

THE BREAK-UP

by

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story by

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OPENING CREDITS ROLL OVER

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Sidewalks packed along the Magnificent Mile on a glorious spring afternoon--the city out in droves after enduring the harsh winter.

INT. MARILYN DEAN GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Hardwood floors, high ceilings, bright lights. Paintings, pottery and sculptures. The steady stream of pedestrians flows past outside the floor-to-ceiling windows.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
(sing-song)  
Happ-y Hol-i-days, Marilyn Dean  
Gall-e-ry.

BROOKE MEYERS, 32, a beautiful brunette with bright eyes & great smile wearing a stylish skirt & sweater stands in front of a large modern painting that looks like the result of a hyper child let loose with three buckets of paint.

BROOKE  
The artist was inspired by the  
neoclassical movement but wanted to  
reflect it with an abstract bent.

She glances at her client, CARSON WIGHAM, 33, a good-looking guy's guy dressed sharply-casual in slacks and a button-down.

CARSON  
How much is it?

BROOKE  
Thirty-five thousand.

Carson studies the painting, pensive. Brooke's boss, MARILYN DEAN, 50's, an attractive, ruthless art snob and business woman, passes them with another client.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Happ-y Hol-i-days, Marilyn Dean  
Gall-e-ry.

Marilyn Dean's eyes tighten, she forces a fake smile-

MARILYN DEAN  
Brooke, take care of that please.

BROOKE  
(to Carson)  
Excuse me for one minute.

Brooke walks over to the sales desk where the fashionable and fastidious CHRISTOPHER, 25, hangs up the phone.

BROOKE (cont'd)  
Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER  
What?

BROOKE  
Christmas was almost three months ago. It's the middle of March.

CHRISTOPHER  
It sounds better though, people like it-

BROOKE  
It's just...when's the next holiday, 4th of July?

CHRISTOPHER  
Well if you want to get technical, Cinco de Mayo, Mother's Day, Memorial Day-

BROOKE  
Okay, I get it...then on those days you can say Happy Holidays. But on the rest of the days just say "Good morning, good afternoon or good evening, Marilyn Dean Gallery."

CHRISTOPHER  
(rolls his eyes)  
Fine.

Brooke returns to Carson who's scrutinizing a sculpture that somewhat resembles four naked torsos intertwined with dolphins.

BROOKE  
That's a new piece by Roffelsboro.  
What do you think?

CARSON  
(beat, low)  
Look, other than taking an art history class in college that I pretty much slept through, I really don't have the first clue about art or how to go about this.

(MORE)

CARSON (cont'd)

I mean, you tell me that painting's thirty-five grand and I don't know if I'm getting a deal or you're ripping me off.

BROOKE

(nods, understanding)

How much do you think it's worth?

CARSON

I wouldn't pay ten bucks for it. I don't see the point in buying something I could've done myself.

Brooke smiles, motions for Carson to follow her to another corner of the gallery.

BROOKE

I happen to agree with you. I'll tell you the key to buying art. You should be as discerning when acquiring art as you are when deciding who you spend your life with. Do you like looking at it? Does it conjure up positive emotions when you're around it? You're going to see your art every morning when you wake up, be around it all day and see it before you go to bed at night. If you don't like being in its presence, then no matter how famous the artist or how much you spent, it won't have any intrinsic value. So choose something you want to spend your life with...something that appeals to your eyes and your heart.

Carson nods, appreciative, as he looks around the gallery. Spots a beautiful Southwestern landscape.

CARSON

That one.

BROOKE

(smiles)

One of my favorites.

As the PHONE RINGS and OFF-

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
(glumly)  
Marilyn Dean Gallery.

WE CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - SAME TIME

A shopper snatches her kid back from the curb as--

A RED DOUBLE-DECKER BUS

Cuts the corner. Entire side painted with a mural--

3-BROTHERS BUS TOURS in large block letters above giant caricatures of the GROBOWSKI BROTHERS--

DENNIS, 38, balding with glasses...

GARY, 34, handsome, brown hair, big smile and...

LUPUS, 29, an intense good-looking red-head.

The DOUBLE-DECKER SCREECHES to a halt in front of a crowd of camera and camcorder-wielding TOURISTS. The door swings open and the DRIVER, 40's, black, 3-Brothers "Shondra" polo and headset smiles warmly-

SHONDRA

Welcome to 3-Brothers Bus Tours! We  
got plenty of seats upstairs!

EXT. ROOF OF DOUBLE-DECKER - CONTINUOUS

The tourists climb up the stairs and start filling the seats. At the head of the herd, a dozen giggling corn-fed middle-aged WOMEN wearing "OH LORDY! DEBBIE'S FORTY!" pink T-shirts.

GARY (O.S. OVER P.A.)

Alright! Where's the birthday gal?

The herd parts to reveal DEBBIE, 40, wearing an "I'M THE OLD FART!" T-shirt. She waves and giggles like a 12-year-old-

DEBBIE

That's me!

ANGLE ON THE FRONT OF THE BUS: GARY GROBOWSKI (3-Brothers "Gary" polo) brimming with Midwestern wit and charm, clutches a mic and grins at his crowd-

GARY (OVER P.A.)

Well then Debbie...I just want to say, and I've never done this before, I am dedicating this tour to you. I'm gonna take you for a ride you'll never forget.

The women all CHEER.

GARY (OVER P.A.) (cont'd)

That is not what I meant. Ladies, get your minds out of the gutter, we're a family operation. But don't think I don't know what's going on here. Girls weekend in Chicago, what happens here stays here, husbands and kids left back where-- Iowa?

TOURIST

Missouri!

GARY (OVER P.A.)

(nods)

You're a bunch of naughty girls and I'm okay with that. But Debbie, you gotta stay true to you because what happens in Chicago might stay in Chicago but it also stays in your heart and you don't need that burden. But who am I to judge?

(winks at them)

You're all a bunch of sweethearts.

The last of the tourists finds their seat.

GARY (OVER P.A.) (cont'd)

Alright, couple quick ground rules. Please don't jump off the bus, no throwing objects at pedestrians unless they deserve it and watch out for low branches and sick pigeons.

(holds up a backpack)

This's filled with treats. I'll be coming at you with trivia, brain teasers and calculus challenges. Answer correctly, win a prize.

Gary points at an ASIAN COUPLE-

GARY (OVER P.A.) (cont'd)  
But I can't have you two hogging  
the math questions. I'd rather give  
you the bag now and save everyone  
else the humiliation, got it?

The couple smiles, no idea what he said.

GARY (OVER P.A.) (cont'd)  
Now who's ready to have some fun?

Debbie's crew CHEERS, everyone else nods politely. Gary  
lowers the mic and cocks his head, feigning disappointment.

GARY (OVER P.A.) (cont'd)  
You might be able to get away with  
that reaction at work but you're on  
vacation and if you can't blow it  
out here, then where can you?  
C'mon, wake up! Let's get the blood  
flowing a bit--everybody stand up  
and do some jumping jacks!

Tourists start to stand-

GARY (cont'd)  
I'm kidding-I'm kidding, you want  
to get Shondra pulled over?  
Everybody stay seated. Ladies and  
Gentlemen, show me that you mean it  
and don't make me ask twice, are  
you ready to see Chicago?

The entire bus CHEERS. Gary nods, proud.

GARY (cont'd)  
That's what I'm talking about.  
Shondra, put this baby in the air!

The bus pulls into traffic, cutting off a cab who lays on his  
HORN--and promptly gets flicked off by Shondra as

THE OPENING CREDITS END and we

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CONDO BUILDING - LINCOLN PARK - ESTABLISHING

A nine-story on a residential block lined with condo &  
apartment buildings.

INT. CONDO #801 - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Granite counters covered with preparations for a feast. Brooke--hair-up, glasses, shorts & T-shirt--cooks to SPANISH FOLK MUSIC. Steaming pots & frying pans on the stove, sink filled to the brim with bowls & mixers.

THE FRONT DOOR

Bangs open as Gary enters carrying a plastic grocery bag. He walks down

THE HALLWAY

Lined with paintings of landscapes, classic black & white prints and a few framed photos of Gary & Brooke. Turns the THERMOSTAT down as he walks into

THE KITCHEN

And drops the plastic bag on the counter-

GARY

I am starving.

Kisses Brooke on the head and grabs a piece of chicken off a serving tray...

BROOKE

Careful, it's-

...and pops it in his mouth-

GARY

Hot-Hot-Hot-

Drinks straight from the faucet, gargling the cold water.

BROOKE

You should go get ready.

GARY

Yeah-yeah, in a minute.

And walks into the connected-

LIVING ROOM

Tosses his coat on the chair, grabs the remote off the coffee table and kills Brooke's music--fires up the Cubs game on the widescreen and plops down on the leather couch below a three-set of Leroy Neiman Walter Payton prints.

BROOKE (O.S.)

Gary!

GARY

Yeah?

Brooke walks out of the kitchen holding the plastic bag.

BROOKE

You got three lemons.

GARY

(watching TV)

What my baby wants, my baby gets.

BROOKE

I wanted twelve.

GARY

What do you want twelve lemons for?

BROOKE

I'm making a twelve lemon  
centerpiece.

GARY

So no one's even eating them?  
They're just "show" lemons?

BROOKE

I'm glad you find this amusing, but  
I can't fill the vase with only  
three lemons-

GARY

Can't you just use something  
smaller, like a drinking glass?

BROOKE

I'm not using a drinking glass for  
our centerpiece.

GARY

Then maybe you should scratch the  
centerpiece idea altogether because  
whatever I just ate could actually  
use a little lemon.

Brooke sighs, frustrated as Gary kicks off his shoes and lies  
back on the couch.

BROOKE

What are you doing?

GARY

I just need a little time to relax.  
My feet are killing me.

BROOKE

Well I've been on my feet all day  
too. I went to the grocery store, I  
cleaned the condo, and I've been in  
the kitchen for the past three  
hours preparing the entire meal so  
I'd appreciate it if you'd set the  
table-

GARY

But you've done such a good job so  
far, don't you want to finish it  
yourself?

Brooke stares at Gary for a beat, annoyed-

BROOKE

Just please help me set the table.

GARY

You think when Michelangelo was  
almost finished with the Sixteenth  
Chapel, he said "Hey, buddy grab a  
brush!" No...and he made a  
masterpiece.

BROOKE

It's the "Sistine Chapel", not  
"Sixteenth". And when Michelangelo  
asked for someone to bring him  
twelve brushes, they didn't bring  
him three.

GARY

Honey, all this talking is only  
taking away from my down time. Now  
I'm gonna have to watch the  
highlights later to see what I  
missed.

BROOKE

Will you please go take a shower so  
that I'm not stuck trying to answer  
the door and entertain while  
finishing getting dinner ready?

GARY

Absolutely. As soon as this  
inning's over-

BROOKE

Everyone's going to be here in  
twenty minutes.

GARY

Have you ever seen a shower of mine  
take more than four minutes?

The DOORBELL RINGS.

BROOKE

Shit. The table's not set, dinner's  
not ready--will you go let my  
parents in?

Gary hops off the couch-

GARY

I gotta go take a shower.

INT. THE CONDO - DINING ROOM - LATER

Adjacent to the living room. City views through the bay  
window, more framed photos of Gary & Brooke on the wall. Gary  
stands at the head of the large dining table addressing their  
families with a raised glass-

GARY

...seeing as how our families  
haven't had many opportunities to  
get to know each other, we figured  
what better way to do so than to  
break bread.

BROOKE

So thank you all for coming, I hope  
you enjoy the food. Cheers!

EVERYONE

Cheers!

GARY

Now before we dig in, I'd like to  
make an important announcement...

The entire table leans forward, holding their breath-

GARY (cont'd)

There are fire exits on either side  
of the hallway in case of an  
emergency. And in the event of a  
fire do not take the elevator.

Gary's ball-busting Mom, MARGIE, 60's shakes her head-

MARGIE GROBOWSKI

Don't do that to me, Gary, that's not funny! You're almost thirty-five--it's time you make an honest woman out of this one and finally quit living in sin-

GARY

Now hold on, Ma. All marriage, children and other slightly uncomfortable personal comments must be saved for dessert.

And OFF everyone's nervous LAUGHTER...

INT. THE CONDO - DINING ROOM - LATER

Everyone passes around plates of food. Brooke's Botoxed, peeled & lifted Mom, WENDY, 60, smiles-

WENDY MEYERS

I see you put those Feng Shui books I sent you to good use. This place is very well balanced.

Brooke's handsome and well-groomed brother RICHARD, 36, nods-

RICHARD

The energy in here is just amazing.

GARY

The energy might be a little more amazing if we had a pool table.

BROOKE

Gary, we discussed this already, we can get a pool table when we have a bigger place.

GARY

There's plenty of room for a pool table. The dining room table could go in the living room-

BROOKE

Gary, you can't put a dining table in the living room, it would completely disrupt the flow. You'd have to walk sideways to get through the room-

GARY

I'm just saying it would be nice to shoot pool...but I completely understand. We'll wait to get a pool table until we have a bigger place.

Brooke catches Gary's younger red-headed brother LUPUS, 29, staring at her tits. She crosses her arms as Gary's older balding brother DENNIS, 38, bites into his food-

DENNIS

This is outstanding.

And his plump wife CAROL, 37, takes a bite of hers-

CAROL

Oh wow. Unbelievable.

While Gary chews his...

GARY

(shrugs)

It's good.

Brooke's eyes flicker...her mom shoots a glare at Gary--who doesn't notice either as he chews noisily. Brooke's mousy Dad, HOWARD, 62, oblivious, chimes in-

HOWARD MEYERS

Okay everybody, got my joke of the day. Knock-Knock?

BROOKE

Dad, it's okay, let's save the jokes for dessert-

RICHARD

(obliging)

Who's there?

HOWARD MEYERS

Norma Lee.

RICHARD

Norma Lee who?

HOWARD MEYERS

(grins)

Norma Lee I don't go around knocking on doors but would you like to buy an encyclopedia?

Everyone chuckles politely.

LUPUS

Okay, I got one. What do you get when you cross a gay Eskimo with a black guy?

GARY

Okay, I think we've had enough jokes for the night, thanks Lup.

INT. THE CONDO - DINING ROOM - LATER

Everyone sits around drinking tea and coffee, enraptured by-

RICHARD

It's difficult to put into words, the true magic of a group singing in perfect harmony...

(searches for words)

It's an elevation...a transcendence, yet still very real...I guess the best way to describe it is-

(breaks into song)

Oooooooooohhhhhhh.

Gary stares blankly at Richard as he stops singing to excitedly make his point-

RICHARD (cont'd)

But even that doesn't do it justice, because it's not one person--it's a group, a rhythm, when people are in unison...it's the pulse of the collective. Here, I'll show you what I mean--Dad, how about a c-note?

Howard sets down his coffee, clears his throat and-

HOWARD MEYERS

(singing)

Aaahhhhhhhhhhhhh...

RICHARD

Little higher.

HOWARD MEYERS

Aaaaaaaahhhhh...

RICHARD  
Okay great, hold that. Mom, do your  
thing.

WENDY MEYERS  
Eeeeeahhhhhhhh...

Richard points to Brooke who plays along...

BROOKE  
Laaaaaaaaahhhhh....

RICHARD  
Alright Grobowskis, you're our  
percussion! Dennis, I need you to  
be our bass-  
(TAPS the table)  
Tap-tap-tappy. Tap-tap-tappy.

Dennis casts a sideways glance at Carol who shrugs.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Come on Dennis! Tap-tap-tappy.

Dennis starts TAPPING the table.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Perfect, keep that going! We also  
need a high-snare so Carol-

Richard makes a HISSING SSS-SSS-SSS sound. Carol starts in.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
Yes! Feel it! And Margie & Lupus,  
dinkle-dinkle!

Richard DINKS a knife against a glass. Margie joins in  
eagerly while Lupus DINKS his glass reluctantly...

RICHARD (cont'd)  
And Gary! Come-come with the kick  
drum!

Richard TAPS his foot on the floor.

GARY  
I'm not really a kick drum kind of  
guy.

RICHARD  
No-no, don't resist! Come-come!

GARY

Honestly, I'm having a great time  
being a listener.

RICHARD

And that is your right. But when  
you feel the music overtaking you  
and you can't hold back any longer,  
you come-*come* with that kick drum!

Gary nods--you got it--as Richard pulls a PITCH PIPE out of  
nowhere. BLOWS a NOTE for himself, HUMS once and-

RICHARD (cont'd)

Here we go!

Closes his eyes, nods to the beat, then opens them and-

RICHARD (cont'd)

(singing)

*Move yourself...*

*You always live your life...*

*Never thinking of the future...*

Gary sips his coffee, looking like he might puke.

RICHARD (cont'd)

*Prove yourself...*

*You are the move you make...*

*Take your chances win or loser...*

*See yourself...*

*You are the steps you take...*

*You and you and that's the only*

*way...*

*Shake!*

Richard points and-

EVERYONE BUT GARY

*Shake!*

RICHARD

*Shake yourself...*

*You're every move you make...*

*So the story goes...*

Richard motions for everyone to stop as he points at-

BROOKE

*Owner of a lonely heart...*

RICHARD

Yes! Margie-

Richard points excitedly at-

MARGIE GROBOWSKI  
*Owner of a lonely heart...*

RICHARD  
*Much better than a...*

Richard points at Gary...who sets down his coffee and CLAPS  
overly enthusiastic, killing the moment-

GARY  
Great job everyone, I really felt  
it. Who wants more pie?

And OFF Richard dejected...

INT. THE CONDO - ENTRY WAY - LATER

Everyone lingers, saying their good-byes.

RICHARD  
You have not experienced anything  
until you've seen my a capella  
group The Tone Rangers perform  
live. I'd love for you to come to  
our next performance.

Gary nods, pats Richard on the back-

GARY  
It was good seeing you.

BROOKE  
Thank you all again for coming.

Lupus tries to kiss Brooke on her lips, she smoothly gives  
him a cheek.

WENDY MEYERS  
You're sure we can't help you  
clean?

GARY  
No-no, we got it.

Gary starts closing the door forcing the crowd into the hall.

GARY (cont'd)  
Good night!

And shuts the door. Breathes a sigh of relief. Lowers his shoulders as if pushed to the brink of exhaustion and heads for the living room as Brooke walks back to the kitchen-

BROOKE

I'm going to clean the dishes.

GARY

Cool.

Brooke stares at Gary as he crosses to the widescreen and drags the Play Station 2 (PS2) over to the couch.

BROOKE

It'd be nice if you helped me.

GARY

No prob. We'll clean 'em later.

(re: game)

I just want to hit the streets for a little.

Gary fires up the PS2--GRAND THEFT AUTO: SAN ANDREAS. Untangles the controller and collapses on the couch.

BROOKE

Gary. I don't want to deal with them later, can you just give me a hand? It'll take fifteen minutes.

GARY

Brooke. I just want to relax, let my food digest, enjoy the quiet. We can clean the dishes in the morning.

IN THE GAME: Gary's GANGSTER CJ--green track suit & cornrows, carjacks a truck, hops in and peels out....

BROOKE

You know I don't like going to sleep with a dirty kitchen-

GARY

Who cares?

BROOKE

I care! I spent the whole day preparing tonight's dinner. The least you can do is say thank you and offer to help clean the dishes.

Gary rolls his eyes as he presses pause on the controller, slowly stands as if mustering all of his energy-

GARY  
(exasperated)  
Fine. I'll help clean the dishes.

BROOKE  
That's not what I want.

GARY  
Okay. You just said you want me to help clean the dishes.

BROOKE  
No. I want you to want to help me clean the dishes.

GARY  
Why would I want to clean dishes?

BROOKE  
That's my whole point.

GARY  
Okay, let me see if I'm following this...you're upset because I don't have a strong desire to clean dishes?

BROOKE  
No. I'm upset because you don't have a strong desire to *offer* to help me clean the dishes.

GARY  
I just did!

BROOKE  
Only after I asked!

GARY  
Jesus Brooke. You're acting crazy again.

BROOKE  
Do not call me crazy! I am NOT crazy!

GARY  
I didn't call you crazy. I said "You're acting crazy."

Brooke clenches her teeth, takes a deep breath.

BROOKE

I asked you to do one thing today.  
An easy thing. Buy twelve lemons.  
And you showed up with three-

GARY

God damn, if I'd realized it was  
going to cause this much trouble, I  
would've brought you twenty-four  
lemons! Or even a hundred lemons!  
Everyone could've had their own bag  
of lemons!

BROOKE

It's not about the lemons!

GARY

That's all you've been talking  
about!

BROOKE

Gary. It'd be nice if you did  
things I asked. But it'd be even  
nicer if you did things without me  
having to ask!

GARY

I seem to remember doing something  
for you this morning without you  
asking-

Brooke stares at Gary, not amused.

BROOKE

You knew I was making dinner  
tonight, you could've thought, hey,  
I'll bring home some flowers-

GARY

You told me on our first date you  
didn't like flowers. That they were  
a waste of money.

BROOKE

All girls like flowers, Gary.

Gary throws his hands in the air.

GARY

You said you didn't like flowers,  
I'm supposed to take that to mean  
you do like flowers?

BROOKE

You don't get it! Lemons, flowers,  
helping with the dishes. And how  
many hints do I have to drop about  
the ballet?!?

GARY

We've talked about the ballet! I  
can't stand the ballet! Guys  
flopping around in tights for three  
hours--it's like medieval techno. I  
sit there the entire time in a cold  
sweat wondering when the hell the  
nightmare's gonna end-

BROOKE

You don't go because you love the  
ballet, you go because the person  
you love loves the ballet and you  
enjoy spending time with them-

GARY

Not when they're at the ballet!

BROOKE

Fine--forget the ballet! We don't  
go anywhere together!

GARY

We just went to Ann Arbor!

BROOKE

For a Michigan - Notre Dame game!  
Screaming drunk kids and  
leprechauns doing backflips--you  
think that was fun for me?!? No!  
But I went for you! What do you  
ever do for me?!?

GARY

I'm up on that bus every day for  
you!

BROOKE

Oh come on-

GARY

No! I'm busting my ass to be the best tour guide in the city so I can afford to support you! And all I fucking ask is for you to appreciate it and give me twenty minutes to relax when I get home instead of always attacking me with questions and nagging!

Brooke glares at Gary, fuming-

BROOKE

You think I nag you?

GARY

That's all you do! The bathroom's a mess, you should work out, that belt doesn't match! Nothing I ever do is good enough! I just want to be left the fuck alone!!!

BROOKE

Fine. That's what you want?

GARY

YES!

BROOKE

Great. Then do whatever you want. Throw your socks on the floor, dress like a slob, smoke yourself to death! I don't care anymore--I'm fucking done!

Brooke starts to walk away.

GARY

Whoa-whoa-wait, what?

BROOKE

I don't deserve this. I deserve someone who gives a shit! I'm not spending another second of my life with an inconsiderate prick! It's over!

Brooke storms down the hall leaving Gary stunned--and SLAMS the bedroom door behind her. Gary looks around, trying to get his bearings...then picks up his coat and slowly walks out.

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke leans against the closed door, fighting back tears. Gary's damp towel's tossed on the king-size, his dirty work-clothes left on the floor, dresser drawers half-open. The PHONE RINGS. CALLER ID--HOWARD MEYERS. She answers-

BROOKE

Hi Mom.

Wendy & Howard POP UP IN AN INSERT BOX riding in their Benz talking on speakerphone.

WENDY MEYERS

We wanted to call and say thank you. Dinner was wonderful.

HOWARD MEYERS

Tell you what, Gary's the funniest guy I've ever met.

BROOKE

We just broke up.

WENDY MEYERS

WHAT?!

HOWARD MEYERS

But I've never really liked him.

WENDY MEYERS

Howard, turn the car around. Brooke, take half a Xanax, we're coming to get you-

BROOKE

No. Don't come get me, I'm fine.

WENDY MEYERS

Don't "don't" me. You're coming home with us to sleep in your own bed-

BROOKE

My own bed's here, Mom.

HOWARD MEYERS

Maybe you should take a walk.

Wendy smacks Howard on the arm--a walk?!--and he mouths-- what? as Wendy's CALL WAITING BEEPS. She glances at CALLER ID-

WENDY MEYERS

Wait, sorry hon, that's Richard-

BROOKE

Please don't say anything to him,  
or anyone.

WENDY MEYERS

Of course not, it's none of my  
business.

Brooke waits on hold--staring at the walls covered with  
framed pictures--Gary & Brooke, their families, childhood  
shots--while Wendy talks to Richard-

WENDY MEYERS (cont'd)

Brooke & Gary broke up. I'll call  
you back.

RICHARD (V.O.)

What?!?

WENDY MEYERS

Don't tell her I told you.

Wendy clicks back over-

WENDY MEYERS (cont'd)

Now tell me exactly what happened.

BROOKE

I don't know...we were just  
talking, I said something, he said  
something-

WENDY MEYERS

Okay, calm down and listen to me.  
Half a Xanax then a hot shower-

Brooke's CALL WAITING BEEPS, she glances at the CALLER ID-

BROOKE

That's Richard. What'd you tell  
him?

WENDY MEYERS

All I said was that you were really  
upset and it had to do with Gary  
and I wasn't sure if you were still  
together but it was your story to  
tell.

BROOKE  
I'll call you back.

WENDY MEYERS  
Half a Xanax!

Brooke clicks over and Richard replaces Wendy & Howard in the INSERT BOX.

RICHARD  
First you were afraid, you were petrified. Kept thinking you could never live without him by your side...

BROOKE  
Richard-

Brooke sighs and walks out of the bedroom and down the HALLWAY

Into

THE KITCHEN

And surveys the mess while-

RICHARD  
(louder)  
But you spent so many nights thinking how he did you wrong...

BROOKE  
(rolls her eyes)  
Richard, I can't do this-

RICHARD  
(starts singing)  
You grew strong...  
You learned how to carry on...

Brooke's CALL WAITING BEEPS, she glances at the CALLER ID-GINA MARZANO.

BROOKE  
Richard, I got another call, I gotta go.

RICHARD  
(belting out)  
And so you're back!

Brooke clicks over and her best friend GINA, 32, an attractive Italian, replaces Richard in the INSERT BOX.

GINA

Get dressed, we're going out.

BROOKE

What're you talking about?

GINA

Your mom just called and told me.  
I'll pick you up at nine.

BROOKE

I'm really not in the mood-

GINA

What happened?

Brooke sighs as she cradles the phone between her ear & shoulder, turns on the sink to start the dishes...

BROOKE

Same old shit. I asked him to do something, he didn't do it, then he complained about having to do anything. It just became very clear that he doesn't care.

GINA

Then you did what you had to.

Brooke sighs, takes a break from scrubbing.

BROOKE

But I didn't really want to. I just, I can't do this anymore. Hopefully this will make him realize what really matters.

GINA

We need to get you out around some positive energy. Go put on something nice.

BROOKE

Gina, I have absolutely no desire to go out tonight.

GINA

Well what's not acceptable is you staying home watching Beaches, eating ice cream and braiding your hair. I know that's probably what you want to do, but that's heading in the wrong direction.

BROOKE

Look, all I want to do is clean the dishes and go to bed.

GINA

Listen to me. You remember when Dave Kelsington and I broke up? I would've locked myself in my apartment and put on ten pounds overnight but you dragged me out and I ended up meeting that cornerback Dwayne LaThompson and having some of the best sex of my life that night.

BROOKE

I appreciate it, I just can't do that. Look, tonight just got out of hand. Once Gary cools off, I'm sure he'll come to his senses and apologize.

GINA

Okay, but no ice cream.

BROOKE

I know. I'll call you tomorrow.

Brooke hangs up. The phone QUICK-RINGS from a call still on hold. Brooke clicks TALK and Richard POPS BACK IN THE INSERT BOX belting out-

RICHARD

And you'll survive!  
You will sur-

Brooke hangs up and resumes feverishly washing the dishes...

INT. STANLEY'S TAP - NIGHT

TV's, tables & stools, Cubs/Bears/Bulls & Blackhawks decor. Gary, shell-shocked, sits at the bar staring into his drink next to the owner, JOHNNY O, 33, mellow & good-looking.

JOHNNY O

You know, I've never seen you like this and I have to admit, it's a bit refreshing.

GARY

What're you talking about?

JOHNNY O

I'm just saying, you're not really the feelings type so it's good to see you got some real emotions. It's sort of like the first time Rocky cut Drago. It's good to see you can actually bleed.

GARY

Whoa-whoa-hold on. Let's make something absolutely clear. I am fine. It just came a bit out of nowhere.

JOHNNY O

A spy is trained to believe there are no such things as coincidences. You sure she's not fucking another guy?

GARY

What?

JOHNNY O

You check her email?

GARY

Why would I check her email, Johnny?

JOHNNY O

You can get this program for like twenty bucks that records key strokes. That's how I got Stacy's password. I'm just saying...

GARY

Don't read too much into this. It's actually really simple. She's crazy.

JOHNNY O

So what're you gonna do about the condo?

GARY

I'm not moving.

JOHNNY O

She agreed to move out?

GARY

(determined)

Not yet. But she will.

Johnny O signals the bartender-

JOHNNY O

Hey Jill, need another round here.

INT. THE CONDO - ENTRY WAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gary walks in. Lights off, quiet. The bedroom door closed at the end of the hall...pillows and a blanket on the floor outside it. Gary glances at the pictures on the wall of him and Brooke smiling...looks away. Walks over and picks up the pillows and blanket. Carries them into...

THE LIVING ROOM

And starts tossing cushions off the couch. Yanks out the couch-bed, kicks off his shoes and sprawls out diagonally trying to fit...finally settles in the least uncomfortable position, flat on his back, eyes wide open...while

IN THE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Brooke lies on her half of the bed, staring at the ceiling and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARILYN DEAN GALLERY - MORNING

Brooke walks in, tired from a fitful night of sleep. Christopher's waiting with a latte and-

CHRISTOPHER

I am so sorry.

BROOKE

(caught off-guard)

What?

CHRISTOPHER

Sweetheart. You can't contain a wildfire.

Brooke sets her bag behind the sales desk.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

Look, I totally know how it is. You feel like you're in slow-mo, the world's moving slower. Your heart aches, you don't have an appetite. But you need the protein. I've found that even when I'm depressed, I can gum down a few hard boiled eggs.

Brooke stares at Christopher for a beat as Marilyn Dean walks out of the back. Brooke turns, forces a smile-

BROOKE

Morning Marilyn.

Marilyn Dean stares at Christopher...

CHRISTOPHER

I'll go get coffee.

He scurries out. Marilyn Dean takes Brooke's hand and sits her down. Regards her warmly-

MARILYN DEAN

Honey, I want you to listen to me and listen to me carefully. You don't become Marilyn Dean without knowing how to deal with men. The most important thing...is get over him.

BROOKE

Actually, it's not really like that-

Marilyn Dean holds up her index finger, Brooke quiets.

MARILYN DEAN

There are plenty of men in the world who would be more than happy to take you home so you need to write this guy off. Second, don't let yourself go to shit while you're stressed out about this. In fact, I want you to take the rest of the day off as preemptive echinacea for your soul. Go see Mischa at the spa and ask her for the Telly Savalas. My treat. And then I want you to get dolled up nice and sexy and go out tonight.

(MORE)

MARILYN DEAN (cont'd)

Find a guy and go turn him on.  
Don't have sex immediately. Well,  
let me back up. There are two  
trains of thought in this type of  
situation. There's the go out and  
get laid as fast as you can to move  
on. And there's the go feel the  
power of turning someone on but not  
submitting. In that situation, I  
like to just give them head but  
imagine my ex watching. But I've  
tried both and both work quite well  
depending on your emotional  
situation. Okay dear?

BROOKE

Um...wow. Yeah. Thanks.

MARILYN DEAN

Then come back to work tomorrow  
ready to take care of business.

EXT. 3-BROTHERS BUS YARD - LATER THAT DAY

Shondra parks the double-decker between two identical 3-Brothers busses, nearly clipping both. Gary hops off wearing his "Gary" polo and crosses to a 3-Brothers large U-Haul sized storage van.

GARY

How's it looking?

Lupus, wearing workman's overalls and covered with grime, looks up from the engine.

LUPUS

Almost got it.

DENNIS (O.S.)

Hey Gary, I need your tour logs-

Dennis walks out of the office carrying a stack of papers.

GARY

I'm off the clock, tours are done.

DENNIS

I need them today.

GARY

Not gonna happen.

LUPUS

Okay, try it!

DENNIS

I can't file the quarterlies until  
I have your logs-

Gary gets behind the wheel.

GARY

I'm going through a life change  
here, could appreciate a little  
sensitivity.

DENNIS

And as soon as you give me the  
logs, you can all have the  
sensitivity you want.

Gary turns the ignition...

GARY

Don't worry about the logs. The  
logs are happening as we speak,  
I'll get 'em to you A-S-A-P.

The engine sputters and kicks over.

GARY (cont'd)

(claps)

Atta boy! Let's go!

Lupus runs around and hops in the truck. And OFF Dennis  
muttering as Gary pulls out...

INT. SPA - LATER

Brooke lies on a waxing table while MISCHA, 40's, a large  
Hungarian woman, readies her waxing gear.

MISCHA THE WAXER

Always a bummer when things don't  
work out after you're 27. It's like  
now you're playing for keeps. You  
spend a couple of years with some  
guy that doesn't work out, you  
can't get those years back-

(RIP!)

It's all about babies. Babies bring  
the pressure. Let's say the latest  
you want to have a kid is 40. So if  
you want to have three kids and  
give your uterus a break between  
them, you need to have your first  
by say, 35-

(RIP!)

(MORE)

MISCHA THE WAXER (cont'd)

Which means you need to get pregnant at 34 which means you need to be married by 33 in the hopes of spending at least one year together happy before you start having kids, stop having sex and start resenting each other-

(RIP!)

But if you're going to be married by 33, then you need to meet this guy by 30 given the average three years on a guy's clock from meeting a girl to get to the wedding day... which all means if your plan doesn't work out, you're pretty much screwed.

BROOKE

(wry)

Thanks, Mischa. That's very

(RIP!)

ENCOURAGING!

MISCHA THE WAXER

What? You want someone to bullshit you, make an appointment with Joy.

And OFF the final RIP!

INT. THE CONDO BUILDING - ELEVATOR - LATER

Brooke stares at her reflection in the mirror. Shifts uncomfortably from her bikini wax...

INT. THE CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke approaches the condo door, hears LOUD MUSIC playing. She opens the door and freezes-

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SOCIAL DISTORTION BLARES from the stereo. Couch-bed's still open, no sheets, just the blanket and pillows tossed on it. The dining room table's on its side against the wall and

IN THE DINING ROOM

A VINTAGE POOL TABLE'S jammed in. Gary, Lupus, Johnny O & RIGGLEMAN, 35, hefty, wearing a suit, shoot pool and knock back beers. Johnny O spots Brooke standing in the open doorway, waves sheepishly-

JOHNNY O

Hey Brooke.

Brooke stands frozen while Lupus stares at her tits.

RIGGLEMAN  
(glances at his watch)  
I should uh get going, I got a  
couple houses to show...

And Gary, cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth,  
doesn't even look up-

GARY  
Three ball, corner pocket.

And nails it. Paces around the table plotting his next shot,  
glances up as if just noticing her-

GARY (cont'd)  
Oh, hey Brooke.

Brooke's eyes narrow-

BROOKE  
What the hell are you doing?

Gary tilts his head, checking an angle on his shot...

GARY  
All my life I wanted my own place  
and a pool table. I finally got my  
own place and you wouldn't let me  
have the pool table...but now that  
I don't have to give a shit what  
you think, I rectified that.  
(aims)  
Four ball, side pocket.

And bangs it home. Brooke stares dumbfounded at Gary as he  
blows smoke in the air, maneuvers past her for his next shot-

GARY (cont'd)  
Little room for shooter?

Brooke clenches her jaw...turns and rushes down

#### THE HALLWAY

And turns a darker shade of crimson as she spots all of the  
FRAMED PICTURES of her & Gary from the dining room and  
hallway scattered on the floor.

#### INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke paces, talking on her cell to Gina (IN THE INSERT BOX)-

GINA

You broke up with him. You crushed his ego, you challenged his manhood. What did you expect?

BROOKE

Oh god. This could be a disaster. I should just go apologize-

GINA

Whoa-whoa--what happened to Stand Her Ground Barbie who's going to teach her man a lesson? If you fold now, you'll be his punching bag for the rest of your life. He's a bully and an asshole and it's time you put him in his place. The only way to get him back is to earn his respect, to take the fight right back at him. And not fire with fire, babe. Fire with bombs.

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Gary, Lupus, Johnny O & Rigglesman still shooting pool. Brooke's CHICK ANGST ROCK BLARES from the bedroom. An armful of Gary's clothes come flying into the hallway. Gary and the guys trade a glance. An armful of belts, socks & boxers fly out...the guys all turn, curious, as...an entire night stand drawer CLATTERS LOUDLY on the floor, spilling its contents. And OFF Gary, seething, staring at the mess...

RIGGLESMAN

I'm gonna grab a cab.

JOHNNY O

Let's split it.

INT. DIVERSY RIVER BOWL - LATER THAT NIGHT

32 lanes of co-ed league bowling.

IN LANE 22

Brooke sits tying her shoes with Gina--both wearing matching PIN SHAKERS bowling shirts with their names on the sleeve. The other PIN SHAKERS chat, roll practice frames...

GINA

Tell me it didn't feel good.

BROOKE  
(shitty grin)  
Yeah...little bit. But it also felt  
pretty childish.

GINA  
Exactly. Because Gary's a child. He  
won't get it if you take a subtle  
or intelligent tact with him. Not  
only do you have to spell it out  
for him clearly, you have to read  
it to him one letter at a time-

Brooke catches something in the corner of her eye, looks up-

BROOKE  
(shocked)  
Is he serious?

Gina follows Brooke's glance as Gary strolls up confidently  
carrying a bowling ball bag and wearing his PIN SHAKER shirt.

GARY  
Hey gang.

The Pin Shakers glance at each other, uneasy. Gary sits  
across from Brooke to change his shoes, nods smugly at her-

GARY (cont'd)  
Found my shirt on the floor, thanks  
for laying it out.

Brooke stares coolly at Gary.

BROOKE  
Gary. I don't think it's a good  
idea for us to be around each other  
any more than we have to right now.

GARY  
I totally agree. Why don't you go  
play pinball?

BROOKE  
(calm)  
No. I think you should leave.

Gary stops tying his shoes, unzips his bowling bowl bag.

GARY  
When a man makes a commitment to a  
team, he keeps that commitment.  
(MORE)

GARY (cont'd)

He doesn't let emotions or personal issues get in the way of victory.

BROOKE

They don't want you here either.

GARY

Sure they don't.

BROOKE

Gary, these are my friends.

GARY

But you are a lousy bowler.

BROOKE

That's not the point.

GARY

No, it's completely the point. They might be your "friends" when you're not wearing a Pin Shakers shirt. But when you button that up, you're just a teammate. In fact, I got an idea--let's let them decide.

BROOKE

Gary, we don't have to involve them-

GARY

(to the Pin Shakers)

Hey, team vote! Who here agrees with Brooke and thinks I should leave?

Gina shoots her hand in the air. The other TWO WOMEN raise their hands as well. Gina glares at her all-around-good-guy husband, ANDREW, 30's, who reluctantly raises his hand. The other TWO GUYS catch similar glares and painfully raise their hands.

Brooke smiles smugly at Gary. Raises her hand as well.

GARY (cont'd)

You're all weak. Weak and uncommitted.

(glares at the guys)

Band of Brothers, you guys should rent it.

As he stuffs his bowling ball back in his bag...

GARY (cont'd)  
Good luck trying to ride Miss  
Gutter Ball to the finals.

And turns to leave.

ANDREW  
Um, Gary?

Gary turns, glowers at Andrew-

ANDREW (cont'd)  
I'm gonna need your shirt back.

GARY  
What?

ANDREW  
We'll have to replace you...  
(nervous)  
And we'll get docked ten pins if  
every team member's not in matching  
uniforms.

GARY  
It says "Gary" on it.

ANDREW  
(stammering)  
Yeah-I know, I guess, well  
fortunately I know another Gary.  
He's not as tall but it'll work...

Gary can't believe it. Hastily unbuttons his shirt-

GARY  
Then gimme back my goddamn wrist  
guard-

Gary stares unblinking, hand outstretched. Andrew undoes the  
Velcro on the wrist guard...tosses it to Gary who throws the  
shirt at him. Gary glares at Brooke and stalks off...Brooke  
watches him go, concerned-

GINA  
Way to go girl!

FIN SHAKER  
That was so cool.

BROOKE  
I'm totally shaking.

PIN SHAKER #2

Oh my god you were awesome.

BROOKE

I don't know, that might not have been the best idea-

GINA

You played it perfectly. Trust me. He's going to go out tonight and get drunk and make a fool of himself and then he'll realize that he's out a girlfriend and a bowling team and with the walls crumbling around him, he'll come crawling back to you on his hands and knees.

EXT. LE PASSAGE NIGHT CLUB - OAK STREET - LATER

Red carpet, black rope and a DICKHEAD with a clipboard & headset. Gary's at the front of the crowd trying to talk his way in.

GARY

Lupus. L-U-P-

DICKHEAD

I don't know anybody named Lupus.

A yellow Ferrari pulls up and couple of overly tan ROID GUYS get out wearing slacks and sweater vests, no shirts. The dickhead unclips the rope as they walk past Gary.

GARY

Lupus specifically told me to find the guy with the clipboard and ask for him-

DICKHEAD

You're gonna have to wait in line.

GARY

But my name should be-

DICKHEAD

(into headset)

Tony. I got a situation.

GARY

Whoa-whoa, there's no situation-

LUPUS (O.S.)

Gary!

Lupus walks out of the club, nods at the dickhead-

LUPUS (cont'd)

Yo, he's cool.

The dickhead's demeanor instantly changes as he unclips the rope for Gary-

DICKHEAD

Shoulda told me you were with L.G.

INT. LE PASSAGE NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Gary follows Lupus down the dark stairs.

LUPUS

You should find someone who looks like Brooke, only hotter, and bang the shit out of her.

GARY

What's wrong with you?

LUPUS

What? That's what you told me after Casey Mills kissed Peter Klein at the Y dance in 6th grade.

Another dickhead with a headset opens a heavy door and Gary follows Lupus into the underground club. POUNDING TECHNO, strobes, trashy girls & lame guys.

GARY

Jesus, we just found hell. When'd you start coming to knobby joints like these?

LUPUS

Conquering new frontiers, bro, you've got no idea. Sure, you gotta put up with bad music and fifteen dollar drinks but this place is stacked with top shelf dumb young ass. All you gotta do is separate the weaker ones from the herd.

Gary follows Lupus who stops a WAITRESS-

LUPUS (cont'd)

Couple drinks babe.

WAITRESS

Okay, L.G.

The waitress moves off.

GARY

What's with the goddamn L.G.? You cap someone? What're you, a made man now?

LUPUS

It's how you gotta roll here. Adapt to the environment-

Another dickhead with a headset unclips a rope as Lupus leads Gary into a VIP lounge area. They claim a couch overlooking the dance floor. The waitress brings them their drinks and Lupus raises a toast to Gary-

LUPUS (cont'd)

Here's to coming out of retirement. I've missed you bro.

They clink glasses. Gary glances around-

GARY

I gotta be honest Lupus, I'm not feeling this place.

LUPUS

While you were on the inside the past two years, the game changed. You want to go to hi-five central, pour drinks down her throat all night and try and drag her home at two a.m.? Go for it. But nine outta ten times, those girls are coming with dinner and phone calls after they regret giving it up too easy the first night. This here's a whole different world-

Lupus nods at Gary--check this out--and grabs the arm of a HOT GIRL, 20's, walking by.

LUPUS (cont'd)

I bet you like your sex real simple, yeah? Just you, me and a hard surface.

Gary nearly spits out his drink as the hot girl shrugs off Lupus's hand-

HOT GIRL

(to Gary)

Your friend's an asshole.

And walks off. Gary stares at Lupus-

GARY

What the hell was that?

LUPUS

Now I know she would've been a waste of time and I can aim my shotgun at the next bird. You taught me that.

GARY

I taught you to have a rap, give them a little shit without crossing the line, making them laugh-

LUPUS

Jokes, jokes, jokes. That's not how it works anymore. Remember when you were an outdoor cat? You had to attack and kill for your food. But you've become an indoor cat. You've been getting your milk brought to you in a silver bowl. And now you've been tossed back outside but you've become spoiled and slow. And the alley's changed. With the MTV generation, technology, text messaging, TiVo, everyone wants their information faster. People email because they want to exchange information, they don't want to connect. They want results. You gotta get to the message quicker. In order to cut through the noise, you have to have a clear vision. Watch. This is real simple-

Lupus leans over to another hot girl-

LUPUS (cont'd)

I want to cover your entire body with saran wrap except for two places--one so you can breathe and another where your-

(whistles twice)

Is. So that's the only sensation you'll feel.

The hot girl rolls her eyes and walks off.

GARY

Lupus. We're brothers and I love you and maybe you get laid but maybe you get arrested, maybe some father shoots you in the middle of the night-

LUPUS

You want to tell jokes? Tell jokes. But sooner or later you'll get hungry and you'll need to eat. Jokes might make you feel better but they won't get you fed.

GARY

That's great. I'm gonna take a lap.  
(beat)  
Be careful.

Gary gets up, leaving Lupus alone on the couch...pushes through the swaying crowd...

INT. LE PASSAGE NIGHT CLUB - BY THE BAR - LATER

Gary sips his drink, leans casually against the bar. A HOT GIRL, 20's, wearing heels and maybe a square foot of fabric, walks up next to him. Tries to get the hip bartender's attention.

GARY

What are you drinking?

HOT GIRL #2

Red Bull and vodka.

Gary catches the bartender's eye above the crowd-

GARY

Hey pal, Red Bull and vodka for the lady.

The bartender mixes the drink, Gary hands him a \$20.

GARY (cont'd)

Change is yours.

Gary hands the drink to the hot girl.

GARY (cont'd)

Cheers.

She smiles as they CLINK glasses.

GARY (cont'd)  
You know why we clink glasses?

HOT GIRL #2  
(interested)  
No...why?

GARY  
There are a couple theories. One starts with the Knights of the Round Table...to prevent people from poisoning each other, they started every meeting by clinking their overflowing goblets so that everyone's wine would spill into everyone's goblets.

HOT GIRL #2  
Wow, that's really cool.

GARY  
It's a pretty good theory...but my favorite comes from the Japanese. They believe drinking should be a completely sensual experience...  
(holds her eyes)  
There's sight...smell...taste...and touch...which leaves...?

HOT GIRL #2  
(beat)  
Sound?

GARY  
(smiles)  
Hence...the clink.

Gary CLINKS her glass again. The hot girl smiles and sips her drink. One of the Ferrari roid guys walks up to her-

ROID GUY  
You want to go fuck?

HOT GIRL #2  
Absolutely.

The roid guy takes her hand to lead her away...she turns to Gary-

HOT GIRL #2 (cont'd)  
Thanks for the drink, you're very funny. That story about the goblets was fascinating-

GARY

Thank you. I appreciate that. I  
like that glitter on your face.

She walks off. Gary glances around, collecting himself. Heads  
in the opposite direction...and stops in his tracks at the  
sight of Lupus on the dance floor grinding and making out  
with the hot girl who said he was an asshole...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Couch-bed open, still no sheets. Gary's clothes tossed  
everywhere, cereal bowl half-full of milk on the floor...and  
in the corner of the room--

BROOKE

Wearing a smock and iPod earbuds, paints on an easel--art  
supplies arranged around her.

The FRONT DOOR opens--Gary stumbles in. She doesn't look up.  
Gary cool-guy-drunk-strides over...squints at the easel over  
her shoulder. Brooke glances at him-

GARY (V.O.)

(mouths, doesn't speak)  
What the hell are you doing?

Brooke pulls out her earbud-

BROOKE

What?

GARY

(top of his lungs)  
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

Brooke turns back to her easel-

BROOKE

I'm painting.

GARY

And where are you painting?

She doesn't respond.

GARY (cont'd)

Where - are - you - paint - ing?

BROOKE

The living room.

GARY

No...my BEDROOM! And I didn't say anything when you so arrogantly claimed the bed without asking but you can't just waltz in and turn my room into an art fair!

BROOKE

Gary, I only took the corner-

GARY

I don't care if you only took an inch. There might not be a door but-  
(waves his arms drunkenly)  
This is my domain. You don't see me setting up a saw horse in the bedroom-

BROOKE

But the pool table's in the dining room and that's a common area.

GARY

Fine. Then we'll put your arts & crafts in another common space-

Gary kick-draws her paint towards the hallway...

BROOKE

Careful, the lid's not-

A few drops of paint dribble on the floor.

BROOKE (cont'd)

Look what you just did! You spilled paint all over the place.

GARY

It's a couple of drops.

BROOKE

Get a rag and clean that up!

GARY

I'm not cleaning up shit.

BROOKE

Fine! You want to live in a pig sty, I don't care.

GARY

You don't care? You're gonna lose that one sweetheart.

(MORE)

GARY (cont'd)

You can hear dust settling. I,  
however, can live in a level of  
filth beyond your comprehension.

Gary stands defiantly as Brooke gathers the rest of her painting supplies and carries them into the hallway. Gary turns and kicks through piles of clothes looking for the remote as Brooke walks back into

THE BEDROOM

Spots the THERMOSTAT and cranks it to 84 degrees.

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER

Brooke lies on top of the covers in a tank top and underwear, pillow over her head, trying unsuccessfully to block out-

DAN PATRICK (V.O.)

We're gonna run it right back. Your  
next SportsCenter starts now...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All of the windows wide-open. Gary's on the couch-bed, half-asleep, stripped down to his boxers to escape the heat. SportsCenter BLARING. Brooke walks out-

BROOKE

I can't sleep with that blasting.

GARY

Then use earplugs.

BROOKE

It's three in the morning.

GARY

I don't know what to tell you kid.  
This is how I am when I'm single,  
my hours get pretty strange. Might  
be time for you to think about  
moving out.

BROOKE

Just turn down the damn volume!

GARY

I don't tell you how to live in  
your room--you can doodle, dance,  
bake a gingerbread house, I don't  
care. But in my room, I'm gonna  
enjoy my highlights in the full  
surround sound experience!

Brooke grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

GARY (cont'd)  
What the hell're you doing?!?

BROOKE  
You weren't even watching it!

GARY  
Don't tell me what I am or aren't  
not doing.

BROOKE  
(mocking)  
Are not not doing? Learn some  
English-

GARY  
Sorry, I didn't have a grandfather  
who was on the board of the  
collage. Key word being was. Did he  
touch the kid, not touch the kid? I  
mean, I wasn't there but he said he  
was just tucking him in-

BROOKE  
Like your family's so perfect.  
You're brother's a pervert, always  
leering at my tits-

GARY  
A pervert? What about your sister?

BROOKE  
My sister has been through a lot-

GARY  
Of dick!

BROOKE  
She's had some problems, leave it  
alone-

GARY  
Problems? She fucked the entire  
Arizona Cardinals offensive line!

BROOKE  
She was on vacation! Celebrating  
getting her Ph.D., something your  
simple family wouldn't know  
anything about!

GARY

Just because someone doesn't have to see a therapist twice a week, loves their job and family, makes them simple? You wish your family was simple. You got your hopped-up Mom kissing ass at her social functions--all those meds and not a single one to make her happy. Good ol' castrated Howard obeying every command. And if I had to hear your brother sing one more time, I would've hung myself with waxed dental floss--could the guy just come out of the closet?

BROOKE

Richard is not gay.

Gary cocks his head, regards her for a beat-

GARY

He just doesn't know it yet. He'll get married, have a few kids, and in ten years his wife'll walk in on him and Majulio wearing leather helmets and clubbing each other to Yanni's Greatest!

Brooke exhales, exasperated-

BROOKE

Oh fuck you moron. Talking to you's like painting sand.

She spins and heads back down the hall.

GARY

That's right! Go back to your room!

Gary kicks back on the couch-bed, pleased with himself and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Gary's sprawled comatose on the couch-bed. We hear a PITCH PIPE...then several voices HARMONIZING THE NOTE. Gary shudders and pulls the pillow over his head as a SINGER BELTS the opening of *The Lion Sleeps Tonight*-

RICHARD (O.S.)  
(singing)  
*Eeeehheheee Heeeheee...*  
*Eaum-mamaweeh...*

Gary stirs slightly as PERCUSSION KICKS IN--SNAPPING, FEET TAPPING, GUTTURAL BASS SOUNDS...

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
*Eeeehheheee Heeeheee...*  
*Eaum-mamaweeh...*

A CAPELLA GROUP (O.S.)  
*A-wee-ma-weh A-wee-ma-weh...*  
*A-wee-ma-weh A-wee-ma-weh...*

Gary opens a crusted eye, squints painfully through his hangover...

A CAPELLA GROUP (O.S.) (cont'd)  
*A-wee-ma-weh A-wee-ma-weh...*  
*A-wee-ma-weh A-wee-ma-weh...*

TNT. THE CONDO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gary staggers towards the bedroom...

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Stop! Stop!

The singing abruptly ceases.

RICHARD (O.S. (cont'd)  
Lance, you're under pitch. If  
you're under pitch, we're all going  
to be under pitch. You set the tone  
for the entire piece. You have to  
nail it! And quarter tones matter  
people, come on! From the top-

The SNAPPING, CLICKING and GARGLING kicks back in-

RICHARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
*In the jungle, the mighty jungle...*  
*The lion sleeps tonight...*

Gary nudges open the bedroom door to find...Brooke's brother Richard's a capella group--

THE TONE RANGERS

EIGHT PREPPY GUYS in their thirties standing semi-circle, SNAPPING, TAPPING, MAKING SOUNDS, and each doing their own kitchy singing group dance move.

RICHARD (cont'd)  
*In the jungle, the quiet jungle...  
The lion sleeps tonight...*

GARY  
HEY!

The Tone Rangers spook--immediately stop singing.

GARY (cont'd)  
What the fuck're you guys doing?

RICHARD  
Rehearsing.

Gary stares at Richard for a beat.

GARY  
Rick. You and the get along gang  
can leave or I'll throw you out-

RICHARD  
Actually, since we're in Brooke's  
bedroom, technically you don't have  
jurisdiction in here.

Gary snatches the pitch pipe out of Richard's pocket, waves it threateningly in his face-

GARY  
You got ten seconds to get out of  
here or I'll break your magic  
whistle-

WHAM! Richard goes jujitsu--grabs Gary's arm, spins him, pins him--and delivers three quick jabs to his face!

INT. THE CONDO - KITCHEN - LATER

Dirty dishes piled in the sink. Food wrappers, cereal boxes and wadded up paper towel on the counter. Gary sits at the kitchen table with KLEENEX TWISTS IN EACH NOSTRIL, bag of frozen peas on the bridge of his nose. The FRONT DOOR opens and Brooke walks in, concerned...

GARY  
What kind of bullshit move was  
that?

BROOKE

What're you talking about?

GARY

Don't be coy with me. You sent those animals over to bait me when I was hung over and weak-

BROOKE

You're insane. The Tone Rangers needed a place to rehearse and I specifically told Richard to stay in my room which you so clearly explained is my space to do what I want with.

GARY

That's how you want to play it? I'll play it like that. I'll play it like Lionel Ritchie. *All Night Long*, lady. I'll call some guys from my neck of the woods. And we're not talking about some singing queens who know a couple grapples. We're talking Polacks with no future. That's right! We can make things real uncomfortable-

BROOKE

Oh knock it off. You're just embarrassed because Richard kicked your ass-

GARY

Richard did not kick my ass. I was half-asleep and he attacked me!

BROOKE

You've officially lost your mind.

Brooke starts to leave...turns-

BROOKE (cont'd)

There are three messages on voicemail about game night which obviously isn't going to happen so you should call everyone and cancel-

GARY

Why would I cancel game night? If it's our turn to host game night, I'm gonna host game night. I'm fine!

(MORE)

GARY (cont'd)

I got no shame in this situation.  
You're the one who should feel  
weird about seeing people, Tonya  
Harding! I honor my commitments!

BROOKE

Fine.

Brooke walks away, somewhat pleased, as Gary removes one of the twists--bleeding's finally stopped.

EXT. ROOF OF DOUBLE-DECKER - MOVING - DAY

Gary stands with his mic-

GARY

And what started the Great Fire of  
1871?

TOURIST

A cow!

GARY

That's exactly right. To the victor  
goes the spoils.

Gary tosses a piece of candy to the tourist.

GARY (cont'd)

And on your left, one of the only  
buildings to survive that Great  
Fire, the original Chicago Water  
Tower and Pumping Station. Now on  
your right, you'll notice the  
Marilyn Dean Gallery. Type of place  
you might drive by one day and spot  
an attractive girl eating her  
lunch...you might even ask her to  
come for a ride on your bus. Maybe  
you fall in love, buy a place  
together...only to find out she's  
completely crackers. She'll kick  
you off the bowling team and send  
over her brother who's technically  
not gay but is in an all-male a  
capella group and a wolf in sheep's  
clothing who hits you in the face  
seven times before you even know  
the fight started. On your left,  
best ribs in the city...

The tourists glance at each other--what?/?--as the bus takes  
another corner...

INT. THE CONDO - BATHROOM - LATER

Filled with steam. Brooke's in the shower. Gary opens the bathroom door-

GARY

There's no food in there.

BROOKE

So?

GARY

People'll be here in an hour.  
What're we supposed to eat?

BROOKE

You're a big boy, figure it out.

Gary mutters under his breath and SLAMS the bathroom door.

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gary's clothes have been swept into a large pile in the corner. Couch-bed's put away, coffee table back in place-- covered with untouched plates of appetizers--Kraft singles, bag of chips, a bowl of gum...

IN THE KITCHEN

Counter clean, no dishes in the sink. Open bag of trash in the corner. Johnny O's pretty fiancée DIANE, 31, Riggleman's cheery wife JEN, 33, and Brooke look through the cupboards.

BROOKE

Sorry about the mess, I stopped  
cleaning up after him.

Brooke opens a cupboard--it's filled with all the dirty dishes and uneaten scraps of food--she quickly closes it.

DIANE

Here we go.

Diane pulls a couple Notre Dame plastic souvenir cups out of another cupboard.

JEN

So how's it going?

BROOKE

I think he's coming around.

Jen & Diane share a glance as Brooke fills the cups with tap water while...

IN THE DINING ROOM

Gary shoots pool with Johnny O & Riggleman. The DOORBELL RINGS.

GARY

It's open!

Gina & Andrew let themselves in.

GARY (cont'd)

Whoa-whoa! Hold on!

He walks towards the front door brandishing his pool cue-

GARY (cont'd)

Those two Benedict Arnolds are not welcome in my condo!

Brooke rushes out of the kitchen-

BROOKE

Correction. They're loyal friends who are always welcome in my condo.

GARY

Okay. Why don't we vote? Let's see who has numbers this time.

(to everyone else)

Raise your hand if you want to let these two traitors stay.

Gina & Andrew stand awkwardly as Johnny O, Diane, Riggleman & Jen stare blankly at Gary.

GARY (cont'd)

How 'bout it, Johnny O, show Brooke whose team you're on. Riggleman?

A long beat. Then-

RIGGLEMAN

Don't we need eight for it to count towards the running score?

Gary stares at Riggleman--shit. Mulls it over...

GARY

Okay. Since I am a man and want tonight's competition to be valid, I will allow these backstabbers to participate.

(points at Riggleman)

But they're on your team.

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Pictionary time. Two large easel note-pads on either side of the room. Riggleman, Jen, Andrew and Gina on one team. Gary, Brooke, Johnny O and Diane on the other. Andrew reaches for a-

GARY

Do not touch my Ruffles!

Andrew quickly recoils. Riggleman takes a card, thinks for a second, then starts to draw a house-

JEN/GINA/ANDREW

Square! Brick! Block! Oven! Home plate! Baseball! Football! Sports! Steroids!

Riggleman crosses out the original house and draws another picture that looks exactly like a house.

JEN

House!

Riggleman points at his wife--flaps his arms and writes "HOUSE" on the page. Draws a perfect phone.

JEN/GINA/ANDREW

Banana! Fruit! Restaurant! House Wine! House Fruit!

Riggleman frantically taps "HOUSE" and his phone drawing as the timer starts to run out-

JEN/GINA/ANDREW (cont'd)

House phone!

JEN

House call!

RIGGLEMAN

That's it!!!

JEN/ANDREW/GINA

House call! House call!

Rigglesman, Jen, Andrew & Gina hi-five.

GINA

Atta girl!

JEN

First I thought house phone, like  
hotel, then it hit me--house call!

RIGGLEMAN

That was terrific!

As Brooke pulls another card, her team gets into position.

GARY

Alright everyone, focus! This one  
wins!

(claps)

Let's do it!

ANDREW

Ready...go!

The timer's flipped and Brooke starts drawing something that  
somewhat resembles a shoe-

GARY/JOHNNY O/DIANE

Shoe! Sneaker! Shoe horn! Running!  
Jogging! Olympics! Thief! Rocket!

Brooke draws another picture, slower and smaller but it looks  
exactly the same as her first one.

GARY

You already drew that!

Johnny O shoots Gary a glance.

GARY/JOHNNY O/DIANE

Baby shoe! Smaller shoe! Gumshoe!

Brooke points at the drawing-

GARY

What're you pointing at?!? A shoe?  
My left foot?

Brooke draws another identical drawing. Her team stops  
guessing...

GARY (cont'd)  
We're obviously not getting it!  
Draw something besides a stupid  
fucking shoe!!!

Whoa. Everyone looks away. Tension builds.

GARY (cont'd)  
Stop pointing at the shoe! Draw  
something!!!

The timer runs out and-

BROOKE  
It was a sock you stupid asshole!

Brooke slams down her marker.

GARY  
You claim to be an artist? A four-  
year-old with a box of crayons has  
more talent than you!

BROOKE  
Don't start with me Mr. 'Four Guide-

Everyone glances at each other, uneasy as-

GARY  
You're right, I shouldn't criticize  
the art...because you definitely  
got the nuts part down, Picasso.  
All you gotta do now is cut off  
your ear-

BROOKE  
It's Van Gough, moron. Your insults  
are much more effective when  
they're accurate, idiot!

GARY  
Alright, let's see if this is  
accurate. Your breath is like the  
ass of a baboon!

Gina starts to intervene--Andrew holds her back.

BROOKE  
Don't talk body odor with me Cary-  
in-the-Mist, at least I shower.

GARY

Hey don't backpedal now because there are people here--you used to say it turned you on when I had a little scent on me.

Everyone cringes and stares at the floor.

BROOKE

I only acted turned on because I knew it'd be over before it started-

GARY

Who are you kidding? I rocked that ass from here to South Bend!

BROOKE

Please. My ass hasn't been rocked since my last vacation!

Gary's momentarily caught off-guard as Brooke stares him down and OFF everyone watching in shock...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gary and Brooke sit on opposite ends of the couch, Riggleman across from them in a chair. Everyone else's gone.

RIGGLEMAN

At first I figured the split was temporary, something you two would work out and get past. But after tonight, it's pretty clear that you two genuinely do not want to get back together.

GARY

There's not a chance in hell that-

RIGGLEMAN

Gary, please.

Gary nods, quiets.

RIGGLEMAN (cont'd)

Then as your friend and realtor, I'm not leaving here tonight until we decide what to do about the condo because this living situation clearly isn't working out.

Riggleman eyes Gary and Brooke who sit in silence...

GARY

Well...the only logical thing I can think of is for her to move out and pay me some sort of penalty as compensation for my labor.

BROOKE

Compensation for your labor? We fixed the place up together-

GARY

What?!? You danced around with a sponge, dotting the walls with that foofy shit. You made it nutjob specific, where's the value in that?!?

BROOKE

It's called aesthetics. It gives the place balance so it doesn't look like a military barracks-

GARY

It's called depreciated unless the next buyer has your Zulu land taste. It's gonna cost someone money to paint over those walls. Those holes drilled in the wall to hold-

Points to a LARGE EXOTIC PIECE OF ART hanging on the wall-

GARY (cont'd)

Whatever the hell that is--are gonna cost money to fix. My work added concrete value to the place-- the tiles in the bathroom, track lighting, new plumbing-

Riggleman covers his face, takes a deep breath.

BROOKE

Plumbing? We have water that's between scalding and frost bite!

GARY

I can't help it if you don't know how to pace a shower-

RIGGLEMAN

(shouts)

Guys! Stop it! Just stop alright?

Gary and Brooke glare at each other, arms crossed.

RIGGLEMAN (cont'd)

This is asinine--you two are going to kill each other.

(shakes his head)

It's time to be realistic. Neither of you can afford the mortgage on your own. And it's too bad because this place will only increase in value--I mean, I get calls on this building all the time waiting for a unit to open up. So as your realtor, the last thing I'd suggest is selling it...but as your friend, unfortunately I don't see any other solution. You take your halves, go your separate ways and get on with your lives...

(beat)

Guys?

Gary and Brooke sit for a moment, processing...

GARY

I don't give a shit if I take a hit, I'll look at it as get-away-from-Brooke money.

Brooke winces slightly, quickly covers.

RIGGLEMAN

Brooke?

BROOKE

Whatever I lose will be more than made up for by no longer having to baby-sit this mess.

RIGGLEMAN

(sighs)

I know selling's not the easiest thing for both of you...but it's for the best. And to be honest, this is a situation where I'd just as soon not take a commission.

GARY & BROOKE

Great.

RIGGLEMAN

Well, no, I meant I wish I didn't have to but the company's policy doesn't allow me to waive it. I just meant in theory, in this situation as a friend...

(clasps his hands)

Okay, when you get a chance one of you drop me off a set of keys and-

Gary tosses Riggleman his keys.

RIGGLEMAN (cont'd)

O-kay. You two make sure the place looks somewhat presentable. I'll be bringing clients in all week-- you'll never know I'm here. The good news is, it should move very quickly.

And OFF Brooke, absorbing the blow to her gut...

INT. MARILYN DEAN GALLERY - NEXT MORNING

A few customers browse. Brooke sits at the desk nervously tapping a pencil...bags under her eyes, hair hastily pulled up. Christopher sits on the corner of her desk, listening-

BROOKE

I've been fighting fire with bombs and look where it's gotten me--the condo's for sale. And if that doesn't wake him up, I'm smoked.

Christopher eyes Brooke for a sympathetic beat.

CHRISTOPHER

Whenever Mr. Blue comes and visits, my friends and I do random acts of silliness to cheer us up.

BROOKE

Please Christopher, not now.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm serious. It works-

He hops up on the desk--contorts his body and flaps his arms like a frantic goose. Brooke stares at him blankly. The front door opens and Marilyn Dean walks in--Christopher stops singing abruptly-

MARILYN DEAN  
What the hell are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER  
(still on the desk)  
Um, a random act of silliness.

Marilyn Dean just stares at him. Christopher wilts and slinks off the desk, grabs Marilyn Dean's bag and scurries into the back of the gallery. Marilyn Dean gives Brooke a once-over-

MARILYN DEAN  
You might be able to get away with looking like that selling photographs but not my art. And when you look bad, Marilyn Dean looks bad-

BROOKE  
I'm sorry Marilyn, I know-

MARILYN DEAN  
You obviously didn't listen to me the first time so I don't know what else to say other than get over this guy.

BROOKE  
Marilyn-

Marilyn Dean holds up her index finger-

BROOKE (cont'd)  
Please, just one quick thing.

Marilyn Dean raises her eyebrows, keeps her finger raised-

BROOKE (cont'd)  
You see...I don't want to get over him. I sort of caused this whole mess by insisting we break-up, hoping he'd change. And now that we're selling the condo, I feel like I'm going to lose him forever.

Marilyn Dean lowers her finger, nods...

MARILYN DEAN  
Okay. Whether or not I agree with your emotional position is a different conversation. If you want him back there's a sequence of tactics you can attempt.

(MORE)

MARILYN DEAN (cont'd)

Listen to me and listen to me very carefully. He can always find another place to live, that's easy, but he might not be able to find as comfortable of a place to sleep. Are you following me? Did you get the Telly Savalas?

(off her nod)

Perfect. Now you need to remind him how comfortable that bed is...then show him an exhausted gentleman who's dying to take a nap. That'll surely get his attention. You can't fuck him, but you can at least fuck with his head. You got that, dear?

Brooke nods, empowered-

BROOKE

Wow. Thanks.

INT. THE CONDO - BATHROOM - EVENING

Filled with steam. Brooke towels off. Stares in the mirror, steeling herself. Tosses the towel and walks out into

THE HALLWAY

Naked. Sidesteps her easel...

IN THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary's on the couch playing PS2--GTA SAN ANDREAS.

IN THE GAME: Gary's GANGSTER CJ--green track suit, cornrows, shirtless & covered with tats fires an AK-47.

Brooke crosses in front of the TV. Gary's eyes track her, shocked--a Telly Savalas!--as she walks into the kitchen.

IN THE GAME: Gary's GANGSTER CJ is mowed down in a hail of bullets--MISSION FAILED.

Gary cranes his neck to see Brooke in

THE KITCHEN

Bending over to get a bottled water out of the fridge. She closes the fridge and turns--Gary whips around as if not paying attention. Brooke crosses in front of him again, sipping her water...and disappears around the corner into

THE HALLWAY

And OFF Brooke, grinning, adrenaline racing...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gary's still playing PS2. The doorbell RINGS. Gary doesn't move. It RINGS again. He pauses the game...gets up and opens the door to find PAUL, 30's, nice-looking guy wearing slacks and a sweater.

PAUL

Whoa, uh, hey. Is Brooke here?

GARY

I don't know.

Gary walks back to the couch, unpauses the game as Paul cautiously walks into the condo.

PAUL

Brooke?

IN THE BEDROOM

Brooke checks herself in the mirror, smiling to herself.

BROOKE

I'll be right out!

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Paul stands awkwardly, glances at the TV.

IN THE GAME: Gary's GANGSTER CJ carjacks a convertible, shoots the driver in the head.

PAUL

So...how do you and Brooke know each other?

GARY

We used to fuck.

Paul looks around trying to figure out what to do.

GARY (cont'd)

But congratulations, you're first in line to try hitting it now that she's back on the market.

Brooke walks out--skirt and spaghetti-strap top--she looks outstanding. She crosses to Paul who couldn't be more uncomfortable with the situation-

BROOKE

Hey Paul-

PAUL

Hey! You look great.

BROOKE

You ready to go?

PAUL

Yeah, all set.

(to Gary)

Okay, so uh, nice meeting you.

GARY

Apple martinis.

BROOKE

Ignore him.

GARY

Those normally do the trick.

BROOKE

Let's go.

GARY

But only two, three and she'll get sloppy.

Brooke leads Paul towards the door.

GARY (cont'd)

And fantasy role playing! She's got a thing for lifeguards-

INT. THE CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brooke shuts the door behind them.

GARY (O.S.)

(shouting)

Put some zinc oxide on your nose and it's all over!

Brooke smiles as if she heard nothing and heads towards the elevator...

INT. CARMINE'S RESTAURANT - RUSH STREET - LATER

Brooke sits with Paul at a front table.

PAUL

The most challenging part of what I do is between February and April fifteenth, what we in "The Biz" like to call "Crunch Time."

BROOKE

That's fascinating.

A WAITER approaches-

WAITER

Can I start you two off with something to drink?

PAUL

Couple of apple martinis please.

BROOKE

(taken aback)

Actually, water's fine.

PAUL

You can bring them both just in case.

The waiter nods and walks off.

PAUL (cont'd)

What was I saying-oh yeah, don't get me wrong, we're not all work and no play. After April fifteenth, that's what we in "The Biz" like to call "Party Time".

Brooke's cell RINGS. She glances at the CALLER ID--GINA.

BROOKE

I'm so sorry, I need to get this real quick-

(answers)

Hello?

GINA (V.O.)

How's it going?

BROOKE

(freaking out)

WHAT?!? OH MY GOD!

Paul bolts upright.

GINA (V.O.)  
It's that bad?

BROOKE  
No-no! Don't move! Where are you!?

GINA (V.O.)  
You've only been with him for half  
an hour-

Paul watches wide-eyed with concern as Brooke stands, puts on  
her coat-

BROOKE  
I'm on my way!

Brooke hangs up, addresses Paul, somber-

BROOKE (cont'd)  
My best friend fell off a ladder  
cleaning her chandelier.

PAUL  
What?

BROOKE  
I have to go!

PAUL  
Of course of course. I'll give you  
a ride-

BROOKE  
NO-no-I'll take a cab-so sorry!

And rushes out of the restaurant.

INT. CAB - MOVING - LATER

Brooke's on the phone-

GINA (V.O.)  
You should've had at least had sex  
with him.

BROOKE  
Gina, that wasn't the point-

GINA (V.O.)  
Who cares, trust me, get as much  
sex while you can.  
(MORE)

GINA (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Andrew's so busy with work, I have to practically rape him to get anything. I should've put sex in our prenup.

BROOKE  
(sighs)  
Paul wasn't the right guy for the job. If I'm going to get Gary's attention, I need to bring someone over who actually makes him feel threatened-

GINA (V.O.)  
I got just the guy.

CUT TO:

THE 3-BROTHERS MURAL PAINTED ON A BRICK BUILDING

INT. 3-BROTHERS BUS TOURS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walls covered with a floor-to-ceiling Chicago map, glossy photos of tour boats, a 3-Brothers "Air Land & Sea" logo mock-up. Three desks--one organized (DENNIS placard), one completely bare (LUPUS placard) and one covered with piles of clutter (no visible placard)--Gary sitting behind it. Lupus bounces a tennis ball off the wall...

GARY  
She thinks I'm going to give two shits if she goes out with some knob? If she's trying to make me jealous she should bring home a stud-

LUPUS  
So you'd care if she brought home a stud?

GARY  
I don't care what she does-

Dennis walks in, irate-

DENNIS  
What's this bullshit I hear about you selling the condo?

Gary glares at Lupus who shrugs-

LUPUS  
I'm gonna go check the ignition shaft on that rotator belt.

And walks out.

DENNIS

Selling that condo is ludicrous!

GARY

I was wondering when I was going to get to hear your "How Gary Always Fucks Up" speech again-

DENNIS

Tell me how losing that asset's going to get us on the river, put us up in the air?

GARY

Dennis I'm serious, I don't need this shit.

DENNIS

You wanna cry? Go cry to mom-

GARY

Nobody's crying. I just don't feel like hearing it.

DENNIS

Knock off the feelings crap. This is about money and business. Fine, you broke up. You think you're sad? Let me tell something. Sad is instead of putting a thousand a month towards mortgage, wasting that money on rent. Sad is not having that money part of your net worth and not having the money you save after taxes to invest. Sad is instead of having two hundred and forty thousand dollars in the bank in five years, you're still hitting me up for loans. You hear me?

GARY

Yeah, you finished?

DENNIS

No smartass, I'm not. I need your damn tour logs.

GARY

Appreciate the heart-to-heart, great talk.

DENNIS

I'm serious. You're three months behind and those logs are imperative to insuring our books are straight-

GARY

They're bullshit is what they are. You've got the receipts, tally them yourself.

DENNIS

I do. And I don't appreciate it. The time I spend doing your job cuts into the time I get to spend with my family. I take care of the hiring, firing, payroll, taxes, and maintenance. All you have to do is your tours and your goddamn logs.

GARY

I'm the talent, bro. They sign up a month in advance for me, wait in line for the next bus for me...so don't drain me on the goddamn logs, it could undermine our entire operation. Alright? I'm out of here.

And OFF Dennis simmering as Gary walks out...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gary's on the couch playing PS2--MADDEN '05 ONLINE--talking on a HEADSET with the gamer he's playing against...

GARY

(into headset)

You can't go man-to-man on me kid.

IN THE GAME: Gary's QB chucks a Hail Mary...touchdown!

The doorbell RINGS.

BROOKE

I got it!

Brooke runs to the door wearing a short skirt and tank top. Opens it and smiles at MIKE, 30's, stunningly handsome.

MIKE

Brooke?

BROOKE  
(overly flirtatious)  
Hey Mike. Come on in.

Brooke glances at Gary to check his reaction--Gary gives Mike a once-over, turns back to his game-

GARY  
(into headset)  
Look kid, you took a chance and got burned, champions dust themselves off and learn.

BROOKE  
(to Mike)  
I'll be ready in one sec, okay?

MIKE  
Yeah, no problem.

Brooke leaves Mike standing alone in the entry way...

IN THE BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brooke checks herself in the mirror, intentionally stalling. Nods confidently, pleased, and heads back to...

THE LIVING ROOM

Mike's on the couch playing Madden with Gary.

MIKE  
Wow, great catch.

GARY  
That's hours of practice bro. While your guys were out partying, my guys were running routes...

Brooke stares at the guys in disbelief.

BROOKE  
Okay, um, I'm ready.

MIKE  
Hey, is it cool if I finish the game? We got a little wager going.

Brooke's speechless. Blinks a few times, then-

BROOKE  
Yeah-yeah, of course. No problem.

As Gary winks at her and we

CUT TO:

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Mike and Gary still playing Madden.

IN THE GAME: A goal-line stand with time running out...

GARY

You start training for this moment  
on the first day of two-a-days...

Brooke sits in a chair flipping through a magazine...

GARY (cont'd)

Pushing yourself to achieve the  
impossible...so that when that one  
moment comes...

IN THE GAME: Mike's QB hands it to the running back who's met  
at the line and stopped! Gary raises his arms in triumph-

GARY (cont'd)

You know you left everything on the  
field. And that's how you make a  
champion kid.

Mike tosses his controller aside with a smile. Pounds fists  
with Gary. Hands him a ten.

MIKE

Great game, man.  
(to Brooke)  
So, you ready to go?

BROOKE

(forced smile)  
Yeah sure.

Brooke gets up and walks past Gary who grins cockily at her  
as she leads Mike to the door...

GARY

Remember what I told you!

MIKE

(winks)  
Absolutely.

Brooke glances from Mike to Gary, wiggled out--as she closes  
the door firmly behind her.

Gary's eyes linger on the closed door. He sighs, runs his hands through his hair...then gets up and kicks through the piles of clothes--finds the cordless. Dials...

LUPUS (V.O.)

Yo.

GARY

Saddle up bro, time to rope some talent.

LUPUS (V.O.)

What's up, whaddya got?

GARY

My place, tonight. Poker.

LUPUS (V.O.)

Look man, I'm not rounding up a bunch of girls to come over and listen to you tell jokes-

GARY

Just listen to me. Stop talking. Do your email thing--here's what you tell 'em...

INT. HUGO'S FROG BAR RESTAURANT - LATER

Brooke sits across from Mike, picking at her salad.

MIKE

Your roommate is awesome!

BROOKE

He's something. So where did you go to law school?

MIKE

Northwestern. Man, Gary's hilarious.

BROOKE

He's okay.

MIKE

Okay? He's alltime! The guy's gonna take Chicago tourism by air, land and sea!

And OFF Brooke listening, trapped...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Couch-bed folded up. Piles of clothes once again swept into a corner. Dining room table now in the middle of the room.

FOUR HOT GIRLS, 20's, sit around it. Gary, smoking a cigar, shuffles a deck while Lupus pours everyone Tequila shots.

GARY

Welcome to the first annual Texas No-Limit Strip Poker Tournament. Per the email Lupus sent, you are each to have eight pieces of clothing. Sunglasses, hats, wristbands and piercings...do not count as clothing. Those are accessories. When you bet, you place that article of clothing into the pot. When you win someone else's clothing, it remains on the table. The blinds will be one and one. At any time, you can go all in but, as outlined, you must remove all your clothes to do so. We're expecting the game to last one or two hours. At that point, we'll start the dance portion of the evening.

Slides the deck forward to be out.

GARY (cont'd)

Ladies and gentleman, let's play *some* poker.

INT. HUGO'S FROG BAR RESTAURANT - LATER

Brooke picks at her steak.

MIKE

And he invited me to join his new bowling team--how cool is that?

Brooke's cell RINGS. CALLER ID--GINA. She grabs it, answers-

BROOKE

(freaked out)  
OH MY GOD!!!

MIKE

(panicked)  
What? What's wrong?!

GINA (V.O.)  
No! Don't do it!

BROOKE  
(to Mike)  
My best friend fell down an  
elevator shaft she might have a  
concussion, I'm not really sure-

GINA (V.O.)  
Damn it Brooke, wait-

MIKE  
Jesus, do you need a ride?

BROOKE  
No-no, it's okay. I'm fine.

GINA (V.O.)  
He's incredible in bed!

Brooke hangs up.

MIKE  
Wow, I hope everything's okay.

BROOKE  
I'm so sorry, I'll call you later-

As Brooke gets up to leave-

MIKE  
And tell Gary to call me.

EXT. GINA'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Gina & Brooke share beers sitting on patio chairs.

BROOKE  
I give up. Everything I've tried  
has blown up in my face. Let's  
admit it, he won. I'm just going to  
have to go try and have a civilized  
conversation with him.

GINA  
If you do that, I guarantee it will  
end with ravaging make-up sex  
followed by stomach-churning  
regret.

BROOKE  
I think I can handle myself.

GINA

I was afraid you might try something like this. So I bought you a gift...

Gina pulls a packaged MITI MITE vibrator out of her purse.

GINA (cont'd)

If you're going to put yourself alone and vulnerable in a room with him to discuss sensitive matters involving reclaiming your relationship, go three rounds with this before you do. Otherwise, I don't care how strong you are, you'll be toast.

BROOKE

It's really okay. I'm just going to go home and speak my mind. We're both adults, I'm sure we can talk our way through this...

And OFF Gina rolling her eyes and stuffing the Miti Mite in Brooke's bag...

INT. THE CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Brooke walks down the hall, hears MUSIC BLARING from the condo. She unlocks the door and steps-

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of the hot girls, now topless, sit across from the fully-clothed Lupus while two of the other girls, completely naked, dance in the corner...

HOT GIRL

We got another player!

The other girls WHOO-HOO and CHEER. Brooke stands stunned for a beat while Lupus leers at her tits...then she turns and heads down the hall...

HOT GIRL #2 (O.S.)

Who's the party pooper?

PAST THE KITCHEN

Whoa! Gary's bent-over naked, reaching into the fridge. He stands up holding a jar of salsa. Brooke stutter-steps backwards, mortified.

THE BATHROOM DOOR

Opens and the fourth hot girl, skips out completely naked-

HOT GIRL #3

You're out of toilet paper.

And grabs Gary's hand-

HOT GIRL #3 (cont'd)

Let's dance!

Gary lowers his head and looks drunkenly at Brooke over the top of his sunglasses, regarding her smugly...then follows the hot girl back towards the living room...

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC & LAUGHTER echoes from the living room. Brooke sits on the edge of the bed clutching her bag, eyes closed wishing the nightmare away...her grip on her bag loosens and all of the contents spill out. And OFF Brooke staring dejectedly at the clutter...

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Can still hear the party raging but Brooke's now zonked, earplugs in...Miti Mite on the night stand...and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A disaster area. Empty beer bottles, cigarette butts, playing cards strewn everywhere. Gary's passed out naked face-down on the couch. The PHONE RINGS--he doesn't move. Brooke walks out of the bathroom...kicks through the clothes until she finds the cordless. CALLER ID: RIGGLEMAN, answers-

BROOKE

Hello?

RIGGLEMAN (V.O.)

(over phone)

Brooke, it's Riggleman. Great news!

And OFF Brooke staring at a GIANT SMILEY FACE PAINTED on the living room wall...

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gary jump-flinches awake-

GARY

YA!

Realizes he was dreaming and relaxes. Rubs his face--huh, I'm naked--and covers himself with a pillow. Looks around the room trying to get his bearings...notices a note stuck on the end of the couch.

In Brooke's handwriting: Condo sold. Out in two weeks.

INT. MARILYN DEAN GALLERY - DAY

Brooke writes an invoice for Carson (her client from before) while Christopher busies himself cleaning up the desk.

CARSON

So how does this work, do I pull a car around back while you wrap them up to go?

BROOKE

(smiles)

We'll deliver the art to your home to properly hang everything as well as check the lighting and sunlight exposure.

CARSON

Perfect.

Carson starts to leave, turns-

CARSON (cont'd)

I don't mean to be too forward... but would you like to get dinner sometime?

Brooke perks up a bit from the jolt of flattery, smiles-

BROOKE

That's very nice of you, but actually I have a boyfriend.

CARSON

Well he's a lucky man.

(smiles)

So I guess I'll have to keep it to gallery purchases and home deliveries. Have a good day.

As Carson leaves the gallery, Christopher glares at her, hands on his hips-

CHRISTOPHER

Are you out of your mind?!? Gary's throwing titty parties in your living room and you're telling hot rich guys you have a boyfriend?!?

BROOKE

I'm just not interested in anyone else. All I know is that I'm racked with regret for not keeping my mouth shut about the stupid dishes.

CHRISTOPHER

But you had a valid point, you weren't happy with how things were going-

BROOKE

At least they were going.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, then it sounds like you need to ask yourself if the things that bother you about him bother you more than you're bothered by being without him.

BROOKE

There's no question, I miss him so much.

CHRISTOPHER

Then it's now or never. You have to tell him how you feel.

BROOKE

You're right.

CHRISTOPHER

But look, I don't want to give advice. I'm just here to listen.

And OFF Brooke, wheels turning...

EXT. BIKE PATH ALONG LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

Brooke and Gina power walk along the Lake.

GINA

The single most important thing is that you don't come off desperate.

BROOKE

I don't know where his head is. I can't just walk into the living room and tell him I need to talk.

GINA

You need to do something fun together that rekindles some of the old feelings and opens the door for a conversation.

BROOKE

I could get tickets for a Cubs game.

GINA

You might as well paint "You win!" on your forehead.

BROOKE

I don't know...we could go to dinner.

GINA

He'll catch that from a mile away.

BROOKE

It has to be something cool and seem totally casual.

INT. THE CONDO - HALLWAY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Brooke takes a deep breath and walks into

THE LIVING ROOM

where Gary's on the couch watching a Cubs game.

BROOKE

Did you get my note?

GARY

Yeah. Two weeks.

BROOKE

I brought a bunch of boxes from work...if you need any, help yourself.

GARY

Cool.

BROOKE

Oh, listen--I got tickets awhile ago to Social Distortion for tonight. I completely forgot but if you want to go...

GARY

How many tickets?

BROOKE

Two.

GARY

How much do you want for them?

BROOKE

No-no, I'm going-

GARY

So it'll just be the two of us?

BROOKE

And ten thousand other people. It's not a big deal, I was going to ask Gina, but since I got it for you...

GARY

Sure, why not.

BROOKE

But if you're not going to use it, just tell me because I'll ask someone else-

GARY

No-no, I'll be there.

BROOKE

(nonchalant)

Okay, cool, it's at The Metro. I'll leave your ticket at will call.

Brooke turns and walks back down

THE HALLWAY

Smiling to herself, energized...

INT. THE CONDO - BATHROOM - LATER

Brooke stands in the shower in the precarious one-foot-on-the-soap-dish position, shaving her leg. Gina sits on the closed toilet, flipping through Cosmo.

GINA

You're cordial at the concert,  
nothing more.

BROOKE

I shouldn't dance with him?

GINA

Absolutely not. You're there having  
a good time, he's having a good  
time, it's no big deal...

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER

Brooke stands in front of the mirror trying on a skirt--half  
her wardrobe already tested and tossed on the bed. Gina lies  
on the bed on her stomach, slumber-party style.

GINA

Then after the concert, don't be in  
a rush to leave. You'll be up  
front, will have to wait for the  
crowd to empty. Then you can have  
idle conversation-

BROOKE

But neutral subjects.

GINA

Exactly. The concert, the weather,  
work.

(re: Brooke's skirt)

No. Come on, not that one. You have  
to make it look like you didn't  
have a chance to shower, just threw  
something on or even better, like  
you just came from work. He'll be  
able to sense any effort on your  
part and the alarms will start  
going off.

Brooke nods. Searches on the bed through the discarded  
clothes...digs out a slightly longer skirt. Tries it on.

GINA (cont'd)

The key is to get him feeling  
comfortable around you again, let  
him make some jokes.

Brooke checks her ass in the mirror.

BROOKE

And then I'll tell him I was invited to a party, if he wants to swing by with me, have a drink...

GINA

But you walk there, don't take a cab...

BROOKE

Only when we get to the bar, it's empty-

GINA

Wrong night.

BROOKE

But as long as we're there-

GINA

Why not have a drink?

BROOKE

Or throw some darts.

GINA

Perfect.

BROOKE

Then I'll wait for the right window.

GINA

Whatever you do, don't leave that bar without having the conversation.

Brooke adjusts her bra, settles into the top. Glances at Gina in the mirror who's smiling at her, encouragingly...

GINA (cont'd)

You look amazing.

EXT. THE METRO THEATER - LATER

"SOCIAL DISTORTION" on the MATINEE. Brooke stands at the

WILL CALL WINDOW

Takes her tickets from the attendant. Writes GARY GROBOWSKI on the envelope, slips one ticket back in and hands it to the attendant...

INT. THE METRO THEATER - LATER

Roadies hustle across the stage, swapping out the opening band's gear as an usher leads Brooke to her fifth row seats. She pardons herself past the people in her row...finds her seat. Stands for a moment, self-conscious, glancing around at everyone chatting and milling about. Walks back down the aisle, excusing herself again with a sheepish smile...

INT. THE METRO THEATER - BATHROOM - LATER

Brooke stands in front of the mirror putting on lip gloss. Checks the shine...smacks her lips trying to make it appear less obvious...

INT. THE METRO THEATER - LOBBY - LATER

Brooke stands in line waiting to buy a drink. Glances at her cell--NO MESSAGES. Tucks it back in her bag as she reaches the front of the line and orders a beer...hesitates, asks for a second one. Turns and wanders through the crowd eagerly watching the entrance, as the house lights flash...

INT. THE METRO THEATER - LATER

Brooke pardons herself once again past the people in her row. Reaches her seat as

THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM

And the crowd starts CHEERING as

SOCIAL DISTORTION

Takes the stage. A BASS strums...DRUMS kick in...the GUITAR riffs...and the STAGE LIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE CROWD as the lead singer, MIKE NESS, grabs the mic and starts SINGING...

INT. THE METRO THEATER - LOBBY - LATER

MUSIC ROCKING from inside. Brooke steps out into the lobby. Does a quick glance-around...ducks back inside...

INT. THE METRO THEATER - LATER

Lights dimmed. Stage empty. Crowd CHEERING for an encore. Brooke's the only one not into it, still standing next to the empty seat, still hopeful. Glances at the FULL BEER in the empty seat's cup holder. The crowd starts MOSHING as Social D returns to the stage...starts rocking "Story of My Life"...

But Brooke's not really listening--she pulls out her cell phone and checks again--NO MESSAGES.

She glances over her shoulder towards the entrance--all she can see is a sea of bouncing fans...

She looks back at the band rocking, the crowd dancing...and it finally hits her...

Gary's not coming.

Brooke closes her eyes, devastated, as the band finishes playing the final notes and the CROWD GOES WILD...

The HOUSE LIGHTS turn back on...and the crowd starts filing out...

Except for Brooke...who slowly sits down. People excuse themselves past as she lowers her head. And OFF Brooke sitting alone next to the empty seat we

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EL TRAIN - MOVING - LATER

Brooke sitting alone, the city rolling past...and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brooke stands in front of the unlit fireplace holding a SHOE BOX. She takes a deep breath--dumps the contents on top of the faux logs.

TIGHT ON THE FIREPLACE: Filled with photos of Gary & Brooke, holiday cards, dried flowers, ticket stubs...

Brooke flips the switch on the wall and FLAMES engulf the MEMENTOES OF GARY. And OFF her watching them burn...

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER

Brooke sits in bed, knees to her chest, surrounded by a mound of Kleenex. Blows her nose and sighs the longest of sighs--all cried out.

The front door OPENS & SLAMS. FOOTSTEPS STRIDE down the hall...past the bathroom...Brooke stares at the door--and flinches at the KNOCK.

GARY (O.S.)

Brooke?

She doesn't respond. The doorknob turns and Gary peeks in-

GARY (cont'd)

You up?

Brooke swipes at the balls of Kleenex trying to brush them off the bed.

BROOKE

What?

Gary sees the Kleenex, her puffy cheeks...

GARY

You okay?

BROOKE

I'm fine.

GARY

You sure?

She's barely holding on.

BROOKE

What do you want?

GARY

Um...I just wanted to say sorry about missing the concert...let me know what the ticket cost and I'll pay you back.

Brooke lowers her head in her arms...shoulders start to shake.

GARY (cont'd)

Brooke, are you sure you're okay?

BROOKE

Just leave me alone.

GARY

I was planning on being there but I stopped by to see Johnny O and-

Brooke looks up through her tears-

BROOKE

I don't fucking care! It doesn't matter--just leave me alone!

GARY

Whoa, Brooke I-

BROOKE

Just shut my door.

Gary stands frozen, in total shock.

GARY

Look, I...Brooke, I really had no idea the concert mattered to you-

BROOKE

Exactly.

GARY

No, hear me out, I mean...you broke up with me and then everything that happened and then you asked me to go to some concert and I just figured-

BROOKE

Gary. It doesn't matter.

GARY

Well obviously it does.

Beat.

BROOKE

I never meant for it to come to this. Our entire relationship, I went above and beyond doing things for you. Cooking, cleaning, laundry, buying you clothes. And I never felt like you once appreciated it. All I wanted was you to show me you cared...

(her voice cracks)

And I thought if we broke up, you'd realize how much I actually meant to you...and you'd change...or at least want to make an effort...

Gary's bowled over. Searches for words...

GARY

Why didn't you just tell me that?

BROOKE

Gary, I tried. So many times.

GARY

Yeah but never like that. I mean, you might've said things that were supposed to imply that but I'm not a mind reader-

BROOKE

It wouldn't have mattered Gary. You are who you are.

Gary takes a step into the room-

GARY

But Brooke-

BROOKE

I don't want you in here, I just want to be alone.

GARY

Brooke, please-

BROOKE

Seriously, Gary. Don't come near me. I just want to be away from you.

Gary sighs...and leaves, closing the door behind him. And OFF Brooke, head in her arms, sobbing...

INT. STANLEY'S TAP - LATER

Gary sits at the bar staring despondently into his drink.

JOHNNY O

The first time I saw Stacy, I fell head over heels. She was so far out of my league that when I finally sacked up and asked her out for a beer, I couldn't believe she said yes. And then when I kissed her and she didn't punch me in the jaw, I couldn't believe that either. And then when she agreed to marry me, I couldn't believe that either. The first and only thing I ever believed in our relationship...the only time something ever happened that I said, wow, now that's real, is when I walked in on her fucking that insurance salesman from Pittsburgh. That was the first real moment in our relationship.

(MORE)

JOHNNY O (cont'd)

So now, I'm with Diane. Diane is with me. She loves me. Do I love her? Sure. Do I dream about fucking sixteen year-old twins? Absolutely.

GARY

So?

JOHNNY O

So sometimes I just have to jerk off.

GARY

What's your point?

JOHNNY

Do stories always need a point?

GARY

Usually when you're trying to cheer someone up, you tell stories with a fucking point.

JOHNNY O

Well if you need a point, here it is. There might only be a handful of people in the world who are perfect for you. Maybe one out of a million. You have a better chance of winning the lottery than finding that girl, so if you're waiting for her, you're nuts.

Gary nods, staring at his drink...

GARY

I can't believe she got so hurt about it.

JOHNNY O

You hurt a lot of people.

GARY

What're you talking about?

JOHNNY O

I'm just saying...it's how you are man. You're Gary Grobowski. Funniest man alive, great to hang out with...but you're gonna do what you want and that won't always match up with what others want...

Gary stares at Johnny O, absorbing...

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER

Brooke sits in her bed, knees curled to her chest, talking on the phone with her mom...

BROOKE

Mom, please, I don't need to take a shower-

WENDY MEYERS (V.O.)

I'm just trying to help.

BROOKE

I know, but right now I just need you to listen...

INT. THE CONDO - ENTRY WAY - LATER

Gary walks in. Lights off, quiet. The bedroom door closed at the end of the hall...he glances at the blank wall that used to be covered with pictures of him and Brooke...

EXT. BIKE PATH ALONG LAKE MICHIGAN - SUNRISE

Dawn breaks magnificently over the still water as Brooke jogs alone, iPod earbuds in...running with her thoughts...

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - MORNING

Gary stands in the COOKING section, pulls a few books from the shelf. Walks down the aisle--notices a RELATIONSHIP SELF-HELP BOOK on a display table. Casually glances over his shoulder--no one's looking--and adds the book to his stash.

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - CHECKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

The cashier rings Gary up. Swipes the relationship book-

GARY

Oh, uh, could you gift wrap that one please?

(beat)

My friend's in a tough spot.

INT. MARILYN DEAN GALLERY - DAY

Marilyn Dean stands in a corner inspecting a new exhibit.

BROOKE

Marilyn, could I talk to you for a sec?

MARILYN DEAN

Of course dear. Is everything okay?

BROOKE

This is really hard for me to do  
but-

MARILYN DEAN

(still looking at art)

You lost your boyfriend and your  
condo and the signs are telling you  
it's time to finally quit your job  
and go travel the world.

Brooke stares at Marilyn Dean.

BROOKE

You're amazing.

Marilyn Dean turns and regards Brooke warmly-

MARILYN DEAN

But I want you to listen to me-

The PHONE RINGS.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

(sing-song)

Happy-y Hol-i-days, Marilyn Dean  
Call-e-ry.

Marilyn Dean stares at Brooke, train of thought disrupted.

BROOKE

Cinco de Mayo.

Marilyn Dean nods--ah, then-

MARILYN DEAN

Just do me one thing. Make this  
adventure all about you. Go to the  
places you want to go, have the  
experiences you want to have. And  
if you make it to Rome, find a  
place called Padre Negro and ask  
for a strapping fellow named  
Alberto. Tell him Marilyn Dean sent  
you.

BROOKE

Okay, got it.

MARILYN DEAN

And honey, take as much time as you want because when you're done, your job will be right here waiting for you. And if you discover another path along the way that doesn't lead back here, I hope you'll write.

BROOKE

Thank you so much. That means the world to me.

MARILYN DEAN

Just remember one last thing. There's something about traveling that wakes up the romantic in all of us...so if you meet some man along the way that sweeps you off your feet, don't think for a second that he's going to be any different than the rest...he won't disappoint you like all the rest, that you won't come home one day and find out he's been boning the neighbor's Russian housekeeper for the past four years, you got it?

BROOKE

I got it.

MARILYN DEAN

So come help me hang this new art for Mr. Wigham and then you're free to go.

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Gary sits on the couch, wrapping paper strewn on the floor, reading the relationship book...

CUT TO:

LATER

Gary still reading, a look of amazement on his face...

CUT TO:

LATER

Gary still reading, underlining passages...

CUT TO:

LATER

Gary finishes the book. Slowly closes it and stares at the cover with reverential awe...

INT. HAIR SALON - LATER

Brooke stares at herself in the mirror as her hairdresser cuts and restyles her hair...

INT. WHOLE FOODS - LATER

Gary stands with the cookbook comparing pictures of vegetables to the items on the shelf. Looks around, totally clueless...

INT. THE CONDO - KITCHEN - LATER

Gary's in over his head. Boiling pots, frying pans. Food everywhere. He refers to the cookbook then goes back to peeling the carrots...the DOORBELL rings and he runs out and opens the front door...

A DIAL-A-MAID SIX WOMAN CREW stands with their gear.

INT. THE CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Brooke and Carson walk towards the condo door....

BROOKE

Like I said, the place is a total mess, I'm moving and-

CARSON

It's okay, relax about the place. I don't care.

BROOKE

Okay, cool. This will only take a minute.

Brooke keys the lock, opens the door to walk

INT. THE CONDO - CONTINUOUS

And stops dead in her tracks. SPANISH FOLK MUSIC plays softly on the stereo...the condo's immaculate.

COUCH-BED put away...

POOL TABLE moved out...

THE DINING ROOM TABLE back in place...set for two with a beautiful floral centerpiece. Brooke blinks as if she just set foot on another planet...

BROOKE

Hello?

GARY (O.S.)

Hey!

Gary walks out of the kitchen carrying a bottle of wine--he's showered, shaved, hair combed, wearing a nice button-down-

GARY (cont'd)

Don't say anyth-

Nearly falls over at the sight of Carson.

CARSON

(smiles, oblivious)

How you doing?

Gary's stomach catches in his throat. He glances from Brooke-to-Carson, then back to Brooke-

GARY

Could I talk to you in private?

BROOKE

Now's really not the best time.

Brooke glances around at the condo...

BROOKE (cont'd)

But it looks like you've got something going on here so we'll be in and out-

GARY

No, wait! This's for you-

Brooke takes a step back, unsure. Glances at Carson who's blowing in the wind.

BROOKE

I don't understand-

GARY

Brooke. You caught me completely by surprise when you broke up with me-

CARSON

You know what, I'll just wait outside.

BROOKE

Wait-

CARSON

It's really okay.

Carson lets himself out.

BROOKE

Gary, I can't do this right now.

GARY

This whole thing's been really tough on me. I tried to act like it didn't bother me but on the first Sunday after we broke up it really hit me...partly because Sundays were always sort of our day and I think it hit me even harder because it's not football season. But I had no idea that you still cared so much. When I saw you crying, that was the worst moment of my life.

Tears well in Brooke's eyes.

BROOKE

(softly)

Gary-

Gary grabs her hands-

GARY

Wait, please, let me finish. I just, I realize I've caused you a lot of pain. All I want to do is make you happy, make you smile-  
(she smiles)

I've had some time to think about things and I know I don't always say the right things or do the right things but I'm willing to try.

Brooke's hanging on every word...

GARY (cont'd)

I'll take a dance class or travel  
or even go to the ballet--though  
I'd rather do the other stuff--but  
I realize that's not the point...  
because it's not always about doing  
things you love, it's about doing  
things with the person you love...  
and I love you.

BROOKE

Gary-

GARY

Wait a minute--I'm not done. I miss  
you so much...and I promise I'll do  
whatever I have to do never to hurt  
you again...okay...go ahead.

Brooke holds Gary's gaze...

BROOKE

Wow, Gary. I really don't know what  
to say-

GARY

Just whatever you feel.

BROOKE

(after a beat)

I don't feel the same way.

Gary's eyes widen--he stands frozen...

BROOKE (cont'd)

I've got nothing left to give...I'm  
sorry.

Gary stares at Brooke, out on his feet. His lip quivers  
almost imperceptibly...he manages to hold it in.

GARY

Right...

(forces a smile)

I was hoping more for "You had me  
at hello"...but I had to take a  
shot.

Gary takes a few steps back, trying to get his bearings...

GARY (cont'd)

Well this situation is now  
completely beyond awkward.

(MORE)

GARY (cont'd)

There's some new guy in the hall...I think I'm going to go. I cooked a meal, I don't know if it's any good but you can have it-

BROOKE

Gary, it's not what you-

GARY

It's okay. I'm going to go take a walk.

Gary nods, grabs his coat and walks out. And OFF Brooke, staring at the set table, a serenity washed over her...

INT. THE CONDO BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gary stands waiting for the elevator while Carson stands awkwardly waiting outside the condo. The front door opens and Brooke steps out-

BROOKE

(to Carson)

I'm sorry about that.

Carson walks into the condo. And OFF Gary standing alone, a tear rolling down his cheek...

INT. THE CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Carson follows Brooke into

THE LIVING ROOM

CARSON

I'm sorry if I imposed.

BROOKE

No-no, it's okay.

Brooke points to the LARGE EXOTIC PIECE OF ART hanging on the wall..

BROOKE (cont'd)

So what do you think?

CARSON

You're right, it's perfect.

BROOKE

Great, then we'll arrange to have it delivered.

CARSON

Thanks for taking the time to show me.

(glances at watch)

I better run.

Brooke leads Carson out and shuts the door behind him. Turns and faces the empty condo...and OFF Brooke staring at the set table...

INT. STANLEY'S TAP - LATER

Gary stares at his untouched drink.

JOHNNY O

Some people say you have to have your heart broken three times, I mean truly ripped out of your body and crushed before you can completely love someone. A lot of people don't even get married until they're in their fifties. My Uncle Chuck's sixty two and just got engaged for the first time.

Gary takes a sip, sighs.

JOHNNY O (cont'd)

All I'm saying is that it's hard to learn to play the guitar or any string instrument for that matter because at the start your fingers hurt. Sometimes they even bleed. That's why a lot of people quit after the first few lessons. But if you want to play great music, you need to build up the callouses...

Gary takes another sip, sighs.

JOHNNY O (cont'd)

You just gotta chalk this whole thing up as part of the journey of experiences of emotional growth that'll make you complete.

GARY

You think so?

JOHNNY O

Fuck if I know, bro, I'm just pulling stuff out of my ass until I find something you like.

Gary half-smiles...and his eyes well up with tears. Johnny O stares shocked as Gary wipes away the tears with his sleeve.

GARY

You make a Drago's bleeding joke, I swear to god I'll kill you.

And OFF them smiling...

INT. THE CONDO - LATER

Gary walks in. Lights on. Dining room table still set. He walks into

THE KITCHEN

Sink filled with the pots and pans from the meal he prepared. Gary checks in the oven--food's still there, untouched. Gary glances down

THE HALL

Bedroom door's open.

IN THE BEDROOM

Brooke's asleep on top of the covers, still dressed. Gary quietly shuts her door...and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Brooke wakes up slightly disoriented. Realizes she fell asleep in her clothes. Climbs out of bed and walks into

THE KITCHEN

Spotless. Sink empty, counters wiped, dishes all put away. And OFF her sailing...

INT. 3-BROTHERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Gary stares at his desk--covered with clutter. He drags over a trash can--sweeps everything off his desk into it. Opens a drawer and takes out a pen, calculator and legal pad and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 3-BROTHERS OFFICE - MORNING

Gary yawns, rubs his face. Double-checks the calculator, finishes entering numbers in a log.

DENNIS (O.S.)

What're you doing here so early?

Gary looks up as Dennis walks in-

GARY

You mean late.

Gary stands and hands Dennis his finished tour logs. Dennis stares at Gary, waiting for the punch line.

DENNIS

Everything okay?

GARY

Yeah. Everything's gonna be fine.  
(glances at his watch)  
I'm gonna get this day started.

As Gary heads out, Dennis flips through the logs, impressed.

INT. THE CONDO - BEDROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Completely empty. Brooke gives it a final once-over...and shuts the door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Empty save for packed moving boxes stacked against the wall. Brooke stands in the dining room looking out at the city through the bay window. Gary walks in the front door.

GARY

So that's it for my stuff.

Gary nods, lingers for a beat...

GARY (cont'd)

If you want, give me your key. I'll drop it off at Rigglesman's.

She unhooks the key from her ring, hands it to Gary-

GARY (cont'd)

Thanks.

Gary heads for the door...

BROOKE

You know, there're a thousand things I would've done differently.

Gary stops, eyes Brooke for a moment...

GARY

Me too.

BROOKE

(beat, smiles)

Looking at the space now I realize  
if we hadn't had that big coffee  
table and the oversized couch, the  
pool table would've fit after all.

GARY

(smiles)

Yeah, well...that oversized couch  
turned out to be pretty useful the  
past few weeks.

BROOKE

(grins)

Good luck with the boat.

GARY

Thanks. Have a safe trip.

Gary takes a glance around the barren condo and walks out  
leaving Brooke alone staring out the window...and we

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON GARY

Clutching a mic.

GARY (OVER P.A.)

Everybody take your seat, locate  
your floatation device and nearest  
life raft-

REVEAL: THE 3-BROTHERS TOUR BOAT - MONTHS LATER

Gary, wearing a "Gary" captain's hat, stands with his mic as  
tourists board...

GARY (OVER P.A.)

Hey, sir-

A TOURIST with a floppy hat turns-

GARY (OVER P.A.) (cont'd)

There's a four-pound limit on  
anything you catch today.

The last of the tourists settle into their seats.

GARY (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, couple quick ground rules. No running. No diving. If you're going to jump off and take a swim, please shower first.

(holds up a backpack)

This's filled with treats. I'll be coming at you with trivia, answer correctly, win a prize.

(points a tourist)

Tell me something special about the Chicago River-

TOURIST

It flows upriver.

Gary grins, tosses the guy a lollipop.

GARY (OVER P.A.)

(to the boat)

And that's why you read the brochure. The flow was reversed in 1900 so that waste flowed away from Lake Michigan which provided the city with drinking water. Last question before we raise anchor... why's Chicago's called Second City?

TOURIST #2

Because it's second to New York!

GARY (OVER P.A.)

That is...incorrect! After the Great Chicago Fire of 1871, a fire that was able to leap across this river as it raced to consume 65 acres of buildings an hour, they rebuilt Chicago on the ruins. And the city came back even stronger than before but it was still the...

Only one Tourist responds-

TOURIST

Second City!

Gary cocks his head at the rest, feigning disappointment.

GARY (OVER P.A.)

You might be able to get away with that reaction at work but you're on vacation and you're expected to participate 100%. Ladies and Gentlemen, show me that you mean it and don't make me ask twice, are you ready to see Chicago?

The entire boat CHEERS.

GARY (cont'd)

Shondra...put this baby in the air!

The HORN BLASTS as the 3-Brothers Boat heads into the river. And OFF Gary's grinning caricature on the 3-BROTHERS MURAL painted on its side...

EXT. OLD TOWN ART FAIR - DAY

Blocked-off street packed. Brooke walks happily hand-in-hand with GREG, 34, remarkable resemblance to Gary. She stops with surprise as Gary passes walking hand-in-hand with BECCA, 30, remarkable resemblance to Brooke.

BROOKE

Gary!

GARY

Hey!

Greg & Becca exchange polite smiles.

BROOKE

Gary this is Greg.

(subtitled)

Shit, I almost called Greg "Gary".

GARY

Great to meet you.

(subtitled)

I wonder if I could kick his ass.

GREG

Good to meet you too.

(subtitled)

So you're the guy she used to bone.

GARY

Oh and Brooke, this is Becca.

(subtitled)

I'm gonna hear about this all night.

BECCA

I've heard so much about you.  
(subtitled)  
*I will rip your eyes out of your  
skull if you try to take him back.*

BROOKE

So nice to meet you.  
(subtitled)  
*Calm down sweetie, he's only yours  
because I let him go.*

Gary & Brooke momentarily forget about their dates...

GARY

You look great.

BROOKE

You too.

GARY

I heard your trip was incredible.

BROOKE

Yeah, I've been meaning to come  
take a ride on the boat.

GARY

Anytime you want. On the house.

BROOKE

Then I'll have to take you up on  
it.

GARY

I hope you do.

BROOKE

Definitely.

Gary and Brooke both cast subtle glances at their dates--  
awkwardly waiting, look back at each other...

GARY

Well...it was great seeing you.

BROOKE

Yeah, you too.

Gary walks off with Becca as Brooke moves on with Greg...

RICHARD (O.S.)

May I have your attention please?

AND THE END CREDITS ROLL OVER

EXT. STAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET FAIR - CONTINUOUS

The Tone Rangers stand in a semi-circle--only now they're in full uniform--tight grey pants, grey cowboy shirts, black gloves, holsters with shakers, silverware and assorted noisemakers, red scarfs, and of course...the black masks.

Only Richard wears the WHITE HAT.

RICHARD THE TONE RANGER  
Ladies and gentleman, we are truly  
honored to be a part of The Old  
Town Art Fair. We are The Tone  
Rangers!

Richard BLOWS A NOTE ON THE PITCH PIPE and the Tone Rangers harmonize it.

RICHARD THE TONE RANGER (cont'd)  
Two...three...and-

The Tone Rangers start up their PERCUSSION--SNAPPING,  
CLICKING, HISSING and other STRANGE VOCAL SOUNDS...

THE TONE RANGERS (V.O.)  
(singing)  
*Why are there so ma-ny...  
Songs about rain-bows...  
And what's on the o-ther side...  
Rainbows are vi-sions...  
But on-ly illusions...  
And rainbows have nothing...  
To hide...*

The white-hatted Richard goes solo-

RICHARD THE TONE RANGER  
*So we've been told and some choose  
to believe it...  
I know they're wrong wait and  
see...*

*And the newest addition to the group steps in for the duet--*

CHRISTOPHER as TONTO

Slicked back hair. Leather headband around his forehead.  
Tanned leather hide tassled shirt and skirt, leather belt,  
holster (with shaker), brown leather gloves and moccasins...

THE TONE RANGER & TONTO

(duet)

Someday we'll find it...  
The rainbow connection...  
The lovers...  
The dreamers...  
And me...