

SERENDIPITY

by

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - DUSK

A winter twilight fades over Manhattan.

It's that moment of the day when the sky mysteriously shifts from pale blue to majestic red...and by some divine miracle, the shimmering, swirling rays of sunlight make the city below look like a soft, pulsing, crimson, heart...

A title reads:

NEW YORK CITY - 1990

EXT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - DUSK

The air is frosty and full of Christmas spirit. Rush hour traffic crawls up Third Avenue. Salvation Army Santa's chime their bells and canvass for donations. And manic shoppers, young and old, are everywhere in sight.

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - SAME

CLOSE SHOT - A PAIR OF BLACK CASHMERE GLOVES

Sitting on an empty rack.

At the exact same moment, two different hands reach into the frame and take hold of the gloves. One hand's a woman's; the other's a man's.

Both manage to grab one of the gloves and pull away, but they stop, realizing that the gloves are connected by a small, plastic tag. A jerking tug-of-war ensues, until finally, we pull back to meet--

JONATHAN TRAGER, who is 20-years old, and looks it. He's wearing a long wintercoat, over a hooded NYU sweatshirt. Jon possesses a simple, boyish manner that's just a few steps (and a few years) from charm. Jon's clearly intrigued as his energetic eyes take in--

SARA MITCHELL, 20. Sara radiates a mysterious beauty that makes you wonder if she's older than she is. She's wearing a serene smile that one might interpret as arrogant, but her clear, blue eyes, hint at a sweet, honest soul.

We sense an immediate and powerful chemistry between these two. As their childish tug-of-war continues, their eyes never veer from one another.

JONATHAN

Have you ever heard the expression--

SARA

(cutting him off)

--possession is nine-tenths of the law?

JONATHAN

How'd you know I was gonna say that?

SARA

You have a predictable face.

JONATHAN

Predictable? How could you think that?
I clearly have surprising and exceptional
features -- although I blame my mother's
side of the family for my larger than
usual Adam's apple.

SARA

You were talking about possession?

JONATHAN

That's right. If possession, is, indeed,
nine-tenths of the law -- then by my best
estimate, you only possess--

He sees Sara's hand gripping one whole glove; five fingers...

JONATHAN

Five tenths.

Sara mischievously reaches over to Jon's glove and takes hold
of one of the fingers.

SARA

Six tenths.

Enchanted, Jon tries to get tough--

JONATHAN

You know I'm pre-law. I could easily
file a motion or a docket or something
that sounds really scary.

SARA

You'll never be a lawyer, your face is
too honest.

JONATHAN

And predictable.

They start another round of tug-of-war over the glove. In the process of their struggle, a lock of Sara's hair falls over her eyes. Using his free hand, Jonathan confidently sweeps the hair from her face, and curls it behind her ear.

JONATHAN

(winking)

Wouldn't want to ruin the view.

SARA

You realize, of course, that we're fighting over women's gloves.

JONATHAN

They're a Christmas present for my girlfriend.

SARA

Which is exactly why you should let me have them.

JONATHAN

How do you figure?

SARA

The fact is: your girlfriend won't know that she lost the gloves -- she never knew she had them in the first place. I, on the other hand, know precisely what I'll be missing if you buy them... Can't you just picture it?

JONATHAN

Picture what?

SARA

Me.

JONATHAN

As my girlfriend?

SARA

No... Me...wandering the sub-zero streets...

JONATHAN

...with cold, numb, frost-bitten, hands...

SARA

...that are desperately yearning for the very gloves that you insist on holding hostage -- right in front of my eyes.

JONATHAN

Pretty eyes.

Sara blushes.

A SALES CLERK steps up, unsure of what the hell these two are doing.

SALES CLERK

May I help you?

Using her chin, Sara points to the gloves.

SARA

Is this the last pair you've got?

SALES CLERK

If it's the last one on the rack, then it's the last one left.

JONATHAN

No stock room?

SARA

Or a basement?

SALES CLERK

I'm very sorry... Did one of you need me to ring that up?

Jonathan flashes a smile -- and Sara answers it.

JONATHAN

Buy me a coffee and they're yours.

SARA

Lemme see your Adam's apple.

Jonathan stretches his neck out, displaying his Adam's apple. After studying it for a moment, Sara hands the Sales Clerk her Bloomingdale's charge card, and quips--

SARA

I think it's cute.

INT. SERENDIPITY DESSERT SHOP - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan and Sara stand behind a line of couples, waiting to be seated. Sara now holds a small, Bloomingdale's bag, in addition to her knapsack.

JONATHAN

So...are you a student or what?

But Sara merely responds with another question--

SARA
Have you ever been cubed?

JONATHAN
Cubed?

SARA
Yeah...it's an ancient Sufi game that's
been handed down over the centuries.

JONATHAN
Since I haven't yet had the opportunity
to meet an authentic Sufi, I guess I've
never been cubed.

Sara jumps right into it--

SARA
Imagine a desert.

Jonathan nods.

JONATHAN
A desert? Lots of sand.
(he shuts his eyes)
Okay. I've got it.

SARA
Now in this desert, imagine a cube.

JONATHAN
What does it look like?

SARA
That's what you have to tell me, dopey.

JONATHAN
Dopey?

SARA
How big is the cube?

JONATHAN
Pretty big...like the size of a U-haul
truck.

SARA
And what's this cube made of?

JONATHAN
Steel.

SARA

And is it lying flat in the sand, or is it in some other position?

JONATHAN

Flat in the sand.

SARA

Now imagine a ladder in the same desert.

JONATHAN

Okay.

SARA

What's it made of?

JONATHAN

Hmmm... Lemme see...

SARA

No, no -- don't think about. Just say the first thing that pops into your mind.

JONATHAN

Sex.

SARA

Be serious.

JONATHAN

My ladder is made of...wood.

SARA

And where's the ladder in relation to the cube?

JONATHAN

Leaning against it.

SARA

Good... Now imagine a horse in this desert. What does it look like?

JONATHAN

It's a pony.

Sara chuckles, but then quickly stifles herself.

JONATHAN

What'd I say?

SARA

Nothing... I'm sorry I laughed, it's essential that I remain indifferent... Okay...last question: where is the pony in relation to the cube?

JONATHAN

It's far in the background... disappearing off the horizon.

Sara nods.

SARA

That's it...you've just been cubed.

Jonathan waits for some kind of explanation. But Sara remains quiet, her eyes roaming in no particular direction.

JONATHAN

Well...?

SARA

You don't expect me to tell you what it all means, do you?

JONATHAN

Not at all -- I just answered the most random questions of my life to a glove thieving, Sufi-Priestess, for the hell of it.

Sara is caught by his joke, and laughs.

SARA

But that's the whole fun of cubing someone; it's that I know and they don't.

JONATHAN

Know what?

The HOST walks up to Jonathan and Sara--

HOST

We're ready for you guys...

UPSTAIRS - THE TABLE - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan and Sara sit at a small, cozy, table. A WAITRESS stands above them, cradling a small pad and pen.

JONATHAN

Two frozen hot chocolates.

The Waitress nods and disappears.

SARA

Frozen hot chocolate? Isn't that an oxymoron?

JONATHAN

No -- it's the house specialty...
Now tell me what the cube means.

SARA

You really want to know?

JONATHAN

I really do.

SARA

Positive?

JONATHAN

Positive.

Sara leans forward as though she's about to tell a secret.
Jonathan leans forward too...and now...they're close.

SARA

The cube is you.

Jonathan thinks about it. Then nods.

JONATHAN

It's me.

SARA

Or rather -- it's your own subconscious
evaluation of your psyche.

JONATHAN

Go on...

SARA

You claimed your cube was big...

JONATHAN

(winking)

Very big.

Sara winks back, picking up the sexual innuendo.

SARA.

Which means you have an inflated ego.

Jonathan backs away.

SARA

The fact that it's made of steel even reinforces your delusional belief that you're invincible.

JONATHAN

I honestly think you've got me wrong--

SARA

Impossible. That's the beauty of the cube. It can't be wrong. They're your answers, dopey.

The Waitress arrives with the frozen hot chocolates. Sara picks up a spoon and starts eating from Jon's mug. In turn, Jonathan reaches over and starts scooping from hers.

SARA

Fortunately, it isn't all that bad.

JONATHAN

Lucky me.

SARA

You described the position of your cube as flat on the ground, which suggests that -- despite your narcissism -- you're essentially a "down to earth" person.

JONATHAN

What about the ladder?

SARA

The ladder represents your friends. You said yours was made of wood, which indicates an attraction to people who are made of different material than yourself.

JONATHAN

(surprised)

That's actually true.

SARA

Also, the fact that the ladder is leaning against the cube--

JONATHAN

Means that my friends lean on me?

SARA

Now you're catching on...

JONATHAN

So what does the horse mean?

Sara seems reluctant. She shakes her head 'no.'

JONATHAN

C'mon -- you can't stop now. What does the horsey mean?

After some deliberation--

SARA

Alright. But remember: I didn't say anything, this all came from inside you.

JONATHAN

I get it...

After a beat--

SARA

The horse is your current lover.

JONATHAN

Yeah?

SARA

You chose a pony.

JONATHAN

So...?

SARA

A pony isn't something that's magical or beautiful.

JONATHAN

It isn't?

SARA

No. A pony's cute, unthreatening, and--

JONATHAN

Childish.

Sara quickly feels guilty about leading him to this.

SARA

I could be wrong.

JONATHAN

You said the cube was never wrong.

SARA

Maybe I'm interpreting it wrong.

JONATHAN

I don't think so...

(beat)

Besides, didn't I also say that she was far away--

SARA

I think your exact words were...
"Disappearing off the horizon."

A silence at the table. Jonathan really thinks about it. Shit. Right on target. He's amazed. He looks up at Sara impressed, attracted, smitten, and most of all, curious.

Who the hell is this girl?

JONATHAN

What did you say your name was?

EXT. SERENDIPITY - STREET - NIGHT

Jonathan and Sara exit and walk towards Third Avenue.

JONATHAN

You gotta be kidding me.

SARA

What do you need to know my name for?

JONATHAN

Do I look like a stalker or something?

Sara turns to him--

SARA

Lemme see.

She squeezes Jonathan's cheeks between her hand, and studies Jonathan's face. Cute guy.

SARA

Definite stalking potential. Anyhow --
you've already got a...pony.

JONATHAN

C'mon, there's obviously something going on here...between us, I mean.

SARA

I'm not denying that.

JONATHAN

So why the no-name shit?

SARA

Don't you believe in fate?

JONATHAN

Not in the slightest.

SARA

Well I do. And if we were meant to be together, then we would have met when we were both free of...entanglements.

JONATHAN

Did you just say...we?

SARA

I did.

JONATHAN

So where is your wonderful thoroughbred this evening?

SARA

Packing.

JONATHAN

If he's a goner, then what's the problem?

SARA

Don't get me wrong, you're a great guy. And it's obvious that in someone's cosmic Filofax, we were destined to meet tonight.

JONATHAN

Well then?

SARA

I just don't think we're supposed to be ~~together~~ starting tonight. I get the feeling we're supposed to wait.

JONATHAN

Fine, give me your phone number and I'll call you tomorrow.

SARA

That would be cheating.

JONATHAN

Cheating?! Then I'll dump my pony.
She's off the horizon anyway--

SARA

I don't mean cheating on your girlfriend.
I mean cheating fate.

Jonathan stops.

JONATHAN

Oh come on.

SARA

Laugh all you want, but I happen to
believe that everything happens for a
reason.

JONATHAN

You want to know why I'm standing here
with you right now...right this second?

SARA

Alright...give me your theory.

JONATHAN

I needed to buy a pair of gloves. And so
did you. It's that simple.

SARA

But it's so uninspiring that way.

JONATHAN

Fuck inspiration! Just give me your
number, I'll call you, we'll go on a
date, go back to my place, and eat
Chinese food out of the cartons after sex
and fall in love like we're supposed to.

SARA

Supposed to? Sounds like fate to me.

Arriving at the corner, Sara holds up her hand to hail a cab.

JONATHAN

No, no, no -- you can't do this.

SARA

(trying to calm him)
Now, now...

A yellow taxi zooms to a stop in front of them.

JONATHAN

I don't get it.

Without warning, Sara wraps her arms around Jonathan and hugs him. Then, whispers, ever so gently, into his ear--

SARA

That's because you have no faith.

With her words still lingering in the air, Sara climbs into the taxi, and as it pulls out, she waves goodbye to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

(calling after her)

Faith in what?!

He almost half-expects the cab to stop, for Sara to get out, and for her to leap into his arms. But instead, Jonathan stands trembling, gushing with emotion, as he watches the taillights of Sara's cab get smaller and smaller, until they finally disappear into the city night...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - EIGHTH STREET - LATER

Hurting and haunted, Jonathan drifts up the subway steps and emerges into the chilly air. He reaches to zip his jacket up, but panics when he realizes--

JONATHAN

Shit!

He left his jacket in the restaurant.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SERENDIPITY DESSERT SHOP - MINUTES LATER

A cab stops in front of the restaurant. Jonathan jumps out.

INT. SERENDIPITY - SAME

Jonathan enters. The place is much less crowded. He approaches the Host--

JONATHAN

Excuse me -- I left my jacket upstairs,
did anyone happen to turn it in?

She peeks underneath the counter.

HOST

There's nothing down here. Why don't you go upstairs and look -- maybe it's still there?

UPSTAIRS

Jonathan climbs the steps, turns a corner, and heads for the table. But suddenly, he freezes--

That's because he sees Sara.

With her back facing him, she's picking up her Bloomingdale's bag, which she obviously left behind as well. With a bemused smile on his face, Jon watches Sara discover his wintercoat.

Realizing that he, too, left something behind, she picks it up. Excited, she spins around, almost like she wants to chase after him--

But she doesn't have to. Because Jon's right there. And, in a way, she isn't surprised to see him...because, in a way, it's exactly where he belongs -- right beside her.

Jonathan approaches Sara, and holding her with a direct stare, takes her hand, and laces his fingers into hers.

JONATHAN

Let's go ice skating.

SARA

I don't know how to skate.

JONATHAN

Either do I.

EXT. ROCKERFELLER CENTER - LATER

The glistening ice skating rink is bathed in lights from the towering Christmas tree that stands above it.

Dozens of skaters circle the rink, including Jonathan and Sara, who hold onto each other for dear life, as they sing--

JONATHAN

Sometimes I feel, I've got to--

They both clap their skates to the ice, twice--

JONATHAN & SARA

Run away...

JONATHAN

I've got to--

SARA

Get away, from the pain you drive into
the heart of me...

JONATHAN

Once I ran to you--

SARA

Now I run to you--

JONATHAN

This tainted love you've given...I give
you all a boy could give you--

SARA & JONATHAN

TAKE MY TEARS AND THAT'S NOT NEARLY
ALLLLLL!!! TAINTED LOVE!

They both crack up, ignoring the people staring at them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKERFELLER CENTER - LATER

It's lightly snowing now. The city has quieted, and Sara and
Jonathan are the last couple left on the rink.

SARA

Ahhh...let's see... Alright...tell me
your favorite movie... No wait, wait --
lemme guess...

(rubs her chin)

The Great Escape.

Jon's face turns white.

JONATHAN

Oh my God...how did you know that?

SARA

You have a predict--

JONATHAN

Don't even say it!

They laugh.

SARA

Okay, ahhh...favorite...smell.

Jon thinks about it. Then, gets closer to Sara. He sniffs her hair. Then, weighing his options, finally answers--

JONATHAN

The smell that comes off the pavement
when it starts to rain.

It's like Jonathan is reading Sara's mind. She seems eerily immobile for a moment, then meets Jonathan's gaze.

JONATHAN

You too?

Sara nods, sincerely. Then, after a beat, Sara asks--

SARA

Favorite sexual position?

Momentarily surprised by her question, Jonathan takes a spill, slamming to the ice. Sara glances down at him--

SARA

Missionary?

(smirking)

You can be more creative than that.

Jonathan grabs Sara's leg, and jerks her down--

SARA

(laughing)

Ahhh!

INT. SKATE RENTAL BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Sara has her sweater off, and is sitting on a narrow bench. Jonathan tends to a small cut on her elbow, patting it down with a wet napkin.

An ATTENDANT arrives with a band-aid.

ATTENDANT

Here you go.

JONATHAN

Thanks a lot.

Jonathan places the band-aid over her wound.

JONATHAN

There. All better.

Sara holds up her elbow.

SARA

You forgot to kiss it.

Charged with desire, Jonathan slowly lowers his lips to Sara's bruise. But he doesn't kiss her. Instead, he pulls away, his eyes transfixed by her forearm.

SARA

What's wrong?

Sara looks down at her arm.

SARA

You're looking at my freckles aren't you?
(looking closer)
I have a lot of them on this arm.

JONATHAN

But they're not freckles...if you look really closely...you can see...

SARA

What?

JONATHAN

Cassiopeia.

SARA

Huh?

Jonathan studies her arm, then, impulsively stands up.

JONATHAN

Wait here a sec--

Jonathan disappears for a few seconds, and returns with a ballpoint pen. He sits in back of Sara, and reaching from behind, moves the tip of the pen to her skin.

Sara doesn't flinch, as she watches Jonathan begin to draw lines on her arm, connecting her birthmarks like a game of connect-the-dots

JONATHAN

Long, long ago...in Ethiopia...there lived a queen named Cassiopeia...who thought herself the most beautiful woman in all the world... And there wasn't a single subject in her husband's kingdom who wasn't offended by Cassiopeia's relentless vanity...

It's an erotic moment. Sara can feel Jonathan's breath on her neck.

JONATHAN

So to teach her humility, Poseidon -- the sea God -- punished Cassiopeia by placing her in the heavens, upside down in her throne, stuck for eternity in an undignified position...

Jonathan sits up and admires his work.

JONATHAN

Now she's just a constellation in the sky. A collection of freckles in the shape of a throne.

SARA

So she made one mistake?

They catch each other's eyes. Jonathan nods--

JONATHAN

And paid for eternity.

Jonathan kisses her bruise. Sara is touched.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MINUTES LATER

The snow is falling harder now, blanketing the city streets with a sea of white. Sara is using Jon's back as a wall, and scribbling her name and number on a scrap of paper.

SARA

I can't believe you seduced me.

Jonathan whirls around and reaches his hand out--

JONATHAN

Now please... Let fate take it's proper course...

Feeling a mix of excitement and fear, Sara nods and hands the scrap of paper to Jonathan.

But just then -- a New York Times truck speeds past them on Fifth Avenue, whipping up a virtual storm of dust -- ripping the scrap of paper from Jonathan's hand... into the air...where it disappears into a swirl of litter and snow.

Sara looks at Jonathan, wounded. Meanwhile, Jonathan is in a state of shock, his eyes fixed on his empty hand.

He looks up to Sara, knowing what her response will be, and quickly tries to stave it off--

JONATHAN

It was an accident.

SARA

There are no accidents.

JONATHAN

That's not true. Let's just pretend like it never happened. You can give it to me again--

SARA

Everything happens for a reason.

He takes hold of Sara and shakes her--

JONATHAN

But nothing happened.

SARA

How much more clear can it get? Fate is telling us to back off. We have to wait.

Distressed, Sara starts off, walking way from Jon.

JONATHAN

(agitated)

I could scream my name, you know? I could plant it inside of your head. Then you'd have to call me.

SARA

If you did that...I never would.

JONATHAN

But why!?

SARA

Because I think I'm in love with you!

Stunned, Jonathan races after Sara and blocks her path.

JONATHAN

You think you love me but you're not going to give me your name? Or your phone number?

SARA

I don't have to.

JONATHAN

Why? Because good old fate's gonna deliver the information to your doorstep!?

Sara muses his words for a moment, then, her face lights up--

SARA

Now that's about the best idea you've had all night.

Excited, Sara opens her pocketbook. She pulls out a five dollar bill and a pink magic marker and hands them both to Jonathan.

SARA

Write your name and number down.

JONATHAN

On a five dollar bill?

SARA

Just do it.

JONATHAN

I'm not sure the US Treasury would approve, but hell--

Jonathan uncaps the pen, scribbles his name and number on the five dollar bill, then hands it back.

SARA

Wait here.

Sara takes the five dollar bill and walks to the corner, away from Jonathan, leaving him perplexed.

Arriving at an ALL-NIGHT NEWSSTAND, Sara buys a tube of Certs -- using the five dollar bill.

JONATHAN

Hey! Hey!

Jonathan chases after her. She stuffs the change into her pocketbook, and pops a mint into her mouth.

JONATHAN

What the hell was that?

SARA .

If that five dollar bill makes it way back into my hands -- I'll be able to call you.

(MORE)

SARA (cont'd)

And when you hear my voice on the other end, then you'll believe in fate, won't you?

Sara leans in closely, her nose touching his. Snowflakes are falling onto Jon's face, instantly melting, then dripping to Sara's face, where they spill like tears down her cheeks...

SARA

Won't you?

Sara kisses Jonathan on his wet lips, lightly, and passes the mint into his mouth.

SARA

Goodnight, dopey.

And Sara begins walking away, leaving Jonathan speechless. But Jonathan isn't done yet. He calls after her--

JONATHAN

What about me!?

SARA

What do you mean?

Jonathan jogs up to her.

JONATHAN

We have to send something out into the universe with your name on it. It's only fair.

Sara thinks about it. Then, she opens her pocketbook again and pulls out a hardcover book: LOVE IN THE TIMES OF CHOLERA, by Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

SARA

You see this book?

JONATHAN

I love that book.

Sara grins, not surprised that he's read it and loves it.

SARA

Tonight, when I get home, I'll write my name and phone number in this book. First thing tomorrow morning, I'll sell it to a used bookstore

JONATHAN

Which one?

SARA
Well that's the trick, isn't it?

JONATHAN
You're not telling me?

SARA
Nope... Now everytime you pass an old bookstore, you'll have to go inside and see if it's there.

JONATHAN
For God's sakes -- what happens if I meet someone before I find it?

SARA
You won't.

JONATHAN
What if I do?

SARA
(smirking)
Then somehow, someway, I'll sound a deafening, blaring alarm to make you remember me.

Now, Jonathan is pissed--

JONATHAN
Alarm? You wanna know something: this is totally insane! It's not only insane, it's wrong. You don't just have the most incredible night of your life with a complete stranger and then leave it all up to chance...

Sara looks up. They're standing in front of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Sara motions him into the hotel--

SARA
Come with me for a second--

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - ELEVATORS - SECONDS LATER

Sara leads Jonathan to an opened elevator. She pushes him in, then crosses into the elevator directly opposite his.

SARA
What do you think the odds are that -- without watching each other -- we'd randomly find the same floor?

JONATHAN

It's impossible.

SARA

When I count to three, hit any floor number that feels right, okay?

(beat)

One...

JONATHAN

I don't understand.

SARA

You don't have to understand. You just have to have faith.

(beat)

Two...

JONATHAN

Faith? Faith in what?

SARA

What else? Destiny...

(smiles)

Three...

At the same time Sara and Jonathan hit their prospective floor numbers. Their doors shut at the exact same time.

INT. JONATHAN'S ELEVATOR - SAME

He's hit 23. The elevator moves up quickly. 12...13...14... the anticipation is building...18...19...20...

He catches his reflection in the mirror, and nervously sweeps his hands through his hair. And then--

PING. The elevator stops.

Seems like an eternity before the doors open.

But when they finally do, Jonathan looks out and sees Sara's elevator doors opening at the exact same time as his.

It's like they're synchronized.

Jon sees Sara, lazily leaning against her elevator wall, arms crossed, wearing a patronizing smile on her face.

SARA .

Believe me now?

Swept up by the magic of it all, Jonathan nods, obviously touched...and obviously convinced.

JONATHAN

I do.

She reaches down and hits the "lobby" button.

SARA

Goodbye, dopey.

Jonathan darts out of his elevator, and crosses the hallway, blocking her elevator doors from closing.

JONATHAN

Just your first name.

The elevator doors begin chopping on his arm.

SARA

It's not a good idea.

JONATHAN

Just so I have a complete picture of you in my head.

Now the elevator begins making a loud buzzing noise.

JONATHAN

(urgent)

Please...

And then, Sara tosses the Bloomingdale's bag through the closing doors. Jonathan catches it.

SARA

Thirteenth song on Fleetwood Mac's Greatest Hits...

JONATHAN

What?

The doors snap shut.

And Sara's gone.

Jonathan stands there for a few moments, shuddering from what has been an intense, powerfully emotional experience.

Glancing down at the bag, Jonathan opens it and peeks in. Inside, is *one* cashmere glove. Music fades up. It's Fleetwood Mac's "Sara."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - DAWN

Jonathan exits, his eyes searching the empty streets for Sara. But there's just a few cabs...speeding through a flurry of snow...disappearing down the canyon of skyscrapers.

"Wait a minute baby. Stay with me awhile. Said you'd give me light, but you never told me 'bout the fire..."

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan leans against a pole, enervated, filled with love...

"Drowning. In the sea of love. Where everyone...would love to drown. But now it's gone. It doesn't matter what for. When you build your house...then call me home..."

INT. NYU DORM - LOBBY - DAWN

Jonathan flashes his student ID to a Security Guard as he enters the building...

"And he was just like, a great dark wing. Within the wings of a storm. I think I had met my match. He was singing... And undoing...and undoing...the laces..."

INT. DORM ROOM - DAWN

Cool blue light spills through the windows. Jonathan's roommate is fast asleep under covers, as Jonathan digs through a pile of CD's...

He finds Fleetwood Mac's Greatest Hits, connects a pair of headphones to his stereo, and plays song #13...

"I said Sara... You're the poet in my heart. Never change. Never stop. But now it's gone. It doesn't matter what for. But when you build your house, then call me home..."

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

A title reads:

TEN YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - LOUIS TRAGER

Jonathan's father, MR. TRAGER, stands holding a champagne glass. He's in his late-fifties, warm, oversized, greying.

MR. TRAGER

And on this particular night, Winston Churchill -- who was not immune to the vice of drinking -- was accidentally seated next to Lady Astor, a socialite and, coincidentally, a mortal political enemy of Churchill's...

(beat)

Now as the evening progressed, so too did Churchill's blood alcohol content. This merely exacerbated Lady Astor's disdain, until finally at her breaking point, she publicly rebuked Churchill, and barked in front of everyone:

(high-pitched British accent)

"Mr. Churchill...you are drunk."

A chuckle or two.

MR. TRAGER

Churchill took a beat, turned to Lady Astor, and said in his best stentorian voice

(Churchill impression)

"And, you, madame, are ugly...but in the morning I shall be sober."

Big laughs. The CAMERA begins moving down a long, dinner-table, as Mr. Trager continues...

MR. TRAGER

Of course, the couple that we're celebrating this evening is nothing like the distinguished Prime Minister and his longtime nemesis...

The CAMERA passes Jon's Mom (MRS. TRAGER)...random guests, an older couple...and finally stops on Jonathan Trager, 30.

Jonathan's now the man that was hibernating years ago. His face has filled in; he's clean shaven and handsome, especially when he smiles, the way he is right now. He's also holding a glass of champagne.

MR. TRAGER

In fact, my son has without question chosen the most beautiful and brilliant girl in all of New York City...

From OFFSCREEN, a girl's hand reaches in and begins massaging Jon's neck. He flashes her a smile.

MR. TRAGER

After months of intrigue, my wife and I have finally had the opportunity to meet his fiance's family, and it's clear to us where she gets the good majority of her attributes...

He raises his glass of champagne.

MR. TRAGER

And so I propose a toast, to what I believe -- and perhaps I'm biased -- but I propose a toast to what I believe will within one week become the most special couple this side of the Hudson... Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Trager... Cheers.

EVERYONE

Cheers.

Jonathan raises his glass -- and from OFFSCREEN, another glass of champagne clinks his. And finally, the camera moves just a touch, and we meet Jonathan's lovely fiance--

HALLEY SILVERMAN.

Not exactly the gal we were hoping for. But Halley's no slouch. Late-twenties, bouncy and vivacious, with curly blonde hair that's up in a twist.

Jonathan and Halley sip their champagne and give each other a peck on the lips.

HALLEY

I've never seen your father so mushy before.

JONATHAN

He's showing off for your parents.

HALLEY

Well I think he's adorable... But now onto more important topics...

JONATHAN

Such as?

HALLEY

My hair... I mean -- how cute is my hair tonight?

JONATHAN

Lemme see...

Jonathan leans back and takes in his fiancée. She models her French twist for him.

JONATHAN

I think it's possible that you have the most beautiful hair I've ever seen in my entire life...

Halley's face flushes. He takes her hand.

JONATHAN

(mimicking his father's British accent)

But in the morning, I shall be sober.

Halley playfully slaps Jonathan, and they laugh as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Halley, her mother (MRS. SILVERMAN), and Mrs. Trager, all walk together and talk shop.

MRS. SILVERMAN

Personally, I don't understand this generation's obsession with movie stars.

HALLEY

It's my job, Mom.

MRS. SILVERMAN

Her magazine forces her to sit on the phone all day -- just to find out what kind of lipstick Gwyneth Paltrow wears.

HALLEY

Nars.

MRS. SILVERMAN

As if anyone really cares.

Meanwhile, up ahead, the guys talk shop: Mr. Trager, Mr. Silverman, Jonathan, and Halley's 18-year old, baggy-pants wearing brother, ZACHARY are all smoking thick cigars.

ZACHARY

But how do you know if it's a legit Cuban
-- or whether it's dogshit?

MR. SILVERMAN

Watch your mouth, Zack.

MR. TRAGER

There are numerous ways, but the easiest
is by studying the box it came from.

JONATHAN

My test is a lot easier, Zack: if I turn
green and wanna barf, then it's the real
thing.

Mr. Trager stops--

MR. SILVERMAN

Well this is us.

MR. TRAGER

I hate to say goodnight.

MR. SILVERMAN

I agree. I think everyone should come in
for a nightcap.

Halley and the ladies arrive.

MR. TRAGER

Come on, Paula, we're all going to have a
drink.

MRS. TRAGER

Another drink? I'm already dizzy.

MR. TRAGER

This a special occasion. After all, how
many times in your life is your son going
to get married?

HALLEY

Hopefully only once.

Everyone laughs as they walk into the hotel. But Jonathan
stops, and we get the distinct impression that he doesn't
want to join them--

JONATHAN

I'm gonna head home, guys.

Everyone turns, and looks to Jonathan--

HALLEY

Home?

JONATHAN

Yeah -- I think it's bad luck to be in the place you're gonna be married in.

MRS. TRAGER

All of a sudden he's superstitious?

JONATHAN

And a tired, working-man. You guys go ahead -- I'll see everyone tomorrow.

Halley takes Jonathan into her arms

HALLEY

You better be home when I get back.

JONATHAN

Where else would I be?

HALLEY

My brother says that it's biologically impossible for a man to be faithful to a woman.

JONATHAN

You believe a kid who gets all his information from porno websites?

ZACHARY

I heard that, Jon.

Jonathan and Halley snicker.

JONATHAN

I'll see you later.

They kiss, and Halley watches Jonathan walk off. Then, she follows her family into--

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan walks along 57th Street, taking in the hustle and bustle of New York City at Christmas-time...

Drifting onto Columbus Aveune, Jonathan heads up the street, passing a street musician...a few homeless...and finally--

A makeshift bookstand.

And Jonathan stops, knowing, somehow, that he should take a few steps backwards.

A RASTAFARIAN tends to a small display of hardcover books, which are arranged on a dusty, bridge table.

Moving slowly towards the stand, Jonathan glances down. His eyes scan the titles...and stop on one in particular:

LOVE IN THE TIMES OF CHOLERA

He tentatively reaches down, and picks it up.

RASTAFARIAN

Good price, man...

Jonathan looks around, almost fearful that someone's going to catch him. Then, feeling a surge of hope, he cracks open the book to the title page--

But it's blank.

There's no name. No Sara.

Jonathan returns the book to it's place, and forces a smile.

Then, he urgently pulls a cell phone from out of his jacket pocket, and quickly dials a number--

JONATHAN

Yo, it's me. We gotta talk...

INT. SERENDIPITY DESSERT SHOP - LATER

Jonathan sits at the same table as he did with Sara, except now he's across from his best friend (and college roommate) DEAN KANSKY, 30, a preppy-wannabe, who wears a crumpled oxford shirt, faded blue blazer, and a poorly knotted tie.

DEAN

Of course I remember... How could I forget? You only played that dreadful Fleetwood Mac song for the entire semester.

JONATHAN

So what do you think?

DEAN

About what?

JONATHAN

You know, me seeing the book. What if it was a sign or something?

DEAN

A sign of what?

JONATHAN

I don't know. I mean, it's probably wrong of me, but I admit I still think about our night together...

(nostalgic)

Even now, I can still picture her with snowflakes melting on her face... I'm telling you Dean, it was as close to perfect as life can get.

DEAN

Then why'd you let her get away?

JONATHAN

Because for a moment -- I actually believed her.

DEAN

You actually believed that random chance...that serendipity -- no pun intended -- would reunite you guys?

JONATHAN

Yeah. I did.

(beat)

But days went by...then weeks and months, until our whole night together took on a sort of fuzzy, dreamlike quality. Like a fairy tale; except a fairy tale without a happy ending. In fact, without any ending at all.

DEAN

And now ten years later, you're effusive and wonder if she actually was your soul mate?

JONATHAN

That's right. And I need your help, Dean. Not just because you're my best friend, but because you're my smartest friend.

DEAN

And I won't let you down, because I do believe I can condense my response to your mental breakdown into two words.

JONATHAN

Go ahead...

DEAN

Cold feet.

JONATHAN

Cold feet?

DEAN

Precisely. I could write a very detailed novel about cold feet. You happen to be in stage one of the affliction.

JONATHAN

And that would be?

DEAN

Stage one, or rather, chapter one, details the protagonist's attempt to reclaim every past romantic relationship of his life. These relationships include -- but are not limited to -- three month affairs of the heart, one-night stands with Irish girls, and sexual escapades with hookers.

JONATHAN

So what's up next for me -- thoughts of suicide?

DEAN

Not unless we're writing an existentialist novel. But assuming our character is a semi-well adjusted television producer such as yourself, he'll enter stage two, wherein your alter-ego begins to discover little things about his irreproachable fiancée that he finds unbearable. Naturally, these are the very things that he found simply winsome before he invested half his net worth in a ring.

JONATHAN

And all of this happened to you before you married Courtney?

DEAN

The week before Courtney and I were married, I yelled at her for one whole hour about the way she pulled the paper wrapper off a straw.

Jonathan chuckles.

JONATHAN

What about stage three?

DEAN

Various physiological ailments. Swollen glands. Dry cough. Excessive sweating.

JONATHAN

So what you're saying is that I'm normal?

DEAN

Jonathan, I'm your best friend...take it from me: marriage is simply the theater of the absurd. You can pretend to understand it, but unless you're French, it remains an ambiguous miasma.

Jonathan feels satisfied. He takes a sip of his coffee.

DEAN

Besides...who knows what she looks like.

JONATHAN

That's true. It is ten years later, she could be repulsive.

DEAN

Given the universes natural penchant for self-decay, I'd say that was highly likely.

JONATHAN

She could easily be married already. Or have lots of fat kids who run through the house dripping chocolate ice cream onto the carpet.

DEAN

Even worse than that -- she could read John Grisham novels.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK

It's the end of the day, and the sun spills it's fading rays over the sloping city and it's pretty, majestic bay.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAME

The last hints of rush hour traffic herd across the bridge. The CAMERA picks up a convertible, speeding from the city...

The driver of the car is Sara.

Ten years later, she's not just cute or pretty -- she's astounding. Even with her hair in a pony tail, her make-up off, and a day's work behind her, she's still bewitching.

EXT. SAUSALITO COTTAGE - MINUTES LATER

Sara pulls into the gravel driveway of a quaint, tasteful cottage with a beautiful bay view. Slinging a bag over her shoulder, she walks up the cobblestone pathway, and keys her way into the house.

INT. COTTAGE - SAME

Upon entering, Sara freezes, her face revealing confusion, then surprise, which finally transforms to amusement.

SARA'S POV - THE LIVING ROOM

Is bathed in candlelight. There are hundreds of candles burning. Smooth jazz plays in the background.

The floor is covered with rose petals. And in the center of the room, where the sofa should be, is a large box the size of a washing machine. It's got a ribbon on it.

Sara shuts the door behind her, and still smiling, walks to the box. A small, yellow, post-it-note is stuck on top.

It reads: OPEN ME.

Sara unpeels the ribbon and tears the box open. She giggles, because inside the box is--

Another box. This one's smaller -- half the size, with an identical red ribbon, and another post-it-note that reads: OPEN ME TOO.

She opens this one. And inside is an even smaller box, which she opens. Each box she opens is smaller, and smaller, until finally, she reaches the last one.

It's a small, blue, velvet box.

Sara is beaming. Of course, she knows what's inside. She snaps it open and sees--

It's empty. No ring.

OFFSCREEN VOICE

You gotta say yes first.

Sara spins around. Standing in the corner of the room is her boyfriend, LARS HAMMOND, late-thirties, handsome in a goofy way, with some patches of grey in his long, curly hair.

Sara and Lars meet in the center of the living room. Sara's speechless, but finally manages to nod her head 'yes.'

Lars takes Sara into his arms and squeezes hard. He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a diamond engagement ring.

LARS

Wallah!

He takes hold of Sara's hand, winks, then slides the ring on--

Uh oh. It doesn't fit. He pushes harder.

LARS

Damn.

SARA

Here, lemme try...

Sara tries her best to get the ring on -- even tries licking her finger, but it's simply the wrong size. Lars, upset, collapses into a leather chair.

LARS

Now everything's ruined.

SARA

Ruined? What are you talking about, Lars?

LARS

Don't pretend, Sara. We both know how you read into everything. You're gonna think there's some meaning to the fact that the ring doesn't fit.

Sara kneels down and takes hold of Lars' hand.

SARA

Lars?

He's pouting.

SARA

Lars?

Finally, he looks up.

SARA

We'll get the ring re-fitted and everything'll be perfect. Right?

Lars rubs Sara's cheeks and smiles, relieved.

LARS

Sensitive artist, I am.

He kisses her.

LARS

An artist who made lobster.

SARA

Yippee!

LARS

Why don't you change -- I've gotta call Ryan and let him know you said yes.

SARA

Was he worried?

LARS

Not about you. About the tour. He was hoping we could work the honeymoon into my schedule. How does Bora Bora sound?

SARA

Very sexy sexy.

They kiss again, and Lars jumps up and ducks into the kitchen. He picks up the phone and dials a number as Sara makes her way into--

THE BEDROOM

Sara places the ring on the dresser, but something else on top of it catches her attention--

It's a crumpled FIVE DOLLAR BILL -- sitting beside a pile of change, keys, and receipts.

Sara looks at the diamond ring, sparkling on the top of the dresser. Then, she peeks out of her bedroom door, and sees Lars talking on the phone while he steams a pair of lobsters--

LARS

...we could elope in Paris and it'll all work out...

She quietly shuts the bedroom door, and locks it. Then, returns to the dresser drawer.

And picks up the five dollar bill.

She uncrumples it. Flips it over.

And sees--

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. No name and no number. Sara grins, not quite sure if she feels relieved or disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO COUNSELING CTR. - ESTABLISHING - NEXT DAY

We overlap a voice from outside:

MALE VOICE (O.S)

...and I felt like I was frozen in the middle of the party...

INT. SARA'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Sara's a therapist. She sits in an antique chair, wearing stylish spectacles, and dressed in a black suit. Across from her is KENNY, an anxiety-riddled patient in his late-20's.

SARA

It was a panic attack.

KENNY

I wanted to say hello to her. I wanted to say that I thought she was beautiful.

Kenny stops himself.

SARA

But instead you said nothing, and she left and now you regret it?

KENNY

Exactly. But then later that night, my friend told me not to worry, because if we were meant to be, that somehow, someday, fate would bring us back together, and I'd get a second chance...

Silence.

KENNY

Do you think that's true, Sara?

Sara swallows, hard. Tries to find the right words.

SARA

You mean...do I believe that destiny will ultimately bring you to your soul mate?

KENNY

Yeah.

Sara peels off her glasses.

SARA

Ken -- notwithstanding a few exceptions, I've found that almost every patient of mine who's fantasized about a soul mate, had a bona fide case of commitment-itis.

KENNY

Commitment-itis?

SARA

Think about it. Subconsciously, most of us fear getting closer to someone, so we manufacture a soul mate -- in your case, this woman from the party the other night -- and then we use the fantasy of meeting them to avoid getting closer to someone else... It's perfect self-sabotage.

KENNY

You really believe all that, Sara?

SARA

(defensive)

Of course.

KENNY

Always?

Sara smiles, realizing she's been caught by her patient.

SARA
No. Not always.

An alarm clock begins beeping.

KENNY
Time's up.

SARA
(somewhat sad)
I'll see you next week, Kenny.

SARA
See ya.

Kenny slips on his jacket, and exits. Sara remains in her chair, her words still lingering in the office. But then, her thoughts are interrupted by the telephone -- RING.

Sara gets up, walks to her desk, and picks up the phone.

SARA
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE ON PHONE
Do you sell cashmere gloves?

A chill shudders down Sara's spine.

SARA
Excuse me?

FEMALE VOICE ON PHONE
Cashmere gloves?

SARA
Who is this?

FEMALE VOICE ON PHONE
Is this Garfinkel's department store?

Sara stands motionless -- and speechless.

FEMALE VOICE ON PHONE
Hello?

SARA
(dazed)
No... No, this is the San Francisco
Counseling Center.

FEMALE VOICE ON PHONE
I'm very sorry. I must have the wrong
number. Goodbye.

Dial tone. Sara trembles as we--

CUT TO:

INT. ILLUMINATA CANDLE SHOP - SAME

A small, cozy, candle shop, jammed with candles of all
shapes, sizes, and flavors.

The owner of the store, EVE, late-twenties, is stacking a
display of vanilla candles. Eve is pretty in a harsh way;
she's got short blonde hair, cut pixie style, and a somewhat
manic, exhausted manner.

Standing behind her, pacing the store's small aisles, is
Sara, who seems quite agitated herself.

SARA
Then explain it to me.

EVE
You want me to explain it to you? Fine.
You're having a Y30 crisis--

SARA
This is not about my age, Eve. This is
about synchronicity. I mean...a stranger
calls and asks for cashmere gloves, just
as I was thinking about him. Just
seconds after my patient had--

EVE
--Mentioned that he was in love with a
girl he'll never see again? That's
hardly a new complaint in your office.

SARA
The hair was literally standing up on my
back.

Eve wipes her hands clean with a rag--

EVE
- Meanwhile, whatever happened to the
proclamation that you were through with
all that New Age nonsense?

SARA
I am.

EVE

No more horoscopes or numerology. No more psychic readings.

SARA

I haven't been to a psychic in months.

A frumpy, middle-aged HIPPIE WOMAN walks up to Eve--

HIPPIE WOMAN

Excuse me, do you carry the Casanova candle?

EVE

Yeah -- I think we still have a few left...

(pointing)

Check on the shelf across from the Anais Nin incense.

The Hippie Woman nods and wanders off, and Eve points to her--

EVE

You see, you see...that's what happens to people who refuse to let go of the zodiac lifestyle. They end up burning aromatherapy candles into the wee hours of the night, hoping the scent will deliver Mr. or Mrs. Right. Fat chance...

Sara spies the Hippie Woman from across the store. Yuch.

EVE

Whatever slight belief I once had in the magic and mystery of love was quickly extinguished after I opened this store. You wouldn't believe the procession of freaks who come in here, searching to buy some kind of romantic miracle that's never gonna come.

SARA

Eve -- I'm not saying that I'm going back to my old ways. I admit I wasted a lot of years waiting to bump into the guy from New York again--

EVE

But you never did. And that's exactly why you moved across the country and fazed out the mystical crap. And what happened once you did? Huh? Come on, tell me--

Sara nods like a child being scolded.

SARA

I met a guy.

EVE

Who's cute, and smart, and funny, and makes a pretty good living as an artist, which ain't an easy trick, honey.

Sara, now silenced, sits on a stool behind the counter. Eve stands in front of her--

EVE

Sara...let me speak from personal experience. You're talking to a woman who hasn't had a date in a whole year.

SARA

As in 52 weeks?

EVE

As in 12 whole cycles... For Christ sakes I haven't even been in bed with another woman for two years.

SARA

Ouch.

EVE

The truth is -- and I know I may be sounding like a cynical adult -- but the truth is: being lonely sucks. And I'd much rather have someone who's sweet and kind to go to dinner with, than sit home alone, dreaming about a fantasy, as I eat Koo Koo Roo leftovers.

Sara thinks about it. Makes sense.

SARA

(convincing herself)

You're right. I mean, what the hell's the matter with me? Lars is terrific.

EVE

Of course he is...

(beat)

Besides -- for all you know, this mystery stud from New York's a...a...

SARA

Lawyer.

EVE
Or even worse. A producer.

SARA
A producer of sports shows!

The both laugh as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - PIER ONE - GOLFING RANGE - DAY

A three-tiered driving range. Golfers stands in separate stalls, smashing golf balls into a huge, caged field.

ANGLE ON - A REPORTER

His name is NICK ROBERTS, and he's a typical, thick-haired, ESPN field-reporter. At the moment, he's walking behind the row of stalls, holding a microphone, being followed by a camerawoman, MAUREEN.

Meanwhile, Jonathan, the segment producer, sits on a bench, chewing gum, studying Nick's performance--

NICK
...the range offers inhabitants of this concrete jungle the chance to keep their drives straight, their short games accurate, and most of all, bring the joys and frustrations of golf back to city folk. This is Nick Roberts, ESPN News, New York City...

After a moment, Nick drops his smile and looks to Jonathan for approval. Jonathan pulls the gum out of his mouth, sticks it onto the bench, and jumps up--

JONATHAN
Looked great Nick, you're wrapped for the day.

NICK
Okeydokey.

JONATHAN
Hey Maureen?

MAUREEN
Yo?

JONATHAN
You can pack up your gear.

MAUREEN

Pack up? What about the b-roll shots?

JONATHAN

No time, I've got too much to do. Would you mind coming back on your own tomorrow night and grabbing some footage?

MAUREEN

Whatever you say, boss.

Then, from the loudspeaker above him, Jonathan hears:

LOUDSPEAKER

Paging Sara Lawson. Paging Sara Lawson.
Please come to the front desk.

Something about hearing the name 'Sara' grabs Jonathan's attention. Intrigued, he looks around, watching to see if anyone familiar passes him. No one does.

But his curiosity lingers, so he wanders to the front desk, where, seconds later, he watches a tall, attractive woman appear from around the corner.

WOMAN

I'm Sara Lawson.

A Clerk hands her the phone. Clearly, it's not Jon's "Sara."

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Jon?

Jonathan snaps out of it. Maureen stands in front of him, holding all of her equipment.

MAUREEN

You ready?

Jonathan nods.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIR SALON - LATER

Typical chic hair salon in Manhattan, populated by lots of beautiful people. Jonathan enters and walks to the reception desk. A WOMAN greets him--

WOMAN.

Jonathan -- God, we've been calling you all day, did you get the message?

JONATHAN

No -- I was on a shoot. What's the matter?

WOMAN

Lauren's got the flu, she couldn't make it in today.

JONATHAN

Ahh shit.

WOMAN

I'm sorry, we tried calling you. Would you like me to reschedule it for next week?

JONATHAN

I can't -- I'm getting married this Saturday.

WOMAN

Really? That's great -- congratulations.

JONATHAN

Thanks. But to be honest: I'm not thrilled at the prospect of having that "just got my hair cut" look in all the pictures.

WOMAN

Not a problem. Why don't you get washed and I'll send someone over to Lauren's station.

JONATHAN

Sounds good.

INT. HAIR SALON - BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan sits in a chair, his hair wet, a plastic smock wrapped around his neck.

Finally, his new STYLIST, shows up. She's cute and sweet.

STYLIST

Well hello Mr. Marrying Man.

JONATHAN

How you doing?

STYLIST

Great. My name's Sara and I'll be cutting you hair today.

Jon gulps.

JONATHAN

Wh...What did you just say your name was?

STYLIST

Sara. Why -- doncha like it?

She starts playing with his hair, but Jonathan now seems more than just spooked...

EXT. HAIR SALON - LATER

Jonathan emerges from the salon, his hair cut in a shorter, more trendy style. He walks to the curb and hails a cab.

INT. CAB - SAME

Climbing in, Jonathan is greeted by a PAKISTANI DRIVER.

JONATHAN

78th and Columbus.

The Pakistani Driver nods and pulls out.

Tired from the day, Jonathan leans back in the seat. But then, his eyes brush over something on the floor--

It's a woman's purse.

Jonathan picks it up. He leans forward to the Driver--

JONATHAN

Hey -- I think somebody left this back here.

Without even saying a word, the Driver takes the purse. When he stops at a red light, the Driver fishes out the license, then picks up his radio and barks into it in clipped English--

PAKISTANI DRIVER

Left...purse... Call her. Reward...
Name is Sara...S-a-r-a--

Jonathan sits up. Did he hear him right? Jonathan peeks over the divider and reaches for the license.

JONATHAN

Hey wait a second, lemme see that...

CLOSE SHOT - THE LICENCE

Again, it's not the 'Sara' that Jonathan wants to see. But he's seen enough Sara's today to sense that something strange is happening here. He hands the license back to the Driver.

JONATHAN

Forget 78th and Columbus. Take me to the New York Times Building on 42nd Street.

INT. NEW YORK TIMES - NEWSROOM - LATER

Typical city newsroom bustles. Jonathan walks quickly through the lanes of desks, and makes a turn into a--

INT. CUBICLE - SAME

Divided by glass walls, it's Dean's humble office. Dean is sitting in front of his computer, deep in thought--

JONATHAN

We gotta talk dude--

DEAN

What's another word for autodidact?

JONATHAN

Dean, she's everywhere!

DEAN

Who?

JONATHAN

Sara.

DEAN

~~Your~~ Sara?

JONATHAN

Yes! I mean, no, not exactly.

DEAN

Well that's a fairly lucid answer.

JONATHAN

Everywhere I went today there someone named Sara. Everywhere! It was like the entire universe -- God himself -- was trying to tell me something.

DEAN

God is dead. Didn't you ever read Nietzsche in college?

JONATHAN

Sara once told me that there are no accidents. That everything happens for a reason.

DEAN

And what, pray tell, is the reason for this prodigious, statistical coincidence?

JONATHAN

We have to find her. That's what the signs are telling me.

DEAN

We is plural. We means "us," which means I can't write my obituaries, which, in turn, means I don't make my deadline, which means I get fired, which means I become yet another, unemployed, obdurate writer who watches the Classic Sports Network all night while he attempts to explain to his indignant wife who Bucky Dent is and why watching his paranormal homerun against the Red Sox at Fenway in 1978 is more important than hearing about her wretched day at work.

JONATHAN

Dean, I'm askin' you for help here!

DEAN

You're getting married in two days!

JONATHAN

So?

DEAN

It's entirely duplicitous. Why would you risk your relationship with Halley...just for some pipe dream?

JONATHAN

Just listen to me here Dean...

(deep breath)

I'm pretty sure that I love Halley. And maybe everytime you fall in love with someone, it feels completely different, so it's a mistake to compare each experience. But what I felt with this girl...just those few hours...I've never felt again. Not ever. Not even during my best moments with Halley. So am I risking my relationship with Halley?

(MORE)

JONATHAN (cont'd)

Yes. Is finding Sara a pipe dream? Fuckin' "A" it is. But there's one thing I'm willing to admit now: if I don't find her before the wedding this weekend -- and at least attempt to close this chapter -- then my life will never be complete...with or without Halley.

Dean senses that his friend is speaking from his soul. He sighs, then nods--

DEAN

What do you want me to do?

JONATHAN

You work at the biggest newspaper in the world. I want you to look her up.

DEAN

With just a first name? That's impossible.

JONATHAN

Impossible? This is the fucking New York Times.

DEAN

Contrary to popular New York myth, the Times is not omniscient. Even ~~we~~ we can't find a missing person with just a first name. I'd need a last name, at least. Or a social security number.

JONATHAN

(sarcastic)

Well sorry, Dean, after she refused to give me her name, I thought a copy of her social security card might be a longshot.

DEAN

Have you got anything else?

Jonathan collapses onto an old, dingy, love seat, shuts his eyes, and thinks--

JONATHAN

Just her first name. And the book. If we had the book, we'd have her full name. Maybe even an old phone number.

DEAN

That's a dead end. Unless we search every used bookstore in New York.

JONATHAN
I already did that -- years ago.

A silence. Then, Jonathan opens his eyes, excited.

JONATHAN
But maybe I missed a store?

DEAN
It's possible..

JONATHAN
Or maybe...someone bought the book, but
sold it back later?

DEAN
It's worth a try. Now get outta here
before you try to recruit me.

Jonathan leaps up and wraps his arm around Dean--

JONATHAN
Come on -- this'll be great experience
for your novel.

DEAN
Which one?

JONATHAN
All of 'em. Every single one you haven't
written yet.

DEAN
(musing)
Perhaps you're right. There is a certain
pulp-allure to this whole madness.

INT./EXT. - USED BOOKSTORES - MONTAGE

Jonathan and Dean wander through various used bookstores, big and small, scouring through shelves of books, examining every hardcover copy of "Love in the Times of Cholera" they can find -- searching desperately for Sara's imprint.

In each store, Dean seems more interested in browsing philosophy texts. In each place, he buys a book, until, by the end of the day, he's carrying bags of old books...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREEK DINER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jonathan and Dean are exhausted. Jon sips coffee while Dean leafs through a book.

JONATHAN

Maybe she never sold the book back?

DEAN

Perhaps she told you she was going to sell it, when in reality, she was just trying to give you the old brush off?

JONATHAN

Maybe she never even thought about me again after that night. At all.

DEAN

That's certainly a possibility... Either way, it appears that the *sine qua non* is evading us.

Jonathan looks at Dean, pissed.

JONATHAN

Has anyone ever told you that Latin is a dead language?

DEAN

I lament that fact every morning on the toilet bowl.

Dean takes a sip of coffee.

DEAN

If you'd like it in English, then here's my analysis: without a miracle -- that is, assuming you believe in divine intervention and aren't an atheist like myself -- but assuming you subscribe to even the most elemental deist philosophy--

JONATHAN

This is English?

DEAN

You need some luck, my friend... Without it, you ain't never gonna see Sara -- your Sara -- again...

Jonathan nods, acknowledging that his friend is right.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK

The bay water ripples from a gentle breeze.

INT. TRENDY BAR - SAME

It's a record release party.

On stage, Lars performs a cheesy song with his jazz-fusion band. He plays his saxophone to a crowd of industry-types, all dressed up, all holding drinks.

Blown-up album covers and pretentious black-and-white photos of a bare-chested, beach-walking, Lars are everywhere.

In the back of the room, standing against a wall, is Sara. She looks stunning in a black sleeveless dress -- her hair pulled back from her forehead in a knot. She watches Lars play, smiling to his business associates as they pass.

Lars bursts into an explosive finale and finishes the song. The audience cheers and applauds.

Approaching Sara is her younger sister, CAROLINE, 23. Caroline looks just like Sara did when she was younger.

CAROLINE

Come on now, lemme see my sister's rock.

Sara holds her hand out and shows off her engagement ring, which has obviously been refitted.

CAROLINE

It's beautiful, Sara, it really is.

SARA

Thanks.

CAROLINE

Except I thought you wanted a round cut diamond.

SARA

When did I say that?

CAROLINE

I'm not exactly sure. When we younger I think.

SARA

Well I think it's fine... I mean, it's more than fine, it's beautiful.

CAROLINE

I said that.

Holding hands with Caroline is her boyfriend, KIP, 24. Kip seems a bit too granola for this scene.

KIP

Lars is definitely talented. But he's no Jerry Garcia.

SARA

Hey Kip.

Sara smiles and embraces Kip.

SARA

How's your thesis going?

CAROLINE

He lost it. Left it in the library.

SARA

Why don't you just print out another copy from your computer?

CAROLINE

Computer? Kip hasn't even advanced to the typewriter yet.

KIP

Writing by hand is the only way to be in touch with your ideas.

CAROLINE

And, I'm sorry to say, the only way to be out of touch with your ideas.

Lars pokes his head into the group and gives Sara a kiss--

LARS

Hey guys -- what'd you think?

CAROLINE

Was that last song really inspired by my sister?

LARS

Why -- you don't find her inspiring?

CAROLINE

Since I had the pleasure of knowing her before she had boobs, it's hard for me to think of her as an "Angel Light."

Now entering the group is RYAN, Lars' thirty-something music manager. Dressed predictably in all black, Ryan is fifty percent charm and fifty percent formaggio.

RYAN

Who wants to hear the good news?

LARS

Don't I pay you for good news?

RYAN

No -- you pay me to keep away the bad news.

LARS

Brace yourselves--

RYAN

Lars' dates in London sold out in eight hours.

SARA

Wow.

CAROLINE

Amazing, Lars.

RYAN

That means we're gonna have to add more shows.

LARS

What about Paris and Rome?

RYAN

We'll just bump them forward...although at the rate you're movin' ducats, we may be spending a long, long time in Europa.

SARA

Wait, wait, wait a second here. I hate to rain on your parade, but Lars and I have set dates for the honeymoon. And I've already told all my patients that--

LARS

So your cast of neurotics'll survive without Dr. Freud for a few weeks.

CAROLINE

He's right, Sara -- an extra few weeks in Europe won't kill you.

KIP

Caroline's just pushing you to stay longer because she wants us to housesit for you guys.

Caroline punches Kip in the arm.

CAROLINE

I was gonna ask her when she was drunk.

LARS

Actually, I think that's a terrific idea.

CAROLINE

YES!

Caroline embraces Lars and jumps up and down in celebration--

CAROLINE

C'mon Kip, let's get outta here before Sara changes Lars' mind.

They quickly disappear with Ryan. Sara looks at Lars, miffed.

SARA

Lars -- I don't appreciate your attitude about my practice.

LARS

Oh come on--

SARA

My patients are just as important as your fans. And I don't like you treating them like they're some kind of punchline.

They're interrupted by a middle-aged PR WOMAN--

PR WOMAN

Lars -- I really need you to approve those T-shirt designs for Australia.

LARS

No problem.

(to Sara)

We'll talk about this later...

Lars flashes his trademark, goofball smile, and winks--

LARS

After you've had a few more drinks.

Lars walks off, leaving Sara boiling inside.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - STREET - SECONDS LATER

Sara exits the club, and trying to calm down, pulls out a cigarette. She lights it, and begins puffing as she drifts down the street, passing storefronts, cafes, and pedestrians.

Then, from above her, a drop of water splashes onto her cheek. Then another. And suddenly, Sara realizes that it's raining. In seconds, it's coming down in sheets.

Seeking refuge, Sara rushes to the first overhang she can find, which is an old movie theater marquee. Trying to dry off, she shakes her body, and wrings out her wet hair.

But then...from the pavement below her...an amorphous cloud of mist rises, and then -- almost like it's being guided -- floats over Sara's face, enveloping her in it's damp, luxurious, warmth.

She inhales...slowly and deeply.

It's the smell of rain.

Intoxicated by the moment, Sara buckles against the wall, as the memories from long ago overwhelm her...

But something catches the corner of Sara's eye. It's a movie poster, which is enclosed in a glass booth behind her.

It's a movie poster for: THE GREAT ESCAPE.

Something is happening here, and she knows it.

Sara quickly looks at her watch, then glances back to the club, making sure that no one sees her. No one does. So she immediately starts rushing down the street...through the rain...away from the club...away from Lars.

EXT. PSYCHIC SHOP - MINUTES LATER

Out of breath and drenched, Sara arrives at a door, with a sign that reads:

TRADITIONAL CHINESE PSYCHIC

She tries the door, but it's locked, so she frantically raps on the thin glass. A curtain slides away, and an OLD CHINESE WOMAN shakes her head, no.

SARA

Please -- I won't be long!

The Chinese Woman shakes her head no, and disappears.

SARA

PLEASE!

Sara refuses to leave, and lets the rain spill over her. After a few moments, the door opens.

INT. PSYCHIC SHOP - SAME

Sara is led by the Old Chinese Woman into a small, cubicle. Sara sits down at a dingy, card table, peels off her jacket, and dries herself off with some paper towels.

Seconds later, CHEN enters and takes a seat across from her. Chen isn't your everyday psychic. For starters, he's young -- maybe 25-years old at the most. He also dresses like he's a rock star, with his shirt opened wide, revealing a myriad of traditional Chinese necklaces. But still, there's a deep intensity in his eyes that reveal a man of wisdom.

CHEN

Haven't seen you in a while.

SARA

I took a sabbatical.

Chen lights a cigarette. Offers one to Sara. She refuses. Chen studies Sara for a few moments, as though he's picking up some kind of energy from her. Then he exhales...

CHEN

There's been a change in your life...a change you feel uneasy about.

Sara flashes her engagement ring--

SARA

I'm engaged.

Chen nods.

CHEN

You're questioning whether he's the right man for you.

Chen slides three coins across the table.

CHEN

The I Ch'ing will help guide you. Toss the coins eight times onto the table.

Sara picks up the coins and begins tossing them. As she does, Chen takes notes, somehow making sense of the outcomes. Finally, Sara finishes, and leans back. Chen continues to make calculations, then, grins.

CHEN
Hexagram 64.

SARA
What does that mean?

CHEN
Hexagram 64 -- in it's most accurate Western translation -- means: not yet fulfilled. You are not yet fulfilled, Sara.

Sara lowers her head.

CHEN
But before you assume that this applies to your present companion, please listen closely.

Sara looks back up, curious.

CHEN
The I Ch'ing can be read in two ways. When it says "not yet fulfilled," it could very well mean that the man you are currently engaged to is not your soul mate.

SARA
But...?

CHEN
But it may also mean that he is, indeed, the perfect man for you, and you will not be fulfilled until your relationship with him is united by marriage.

Sara thinks about it.

SARA
Which do you think it is?

Chen takes a deep drag, sucks the smoke through his nose, and exhales. He reaches out and rests his palm on Sara's arm.

CHEN
There is someone else?

Sara nods.

CHEN

Someone from long ago. Someone you'd like to find.

SARA

Yes, that's right.

CHEN

The I Ch'ing warns us that if we actively search for something, we will seldom find it.

SARA

That doesn't help me much.

CHEN

It will help you a great deal, if you have faith.

SARA

Faith? Faith in what?

Chen stamps out his cigarette and stands up.

CHEN

Destiny.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN AND HALLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathan keys himself in and enters the living room.

JONATHAN

Hal? Hal?!

HALLEY (O.S.)

In here!

Jonathan tosses his bag to the floor and finds his way into--

THE BEDROOM

Which is a mess of opened suitcases, clothes, and junk. Halley's in sweats and a baseball hat, obviously packing.

HALLEY

Hi.

JONATHAN

Hey... What the hell happened here?

HALLEY

I'm packing for the honeymoon.

JONATHAN

Looks like a tsunami hit.

HALLEY

(pointing)

Yeah, well tell me the last time you cleaned out your closet?

After thinking about it, he deadpans--

JONATHAN

Watergate?

HALLEY

Very funny.

JONATHAN

Actually -- I think there are creatures living in there.

HALLEY

Well hopefully they devoured that ugly brown shirt you love.

JONATHAN

Correction. Mint green.

HALLEY

Meanwhile -- you are not going to believe the catastrophe we're in.

JONATHAN

What now?

HALLEY

This morning, our ridiculously overpaid wedding coordinator informed me that there's a severe lilac shortage.

JONATHAN

That's a catastrophe?

HALLEY

It is when the bridesmaid dresses are periwinkle. Now we're stuck with floral bouquets that'll be completely mismatched with the dresses. The whole ceremony's going to look like a bad 1980's movie.

JONATHAN

And I guarantee you'll be the only one who'll notice.

HALLEY

Jonathan -- the people from my office go to big affairs for a living. They photograph celebrity weddings...then they write long, detailed articles about them. I assure you, they'll notice everything.

JONATHAN

So we'll get them drunk on cheap champagne and airbrush all the pictures to make them look skinnier and younger.

Halley smiles and shakes her head. She tosses some underwear onto the bed and leans against the wall, visibly fatigued.

HALLEY

Kiss me before I faint.

Jonathan pecks her on the lips. She plays with his hair.

HALLEY

Looks cute.

JONATHAN

Thanks.

HALLEY

Now tell me you love me.

JONATHAN

I love you.

HALLEY

Tell me something romantic.

JONATHAN

Something romantic?

HALLEY

Yeah. Tell me that I'm the only girl in the entire universe meant for you...

Jonathan pauses, almost imperceptibly for a second. But then, just as he's about to force the words out--

WHIIIIIRRRRR!!!!!!! It's a smoke detector.

JONATHAN

What the hell is that!?

HALLEY

Oh my God -- our dinner!

Halley frantically rushes out of the bedroom.

Wow -- is that loud. And suddenly, it hits Jonathan.

It's an alarm. A very loud, deafening alarm.

THE KITCHEN

Is filled with smoke. Panicked, Halley pulls a burnt chicken from the oven.

HALLEY

Damn this building!

Covering her ears, Halley climbs on top of the counter, and starts smashing the detector with her fist.

HALLEY

Shut up! Shut up!

But the sound won't shut off. Halley climbs down.

HALLEY

(screaming above the noise)

Jon -- I'm going downstairs to yell at the Super!

Halley rushes out of the apartment.

THE BEDROOM

But Jonathan is in a state of shock. Something about the alarm going off, at just that second, has plunged him into a weird state of contemplation...

Bewildered, he collapses onto the bed, which is also covered with stuff: clothes, toiletries, junk, etc.

Trying to forget about what has just occurred, he grabs the TV remote control and turns on Sportscenter, increasing the volume above the whir of the alarm...that damn alarm.

But after a few moments, Jonathan feels something underneath his back. He reaches behind him, grabs the obstruction, and tosses it to the floor.

Then, his eyes brush over the object. It's a--

BLOOMINGDALE'S BAG.

Looks just like the one that Sara gave him. It's covered with dust, and looks as though it's recently been unearthed from the closet.

Curious, Jonathan reaches down and picks up the bag. He empties it's contents onto the bed.

Sure enough, the black cashmere glove falls out.

A wave of nostalgia crashes over him. He smells the glove. Then, slides it onto his hand.

And then makes a face.

What the hell?

Jonathan pulls his hand out and peeks inside the glove.

There's something in there.

He reaches his fingers in and pulls out a small piece of paper. Looking closely, he sees it's a--

BLOOMINGDALE'S RECEIPT.

It's ripped in half, and the signature is missing, but there's still some printing on it--

Jonathan looks closer: Date of sale. Time of sale. Cost of sale. And finally -- customer's account number.

JONATHAN

Holy shit.

Jonathan leaps up and out of the bedroom--

AT THE DOOR

Dashing out of the apartment, Jonathan bumps right into Halley and the SUPERINTENDENT. He quickly hides the receipt in his clenched fist.

HALLEY

Whoa, tiger -- where are you going?

JONATHAN

I...I completely forgot Dean's best man gift.

HALLEY

Of course you did. That's exactly why I already bought him a scarf.

JONATHAN

Dean hates scarfs. He thinks they're... pretentious. I'm gonna go to Bloomingdale's and pick something out real fast.

HALLEY

Now?

JONATHAN

If I don't do it now, I'll forget.

He pecks her on the cheek, and rushes off...practically leaving Halley in a plume of dust.

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - MINUTES LATER

Jonathan stands in front of a SALESMAN, waving a twenty dollar bill, begging him--

JONATHAN

All I'm asking you to do is enter the account number, and tell me her name.

SALESMAN

You know how fast I could get fired for doing that?

JONATHAN

Alright -- let's bottom line it. What's it gonna take?

The Salesman thinks about it.

SALESMAN

Help me meet my sales draw for the week.

Acquiescing, Jonathan looks around. Sees a nice, leather belt. He snaps it off the rack and hands it to the Salesman.

SALESMAN

Will that be cash or charge?

Jonathan hands the guy his credit card. The Salesman quickly runs the sale through and Jonathan signs the receipt.

JONATHAN

Okay -- now will you look her up for me?

SALESMAN

Sir, you said that you'd help me meet my weekly draw. You just spent 93 dollars. You've got another 700 to go...

Jonathan stares at the Salesman, deadpan.

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - TUXEDO BOUTIQUE - LATER

Jonathan sits in a chair, wearing a new, pinned-up, tuxedo. The Salesman arrives, holding a receipt and a pen.

SALESMAN

I'll just need your signature right here--

Jonathan nods. Signs the bill.

JONATHAN

Now will you please look up the account?

SALESMAN

I already did.

JONATHAN

(excited)

What's her name?

SALESMAN

I'm very sorry Mr. Trager, but that's currently a dead account. There was no information in our computers...

Jonathan's ready to deck the guy--

SALESMAN

But before you give yourself an ulcer, I can suggest another option.

JONATHAN

What?

SALESMAN

Whenever a customer signs up for a credit card, they have to fill out a written application. That application is forwarded to our credit department, where they enter all the information into our computers.

JONATHAN

You just said your computers don't have jack shit.

SALESMAN

That's right. But for legal reasons, we hold onto the hard copies.

JONATHAN

Where?

SALESMAN

In our storage facility in Brooklyn.

JONATHAN

Won't I need some kind of clearance to go through those records?

The Salesman flashes a devious look.

JONATHAN

I gotta buy more stuff?

SALESMAN

A grown man can always use socks and underwear.

INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - LATER

Jonathan is joined by Dean, as they walk through a dimly lit storage facility.

DEAN

"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

Dante, the Divine Comedy...

(looking around)

Are you sure we didn't pass it?

JONATHAN

The guy downstairs said it should be right around this corner. Apparently Bloomingdale's has it's own...

They turn a corner and see a long, never-ending hallway.

JONATHAN

Wing.

DEAN

Might I suggest that this endeavor is on the far side of hopeless?

INT. STORAGE BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

A dusty, eight-by-eight space, lit by one dangling bulb. Fortunately, the dozens of file boxes seem well organized.

DEAN

So we're looking for a Sara something?

JONATHAN

I think it might be easier to find her application by using the account number. Hopefully there's some logic to the way the numbers are distributed.

DEAN

Logic is not something one normally attributes to minimum wage serfs employed by department stores.

Jonathan begins meticulously working his way through the files. But, then, he stops, and looks up at Dean, who's just watching -- and not doing anything.

JONATHAN

Now would be a good time to prove your friendship.

DEAN

(scolding him)

Don't think for a second that this "holier than thou" attitude isn't going to modify the text of my best man speech.

Then, Dean ducks out of the cubicle in a huff--

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC REHEARSAL SPACE - EVENING

Lars has a saxophone dangling from his shoulder. His band waits behind him as he has it out with Sara--

LARS

New York? But we're leaving for Toronto in the morning.

SARA

I'm gonna have to meet you there.

LARS

I don't understand, what's in New York?

Sara takes a deep breath. She quickly sees that all of the bandmembers are staring at them. So she takes Lars' arm and tugs him into a sound booth, where they can be alone.

SARA

Lars -- you trust me right?

LARS

Of course I do.

SARA

Here's the thing -- I don't exactly want to tell you why I'm going.

LARS

What? But why?

SARA

Because it's the best for us if you don't know. That's all I can tell you.

LARS

Does this have anything to do with the other night?

SARA

I knew you were going to say that and the answer is no -- it has nothing to do with the other night... Please Lars -- I won't go unless you tell me that it's okay.

Lars isn't sure what else to say. So powerlessly, he says--

LARS

Okay.

SARA

I promise I'll be in Toronto on Saturday for your first show.

They hug. Sara rushes out of the space, leaving Lars incredibly confused.

EXT. TROLLEY - EVENING - MOVING

Sara and Eve hold onto the packed trolley. Sara is buzzing. Eve, however, is aghast.

EVE

Please, please -- tell me that this is just a momentary relapse. There's no way you're talking about fate again, right?

SARA

Eve -- the universe is revealing itself to me in these coincidences. I know it. I can feel it!

EVE

(sarcastic).

I'm just curious -- does the universe often reveal itself to you in the form of vintage Steve McQueen movie posters?

SARA

Laugh all you want, but I now know there's only one way to settle this once and for all... I have to submit to the message and go to New York.

EVE

If the message is telling you to go to New York, then why the hell do you need me to come?

SARA

I don't need you to come. I need your money to come.

EVE

Now that's what I call friendship.

SARA

Come on, Eve, you know I'm basically a social worker. I make a few hundred bucks a week. Your candle store makes a fortune.

EVE

A fortune? That's almost funnier than my first attempt at lesbian sex.

SARA

Anyway -- you can write the whole trip off your taxes.

EVE

Can't Lars lend you--

SARA

It wouldn't be right for me to use his money for this.

EVE

That's true.

Eve's torn.

EVE

Dammit, Sara, you know how much I hate spending money.

SARA

Think of it as an investment.

EVE

An investment? With what kind of return?

SARA

The joy of knowing you've helped a friend
in need.

EVE

I'd prefer 15 percent.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Eve and Sara sit side-by-side, their seatbelts on. It's
almost like their conversation has continued from before...

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Flight attendants prepare for take-off...

Eve turns to her friend--

EVE

But I thought your Chinaman psychic said
that if you looked for him...you wouldn't
find him.

SARA

That's true.

The jet's engines start getting louder...

EVE

And you admit that you have nothing to go
on. No name. No address. No friends.
Not even a vague idea of where to start.

SARA

That's true too.

The plane starts speeding down the runway...

EVE

So how the hell are we gonna find him?

SARA

We're not going to find him.

EVE

Well then who is?

Sara smiles--

SARA

A guy named fate.

As the plane lifts off into the night-time sky we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

INT. STORAGE BOOTH - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Dean is fast asleep, his head resting on a pile of papers.
Early morning sunlight creeps through a small window.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Dean?! Dean?! I got it! I got it!

Dean snaps his head up, and scratches his eyes clear.

DEAN

(musing to himself)

It must be a universal experience that at
the precise moment of insertion -- all
dreams are interrupted...

JONATHAN

DEAN!

DEAN

Coming!

Dean exits the booth and enters--

THE NEIGHBORING BOOTH

Inside, Jonathan is jazzed up. He hands a credit application
to Dean.

JONATHAN

Make sure this checks out, my eyes are
killing me.

Dean compares the numbers to the Bloomingdale's receipt.

DEAN

Congratulations -- it appears you've
found her. And of course, my sincere
condolences.

JONATHAN

Condolences? What for?

DEAN .

Her last name's smudged out.

Jonathan snaps the application away and takes a look.

JONATHAN

What!?

DEAN

Carbon does have a tendency to smear.

JONATHAN

God dammit!

CLOSE SHOT - THE CREDIT APPLICATION

Sure enough, we see Sara's handwriting. First Name: Sara...
Last Name: completely smudged out.

JONATHAN

I can't believe this!

DEAN

It seems that the philosopher Murphy was correct when he opined that if something can go wrong, it will.

JONATHAN

(looking more closely)

Wait a second, wait a second. There's an address here.

DEAN

An address that's ten years old.

JONATHAN

So what. I'm sure we can go to the building's leasing office and find out who lived there back then. I guarantee they have records up the wazoo.

(squinting)

Except I can barely read this... I think it says...

DEAN

Lemme see...

Dean takes the application back from him.

DEAN

160 West...I think it says 160 West 78th Street.

Jonathan's face turns white. It's like he's seen a ghost.

DEAN

What's wrong, man?

JONATHAN

Does...does that address sound familiar?

DEAN

160 West 78th? Hmmm. No, not really.

Jon collapses against a box of files.

JONATHAN

That's my building.

DEAN

What!?

JONATHAN

She lived in my building...before I did.

DEAN

You'd surely raise your voice if I
intimated that it's just a coincidence.

JONATHAN

COINCIDENCE?!

DEAN

I thought so.

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - OUTSIDE TERMINAL - MORNING

Sara and Eve wait on a taxi line, obviously jet-lagged.

EVE

Okay -- so I'm still a little fuzzy on
our method.

SARA

It's not that difficult. Technically,
we're not going to look for him. We're
gonna let fate guide us to him.

EVE

And if good old fate manages to fail,
then what?

SARA

Then I'll know -- once and for all --
that it wasn't meant to be.

Sara and Eve climb into a taxi.

INT. TAXI - SAME

The Driver is Pakistani. In fact, he's the same exact driver that Jonathan had the day before.

SARA
Take us anywhere in New York.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
Excuse me?

SARA
Anywhere. Take us wherever you feel like going.

The Driver turns around, confused.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
I don't understand.

EVE
That makes two of us.

SARA
Let me make this easy: we want you to suggest a place for us to go.

The Driver glances at their overnight bags.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
You are staying overnight?

EVE
Yes.

SARA
No!

EVE
We're not?

SARA
Not necessarily. I don't want to tell him anything specific; it could affect where he takes us.

PAKISTANI DRIVER
How about the Plaza Hotel?

EVE
The Plaza! Listen chump, I sell candles not Cadillacs.

SARA

Eve...you promised you wouldn't make a
stink over every dollar we spent.

Eve mums up, and crosses her arms in resignation.

SARA

(to Driver)

If you want to take us to the Plaza
Hotel, then you go right ahead.

The Driver shrugs, then pulls out...

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LATER

Sara and Eve are at the check-in counter, in front of a DESK
CLERK.

DESK CLERK

I'm sorry ladies, we're completely
booked.

EVE

Oh come on, that's a crock of shit--

SARA

(admonishing her)

Stop.

EVE

But I hate when they say they have no
rooms. Like if I was Julia Roberts he'd
still be fully booked, right?

SARA

Relax -- this could be a sign. Maybe
we're not supposed to stay here?

Sara thinks about it, then looks to the Clerk.

SARA

Could you recommend another hotel? A
place that might have an available room?

DESK CLERK

Well, I'm really not permitted to
recommend anything outside the Trump
family...but I'm personally a fan of the
Waldorf-Astoria.

A shock wave shoots through them both.

EVE
Did you just say the Waldorf?

DESK CLERK
That's right.

Eve turns to Sara, who's beaming.

EVE
Isn't that the hotel you told me--

SARA
Yes it is.

EVE
Could be a coincidence.

SARA
COINCIDENCE?!

EVE
Maybe not.

CUT TO:

INT. LEASING OFFICE - LATER

Jon and Dean sit in front of the desk of an office worker, a KID right out of college.

KID
I'm not exactly sure if I can give you that information.

JONATHAN
But I live in the building.

KID
Look, I'm just a temp -- I don't know the rules.

DEAN
Not even a few months out of college and you're already part of the establishment?

KID
No -- it's not that. I just think there must be some kind of privacy laws.

JONATHAN
Privacy laws? Do you know what privacy laws do?

KID

No, what?

JONATHAN

They protect millionaires. And you want to know who those millionaires are?

KID

Who?

But Jon isn't sure what to say, so he turns to Dean--

JONATHAN

Tell 'em who they are, Dean.

DEAN

Kids your age. Pimple-faced college dropouts who've made unhealthy sums of money forming internet companies that create no concrete products, provide no viable services, and yet still manage to generate profits for all it's lazy, daytrading, son of a bitch shareholders. Meanwhile, as a tortured member of the disenfranchised proletariat, you feel the altruistic need to protect these digital plantation owners!?

The Kid thinks about it, and suddenly angry, looks up--

KID

You said the building was 160 W. 78th Street? Apartment 5B?

JONATHAN

That's right. We need the tenant on record in 1990. December, to be exact.

The Kid's fingers fly across his computer keyboard. After a moment, he spins his monitor around so Jon and Dean can see--

KID

Here's your tenant's name--

JONATHAN

(reading)

Sebastian Mignon?

KID

Sounds French. .

DEAN

Impossible. The French are notorious for their avoidance of such conventionalities as rent.

JONATHAN

You're sure this is the right apartment?
We're looking for someone named Sara.

KID

Maybe this guy was her boyfriend?

Jonathan and Dean exchange a look.

EXT. LEASING OFFICE BUILDING - SECONDS LATER

Jon and Dean emerge from the building...and onto the street.
Dean's dialing a cell phone--

DEAN

It would explain why she didn't want to give you her phone number.

JONATHAN

I remember her mentioning that both of us were...what was the word...?

(recalling)

Entangled. But she said something like he was packing -- or moving out.

DEAN

(into phone)

Hi Sally, it's Dean from Obits. I need an address on a Sebastian Mignon. M-i-g-n-o-n. That's right. It's probably a Tri-State area address...

Jonathan watches on, excited by the hunt. After a beat--

DEAN

Thanks, Sal.

He hands the phone back to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

You got the address?

DEAN

I told you -- it's a breeze once you have a last name.

JONATHAN

So where is he?

DEAN
New Zealand.

JONATHAN
WHAT!?

DEAN
Just kidding, he lives in Hoboken.

JONATHAN
You bastard! C'mon, let's go rent a car.

Jonathan moves off, but Dean grabs him--

DEAN
Wait a second. Are you forgetting about something?

JONATHAN
What?

DEAN
Just your wedding rehearsal. And, more importantly, your bachelor party.

JONATHAN
They're not until tonight -- we have plenty of time.

DEAN
Perhaps I've misread my etiquette manual, but isn't it the Best Man's job to ensure that the groom is well-rested and punctual?

JONATHAN
No -- it's the Best Man's job to chauffeur the groom to Jersey.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE - SAME

Sara wanders the street in no particular direction, followed by Eve, who is shivering from having walked so many blocks in the cold...

SARA
I honestly feel like we're getting closer to something....

EVE
Yeah -- closer to hypothermia.

Sara stops on the busy sidewalk, looking around, her eyes scanning the street for psychic clues. Meanwhile, Eve notices a STREET VENDOR selling Prada bags and wallets.

EVE

My two favorite words: stolen Prada.

Eve limps over and kneels down. She picks up a wallet.

EVE

Is this stuff real?

STREET VENDOR

Made in Italy. Real, real.

EVE

Yeah, yeah? Italy, by way of Milan or Italy by way of the Bronx?

STREET VENDOR

All be gone in an hour.

EVE

Hey Sara -- whaddaya think?

For comparison, Sara pulls out her own "real" Prada wallet and inspects the "fake" replica. Sara shakes her head--

SARA

Not even in the same ballpark.

Eve compares the two.

EVE

How much?

STREET VENDOR

Ten Dollar.

EVE

That's my ballpark, honey.

Eve pays the guy and stuffs the wallet into her bag.

EVE

So what's next? Staten Island? Lady Liberty? Bellevue?

Sara looks around.

SARA

I don't know... I think I feel something right here. Right where I'm standing.

Eve glances down and sees a pile of dogshit beneath them--

EVE

Maybe his dog took that crap?

Sara rolls her eyes.

EVE

Can we at least eat before we finish our
10,000K tour of Manhattan?

Sara sees that they're standing in front of a small bistro.

SARA

Alright. Let's go in here.

Sara walks in, followed by the limping Eve... And the CAMERA
TILTS UP and we see they have entered a restaurant called:

JONATHAN'S

INT. JONATHAN'S BISTRO - MINUTES LATER

Eve attacks a cheeseburger as she transfers all of her credit
cards and money into her new fake-Prada wallet.

EVE

The truth is -- this fantasy guy probably
forgot about you the next day.
Especially since you didn't give it up.

SARA

Do you really believe that?

EVE

I really do. C'mon, Sara, you know it's
all about the uterus.

SARA

Maybe for you it is.

EVE

Hey -- just because I'm a lesbian, that
doesn't mean I always was one.

SARA

You've slept with men?

EVE

Of course. And I even convinced myself
that I was having a good time. Then I
met my college roommate. What a dish.

SARA

Sounds to me like you were only
interested in her uterus.

EVE

All I'm saying is that this entire search
is based on a romantic ideal; a romantic
ideal that men are incapable of
understanding. You know that. On some
level, all women do. And yet, still, I
can't figure out why we're here.

Sara takes a sip of water.

SARA

Desnudos en La Playa.

EVE

What?

SARA

That's why we're here.

EVE

What the hell is...*Desnudos*...
(trying to pronounce it)
Whatever...

SARA

It's a painting that I saw in Madrid when
I took a semester abroad in college...
(reminiscing)
I don't even remember the artist's name,
but it's why I'm looking for this guy.

Eve swallows the last of her burger, and leans back.

EVE

Alright...I'm listening...

SARA

In the painting, there are two people,
naked on the beach. A man, and a woman.
It's right after they've made love -- at
least that's my interpretation. Anyway --
the man's lying on his back, gazing into
the sky. And the woman's resting the
side of her face on his chest, staring
into his indifferent eyes, wondering if
he loves her or not... And you just
can't tell.

A beat.

EVE

So...you're not sure if Lars loves you?

SARA

I'm the man, Eve.

EVE

What?

SARA

In the painting. I'm the man, staring up into the sky, thinking -- not about my fiancée -- but about this mystery guy who I met a million and half hours ago. A guy I only remember by the one picture of him I still have inside my head... It was just a few seconds...a fragment, really...when I leaned in really close to him and the snow dripped down his face and onto mine...and it was like, in that instant, all of the universe existed only to bring us together.

(wiping a tear)

And it's very possible that I threw the whole thing away in a moment of...belief.

(beat)

I can't help it Eve...but I still find myself trapped by the perfection of that moment.

She takes a sip of wine, then looks up at Eve.

SARA

That's why we're here.

Wow. Eve gets it. She takes her friend's hand.

EVE

Then we'll keep looking.

Just then, a guy from the next table leans in. He's a TOURIST, with a meathead buddy.

TOURIST

Excuse me -- are you guys from New York?

EVE

-Who wants to know?

TOURIST

(pointing to his friend)

Bozo over here lost our guide book.

(MORE)

TOURIST (cont'd)

Do you happen to know where the Pier One
Driving Range is?

EVE

The what?

TOURIST

You know -- driving range. Golf?

EVE

I'm sorry, we're from San Francisco.

The Tourist shrugs and returns to his dinner. And then, it's
like a phantom has entered Sara. She bursts out--

SARA

We have to go there.

EVE

Go where?

SARA

The golfing range. It's a sign. I can
feel it.

EVE

Wait...wait...isn't golf expensive?

Sara raises her finger.

SARA

Check please!

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. GOLFING RANGE - EVENING

Once again, Eve limps behind Sara, who walks along the row of
range stalls, studying the faces of all the men there.

SARA

He's gotta be here...he's gotta be
here... I can feel it...

EVE

I wish I could feel my toes...

(shivering)

I'm gonna get some hot chocolate. You
want anything?

But Sara's so immersed in her search, she doesn't respond.

SARA

You got it.

Eve walks off.

And Sara continues looking for Jonathan. She tries not to stare, but nonetheless stares at the face of every man she passes.

Suddenly, from OFFSCREEN--

VOICE

Excuse me, Miss?

Sara turns, and is greeted by -- Maureen (Jonathan's Camerawoman) who stands with a camera on her shoulder.

MAUREEN

You're blocking my shot.

SARA

Oh -- I'm sorry.

Sara quickly moves out of Maureen's way, and continues on... Finally, she stops at the last booth and studies the back of a guy's head. Maybe it's him? But when the guy turns around to grab a different club...we see that it's not Jonathan.

Upset, Sara wanders to a nearby bench and sits down.

She looks down and sees a piece of frozen gum (Jon's gum) stuck on top of the bench. Not exactly knowing why, Sara lowers her hand to touch the gum with her fingertip.

Eve returns, and plops down next to her.

EVE

Nuthin', huh?

SARA

Nothing.

A moment of silence.

SARA

What happened to the hot chocolates?

EVE

Get this: the shipment of hot chocolate froze.

Sara nods. Then, something hits her--

SARA

The hot chocolate froze?

EVE
That's what they said.

SARA
(excited)
Frozen Hot Chocolate?

EVE
Yes.

Sara leaps up.

SARA
Oh my god -- I can't believe it. That's
it.

EVE
What are you talking about?

SARA
I know where he's gonna be! We had
frozen hot chocolates the night we met!
At Serendipity!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOME - NIGHT

Jon and Dean stand at the door of a dumpy, Jersey home.

JONATHAN
You speak French, don't you?

DEAN
Not even a little bit.

The door swings open. It's SEBASTIAN MIGNON, a late-30's Frenchman wearing boxers and speaking into his phone in French.

Without even acknowledging Jon and Dean, Sebastian leaves the door open and retreats into his home. Jon and Dean exchange a look and walk in--

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Sebastian-flops onto a beat-up sofa, continuing to talk.

Jon and Dean survey the home, which is a dump. Looks like an artist's abode. Lots of canvasses, oils, easels, etc...

SEBSATIAN
Au revoir.

Sebastian clicks his cordless phone off, then tosses it onto a pile of trash on the floor. Sebastian looks up--

JONATHAN

Do you speak English?

SEBSATIAN

Oui.

DEAN

In that case, we have a somewhat odd, and perhaps personal, question to ask you.

SEBSATIAN

Go ahead.

JONATHAN

About ten years ago -- in 1990, did you live on the Upper West side with a girl by the name of Sara?

Sebastian lights a cigarette.

SEBSATIAN

Sara?

JONATHAN

That's right. Attractive girl. Dark hair. Kind of mysterious looking.

After a moment of contemplation, Sebastian inexplicably rushes out of the room, leaving Jon and Dean puzzled.

DEAN

The most sophisticated culture in all of history and they still don't know how to say: "excuse me, I gotta take a dump."

But moments later, Sebastian returns, carrying a Polaroid.

SEBSATIAN

Is this her?

He hands it to Jonathan, who looks at it.

CLOSE SHOT - THE POLAROID

Yup, it's Sara, just the way she was back then. Mysterious. Beautiful. Enchanting. In the photo, Sebastian has his arm around her.

JONATHAN

Yes... It is.

Dean glances at the picture, then at Jonathan, who seems to be in a momentary time warp.

DEAN

By any chance, do you happen to know where we can locate this individual?

SEBSATIAN

I'm sorry -- I do not.

DEAN

Do you recall her last name?

SEBSATIAN

No -- I do not.

JONATHAN

(irritated)

You don't even remember the last name of your ex-girlfriend!? What the hell is--

SEBSATIAN

You do not understand. She was not my girlfriend. She was my roommate. And only for a very short time... She was placed with me by a -- how do you say -- a service...a...?

JONATHAN

Roommate finders service?

SEBSATIAN

Oui. She and her boyfriend lived with me for a few months.

JONATHAN

Her boyfriend?

SEBSATIAN

He moved out very quickly. And then, at the end of the year, she moved out too... I kept the picture because I found her... inspiring.

JONATHAN

Did Sara leave anything behind? A bill with her name on it? Anything?

SEBSATIAN

No -- I'm very sorry.

DEAN

Wait a second, wait a second. The roommate finders. They would have all of her information, wouldn't they?

JONATHAN

That's right! They'd even have a social security number.

(turning to Sebastian)

Do you remember the name of the service you used?

Another drag. Another pregnant pause.

SEBSATIAN

I do not...but if it helps, I do remember where the service is located.

JONATHAN

Where?

SEBSATIAN

(trying to remember)

In Manhattan...ahhh....

JONATHAN

Where in Manhattan!? Please!

SEBSATIAN

On 65th street.

DEAN

East side or west?

SEBSATIAN

East. It was across from that splendid patisserie...what is it called...?

Jonathan and Dean turn to each other. And can't believe it.

JONATHAN & DEAN

Serendipity?

CUT TO:

INT. SERENDIPITY - MUCH LATER

Sara and Eve sit at the same table that Sara and Jon were at, years earlier. Their table is covered with empty coffee cups. Obviously, they've been sitting there for some time.

Eve raises her finger to the WAITRESS.

EVE

Check please.

SARA

(snapping)

I'm not leaving.

EVE

I didn't say we were.

Eve, now using her fake Prada wallet, pulls out some money and hands it to the waitress.

Meanwhile, Sara's eyes stay affixed to the front door. It's like she actually expects Jonathan to walk right through it. And lots of people do walk through -- but each time, it's a stranger. Finally, Sara leans back, conquered by the reality of the situation. Eve senses the opening, and moves in--

EVE

Sara...it's a wonderful thought: the idea that all of life -- that every single event -- is part of some master plan designed to lead us to our universal soul mate... But if that's really true, then what's the point of living? Or making decisions? Hell -- why should we even leave our homes?

SARA

I don't know.

EVE

Well I do. It's so you make mistakes. Mistakes like this trip. And if you're smart enough, you learn from your mistakes. You discover that life isn't an elaborate stage play with directions for the actors...life's a mess, Sara. It's chaos personified. And that's why when you met this guy, it meant so much. Not because it had to happen that way...but because it didn't have to happen that way.

Sara thinks it over, and then--

SARA

I have to give it all up now, don't I?

EVE

Sara...you have a fiance who -- despite his terribly drippy music -- loves you very much. That's not giving up. That's growing up.

Eve's words hang in the air.

EVE

You ready to go?

Sara nods somberly, stands, and heads for the door.

The Waitress drops Eve's change on the table. Eve quickly scoops it off the tray--

CLOSE SHOT - HER CHANGE

Is a five dollar bill.

Eve doesn't notice that it has writing on it.

The writing is in pink magic marker.

The writing says: JONATHAN TRAGER.

Eve slips the five dollar bill into her fake-Prada wallet, and skips out after Sara--

EXT. SERENDIPITY - SECONDS LATER

Sara and Eve exit the restaurant just as--

A cab pulls up in front of the restaurant.

Inside, it's Jon and Dean.

Sara sees the taxi, and points--

SARA

Hey, here's a cab--

Inside, Jon and Dean pay the Cabbie, and get out on the street side of the cab...

Just as--

Sara and Eve enter the cab from the sidewalk side of the cab.

Missing each other by inches and seconds!

SARA

The Waldorf-Astoria please.

The Cabbie pulls out, leaving Jon and Dean on the street...

DEAN

He said it was the storefront to the
immediate right...

Dean follows Jonathan, who walks past Serendipity, and down
some steps...

JONATHAN

Dean -- over here!

Jonathan arrives in front of a sign that reads:

BIG APPLE ROOMMATE FINDERS - ONE FLIGHT UP

Glancing up, Jonathan and Dean can see the lights are still
on upstairs; and people are still working.

Jonathan reaches for the door, takes the handle, but then,
surprisingly, stops himself.

DEAN

Is it locked?

JONATHAN

No.

DEAN

Well then come on, Prince Hamlet, now's
not the time to vacillate -- we don't
have much time...

But now, Jonathan steps away from the door.

JONATHAN

I can't do it, Dean.

DEAN

You can't do it? Fine, then I will--

Dean reaches for the door, but Jonathan grabs him.

JONATHAN

No.

DEAN

I don't understand. How do you expect to
get her name?

JONATHAN

I don't want her name.

DEAN

You don't want her name?

JONATHAN

Not like this, I don't.

DEAN

Jonathan -- at the beginning of all this, did you -- or did you not -- tell me that you wanted an ending for your fairy tale?

JONATHAN

I did.

DEAN

Well for God's sake, let's go write it!

JONATHAN

Dean -- if I go upstairs, and find out who she is...it'll negate everything she taught me that night.

DEAN

Taught you? Jonathan -- you've been scampering around this city like Inspector Javert searching for Jean Valjean in *Les Miserables*. This is hardly the time for an educational epiphany.

JONATHAN

But don't you see: that's what made Sara so special. It wasn't just the way she looked or the way she talked. It was the way she made me look at the string of accidents that brought us together -- and kept us together for the whole night. And after all this time, if the only way I can find her is by following a trail of old clues, then Sara isn't my soul mate...

DEAN

Well -- then what is she?

JONATHAN

She's just...another girl.

A beat.

DEAN

I hate to state the obvious, Jonathan,
but if you don't walk through those doors
now, you may never find out who Sara is.

JONATHAN

Dean...this isn't going to make any sense
to you -- but I now realize that the only
way to find Sara...

Jonathan glances at the storefront of Serendipity--

JONATHAN

Is to not find her...

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - LOBBY - LATER

Sara and Eve wait for an elevator.

Ping. The elevator doors open and walking out of them is--

Halley, her Mother, and her Father.

Sara doesn't really take notice of them as they walk past,
but Eve catches sight of them, and quickly grabs Halley--

EVE

Halley?

Halley, taken aback, spins around. She looks at Eve, clearly
recognizes her, and flashes a shocked grin.

HALLEY

Oh my God, Eve?

EVE

I can't believe it -- what a crazy
coincidence.

Halley opens her arms, and they hug.

EVE

(to Sara)

Sara... Do you believe this? Halley was
one of my roommates at college.

SARA

(in the know)

She was your college roommate?

EVE

That's the one. I haven't seen her in,
like, over ten years.

Sara shakes Halley's hand.

SARA

Nice to meet you.

HALLEY

Same here.

Halley turns to her parents.

HALLEY

Eve went to BU with me.

MRS. SILVERMAN

Isn't that wonderful. Do you live in New
York now, Eve?

EVE

No...actually, I live in San Francisco.

HALLEY

You finally came out of the closet!?

EVE

Yeah -- it's been about five years now...
So what are you doing here?

HALLEY

I'm getting married here tomorrow.

EVE

In this hotel?

HALLEY

12 noon. We're on our way to the
rehearsal. You wanna come watch?

EVE

I'd love to.

Halley glances at Sara--

HALLEY

You're welcome also, Sara.

SARA .

That's alright. You guys have fun.

(to Eve)

I'm gonna go upstairs and call Lars.

EVE

I'll be up in an hour or so.

Sara looks to Halley and smiles.

SARA

Congratulations.

HALLEY

Thanks.

Sara steps into the elevator...

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

The doors shut. And the elevator starts climbing the floors.
4...5...6... Speeding up. 16...17..18..

But suddenly, it slows, and then, mysteriously stops.

On the 23rd floor.

The doors slide open. And Sara looks out.

But no one's there.

Trembling, she sees the exact spot where she saw Jonathan for the last time, so many years ago.

With all hope gone, Sara quickly presses the 'door close' button, and the elevator doors snap shut...

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Ping. The doors open. Sara exits the elevator and finds her way through the hallways. Turning a corner, she glimpses--

LARS, sitting with his back against her hotel room door.

SARA

Lars?

Lars looks up, then stands. He pats his hair down and waits for Sara to come to him.

SARA

I thought you were in Toronto?

LARS

I missed you, Sara. I...I'm sorry...

He takes Sara into his arms. And she's trying to feel like everything's alright.

LARS

I don't blame you for running away. I've been so focused on the album... I've treated our honeymoon like it's just a pit-stop on the tour.

SARA

Never mind all that--

LARS

I canceled the Rome dates. We can get married in Paris and I booked us for two weeks in Bora Bora. No music. No saxophone. Just me, you, and your bikini on the floor of our hotel room.

Lars kisses her on the lips. Then, she reaches for her key.

SARA

Let's go inside...

LARS

Not just yet. I want to take you someplace special.

SARA

Where?

LARS

It's a surprise...

Lars puts his arm around her as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING HALL - SAME

The entire wedding party stands in it's positions. Sitting in the back, observing everything from afar is the wedding COORDINATOR, and Eve, who has a schoolgirl crush on her face.

Halley and Jonathan stand in front of the JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, who's instructing them--

JUSTICE

After we seal the marriage bond -- I'll recite the nuptial blessing, and that's when the actual ceremony will conclude.

Jonathan catches sight of Eve.

JONATHAN

Hal -- who's that girl back there?

HALLEY

Oh, that's my old friend Eve. She's a lesbian.

JONATHAN

Really?

HALLEY

I think she had a crush on me.

JONATHAN

I think she still does.

The Coordinator steps in--

COORDINATOR

Alright everybody -- that's a wrap.
We'll see you here tomorrow morning at 9
sharp for pictures.

The party breaks up, and everybody begins filing out of the hall. Dean taps Jonathan on his shoulder.

DEAN

I hate to break up a good thing, but we
have a date with a half dozen strippers.

HALLEY

You mean exotic dancers.

DEAN

That's a euphemism I'm not fond of.

HALLEY

Well before you take my hubby to your
disgusting male bonding ritual, I'd like
to talk with him... Alone.

DEAN

(nodding)

In that case, I'll hold a cab out front.

Dean walks away. Eve arrives up front and gives Sara a hug.

EVE

Everything looked beautiful, Sara.

HALLEY

Oh Eve -- I want you to meet Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Hi.

EVE

Hi.

Eve and Jonathan exchange a pair of smiles and a handshake.

HALLEY

Eve -- I'd love for you to come tomorrow.

EVE

No, no--

HALLEY

Please. It's almost like fate that you wound up here. I...

(then points to Jon)

We'd feel terrible if you didn't come.

EVE

Tomorrow at noon?

HALLEY

(nodding)

Bring your friend if you'd like.

EVE

Sure.

They hug. And Eve exits, leaving Jonathan and Halley alone.

Halley sits down. Then, mysteriously, begins to cry.

JONATHAN

Halley?

Jonathan kneels down beside her--

JONATHAN

Halley -- what's the matter?

No answer. She sniffles, then wipes her tears.

JONATHAN

Is it the bachelor party?

She shakes her head no.

HALLEY

It's not the stupid bachelor party.

JONATHAN

Well then what is it?

HALLEY

It's you.

Jonathan looks guilty for a moment.

JONATHAN

Me? What did I do?

HALLEY

Nothing...exactly.

JONATHAN

I don't understand.

HALLEY

It's just a feeling I have. Like these past few days you've been somewhere else.

JONATHAN

I've been right here.

HALLEY

In body, maybe. But not in spirit.

Jonathan realizes that she's right. She's picked up on it.

JONATHAN

(not sure of himself)

That's not true.

HALLEY

Don't lie to me, Jonathan! That was one thing we always promised each other is that we wouldn't lie.

JONATHAN

Halley--

HALLEY

A man could never understand what a wedding means to a woman. I've dreamed about this all my life...since...I don't know -- since as far back as I can remember. I imagined the dress and the flowers -- even the songs the band would play. And everything's the way I want it, except my fiance -- who's decided to float away to never-never land.

Jonathan yields--

JONATHAN

Okay...you're right. I have been a little...out there this past week. Dean told me it was normal. That it was just cold feet.

HALLEY

Well call me crazy...but I'd like my fiance's feet to be nice and warm -- especially when he's hours from walking down the aisle.

Jonathan lays his head across Halley's lap.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, Hal. Really, I am.

Sensing Jonathan's genuineness, she reaches down and begins to gently stroke his hair.

HALLEY

Whatever it is that you're holding on to...please...let it go...

Jonathan looks up, and into Halley's eyes---

JONATHAN

I think it's already let go of me.

Halley nods, accepting his answer.

HALLEY

You'd better go... Dean's waiting.

Jonathan nods and stands up.

HALLEY

Oh wait, one second--

Halley reaches into her bag and pulls out a wrapped present.

JONATHAN

What's that?

HALLEY

What do you think? It's the traditional groom gift.

JONATHAN

(feeling guilty)

Oh God, Halley, I forgot--

HALLEY

I know you did. That's okay. We'll settle that oversight on our honeymoon.

Jonathan smiles at Halley.

HALLEY

Open it.

Jonathan reaches down and tears off the wrapping paper.

It's a white box.

He opens it.

And inside is a book.

A hardcover book.

LOVE IN THE TIMES OF CHOLERA

Jonathan is frozen, numb.

HALLEY

It's a first edition.

Finally, he looks up at Halley--

JONATHAN

But...why...?

HALLEY

Everytime we go to a bookstore, you're always leafing through that book. But when I looked this past week, I noticed you don't have a copy.

Jonathan's throat strains with emotion...he's trying to hold back the tears, but his eyes well up anyway.

HALLEY

What's wrong... Don't you like it?

JONATHAN

It's...it's...perfect.

Jonathan doesn't even have to look, because he knows.

He knows that fate has finally delivered her.

But he looks anyway.

He cracks open the cover.

And sure enough, written in perfect handwriting is her name.
SARA MITCHELL.

INT. CAB - SECONDS LATER

Jon gets into the cab. He looks unsettled.

DEAN
What's the matter?

Jonathan holds up the book. Dean's eye nearly pop out.

DEAN
Don't even tell me--

JONATHAN
Her name's Sara Mitchell.

DEAN
But how?

JONATHAN
Halley bought it for me...as a wedding gift.

After a beat--

DEAN
Shall I?

Still stunned, Jon nods. And Dean reaches into his friend's pocket, and pulls out his cell phone. He proceeds to dial a number--

DEAN
Hi Sally, it's Dean from obits... Can I
get an address on a Sara Mitchell?
(reading from the book)
S-a-r-a... M-i-t-c-h-e-l-l...

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Sara sits on an empty row of bleachers, shivering, looking distant. The glow of outdoor lights covers her as she watches something offscreen. Finally, we hear Lars' voice--

LARS (O.S.)
Sure you don't want to come out?

REVERSE SHOT - ON LARS

Who's on the Rockefeller Center ice skating rink, leaning against the iron rail.

SARA

Positive.

Lars steps off the ice and sits down next to Sara. He puts his arm around her.

LARS

Sara?

SARA

Huh?

LARS

Are you feeling alright?

SARA

Of course.

Lars leans back and looks up into the sky--

LARS

Look at the stars. They're beautiful.

Sara glances up into the starry sky.

LARS

(pointing)

I wonder what the name of that one is.

Sara squints to get a better look.

SARA'S POV - THE SKY

A collection of stars that look vaguely familiar.

Then, as if possessed, Sara impulsively unzips her jacket, and pulls it off--

LARS

Honey -- what are you doing, you'll catch a cold?

Sara rolls up the sleeve on her arm, and glances at her freckles. Then, compares them to what she sees in the sky.

SARA.

It's Cassiopeia.

LARS

What?

SARA

The stars in the sky.

(points)

They're Cassiopeia.

LARS

Who?

SARA

She was a beautiful queen who made a terrible, terrible mistake...

Sara glances to her wedding ring, then to Lars--

SARA

...and was punished for eternity...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

EXT. STREET - SAME

Dean drives a cheap rental car, while Jon sits in shotgun, scanning a map.

DEAN

To be frank, this whole affair has made me question some of my basic metaphysics. After all, if everything is pre-planned, then what does that portend with respect to my failed attempt at...at...well, at absolutely everything I've ever tried--

JONATHAN

(pointing)

That's it--

Dean stops at the edge of Sara's driveway. He shuts the lights, then the engine. Jonathan looks nervous.

DEAN

Don't forget, we've only got an hour to catch the redeye back. Otherwise, you miss your own wedding.

Nodding, Jonathan climbs out of the car, and slowly walks down the gravel driveway, each step crunching beneath him; each step another thumping heartbeat of expectation...

He hears music from inside the house. Before he pushes the doorbell, he peeks through a window beside the door--

ANGLE ON - DEAN - INSIDE THE CAR

Dean watches Jonathan peek through the window. And then sees his friend lower his head in obvious defeat.

Sensing that Jonathan isn't happy with what he just saw, Dean gets out of the car and walks to the house. Pushing Jonathan aside slightly, he peers into the house--

DEAN

That her?

Jonathan nods.

POV - THROUGH HOUSE WINDOW

Inside, we see Sara's sister, Caroline, and her boyfriend, Kip, romantically slow dancing in candlelight. From this angle, Caroline looks almost identical to Sara.

JONATHAN

It wasn't supposed to end like this.

Dean puts his arm around his friend's shoulder.

DEAN

Didn't you... I mean--

(pointing inside the house)

Didn't she say -- that everything happens for a reason?

Jonathan nods.

DEAN

Maybe she was right. Maybe you're standing here...because...

JONATHAN

Because why?

DEAN

Because you don't want to be standing somewhere else?

Jonathan takes one last peek into the house, then looks up at his friend--

JONATHAN
C'mon. We've got a plane to catch...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

OVER A BLACK SCREEN, WE HEAR...

Ring. Ring. It's a telephone. Ring. Ring.

SLOW FADE IN ON:

INT. EVE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Eve fights the urge to sleep, opens her eyes, and sees that she's alone in the room. All of Sara's stuff is gone. She reaches for the phone.

SARA (O.S.)
Hey sexy, this is your wake-up call.

EVE
Oh God...what time is it?

SARA (O.S.)
It's eleven o'clock in the morning. Rise and shine, you've got a wedding today.

EVE
Forgive me, I often experience fatigue after I walk the entire island of Manhattan.

SARA (O.S.)
Very funny.

EVE
Where are you?

INT. AIRPLANE/AIRPORT - SAME

Sara sits on an airplane, talking into an airphone, while she watches passengers board.

SARA
At the airport. I packed and snuck out this morning.

EVE
Where were you all night, I was worried?

SARA
Lars was waiting there for me when I got back last night.

EVE

And?

SARA

And...it looks like I'll be joining your Koo Koo Roo dinners.

EVE

Oh...I'm sorry, Sara. Are you alright?

SARA

Yeah...I'll be fine...as long as I avoid the smooth jazz stations.

EVE

How did Lars take it?

SARA

Secretly -- I think he was happy...

EVE

No.

SARA

I'm serious. He was convinced the pain would help inspire a whole new album of songs.

Eve smiles.

EVE

You need anything?

SARA

Thanks, no... You've been an absolute angel, Eve.

EVE

Be sure to remind me again when I get the bill for this joint.

SARA

I'll see you in a few days.

EVE

Take care 'hon.

Sara hangs up the phone.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT wanders down the aisle.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Headsets? Headsets?

Sara raises her hand.

SARA
I'll take one.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Three dollars, please.

Sara nods. She reaches into her pocketbook and pulls out her Prada wallet. But when she opens it, she discovers that she's got the wrong one--

SARA
What the hell?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Is something the matter?

SARA
Oh man, this isn't my wallet. I mixed it up with my friends.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I'm sorry... Is there any money in it?

Sara peeks in, and grins.

SARA
She's my best friend -- I'm sure she wouldn't mind lending me three bucks.

Sara reaches into the wallet.

And pulls out a five dollar bill.

Slow Motion.

She hands the bill to the Flight Attendant.

And then, almost by chance, notices some writing on it.

She leans forward. And sees more...

Until finally, she stands up--

SARA
Wait!

She grabs the five dollar bill back. The Flight Attendant looks at her strangely.

She examines the bill, and sees the unmistakable signs--

Same color magic marker. A name. And a phone number. All written ten years ago...

JONATHAN TRAGER. 212-555-1581.

SARA
Jonathan? Jonathan!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - SPEEDING - DAY

Sara, now frantic, barks into her cell phone:

SARA
In New York City, I need the address of a Jonathan Trager. T-r-a-g-e-r...
(beat)
160 West 78th street? Thank you.
(to cabbie)
160 West 78th street!
(dawning on her)
Oh my God -- that's my old address!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Sara bursts into the lobby, out of breath. She's greeted by the DOORMAN--

DOORMAN
Can I help you ma'am?

SARA
I'm looking for a Jonathan Trager. Does he live in this building?

DOORMAN
You must be late.

SARA
Late for what?

DOORMAN
The wedding. Waldorf-Astoria.

SARA
He's getting married?!

DOORMAN
Sure is.

SARA
Right now! At the Waldorf!?

DOORMAN
Yup.

SARA
AHHHHHH!!!!

Sara rushes out of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - MINUTES LATER

Sara's frantic -- and stuck in traffic. She's holding the black, cashmere glove, which she rubs like a lucky charm.

SARA
Hurry! Please hurry!

CUT TO:

EXT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

The cab screeches to a stop outside. Sara leaps out of the cab and rushes through the spinning doors...

INT. HOTEL - MOVING - SAME

Sara sprints through the lobby, pushing people out of her way. She leaps up a flight of steps...and down a hallway, until she finally stops in front of a sign that reads:

HALLEY SILVERMAN & JONATHAN TRAGER WEDDING

SARA
Please God, no...

And taking a few steps, bursts into--

INT. WEDDING HALL - SAME

She enters, screaming--

SARA
. Stop!

But Sara is shocked to see--

The wedding hall is empty. Desolate.

Just a JANITOR stacking chairs onto a pushcart. The Janitor is looking at Sara, confused.

JANITOR

Stop?

Out of breath, Sara steps closer to him, dreading the worst.

SARA

Is it over?

JANITOR

The wedding?

SARA

Yeah.

JANITOR

Oh yeah, it's over alright.

Sara lowers her head. Defeated, she turns around and walks to the door...

JANITOR

But don't worry -- you'll get your present back.

Sara stops. And spins around.

SARA

Huh?

JANITOR

They always return the presents.

SARA

I don't understand.

JANITOR

You asked if it was over -- the truth is, it never even began. The groom had cold feet.

SARA

What?

JANITOR

Called it all off this morning.

SARA .

Called it off...?

JANITOR

Not the first time. Not the last..

The Janitor looks down and sees Sara still gripping the black, cashmere glove. He points to it--

JANITOR

Missing one?

And then, after a breath of joyous air--

SARA

Hopefully -- not much longer.

SLAM CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - LOVE IN THE TIMES OF CHOLERA

The book is sitting on a countertop. A hand reaches down to inspect the book, the binding, etc.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. USED BOOKSTORE - LATE THAT NIGHT

Jonathan stands in front of a CLERK, who replaces the book on the countertop and pulls off his glasses.

CLERK

I can give you two-hundred dollars.

JONATHAN

You don't understand, I don't want any money for it.

CLERK

No money?

JONATHAN

I just want you to keep it on the shelf.
Or sell it, if you'd like. Whatever.

The Clerk is confused, and shrugs.

JONATHAN

Goodnight.

Before the Clerk can protest, Jonathan's out the door--

EXT. USED BOOKSTORE - SECONDS LATER

It's snowing. Jonathan emerges from the store. Dean's waiting for him. They begin walking.

DEAN

So...what kind of pep talk would you like?

JONATHAN

How many versions do you have?

DEAN

Oh there are dozens. I've often toyed with the idea of creating a series of volumes, cataloging the very worst of inspirational speeches, ranging from the "you can achieve anything you dream about" variety -- total pap -- to the "don't worry, there are more fish in the sea" kind -- as if life were a huge aquatic tank filled with fluorescent goldfish and guppies.

JONATHAN

How 'bout just saying: you did the right thing, Jon.

DEAN

I don't have to say it. I wrote it.

Dean reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded sheet of paper. He hands it to Jonathan.

JONATHAN

What is it?

DEAN

Your obituary.

JONATHAN

My what?

DEAN

Your obituary. Turns out I had writer's block penning my Best Man speech, and that's what ended up spilling out...
(shrugs)

Blame it on the day job...

Dean points to a dumpy Chinese restaurant--

DEAN

And now, if you'll excuse me, I have to meet one of my college professors for a late dinner...

JONATHAN

You're meeting him at...
(reading sign)
Wing Yaun Garden of Hunan?

DEAN

That's the problem with Jewish intellectuals...it's always Chinese food...

Dean winks, and disappears into the cafe.

Jonathan smiles. The streets are unusually quiet. After a beat, he unfolds the sheet of paper and walks as he reads...

DEAN'S VOICE

Jonathan Trager, a prominent television producer for ESPN died last night from complications of losing his soul mate and his fiancé. He was thirty years old.

Jonathan chuckles.

DEAN'S VOICE

Soft spoken and obsessive, Trager never looked the part of a hopeless romantic, but in the final days of his life, he revealed an unknown side of his psyche. This hidden, quasi-Jungian persona surfaced during the Agatha Christie-like pursuit for his long reputed soul mate -- a woman whom he only spent a few precious hours with. Sadly, the protracted search ended late Friday night in complete and utter failure...

Jonathan looks up, turns the corner, and continues reading...

DEAN'S VOICE

Yet even in certain defeat, the courageous Trager secretly clung to the belief that life is not merely a series of meaningless accidents or coincidences, but rather, a tapestry of events that culminate in an exquisite, sublime, plan.
(beat)

Asked about the loss of his dear friend, Dean Kansky, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author and Executive Editor of The New York Times, described Jonathan as a changed man in the last days of his life. "Things were clearer for him." Kansky noted.

(MORE)

DEAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

"Ultimately, Jonathan concluded that if we are to live a life in harmony with the universe, we must all possess a powerful faith in what the ancient Greeks called *fatum*, and what we currently refer to as...

JONATHAN

(reading out loud)

...destiny."

Jonathan stops in the street, monetarily overwhelmed by his friend's words. Catching his breath, he folds the paper and slips it into his pocket.

But just as he's about to continue walking, Jonathan freezes.

Clearly, something offscreen has caught his attention. It turns out that Jonathan's has unwittingly wandered to--

Rockerfeller Center.

Touched by this uncanny synchronicity, Jonathan moves toward the ice skating rink as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. WALDORF-ASTORIA - SAME

Sara walks Eve to the cab stand.

EVE

I simply cannot process the fact that I met him last night. Right here! I shook his hand, for Christ sakes!

(beat)

So talk to me...what's next?

SARA

I guess I'll sit still for a few days, then go try to find him.

EVE

Sit still?! Girl -- you go now. He's waiting for you. I know it! I can feel it!

SARA

Eve -- it would be presumptuous of me to assume that he cancelled his wedding on my account.

EVE

Either way -- he's waited ten years for you, so when you see him, take my advice and give him a piece.

SARA

A piece of what?

EVE

(winking)

What do you think?

Sara giggles. They hug.

EVE

Call me when you resurface...

Sara smiles and nods as Eve climbs into the cab, leaving Sara in the flurry of snow. She quickly rolls down the window and points to her friend--

EVE

And for god's sake, put your jacket on!

Eve's cab pulls out in the night.

Sara waves and turns to go back into the hotel, but freezes.

Her jacket?

Sara suddenly realizes that she's not wearing her jacket.

That's because she left her jacket at--

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKERFELLER CENTER - SAME

Faintly at first...we begin to hear music.

It's the Fleetwood Mac song, "Sara."

"Wait a minute baby. Stay with me awhile. Said you'd give me light, but you never told me 'bout the fire..."

It's snowing harder now, as Jonathan wanders past the towering Christmas Tree, drifting in the solitude of the cold, winter night.

Drawn my something he can't quite understand, Jonathan walks to the ice skating rink, which is closed. With no one in sight, Jonathan quickly hops over the small guard rail and makes his way down the steps...

"Drowning. In the sea of love. Where everyone...would love to drown. But now it's gone. It doesn't matter what for. When you build your house...then call me home..."

Passing by one of the bleachers, Jonathan notices Sara's jacket lying there. Curious, he picks it up. There's a strange, unconscious familiarity to this piece of clothing. Not sure why, he carries it with him as he steps onto the ice and slides to the center.

Looking around, he finally decides to lay down, and slowly lowers himself to the ice. Resting his head on Sara's jacket, Jonathan clasps his fingers behind his head, and gazes up into the dying moonlight...

JONATHAN'S POV - THE SKY

He stares into the sky, which is a palette of wonderful and deep hues that mix with the soft flurry of snow.

"And he was just like, a great dark wing. Within the wings of a storm. I think I had met my match. He was singing... And undoing...and undoing...the laces..."

But then...something falls from the sky.

Something that floats, almost majestically, on a light gust of wind. Like a leaf, it flips and twirls on the air...

Finally, the object lands on the ice, right beside Jonathan.

Curious, Jonathan sits up. And picks up the object.

It's a black, cashmere glove.

"I said Sara... You're the poet in my heart. Never change. Never stop. But now it's gone. It doesn't matter what for. But when you build your house, then call me home..."

Confused, Jonathan searches his jacket pocket, and is shocked when he fishes out another, identical, black, cashmere glove.

He looks around. Where the hell did this come from?

And then, a voice from above echoes off the rink.

VOICE

You never asked me what my horse looks like.

The voice sounds familiar. His eyes scan the rink, trying to locate the source, and then move up...up toward the railing above him.

And that's when he sees her.

That's when he sees Sara.

She's at the top of the steps, crying more than smiling, but filled with the joy and perfection of discovering fate taking it's proper course.

JONATHAN

S..Sa...Sara?

Sara nods, and starts walking down the steps--

SARA

C'mon dopey. Ask me what my horse looks like.

Jonathan grins. He stands up and wipes the snow off himself.

JONATHAN

What does your horse look like?

Sara makes it to the ground.

SARA

He's white.

JONATHAN

I like white.

She slides across the ice, closer to Jonathan.

SARA

And has wings.

JONATHAN

Does he fly?

SARA

Yes...yes he does.

She laces her fingers into his.

JONATHAN

Where to?

SARA

-I guess...

And finally, after all this time, they're face to face. Both their eyes, sparkling with warm, bittersweet tears.

SARA

Wherever fate takes us.

And then...Jonathan pulls Sara into his arms.

And they kiss. Oh - how they kiss. Both their souls touching on their soft, glorious, lips.

Weak in the knees, they slip to the ice, laughing and giggling like only lovers reunited can.

And then the CAMERA begins to creep away from them...

Up from the gleaming ice...

Past the luminous Christmas Tree...

Through the swirling vortex of snow...

And deep into the hazy, sapphire sky...

Where we finally find ourselves under the wondrous spell of Cassiopeia, the queen who twinkles magically over lovers in the city below...

For eternity.

THE END