "twins" open their mouths and talk to her in unison.

TWINS

I don't have any cash.

She squints her eyes. THROUGH HER BEER GOGGLES, the "TWINS" begin to converge into Siamese.

CAROLINE

Well, what if I use one of your
guy's tickets?

(then)

I mean, don't you need just the
one?

She moves her fingers together, indicating they're conjoined.
The one guy looks back at her, strangely.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah and the guys rush in and look up at the sign.

NORAH

Englewood... Englewood... Okay,
last bus to Englewood left...

(looking at clock)

Seven minutes ago.

THOM

See there? She caught the last
bus. She's fine.

NORAH

Just cause there was a last bus
doesn't mean she was on it.

THOM

Oh, you and your logic.

NORAH

I'm trying her again.

Norah pulls out her cell phone.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY - BATHROOM STALL -- SAME TIME

Last stall. Caroline vomits into the most disgusting toilet
in all of New York City. Suddenly, the distant sound of a
phone ringing -- the notes to Hava Nagila -- Caroline looks
around, wondering where the sound is coming from.

CAROLINE (CALLING OUT)

Can somebody get that?

She finally realizes it's coming from her jacket pocket. She
pulls the phone out and looks at it with blurry eyes. A
picture of Norah flipping the bird comes into focus.

Caroline pushes a button to answer, but in doing so, pushes the phone into the vomit-filled toilet; Norah's picture sinking deeper and deeper, the ringing muffled, bubbling.

Caroline gasps and her gum falls out of her mouth, also into the toilet. Without pause, Caroline pushes up her sleeve and reaches into the murky water. She fishes around, then pulls out her wad of gum.

She puts the gum back in her mouth. Reaches back in the muck. Fishes around again until she retrieves her phone.

At this point, a JANITOR has wheeled in with mop and bucket, a boom box blaring REGGAE MUSIC directly behind Caroline. Caroline puts the grossly dripping cell to her ear.

CAROLINE

Norah? Help?

INTERCUT WITH:

Norah on her phone -- the garbled sound of Caroline's voice coming through like she's underwater --

NORAH

Caroline? Where are you?

The janitor looks in at Caroline's mess.

JANITOR

Aw, hell no.

Norah can't hear Caroline over the janitor's boom box.

CAROLINE

Where are you?

NORAH

Caroline? Can you hear me?

The call is lost.

NORAH

Shit.

NICK

Where is she?

NORAH

I don't know. I couldn't hear anything over the music.

DEV
Music. What music?

Thom snaps his fingers.

THOM
She's at the Red Room.

DEV
Yeah, course. She didn't leave the city. She probably caught wind of the show and went there.

THOM
She's probably looking for you.

Norah looks at them. Knowing there's a shred of truth in there somewhere. They wait for a response. She looks at Nick. He gives a gesture -- c'mon.

And finally -- she gives a slow, conceding nod. Dev claps for joy. She follows them towards the exit and off-screen.

A moment later, in the far distance, Caroline emerges from the bathroom, wiping her mouth, followed by the beat of the janitor's boom box. THE MUSIC TAKES US TO:

EXT. THE RED ROOM -- LATER

Norah and the guys walk towards the club, approaching the back of the long line of young punks waiting out front.

DEV
This is awesome.

NORAH
This is ridiculous.

The guys stop at the end of the line. But Norah keeps moving past them all, towards the entrance. The guys race to keep up with her.

NORAH
How did I get talked into this?
What do we do if she's not here?
If... when she's not here... Hi.

They arrive at the front. The BOUNCER (20s) looks at Norah. And the velvet rope is slid aside. The guys scurry past, too excited to wonder how it happened, and inside.

INT. THE RED ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

In darkness now, the music growing louder as they move through the crowd towards it. But Nick can't stop looking at Norah. Full of curiosity. She finally notices.

NORAH

What?

NICK

Who are you?

She almost smiles. Then shrugs.

NORAH

I'm Norah.

(then, a little shy)

I'm nobody.

He squints at her.

NORAH

I'm just the daughter of somebody.

NICK

Daughter of who?

NORAH

I'm gonna check the bathroom.

And with that, Norah takes off towards the girls' room. Nick watches her go.

DEV (O.S.)

Nicky!

He turns. The guys are calling for him from the center of the pit. The before-band DJ spinning a great track. Nick goes to join his friends.

INT. THE RED ROOM BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

Norah looks at herself in the mirror. To her left and right are LIP-GLOSSED GIRLS primping. Norah looks at her reflection. Her reflection unbuttons her flannel one more button. Norah quickly buttons it up again.

NORAH (TO HERSELF)

You are an ice box.

She squeezes through the primping girls towards the door.

INT. THE RED ROOM - PIT -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah makes her way towards Nick and his buddies bouncing in the middle of the mosh pit. She looks at Nick from a few feet away.

He seems to be looking around. For her. She takes notice, smiles a bit as she taps him on the far shoulder. He turns all the way around to see her.

NORAH

She wasn't in there.

Nick smiles; Norah's presence an immediate comfort to him.

NICK

Hey. There you are. I was about to put up posters.

He squeezes her shoulder. And the electricity rushes through her. The crowd moves around them like water. They are part of it. They are it. Swaying, pushing, closer together.

NICK

So, what do you think?

NORAH

About what?

NICK

You think they're gonna show?

Then, the DJ spins another track. A WHERE'S FLUFFY SONG. And the crowd reacts. Becoming an ocean.

NORAH (SHOUTING OVER THE
MUSIC)

This is my song.

NICK (SHOUTING OVER THE
MUSIC)

This is my song.

The swaying becomes dancing. Nick and Norah bounce with the rhythm, smiling, laughing, suddenly having a great time. Their bodies closer now. Starting to sweat.

NICK (SHOUTING OVER THE MUSIC)

You know...

Then, Norah is spun around and greeted with two full lips pressed firmly against hers. Nick watches, waiting for her to slug this guy. But she doesn't.

TAL

Hey, baby.

This is TAL (18, Israeli, attractive, wearing a t-shirt that reads "Challah Back"). Norah's eyes widen.

NORAH

Tal. What are you doing here?

TAL

What do you mean? We're looking for Fluffy.

He gestures to his THREE BANDMATES (all identical to Tal, dark hair, darker clothes) looming behind him.

TAL

What are you doing here?

NORAH

Um... we're looking for Caroline.

TAL (BEING FUNNY)

Caroline? Can't you just follow the umbilical cord?

He over-laughs at his own joke. Then reaches out to tickle her ribs. She laughs, uncomfortably. Tal throws an arm around her neck, looks up at Nick.

TAL

What's up.

NICK

Hey.

NORAH (MAKING INTRODUCTIONS)

Oh. Nick, this is Tal. Tal, this is Nick...

Tal reaches out, shaking his hand.

NORAH

... Tris's latest victim.

Tal laughs.

TAL (LAUGHING)

Ouch.

NORAH

They've been helping me.

Tal sees Nick's bandmates behind him.

TAL (A LITTLE RELIEVED)
Oh, right... you're that gay
band... The Jerk-Offs.

NICK
The Fuck-Offs. We're not all...

TAL
The Fuck-Offs, right. I saw you
guys play at, um... Asylum... a few
months back.

NICK (SMILING)
Asylum... Yeah...

TAL
Yeah, you opened up for us. And
then your amp blew out after one
song, so you had to stop.

Nick sinks a bit.

TAL
You guys were good. Despite being
one arm short of a Def Leppard
cover band...

Tal laughs again. Just then, a HYPE MAN (30s) steps on-stage
and grabs the mic with a squeak. Everyone turns their
attention up front. The crowd begins chanting:

CROWD
Flu-ffy! Flu-ffy! Flu-ffy!

HYPE MAN (INTO THE MIC)
Alright, alright. We know what you
all came here for.

Everybody cheers, though Nick and Norah don't seem to be as
much a part of it, suddenly self-aware.

HYPE MAN (INTO THE MIC)
Now, I only have one question for
you people out there...

Everyone screams.

HYPE MAN (INTO THE MIC)
ARE... YOU... RANDY?

Everyone collectively sighs, as ARE YOU RANDY jumps on-stage
to begin their set.

TAL
The bait-and-switch.

RANDY (INTO THE MIC)
One, two, three, four...

The music kicks in. Everyone starts moving immediately towards the exit. Except for one guy who seems to be into them. Tal leads Norah by the hand towards the back of the room, where his boys stand around, figuring out the night.

Nick and the guys also move towards the back, towards the exit. But Nick waits, watching Norah and Tal, catching snippets of their conversation.

DEV
Should we get going?

NICK
Hang on.

After a few more words, Norah starts away from Tal. He grabs her hand and pulls her back for one last kiss. Norah spins around, walking towards Nick without looking up at him.

Tal, already with a cell to his ear, gives Nick a nod. Nick nods back, as Norah spins him around by the jacket and leads them through the machine of people, towards the door.

Tal watches them go.

EXT. THE RED ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

They emerge out front, walking past the line of confused kids still waiting, slowly receiving the telephone of Fluffy's no-show. Norah shivers in the night air.

NICK
You alright?

NORAH
What?

NICK
Here.

Nick removes his jacket and wraps it around her shoulders, as they unknowingly pass the last person in line -- TRIS.

We PUSH IN ON HER, jaw-dropped, her eyes ablaze. She stands in line with her new dude, watching Nick and Norah, down the street, climbing into the back of the van.

Tris tugs on her new dude's arm.

TRIS
C'mon...

Pulling him out of line, furiously hailing down a cab.

NEW DUDE
What are we doing?

A TAXI pulls up. Tris climbs inside, pulling in her guy.

INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS

TRIS (TO THE DRIVER)
Follow that van.

The DRIVER's eyes look at her in the rear-view.

TRIS
Just start the meter.
(to her new dude)
You got cash, right?

He pats down his pockets.

NEW DUDE
Uh...

The taxi pulls ahead.

INT. THE VAN -- SAME TIME

Nick watches Norah slide her arms through the ridiculously long sleeves of his jacket. He can't help but ask.

NICK
So, who was that guy? Is he, like,
your boyfriend?

NORAH
Sort of.

NICK
He's sort of your boyfriend or he's
your sort-of boyfriend?

NORAH
He's my ex-boyfriend. Most of the
time.

NICK
And what is he the rest of the
time?

NORAH
We're friends.

NICK
With benefits?

NORAH
You could say that. It's kinda the
never-ending story.

NICK
Like me and Tris?

NORAH
No. That ended, remember?
(then, feeling bad)
I meant...

NICK (SNAPPING)
So, let me get this straight... you
have a boyfriend... excuse me, ex-
boyfriend with benefits... and yet
you go around kissing total
strangers...

NORAH
Trust me, it was out of character.

NICK
I'll bet.

NORAH
And you're not a total stranger,
are you, Nick? In fact, I'm rife
with too much information.

Nick swallows.

NICK
What kind of information?

THOM (CALLING BACK)
Uh, I hate to break up the love
nest, but could somebody tell us
where we're going?

DEV (CALLING BACK)
Yes, exactly how does one "comb the
city"?

Nick looks at Norah. Waiting for the information. But she shimmies away from him, towards the guys up front.

NORAH

I think I can narrow it down.

THOM

Let's hear it, sister.

NORAH

Okay... you know how some people like to eat in the same places?

(beat)

Caroline likes to purge in the same places.

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A MONTAGE OF ALL THE PLACES CAROLINE HAS PURGED, with its contents SUPERIMPOSED ON-SCREEN:

RED BULL AND VODKA, SUBWAY STEPS, A C E.

YELLOWTAIL AND SAKE, DUMPSTER BEHIND DOUBLE HAPPINESS.

PIEROGIES AND SMIRNOFF ICE, VESELKA BATHROOM.

Norah runs in and out of the van, searching high and low, combing the city. All the while, Tris and her new dude follow closely in the cab.

They go from Alphabet City to Greenwich Village, until the van comes to a stop, another title superimposed:

TAPAS AND SANGRIA, FROZEN FOOD SECTION, KOREAN DELI.

Norah runs towards the deli.

The guys wait in the van. Thom elbows Dev.

DEV

What?

Thom points. Across the street -- another GRAY'S PAPAYA.

THOM

Score.

INT. TAXI CAB -- SAME TIME

Tris opens the door. Starts out. Her new guy starts to follow her. She turns around. Holds up a finger.

TRIS
Wait here, puppet.
(to cabbie)
Keep the meter running?

Tris runs out. Her new dude looks at the meter -- racked up to \$73.50... CLICK... \$73.80. The cabbie smiles.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- SAME TIME

The bell jingles as Norah walks through the door. The KOREAN GUY (50s) yells at her from behind the counter.

KOREAN GUY
Oh no. No more.

NORAH (HANDS UP)
It's cool. I'm alone. You haven't seen her tonight, have you?

KOREAN GUY
You think I let her in? Last time took me hour to chip out vomit.

Norah sighs, defeated. Another jingle at the door. Norah turns to see Tris standing in front of her. They look at each other under the florescent lights.

TRIS
I thought you got a ride home.

NORAH
Caroline is missing.

TRIS (SCOFFS)
Of course she is.

Tris looks at Norah wearing Nick's jacket.

TRIS
So, what do you, like him or something?

NORAH
No.
(then)
Do you?

TRIS
Well, I was with the guy for six months...

Tris moves to the row of refrigerators.

NORAH

Yeah and you cheated on him the entire time.

Tris turns to her.

TRIS

You didn't tell him that, did you?

NORAH

No.

TRIS

Good. You know. Girl code.

Tris opens up a refrigerator. Grabs a diet something.

INT. THE VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Thom and the Beefy Guy canoodle up front, while Dev and Nick sit together in back, mid-conversation, hot dogs in hand.

NICK

Of course I'll get over it. I mean... that's ridiculous, right? The idea of never getting over something? But how do you do it? Do you just decide one day? Is there an exact science to it?

DEV

Half.

NICK

What?

DEV

It takes half as long as the relationship lasted to get over it.

NICK

How does that work?

DEV

It just does. Look, 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 eat in silence for awhile. Then...

NICK (REMINDING HIM)

Gary.

DEV (REMEMBERING)

Garry. Right.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- NIGHT

Norah and Tris scour the candy aisle, munching on the
processed food as they go. The Korean man watches them from
behind the counter.

NORAH

So, why *did* you break up with him?

Tris stops, pulling a chocolate chip from her teeth.

TRIS

Well... it's like this. Nick was a
really good guy, you know? I mean,
he *is* a really good guy. But it
was like he was building his life
around me and all I kept thinking
about was getting out of Jersey and
starting at F.I.T., and... then he
said "I love you" and I was just
not feeling it, so... I dumped him.
Sue me. I'm eighteen and I want to
have fun.

Tris stops. Her voice gets low.

TRIS

But seeing the two of you
together...

She trails off. Bounces back.

TRIS

Anyway, not everybody has what you and Tal have. You guys are perfect for each other.

NORAH

He's not perfect.

TRIS

No. But he's gorgeous. And he's loaded. And he loves you, so what's the problem?

Tris stops suddenly. Turns to Norah.

TRIS

Don't tell me...

NORAH

No.

Norah looks at her -- *Were they just talking about Nick?*

NICK (O.S.)

I just feel like she's messing with my head...

INT. THE VAN -- SAME TIME

Nick and Dev lie on the floor of the van.

DEV

Who are we talking about?

NICK

Right now?

(thinking)

Norah. No, Tris, of course, Tris.

Dev sits up.

DEV

You haven't figured out what it's all about yet, have you?

NICK

What?

DEV

It. The big picture.

Nick sits up.

NICK
I guess not.

DEV
The Beatles.

NICK
What about them?

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

DEV
This.

Nick looks at him.

DEV
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 fuck
session. Not a marriage that lasts
a hundred years. They just wanna
hold your hand.

Nick looks at him. Like he suddenly gets it. Dev lets go of
Nick's hand.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- SAME TIME

Norah and Tris arrive at the counter with all their treats,
the Korean guy starts ringing them up.

TRIS
Do you have any cash?

Norah looks at her, annoyed.

NORAH
Do you?

Norah reluctantly pulls the fifty out of her pocket. Tris
grabs it and hands it to him.

TRIS
He isn't over me, you know.

Norah looks at her.

TRIS

The guy actually cried. I really broke him. I'm saying this for both of you, I mean... I don't want to see you get hurt, but... I don't want to see him get any more hurt either, you know?

NORAH

What do you mean?

Tris cocks her head.

TRIS

Word on the street is you never had an orgasm.

The cash register dings. The Korean guy looks up.

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. Two drinks, it's like a truth serum...

TRIS

It's okay. Some people just can't.
(to Korean man)
Thank you.

She winks at the man. They move towards the door.

TRIS

Some girls aren't built that way. I mean, some girls can't let go like that.

NORAH

I can let go.

(beat)

And anyway, it's so unfair -- Tal'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 (WHISPERING)
I've tried.

TRIS (CHOKING)
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.

The funny smile cuts into Norah. Tris eats the last cookie,
crumples her bag.

TRIS
So, do what you want, I don't
care... I'm just afraid that if he
gets with you and nothing happens
to you down there, then his self-
esteem could really go through the
crapper, you know?

Then, Tris's cell RINGS. She answers with her "sweet voice".

TRIS
This is Tris?
(then)
Hey, bitch.
(to Norah)
It's Caroline.

NORAH
Caroline?

TRIS (INTO PHONE)
What do you mean, kidnapped?

NORAH (ANGRY/HURT)
Why didn't she call me?

TRIS (INTO PHONE)
Uh-oh... You're gonna be grounded.

Norah gives Tris an annoyed look as she grabs the phone.

NORAH (INTO PHONE)
Where are you? We've been looking
for you everywhere.

CAROLINE (O.S.)
I found Jesus, Norah.

NORAH
What?

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- SAME TIME

Caroline holds a cell phone next to JESUS (30s), or more
accurately, a guy dressed as Jesus, smoking a cigarette.

CAROLINE
Jesus. He's much taller in person.

NORAH (O.S.)
Where are you?

CAROLINE
It's a church. I think. It's so
beautiful and churchy...

NORAH (O.S.)
What church? Where?

Suddenly, the blaring sound of gospel music. Jesus tosses
his smoke and starts in. Caroline follows through a door.

CAROLINE
I have to follow Jesus now.

INT. KOREAN DELI -- CONTINUOUS

NORAH
Tell me where you are.

CAROLINE (O.S.)
What? Mass is starting. I can
barely hear you.

NORAH
You're at mass?

CAROLINE (O.S.)
There's an altar boy with no pants
on. Why do you have no pants on,
altar boy?

NORAH
Caroline...

CAROLINE (O.S.)
Okay, I better get going, I don't
know how many minutes Jesus has...
though, he *is* Jesus so they're
probably unlimited...

NORAH
Caroline?!

Dial tone.

NORAH
Great. I gotta go find Jesus.

Norah starts off.

TRIS (CALLING AFTER HER)
Nor?

Norah stops. Looks back.

TRIS
My phone?

NORAH
Oh. Right.

Norah hands back the phone. They hold it between them as
Tris takes one last look at her.

TRIS
His jacket. He let you wear his
jacket.

Norah lets go and turns away, running back towards the van.
Tris watches her go for a moment, her face hot and red. She
looks at her reflection in the door's glass. Then flips her
hair and walks back towards the cab.

INT. THE VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah climbs in back, out-of-breath, shuts the door.

NICK
You alright?

He reaches out to her, straightening the collar on his
jacket. Norah flinches a bit from his touch. He notices.

DEV
What's wrong? Did Velma see a
ghost?

NORAH (CALLING UP FRONT)
I got a clue.

The guys light up.

THOM
Where's Fluffy?

Norah looks at them.

NORAH
Where's Caroline.

The guys sink. Thom reluctantly puts the van in drive.

THE GUYS (LACKLUSTER)
Search par-ty. Search par-ty.

INT. TAXI CAB -- SAME TIME

Tris climbs inside.

OTHER GUY
Are we done?

Tris furiously puts on some lip gloss.

TRIS
One last stop.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -- LATER

The van is parked out front. Norah, Nick and Dev walk up the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, its gorgeous Gothic architecture towers over them.

DEV (LOOKING AROUND)
Warm. Inviting.

Norah tugs on the huge wooden door. It doesn't budge.

DEV
Locked.

NORAH
Damn it. Do you know any others?

NICK

Are you sure she said church?

There are a few HOMELESS PEOPLE sleeping on the steps.

DEV (LOUD WHISPER)

Caroline? Caroline?

One HOMELESS WOMAN sits up.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Yeah?

They look at her -- her name is Caroline.

DEV

Different Caroline.

NICK (TO NORAH)

What did she say exactly?

NORAH

Ugh, I don't know, something about
mass and an altar boy not wearing
pants, she was babbling...

Dev gasps.

DEV

Jesus Christ DragStar?

They turn to Dev.

DEV

The gay religious burlesque show at
Camera Obscura?

(then, off their looks)

You guys have never heard of that?

INT. THOM'S VAN -- LATER

The van comes to a stop in front of a painted PINK DOOR.

NORAH

Is this it?

The door opens. A BURLY SHE-MALE wearing nearly nothing but
a NUN'S HABIT, emerges and lights up a smoke.

NICK

I'm gonna say 'yeah'.

Nick opens up the back door. Hops out. Looks back at Norah.

NICK

Ready?

He holds his hand out to help her down. But she jumps down without his help. He slams the door shut.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- MOMENTS LATER

The group stands in back, watching the very gay burlesque. Transvestite nuns make out while doing an on-stage grind to a dance-remix of "EDELWEISS". Dev sings along.

An ALTAR-BOY walks past them, not wearing pants. It snaps Norah into plan-mode.

NORAH

Okay, you guys check the pews.
I'll check out the loos.

Norah disappears. Nick and his friends look at the pews filled with people. And begin their search from the back.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA LADIES' ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah opens the door of the crowded ladies' room. It's filled with DRAG QUEENS changing clothes, putting on make-up, peeing standing up. They all turn to Norah.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA - AUDIENCE -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick, Dev, Thom and the Beefy Guy are combing the pews, getting distracted by a CHORUS of MEN dressed as ALTAR BOYS, sans pants. Dev is especially distracted.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA MENS' ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah checks out the MENS' ROOM. She pushes open the door. It is empty, except for the man dressed as Jesus, cross and all, standing at the urinal.

JESUS

Can you help me?

His arms are fastened to the cross. He gestures with his head towards his crotch. Norah starts out.

JESUS

I died for your sins, you know.

Norah looks at him.

NORAH

Not mine.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA -- MOMENTS LATER

Dev watches, slack-jawed, as the chorus dances bare-assed around the Christmas Tree.

CHOIR BOYS (SINGING)

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

Dev looks closer at the Christmas Tree.

DEV

Now that's just sad.

It's Caroline -- wrapped in tinsel and topped with a star.
The naked boys dance around her as she tries to sing along to
the lyrics, her mouth barely moving.

Dev points her out to Nick.

Nick steps onstage and scoops up Caroline. The show stops
momentarily as she looks up at him, smiles listlessly.

CAROLINE

Yu-go.

NICK

That's right. We all go.

Norah walks in just in time to see Nick carry Caroline
offstage and down the aisle. Norah smiles, relieved.

INT. TAXI CAB -- MOMENTS LATER

Tris shuts the door of the cab and gives an air-kiss goodbye
to her new dude through the open window.

TRIS

I'll call you.

The driver pulls away. The new dude looks at the meter --
now up to \$99.60. It CLICKS again and goes back to 00.00.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The cab continues down the street. A moment later, the back door opens and the new dude dives out, rolling into the street, immediately standing and running away.

INT. THOM'S VAN -- LATER

The guys sit up front, listening to a scratchy recording of their own band, still arguing band names.

Nick and Norah ride in back. Norah holds Caroline's hair while she pukes into a drum. Caroline finishes, hands the drum to Norah and passes out in her lap.

Norah looks at Nick, holding up the drum.

NORAH

At least you won't be needing this.

He smiles. She moves the drum as far away from them as possible. Nick looks at Norah. His voice gets low.

NICK (A SECRET)

You wanna know why our band doesn't have a drummer?

Norah smiles, shakes her head 'yes'. Nick motions for her to come closer. She leans towards him. He motions 'closer'. She leans closer. He whispers, their faces inches away.

NICK

We had a drummer. David. He was bi-curious 'til Dev got a hold of him and turned him full-blown gay. After which, Gayvid had a total meltdown, quit the band, and with him gone, we suddenly went from playing the meat-packing district to the fudge-packing district and never found anyone to replace him.

Norah smiles. Then, Caroline suddenly burp-farts. Nick and Norah look at each other and laugh.

NICK (BEING FUNNY)

Until tonight... Caroline on percussion...

Norah laughs into a sigh.

NICK
You must be really good friends.

NORAH
Well, I am.

He smiles.

NORAH
It's been like this since forever.
I'm the head minion in Caroline's
quest for attention.

He looks at her. Norah wipes the drool from Caroline's mouth
with her sleeve.

NICK
You're not fooling anybody, you
know.

NORAH
What do you mean?

NICK
Putting other people in front, so
nobody's looking at you.
(then)
You keep doing that and that's all
anybody'll end up seeing.

She squints at him.

NICK
No, I get it. Believe me. Why do
you think I play bass...

NORAH
Don't act like you know me.

He looks at her.

NICK
Norah...

NORAH
Three hours and ten minutes doesn't
mean you know me.

DEV (O.S.)
Oh, Jesus.

The van comes to a stop in front of Nick's Yugo.

Nick and Norah look through the windshield to see Tris, lying on the hood of Nick's car, bouncing her crossed legs. The light in Norah's eyes is gone. She tries to stay strong.

NORAH

Go 'head.

Nick looks at her.

NORAH

It's what you want, isn't it?

Nick deliberates. He looks at Tris.

NICK

How will you get home?

DEV

Nicky...

NORAH (TO THOM)

You guys can still drop us off,
right?

Nick's friends reluctantly nod 'yes'.

NORAH

Problem solved.

Nick and Norah look at each other. The weight of the world between them. Then -- Nick turns and opens the van's back door. Norah watches him hop out.

NORAH

Nick...

He looks back at her. She is about to say something. But she changes her mind.

NORAH

Nice meeting you.

Nick nods and shuts the door. Norah shakes her head -- *nice meeting you?* She doesn't move as the van pulls ahead, her eyes fixed on the spot where Nick disappeared. Suddenly, a wad of gum is shoved in her face.

CAROLINE

Here.

Norah looks at the gum.

CAROLINE
Just take it. God.

Caroline sticks the gum on Norah's shoulder. Norah looks at the sticky wad. Then at Caroline.

Slowly, Norah pulls the gum off in one long, disgusting strand. She pulls her other arm out from under her friend's head and reaches for her cell phone.

With a deep breath, she dials a number. DIALING -- TAL. It rings. And rings. She waits. Without thinking, she puts the gum in her mouth. Then:

TAL (O.S.)
I knew you'd come around.

NORAH
Tal.

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS BEFORE

The van has left Nick behind. He slowly walks up to his car. Tris sits up, dangling her legs off the hood.

NICK
What are you doing here?

TRIS
You know what I'm doing here.

NICK
No. I really don't.

She looks at him, pouty. Then slides off the hood.

TRIS
It wasn't hard to find the only
Yugo in the city.

NICK
I think it's the only Yugo in the
country.

She smiles, goes to the passenger door. Waits.

TRIS
Aren't you gonna open the door for
me?

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- LATER

Norah hops out of the van's back and says goodbye to Dev, Thom, and the Beefy Guy.

NORAH

Okay, so you got directions...

THOM

Yeah, we got it.

NORAH

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

DEV

We know. We know.

They look at her, sympathetically.

DEV

Well... Good-night, our hetero-heroine.

NORAH

Night, Dev. Night, Thom.

BEEFY GUY

It really was a fun night.

Norah looks at the Beefy Guy..

NORAH

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

The Beefy Guy looks pleased to share it.

BEEFY GUY

Lethario.

Norah looks at him. Bites her lip.

NORAH

Hm.

It's clear from Thom's expression that he didn't know it was Lethario either. Thom mouths "Thank you" to Norah and the guys pull away, Caroline in back. The taillights disappear into night. Norah watches them go. Then, puts two fingers in her mouth and whistles for a cab.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- SAME TIME

Nick drives. Tris looks around, almost for evidence.

TRIS

Your car. I miss your car.

She opens up the glove box to see the polaroid of herself.

TRIS

Aw, does your car miss me, too?

NICK

What are we doing, Tris?

TRIS

You're giving me a ride home.

NICK

Why didn't you get that guy to give you a ride?

TRIS

Cause he doesn't have a car.

She closes the glove compartment. Looks at him.

TRIS

Oh, come on, Nicky. I only brought him to make you jealous.

Nick thinks.

NICK

You broke up with me.

TRIS

So?

(then)

Doesn't mean I'm over it.

He swallows, unable to look at her. She yawns.

TRIS

I'm sleepy.

With that, she climbs into the back-seat.

EXT. CLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

A cab stops in front. Norah pays the driver and climbs out, making her way towards Tal and his band-mates out front.

TAL

Where you been? We were waiting in line for, like, twenty minutes.

The BOUNCER sees Norah and opens up the velvet rope for them.

TAL (POINTED, TO THE BOUNCER)

Thank you?

They go inside, following Norah.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick manages to drive, Tris lying in his back-seat.

TRIS (O.S.)

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

She stretches, as much as the cramped space will allow.

TRIS

I feel so safe here. Like when I was a kid, those late nights driving home 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?

(then)

And that's how you feel, Nicky. Like I'm already home.

He is rendered speechless.

TRIS

Are you over me?

Nick sighs, defeated.

NICK

How do you get over this?

Tris sits up, leaning towards him.

TRIS

You know, you wouldn't have to get
over me if you were still under me.

He tries to keep driving as she leans over and puts her
tongue in his ear. Nick's eyes roll back, though he doesn't
look like he's enjoying it. The car nearly veers off-road.

NICK

Wait, wait...

Tris tisks.

TRIS

What's with you?

INT. CLUB -- SAME TIME

TAL

You okay?

Norah sits in the middle of a booth, squeezed between Tal and
his band-mates. She looks up.

TAL

Is it Salvatore?

NORAH

What?

He points at the monogrammed name on Nick's jacket. She half-
smiles.

TAL

You know, you really look cute
tonight. Even if you are wearing
some other dude's jacket.

She looks up at him.

TAL

Come on, Nor, I haven't seen you in
weeks. Let's make the most of it,
okay?

She gives in to his charm. He kisses her cheek.

NORAH

Okay.

TAL

Well, okay then, so do you like it?

Norah looks down. CLOSE on a CD COVER, OZ-RAEL: Tal and his three identical friends, in the same outfits they're wearing tonight, stand in front of a fiery star of David.

TAL

Anarchy meets Zionism. It's ironic.

ONE FRIEND (TO NORAH)

You think Israel's ready for us?

TAL

Are you kidding? I was born there, Itamar. And I was there when Joe Strummer died. Army Radio 2 played a three-hour Clash marathon. Rock the Casbah? Get it?

ONE FRIEND (STILL TO NORAH)

And you like it?

They're all staring at Norah.

NORAH

Yeah. Yeah, it's okay.

TAL

But you think your dad'll like it?

Norah looks at Tal. Just then, the COCKTAIL WAITRESS (20) puts a bill down at their table. Tal picks up the bill.

TAL

What is this... They charged us for the first round?

Tal holds the bill out to Norah.

TAL

Can't you talk to someone?

Norah swallows. Takes it in her hand. None of the guys move. Norah has to slide under the table, awkwardly climbing out of the other side. She walks towards the waitress. And then passes her. Towards the exit light. Her hands suddenly ripping the bill into pieces. She pushes the exit door open.

TRIS (O.S.)

I thought this is what you wanted.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- SAME TIME

Nick drives, bleary-eyed, Tris beside him now.

NICK
I don't get you.

TRIS
What's to get? I want to get back together.

He blinks.

NICK
What?

TRIS
I said I want to get back together.

Nick looks at the road ahead.

NICK
I'm dreaming, right? I've been sound asleep this whole time and tonight is just one long strange...

TRIS
You're not dreaming.

She takes his hand and puts it on her breast.

TRIS
Pinch me.

He looks at her. FROU FROU's Shh comes on the radio.

TRIS
Let's go down by the river. Turn here.

He takes his hand off her breast and turns down an empty street, asphalt replaced with pot-holed cobblestone.

NICK
Tris... I don't...

TRIS
Shhh... It's okay, baby. You're with me now.

Hand on his leg, he stops in a small empty parking lot, the city lights have disappeared behind them. New Jersey's dwarfed skyline across the river.

NICK

What are we doing?

He turns to her. She has hiked up her skirt a little. He notices. She notices him noticing. Then she cranks up the radio and hops out of the car, shutting the door behind her.

Nick watches as she climbs onto the hood, crawling with sex on her hands and knees towards the windshield, an inch of glass separating them now. She flips her hair around, like they do in videos, and then kisses the glass, a pink lip-glossed imprint floating in front of Nick's face.

She slides off the hood, runs a few feet and turns to face him. Standing in the headlights now, her skirt see-through, her silhouette before him, captured in the two yellow beams, darkness surrounding her, music surrounding him.

She moves to the beat. Nick watches, his mouth open, as her body moves, her hands in the air, rolling down her hair, her breasts, her waist. And slowly, she begins to lift her Ramones t-shirt, up and up and up, past her flat, tan stomach and ribs and exposing the black lace bra underneath. With a flip over her hair, the shirt is off.

She swirls it in circles above her head, like a mock strip-tease to the blaring music, and tosses it on the hood playfully. Nick looks on. There she is. She's right there.

Tris puts a thumb underneath each bra strap, tugging at them in rhythm, letting them hang off her shoulders as she reaches for the clasp behind her back, unhooks it, then --

The car moves in reverse. The sound of gravel as the Yugo skids back, the headlights turning away from Tris...

TRIS

Hey!

Nick drives ahead, his huge eyes blinking in disbelief of what he's just done -- Tris's body barely an outline in the darkness behind him --

Only the lip-glossed mark of Tris's mouth remains. And with the push of a button, the wiper fluid sprays, and the half-broken wipers wash her kiss away.

Nick suddenly starts to laugh; it erupts slowly at first, then hysterically, as he turns his car onto Tenth Ave, back into late-night traffic, back to the lights of Manhattan. He grips the steering wheel, shaking it with laughter, and reaches for the phone in his jacket pocket.

There is no jacket pocket. He's not wearing his jacket.

He stops laughing. Thinking. And then, he smiles.

INT. VESELKA -- MOMENTS LATER

Norah sits alone in the East Village Ukrainian restaurant, Nick's jacket wrapped around her, a spread of borscht and pierogies before her. A UKRAINIAN WAITRESS (40s) brings another dish.

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 voice-mail?

NICK (O.S.)

Can you give him a message for me?

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 got out of the van tonight?

Norah blinks.

NORAH
Who is this?

NICK (O.S.)
And could you tell him that even though he knows that Norah might never want to talk to him again, he'd really like to say he's sorry... in person?

NORAH (REALIZING IT'S NICK)
Are you serious?

NICK (O.S.)
Did you leave the city?

NORAH
I'm at Veselka.

NICK (O.S.)
Cross-streets?

NORAH
Second and ninth.

NICK (O.S.)
I'll be there in ten.
(then)
In the meantime, could you pass on the message for me?

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

EXT. WEST VILLAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Nick hangs up at a PAY PHONE. Jumps in his Yugo. Turns the engine. Put-put-put...

NICK
C'mon, c'mon...

... and then... VROOM. He peels out.

INT. VESELKA BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

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

INT. VESELKA -- LATER

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

NICK
Forgive me father, for I have
sinned.

She plays along.

NORAH
How long has it been since your
last confession?

He butters a piece of challah toast.

NICK
Four weeks and...
(looking at watch)
Two hours ago?

NORAH
And what was it you confessed?

He takes a bite. Mouth full.

NICK
"I love you."

NORAH
Ooh, that's a rough one. How was
it received?

NICK
Vow of silence. And chastity...
'til the next guy came along.

She looks at him. And makes the sign of the cross over him.

NORAH
You are absolved.

He looks at her.

NICK
I like your hair.

She smiles.

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.
(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.

NORAH
I, too, have a confession to make.
He leans forward, curious.

NORAH
You were right. I put my friends
ahead of me cause... I don't like
being looked at.
(then, with a smirk)
And I also don't like not being
looked at.
(then)
And besides, Tal... I've never
really even kissed anybody else
until tonight.

He looks at her.

NICK
Really?

NORAH
Not 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 knee-deep in borscht and conversation.

NICK
What kind of name is Tal?

NORAH
It's Israeli. Short for Talul.

NICK
How long were you guys together?

NORAH
Total?

NICK
Breaks and everything.

NORAH
Three years.

Nick nearly chokes.

NICK
Three years... Jesus...

NORAH
I know.

NICK
Friends with benefits, huh?

NORAH
I guess.

NICK
So, what are the benefits?

Norah thinks.

NORAH
I... get to have my ego stroked
whenever it needs stroking... And
he...

(MORE)

NORAH(cont'd)

(she trails off)

He's always been there, you know?

There's a pause. She looks up at him.

NORAH

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

He looks at her.

NICK

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

She laughs. He laughs, too.

INT. VESELKA -- LATER

The food has been cleared. They sit closer now. The place
is empty, except for them and their bored waitress.

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 like
when you're by yourself. It's a
different kind of lonely when
you're with somebody, but for some
reason you still feel alone. It's
lonelier.

She smiles. 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

I think that's what happens when
you break up with someone.

(MORE)

NORAH(cont'd)

What really gets to you.

(then)

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.

He nods.

NICK

Yeah.

She looks up at him.

NORAH

I hope I remember this right.

He smiles.

NICK

Well, maybe someday I'll tell it to you from my side of the street.

Nick pulls out some cash and pays the bill. Norah takes notice. She looks at him. He looks back.

NORAH

You want to go somewhere?

NICK

Yeah.

NORAH

Where do you want to go?

NICK

Anywhere you want. It's only...

(looking at watch)

Four in the morning. Where do you want to go?

NORAH

Somewhere nobody we know will find us.

NICK (LEANING IN)

Like Park Avenue?

NORAH (LEANING IN)

Yeah, like Park Avenue.

(then)

Midtown.

INT. NICK'S YUGO -- LATER

MUSIC KICKS IN. They drive through the MET-LIFE BUILDING, emerging out of the other side. Park Ave. The streets are empty. The skyscrapers are magnificent. Better than they know. Norah is driving the Yugo, while scanning Nick's 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 dad 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 up on 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. 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.

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
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 scans the walls. There are photos of her father everywhere; with Christina Aguilera, with Bo Bice, with Dashboard Confessional.

NICK
Is this him?

Norah nods 'yes'. Nick looks at the pictures.

NICK

So, what is he, like a... former hippie current yuppie corporate sell-out spoon-feeding the masses the same old stop me at any time...

NORAH

Are you kidding? You practically quoted my graduation speech.

Norah beams from ear to ear. Nick doesn't even realize the wall he's torn down. He takes a GUITAR off the wall, begins walking and strumming.

NICK

Is this the job you got lined up?

Norah leans into a chair.

NORAH

It's mine if I want it.

NICK

But you don't want it?

NORAH

I don't know.

(thinking)

I love music. I live for it. But I'm afraid if I work in it... in here... then I might not love it the same way anymore. Does that make sense?

He nods 'yes'.

NORAH

I loved your mixes, by the way.

He looks at her.

NORAH

The ones you made for Tris?

NICK

You saw those?

NORAH

One or two. Seven. I own seven of them.

They both smile, a little embarrassed. Norah makes a confession.

NORAH
I knew you liked Where's Fluffy...
before I asked.

Nick smiles, strumming the guitar a little livelier.

NICK
What was your favorite song?

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. Stopped 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 wheels towards the CONTROLS. He takes the guitar
into the RECORDING BOOTH. Cracks his knuckles. Fingers on
the strings. But he changes his tune.

NICK (SINGING)

I never shoulda let you drive my car... Now she'll be sent to the junk yard... Poor, poor Jessie...

NORAH (LAUGHING)

I said I was sorry.

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

NICK

It's cool. She falls apart and I put her back together again.

NORAH

Kinda like me and Caroline.

(then)

Tikkun olam.

NICK

What's that?

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 find the pieces and put them back together. To make things whole again.

NICK

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

NORAH

Most of the time, yeah. But if we all do our part... tikkun olam.

They are silent for a moment.

NICK

Maybe we're the pieces.

She looks at him through the glass. He leans into the microphone.

NICK

Maybe that's what it's about. The world being broken.

(MORE)

NICK(cont'd)

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. Good. Slow. Happening.
His hands on her face. They talk close between the kisses.

NORAH

I won't compete with her.

NICK

With who?

He kisses her again. Removing Salvatore's jacket. She
unbuttons her flannel. Drops it to the floor. He takes her
in. Kisses her neck.

NORAH

Because I know I'm not...

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

NORAH

... 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

Norah. You're beautiful.

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 leans her head back. He kisses her neck. Touching her still. Her breath quickens.

IN THE STUDIO, we see the recording's red bars spiking as Norah's breath gets louder and louder and suddenly

She lets out a shockingly pleasurable sound. She stops him, catching her breath.

NORAH
Oh, God, wait.

NICK
Are you okay?

NORAH
I don't know.

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 and Nick drop to the floor. She closes her eyes.

NORAH
Tell me it's not my father.

Nick peeks up to see a JANITOR, keys in hand, cleaning up.

NICK
It's not your father.

They smile at each other. He gives her one last kiss.

INT. RECORD LABEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Norah sneak past the janitor, bursting into the hallway, up to the elevators. Norah quickly pushes DOWN. Nick looks out the window at the city lights, forty-five floors below them. Norah looks at him, suddenly sad.

NORAH
I guess that's it.

He turns to her.

NORAH
It's tomorrow.

Nick smiles.

NICK
Not yet.

He points to something. Norah comes to the window. From their vantage point, they can see it.

In the distance, the white lights of a nearby skyscraper, shaped into the outline of a rabbit's head -- its ears pointing up to the roof top -- where a stage is being set up.

NORAH
There's Fluffy.

Nick and Norah look at each other. The elevator DINGS.

INT. THE VAN -- SAME TIME

The guys make their way towards the Lincoln Tunnel, exhausted, yawning, Caroline passed out in back. They're still trying to talk of band names, but the RADIO DJ's voice comes through --

THOM
Shhh... listen...

Thom turns the volume up.

DJ (O.S.)
... supposed to show up at the Red Room tonight, but it looks like Where's Fluffy is gonna be at... Should I tell 'em?

DEV

Yes, yes...

OTHER DJ (O.S.)

I don't think they deserve it.

DJ (O.S.)

I shouldn't tell them?

THOM

Of course you should...

DJ (O.S.)

Alright, we'll give you a hint...

Are you ready?

The van pulls into the Lincoln Tunnel.

DJ

Five... Sixty-eight... One hundred
and twenty-one...

The radio cuts out -- nothing but static inside the tunnel.

DEV (LOSING IT)

Oh, come on!

THOM (SHOUTING)

It's the numbers, what do they
mean? It's a clue.

DEV

What did he say again?

BEEFY GUY

Five, sixty-nine...

THOM (SHOUTING)

Sixty-eight, man, get your head out
of the gutter...

DEV

Maybe they stand for letters in the
alphabet... A, B...

THOM

There aren't sixty-eight letters in
the alphabet...

DEV

Well, think, damn it...

BEEFY GUY

If you subtract five from sixty-eight... that's...

THOM

Okay, what else... Subways? Uh... uh... songs of theirs... any songs with numbers in the title...

CAROLINE (O.S.)

It's an address.

The guys look back at Caroline, propped up against the drums, her eyes still closed, but her mouth is moving.

CAROLINE

Fifth avenue... at sixty-eighth Street, New York, New York, one zero zero two one.

The guys' eyes widen, as the van emerges out the other side of the Lincoln Tunnel, the radio returns with blaring music.

Thom slams on the brakes and cuts the wheel, skidding through a row of orange cones. Caroline's body flies against the van's wall, knocking her eyes open. She's blinks, back in.

The van careens back through the tunnel, back to Manhattan.

EXT. CITY STREET -- SAME TIME

Nick and Norah run hand-in-hand towards the building. The closer they get to the building, more and more kids join them on their way to Fluffy.

EXT. FIFTH AND SIXTY-EIGHTH -- MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the tall building, the outline of the rabbit pointing them up and up and up. The flow of Fluffy fans make their way inside. Nick and Norah follow.

INT. STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Converse sneakers, Vans, biker boots, stomping up the stairs, making their frenzied way towards the roof top concert.

Among the crowd, they climb the stairs, exhausted, out-of-breath, knowing it'll be worth it. Nick helps Norah along the way, all the while, holding her hand.

EXT. ROOF TOP -- MOMENTS LATER

They emerge onto the roof. All of Manhattan surrounding them now. The sea of punk kids move around the stage like a pack of animals, chanting for Fluffy, howling at the moon.

But when Nick and Norah take their first step forward, they see what they've gotten into -- Caroline, Dev, Thom, Lethario -- Tris and her dude -- Tal and his friends --

CAROLINE

Norah! Where have you been?

They all turn to see them. Nick and Norah immediately release hands. And the hounds are released. Tal is the first in Norah's face --

TAL

What the fuck?

As Tris storms up to Nick --

TRIS

You asshole.

TAL (TO NORAH)

What are you doing? Showing up with this guy, trying to embarrass me in front of my boys?

Tris gets in Nick's face.

TRIS

Do you realize I had to walk back to tenth by myself? I could've been raped or killed and you never once let me wear your jacket.

NICK

What are you, jealous?

TAL (TO NORAH)

I don't get jealous.

NORAH (TO TAL)

Right, that would require actually liking somebody for who they are.

TAL

What's gotten into you?

TRIS (TO NICK)

It's like I don't even know who you are anymore.

NICK

That's right. You don't.

Tris looks at him, shocked.

TRIS

Nobody has ever treated me like this before.

And by the look on her face, it's working. She grabs Nick's face and kisses him. Over Tal's shoulder, Norah sees this.

TAL (TO NORAH)

So, what are you saying?

Norah storms away from the lip-lock, Tal in tow.

TAL (CONT'D)

Norah, I'm talking to you.

Nick pulls Tris off of his lips.

TRIS (ANNOYED)

What? I like you.

NICK

No, you don't. You just can't stand the idea of me being out there not-tortured over you.

Norah squeezes through the crowd, Tal following.

TAL

So, what does this make it? Six or seven times?

NORAH

I've stopped counting.

Tris presses against Nick.

TRIS

You're rejecting me?

Tal spins Norah around.

TAL

You're rejecting me?

TRIS (TO NICK)
For Norah?

Tris looks at Nick, her eyes welling.

TRIS (CONT'D)
I can't believe this.

She lowers her head. Nick doesn't know how to console her. But then, she lifts her head up, laughing. Nick walks away from her, towards Tal and Norah.

TAL
So, that's it? It's over?

Tal suddenly looks genuinely hurt.

TAL
But you're still gonna give your
dad our cd, right?

Norah's eyes narrow. Suddenly, the lights go out. The crowd cheers. WHERE'S FLUFFY takes the stage and the music kicks in. Fast and hard. Norah just looks at Tal.

TAL (SHOUTING OVER MUSIC) (CONT'D)
C'mon, Nor. We worked really hard
on it and you promised...

Nick comes up to them.

TAL (CONT'D)
Will you back the fuck up, Sal?

Tal shoves Nick. Nick comes towards him.

NICK
That's Sal-vatore...

The bass is heavy. Beating through the crowd. The mosh pit picks up the pace, moving around them like a whirlpool.

Tal looks at Nick and Norah, like he's suddenly putting the pieces together.

TAL
What is it? Things didn't work
with your girl, so you gotta steal
somebody else's?

Tal shoves Nick again. Nick's friends perk up, watching. The roof has become a blizzard of arms and legs and strobe.

NICK
You push me again...

TAL
And then what? You and your band
of merry men will blow me to death?

Tal backs up, like a coward. Nick comes towards him.

NICK
I'm warning you...

TAL
Go ahead. You can have her. Have
fun with the Tin Woman here. But
be careful, she tends to rust if
you get her wet.

Nick reels back and punches Tal in the face, knocking him to the ground. His friends react. They jump Nick.

Nick's friends react. Dev slaps one guy in the face. Thom gets taken down by another. The Beefy Guy loses it, hulking out, knocking people left and right.

Caroline continues to dance, rocking out to Where's Fluffy, in her own little world, amidst the chaos.

Suddenly, the fight is only between Tal's friends and Nick's friends. Nick, Norah, Tal and Tris are at its center, looking at each other.

Tal touches his nose, now bleeding.

TAL (SHOUTING OVER MUSIC) (CONT'D)
Three years with Ira Silverberg's
daughter and where did it get me?

Tris puts a hand on Tal, comforting him.

TRIS (SHOUTING, TO NICK)
Oh, and by the way... I was
cheating on you the entire time!

The dance floor is a flurry. And as Nick and Norah stand there amidst their demons --

THEY LOCK EYES --

THE ROOM SLOWS DOWN AROUND THEM --

VOICES ARE MUFFLED --

THE SOUND CHANGES --

And in one quick flash -- they decide -- without words. Nick takes hold of her hand. And they make their escape --

Caroline finally looks up, in shock.

CAROLINE

Norah?!

Norah looks back at her.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Who's gonna take me home?!

But Norah turns her back on Caroline, following Nick, bursting through the door --

INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Back down the spiral of stairs that led them there, racing down every flight --

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Running hand-in-hand down the city sidewalks -- The pink light of morning finally emerging and lighting their way, until they find subway steps --

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

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

NICK

This will get us downtown, where we can catch the PATH 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, to see you as much as possible before you leave for... wherever it is you're going.

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 slides the Metrocard. But it beeps "Insufficient Fare".

NICK (CONT'D)

Jump over.

She hesitates, seconds ticking by.

NICK (CONT'D)

Are we in this or not?

He holds out his hand to her. She looks at the train.

NICK (CONT'D)

C'mon, Norah. It'll be gone soon.

But the train doors close. And after a moment, they open again. Norah takes hold of his hand. And takes a breath.

CUT TO: BLACK